

FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"And you protected her? You gave her money and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done by any other lady—but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morning saw her start on her journey. I would have gone with her, but she declined my escort."

"O, I thank you—I thank you so much! I shall be your friend always for that. You will tell me where she is?"

"No, I cannot."
"Cannot! Does that imply that you will not?"

"It does."
"Then you know her present place of sojourn?"

"I do. But she does not desire the knowledge to become general. I have pledged my word to her not to reveal it. Neither is it best for you to know."

"You are right. It is not, I might be unable to hinder myself from seeing her. And that could do no good. I know that she is innocent. That shall suffice me. Only tell me she is well, and agreeably situated."

"She is both. More, I think she is at peace. She is with those who love her."

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have caused her to break the engagement, it was not because she loved another. Good night, Mr. Castrani."

He wrung the hand of the Cuban warmly and departed.

CHAPTER XX.

IT WAS an afternoon in May. Everything without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlyn was cross and out of humor. Perhaps any lady will say that she had sufficient reason. Everything had gone wrong. The book was sick and the dinner a failure; her dressmaker had disappointed her in not finishing her dress for the great ball at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's, that evening, and Annie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hair-dresser.

Louis Castrani was a guest in the house, by Archer's invitation—for the two gentlemen had become friends, warmly attached to each other, and Mrs. Trevlyn could not help fretting over the unfortunate condition of her cousin.

She was looking very cross, as she sat in the back parlor, adjoining the tasteful little morning room, where she spent most of her time, and where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking their books and newspapers when they desired it quiet. If she had known that Mr. Castrani was at that moment lying on the lounge in the morning room, the door of which was slightly ajar, she might have dismissed that unbecomingly brown and put her troubles aside. Mr. Trevlyn entered, just as she had for the twentieth time that day arrived at the conclusion that she was the most wretchedly afflicted woman in the world, and his first words did not tend to give her any consolation.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevlyn, that I am to be deprived of the privilege of attending the ball to-night. It is particularly annoying."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trevlyn?"

"I am obliged to go to Philadelphia on important business, and must leave in this evening's train. I did not know of the necessity until a few hours ago."

Mrs. Trevlyn was just in the state to be brought up by trifles.

"Always business," she exclaimed pettishly. "I am sick of the word!"

"Business before pleasure, Mrs. Trevlyn. But, really, this is an important affair. It is connected with the house of Bannahaw & Selwyn, which went under last week. The firm were under obligations to—"

"Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trevlyn. I do not understand such things—nothing do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for?"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her in some surprise.

"You only hope it is business?" he said, indignantly. "I do not comprehend."

"I might have said that I hoped it was not a woman who called you from your wife."

The moment the words were spoken she regretted their utterance, but the mischief was already done.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to leave the situation conveyed in your words. They are unworthy of you and a shame to me."

"And I shall decline to discuss them. I have said they are true enough."

"What do you mean, madam? I am a man of honor. You are my wife, and I am true to you. I never loved but one woman, and she is dead to me."

The allusion to the old love was extremely unfortunate just at this time. Mrs. Trevlyn was just so close enough to deeply wounded by it, and angry enough to have said that she would never see Archer again.

A week passed—ten days—and still he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUIS CASTRANI received one day an urgent summons to Boston. It was the very day following that on which he had been an unwilling listener to the difficulty between Mr. and Mrs. Trevlyn. He knew from whom the summons came. Once before he had been suddenly called in like manner.

A wretched woman she was now—but once the belle and beauty of the fair Cuban town where Castrani's childhood and youth had been spent. She had been a beautiful orphan, adopted by his parents, and brought up almost as his sister.

She welcomed him brokenly, her eyes lighting up with the pleasure of seeing him—and then the light faded away, leaving her even more ghastly than before.

"They tell me I am dying," she said, hoarsely. "Do you think so?"

He smoothed back the hair on the forehead—damp already with the dew of death. His look assured her better than the words he could not bring himself to speak.

"My poor Arabel!"

"Arabel! Who calls me Arabel?" she asked, dreamily. "I have not heard that name since he spoke it! What a sweet voice he had! O, so sweet—but false! Satan! O, Louis, Louis! If we could go back to the old days among the orange groves, before I sinned—when we were innocent little children!"

