

TAE TATAL GLOVE

BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

It was August now, and the weather at its hottest. Margie spent a large portion of her time out of doors, with only Leo for a companion.

"Miss Harrison, you will, I trust, excuse me for seeking you here. But my wish to see you was so strong, that, on my way to the White Mountains, I left my party and turned aside here, to gratify the desire. You know you gave me permission?"

"I did; but I hardly thought you would take advantage of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to have done so. Indeed, I tried hard not to. Are you very angry?"

"No, I am not angry at all. I am glad to see you. She held out her hand. "So is Leo, too—only see him caper."

The dog was leaping upon Mr. Castrani, with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He patted the silky head.

"It is something to be welcomed by a brute, Miss Harrison; their instincts are seldom at fault, I believe. Have you been well, Miss Harrison?"

"Very well, thank you. And you? But I need not ask. Your looks answer for you. When did you leave New York?"

"I have been in New York only a fortnight since I last saw you. Business has kept me elsewhere. I came from New York three days ago. What a beautiful spot you have hidden yourself in!"

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Isn't it lovely? But you must tell me about home. How are all my friends?"

"They are all well. How mellowly the sunshine falls on the rough crags opposite, and what a picture for a painter to transfer to canvas!"

"Yes, I have wished I were an artist, over and over again. But I have no talent in that direction. My friends are all well, you say? What of Miss Lee? Did you see her?"

"Yes, she is well. What are you reading?" lifting the book from the ground where it had fallen.

Margie turned suddenly upon him and regarded him searchingly.

"Why do you evade answering my questions, Mr. Castrani? It is natural that I should want to hear something of the home from which I have been so long away, is it not? Why do you refuse to satisfy my reasonable curiosity on that subject?"

Castrani's handsome face clouded. He looked at her with tender pity in his eyes.

"Miss Harrison, why will you press me further? Your friends are all well."

"I know, but there is something behind that. Tell it to me at once."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot. You must hear it from other lips. I would rather die than cause you one single pang of sorrow."

"You are very kind, Mr. Castrani—you mean generously—but I want to know." Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her what she was to hear—for she added, "Is it of Miss Lee?"

"I told you Miss Lee was well."

"Mr. Castrani, I have given you more of my confidence than I have ever bestowed on any other person, because I respect you above all men, and because I have perfect confidence in your honor. Has this matter, of which you hesitate to tell me, anything to do with—with Archer Trevlyn?"

Her voice sank to a whisper, before the sentence was finished, for she had never spoken his name since that fearful night on which his guilt had been revealed to her.

"I will reply to your question by asking another: and, if it seems impertinent, remember that it is not so intended, and that I do not ask it from any vulgar feeling of curiosity."

"You can ask nothing impertinent, Mr. Castrani," she replied, earnestly. "Thank you. I do not intend to. Are you betrothed to Archer Trevlyn?" She grew very pale, but her eyes met his fearlessly.

"I was once, but it is all over now," with a dreary sigh, that was like the breath of the autumn wind through the dead leaves.

"Before you left New York—was it over before that?"

"Yes, before I left New York. It was why I left there. I cannot tell you how it was—I can never tell any human being. But a terrible necessity arose which I could not resist."

"Did he—did Arch Trevlyn desert you, Miss Harrison?" asked Castrani, his brow contracting, his dark eyes glowing with indignation.

"No; it was my hand that severed the engagement; do not blame him for that. It was impossible that it should be fulfilled."

"You, Miss Harrison? You broke the engagement?" he asked, eagerly.

Perhaps she read something in the beautiful hope that sprang up in his heart from the glad light in his eye, and she crushed it at once.

"Yes, I. But not because I had ceased to love him. O, no. He was—and will be always—the one love of my life. I shall never love another. Now, I have trusted you. Be frank and free with me."

lyn and Miss Lee are to be married in September."

"To Miss Lee—married to Miss Lee? Great Heaven! And she is aware of his—What am I saying? What did I say? O, Mr. Castrani, excuse me—I am so surprised—" She groped blindly for something to cling to, fell forward, and he received her senseless form in his arms.

He held her silently a moment, his face wearing a look of unutterable love and sadness; then he put her down on the grass, and brought water in a large leaf from the stream. He bathed her forehead, tenderly as a mother might, murmuring over her words of gentleness and affection.

"My poor Margie! My poor little darling!"

He pressed the little icy hands in his, but he did not kiss the lips he would have given half his life to have felt upon his. He was too honorable to take advantage of her helplessness. She revived after a while, and met his eyes as he knelt beside her.

"Are you better?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, it is over now. I am sorry to have troubled you. I must depend on you to go to the house with me. Nurse Day will be glad to welcome you. And I must ask you not to alarm her by alluding to my sudden illness. I am quite well now."

He gave her his arm, and they went up to the house together, followed by Leo.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARCHER TREVLYN and Alexandrine Lee were married in September. It was a very quiet wedding, the bridegroom preferring that there should be no parade or show on the occasion. Alexandrine and her mother both desired that it should take place in the fashionable church where they worshipped, but they yielded to the wishes of Mr. Trevlyn. He deserved some deference, Mrs. Lee declared, for having behaved so handsomely. His presents to his bride were superb. A set of diamonds, that were a little fortune in themselves, and a settlement of three thousand a year—pin money. The brown stone house was furnished, and there was no more elegant establishment in the city.

Trevlyn House, the fine old residence of the late John Trevlyn, was closed. Only the old butler and his wife remained in the back wing, to air the rooms occasionally, and keep the moth out of the upholstery. For some reason, unexplained to himself, Archer never took his wife there. Perhaps the quiet rooms too forcibly reminded him of the woman he had loved and lost.

Alexandrine's ambition was satisfied. At last she was the wife of a man whose love and admiration she had coveted since her first acquaintance with him. From her heart she believed him guilty of the murder of Paul Linmere; but in spite of it, she had married him. She loved him intensely enough to pardon even that heinous crime.

Her husband's admiration Alexandrine possessed, but she soon came to realize that he had told her the truth, when he said his heart was buried too deep to know resurrection. He was kind to her—very gentle, and kind, and generous—for it was not in Archer Trevlyn's nature to be unkind to anything—and he felt that he owed her all respect and attention, in return for her love. Her every wish was gratified. Horses, carriages, servants, dress, waited her command, but not what she craved for more than all—his love.

He never kissed her, never took her hands in his, or held her to him when he said good-by, as he frequently did, for several days' absence on matters of business. He never called her Alexandrine—it was always Mrs. Trevlyn; and through the long winter evenings, when they were not at some ball or party, and sat by the splendid fire, he never put his head in her lap and let her soft fingers caress his hair, as she had seen other husbands do.

In September Louis Castrani again appeared in New York society. His appearance revived the old story of his devotion to Margaret Harrison, and people began to wonder why she had staid away from home so long.

As soon as he heard of Castrani's arrival Archer Trevlyn sought him out. He thought he had a right to know if his suspicions touching Margie were correct.

Castrani received him coldly but courteously. Trevlyn was not to be repelled, but went to the point at once.

"Mr. Castrani," he said, "I believe I have to deal with a man of honor, and I trust that you will do me the favor of answering the questions I may ask, frankly."

"I shall be happy to answer any inquiries which Mr. Trevlyn may propound, provided they are not impertinent," replied Castrani haughtily.

Trevlyn hesitated. He dreaded to have his suspicions confirmed, and he feared that if this man spoke the truth such would be the case.

"I am listening, Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani.

"Excuse me. In order to make you understand my position, I must beg you to indulge me in a little retrospection. You are doubtless aware that at one time I was engaged to Miss Margaret Harrison?"

"Such was the rumor, sir."

"It was correct. I loved her deeply, fondly, with my whole soul—just as I love her still—in spite of it all."

"Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani, with cold reproach in his voice, "you have a wife."

"I am aware of it, but the fact does not change my feelings. I have tried to kill all regard for Margaret Harrison, but it is impossible. I can control it, but I cannot make it die. My wife knows it all—I told her freely—and knowing it, she was willing to bear my name. For some reason, unknown to me, unexplained by Margaret, she cast me off. I had seen her only the day before the fatal note reached me—had held her in my arms and felt her kiss upon my lips." He stopped, controlling his emotion, and went on resolutely.

"The next day I received a letter from her, a brief, cold, almost scornful letter. She renounced me utterly—she would never meet me again but as a stranger. She need make no explanation, she said. My own conscience would tell me why she could no longer be anything to me. As if I had committed some crime. I should have sought her, from one end of the earth to the other, and won from her an explanation of her rejection, had it not been for the force of circumstances, which revealed to me that she left for the North, in the early express—with you—or equivalent to that. She entered the train at the same time, and you were both in the same car. This fact, coupled with your well-known devotion to her, and her renunciation of me, satisfied me that she had fled from me, to the arms of—another lover."

"Villain!" cried Castrani, starting from his chair, his face scarlet with indignation. "If it were not a disgrace to use violence upon a guest, I would thrash you soundly! You loved Margaret Harrison, and yet believed that damnable falsehood of her! Out upon such love! She is, and was, as pure as the angels! Yes, you say truly, I was devoted to her. I would have given my life, yes, my soul's salvation, for her love! But she never cared for me. I never enticed her to do evil—I would not, if I could, and I could not, if I would! Who repeated this vile slander? Show him to me, and by heaven, his blood shall wipe out the stain!"

All Trevlyn's pride and passion left him. His face lost its rigid teneness, his eyes grew moist. He forgave Castrani's insults, he told him Margaret was pure. He put out his hands and grasped those of his companion.

"O, sir," he said, "I thank you—I thank you! You have made me as happy as it is now possible for me to become. It is like going back to heaven after a long absence, to know that she was pure—that I was not deceived in her. O, Margie! Margie! my wronged Margie! God forgive me for indulging such a thought of you."

Castrani's hard face softened a little, as he witnessed the utter abandonment of the proud man before him.

"You may well ask God to forgive you," he said. "You deserve the depths of perdition for harboring in your heart a thought against the purity of that woman. Archer Trevlyn, had she loved me as she did you, I would have cut off my right hand before I would have entertained a suspicion of sin in her! It is true she went North on the same train as I did, but I did not know it until the journey was ended. Previous to that time I had not seen her for more than a fortnight, and I did not know she was near me, until in Boston my attention was attracted by a crowd of 'roughs' gathered around a lady and a greyhound. The lady had lost her portmanteau, and the crowd made some insulting remarks which I took the liberty of resenting, and when I saw the lady's face, to my amazement I recognized Margaret Harrison!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The "Wacht am Rhein." Of the martial songs more particularly connected with the various periods of storm and stress in Germany, one of the most celebrated is that of the "Rhein," composed by Becker and answered by Alfred de Musset in other well known verses. The "Wacht am Rhein," by Max Schneckenburger, was composed about the same period as the Rhine song, but attained its widest popularity during the war of 1870. Unlike Becker's song, it cannot boast of having been set to music by seventy composers.

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The patriotic song of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," was the work of the popular writer, poet, philologist and historian, August Hoffmann, who was born at Fallersleben in the year 1798. For a time we find him acting as librarian and later as a professor at the university of Breslau, but the liberal tendency of some of his writings caused him, in 1838, to be deprived of his professional chair. For many years he was librarian to the duke of Ratibor and died in this sheltered post in 1874. The German national anthem, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," was written originally for the birthday of Christian VII, king of Denmark, by a Holstein clergyman. The words were written to the air of "God Save the King" in 1790, and a few years later were modified for Prussian use.—Chambers' Journal.

Rich and Poor. None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, and desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in approbrious terms of the vices and failings of the poor.—Rev. W. T. Vesie.

Most students of chemistry have seen water frozen in the average temperature of a room, but few have ever seen the air solidified, so that it could be handled like ice or any other tangible article. But this has been done by Prof. James Dewar of London. The operation is carried on through several stages and with various agents. Gases are reduced to liquids under great mechanical pressure, then suddenly liberated. Certain gases under pressure give a temperature 145 degrees below zero, and the evaporation of these is one part of the process. Pressure of almost two thousand pounds to the square inch has been employed for the gases. The experiments are enormous—expensive with present appliances and are of use only as demonstrations of possibilities. With further research may come more simple and less costly methods and materials. The future of freezing has great promise and its value cannot be estimated.

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