"It is all over now, Arabel. You were tempted; but God is good to forgive if repentance is sincere."

"O, I have repented! I have, indeed! And I have prayed as well as I knew how. But my crimes are so fearful! You are sure that Christ is very merciful?"

"Very merciful, Arabel."

She clasped her hands, and her pale lips moved in prayer, though there was no audible word.

"Let me hold your hand, Louis. It gives me strength. And you were always a friend, so true and steadfast. How happy we were in those dear old days—you, and Inez and I! Ah, Inez—Inez! She died in her sweet innocence, loving and beloved—died by violence; but she never lived to suffer from the falsity of those she loved! Well, she is in paradise—God rest her!"

The dark eyes of Castrani grew moist. There arose before him a picture of the fair young girl he had loved—the gentle-eyed Inez—the confiding young thing he was to have married, had not the hand of a cruel jealousy cut short her brief existence. Arabel saw his emotion, and pressed his hand in hers, so cold and icy.

"You have suffered also, Louis, but not as I have suffered—O, no! O, the days before he came—he, the destroyer! What a handsome face he had, and how he flattered me! Flattered my foolish pride, until, deserting home and friends, I fled with him across the sea! To Paris—beautiful, frivolous, crime-imbued Paris. I am so faint and tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the wineglass!"

He put it to her lips; she swallowed greedily, and resumed:

"I have written out my history fully. Why, I hardly know, for there are none but you, Louis, who will feel an interest in the poor outcast. But something has impelled me to write it, and when I am dead you will find it there in that desk, sealed and directed to yourself. Maybe you will never open it, for if my strength does not desert me, I shall tell you all that you will care to know, with my own lips. I want to watch your face as I go on, and see if you condemn me. You are sure God is more merciful than man?"

"In His word it is written, Arabel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The whole teaching of his life, indeed, is to leave us free and to make us reasonable, and the supreme lesson of his life is voluntary brotherhood, fraternity. If you will do something for another, if you will help him or serve him, you will at once begin to love him. I know there are some casuists who distinguish here, and say that you may love such an one, and that, in fact, you must love every one; but that you are not expected to like every one. This, however, seems to be a distinction without a difference. If you do not like a person you do not love him, and if you do not love him you loathe him. The curious thing in doing kindness is that it makes you love people even in this sublimate sense of liking. When you love another you have made him your brother; and by the same means you can be a brother to all men.

Pulpit Just Right.

In a very handsome little church, not 200 miles from Indianapolis, the reading platform is adorned by a remarkably beautiful pulpit, flanked by equally decorative chairs. The artistic oaken pulpit, hand carved in passion flowers and lilies, and bordered with trefol, is almost the "graven image" in the eyes of the association of church women who earned and purchased the pulpit furnishings when the edifice was built. Recently a new minister came into charge of the congregation. He was a little fellow, and one day casually remarked to one of his feminine church members: "Mrs. Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high for me; think it had better be cut down a trifle."

"Cut down?" the horrified woman exclaimed. "Cut that pulpit down? No, indeed; it would ruin it; it would be much easier to get a taller preacher."

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

SOME CURRENT READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Current Notes of the Modes—Bolero Waists—Elizabethan Ruches—A Visiting Costume—Some Gowns for "At Homes."

HERE never were and truly never will be again so many little things for throwing around one at the theater or for afternoon. Small pieces of bright, pretty goods are made up into these little wraps and capes, and when done they are truly marvels of becomingness. Since anything that is cut off above the waist line is called bolero, this name must be applied to a vest of pale fawn silk striped with a tiny black line. The vest buttons over the bodice with broad black frogs, and is heavily lined with pink shell china silk, with an interlining of sheet wadding for substance. The sleeves are a pretty puff pattern, with small irregular capes upon the shoulders, each lined with shell pink silk. This little garment has some warmth and is decidedly becoming to the wearer, whether she be slender or stout.

Whitening the Hands. Constant reader asks what will improve the appearance of the hands and make them white and soft. Answer: To have really soft, white, beautiful hands requires a great deal of time and attention, some judgment and a naturally good hand to start with. The hands must not be exposed to sun or wind, and they must be kept scrupulously clean. It is not enough that the hands are washed several times every day; they should be thoroughly soaked in hot water, with some fine soap, and when perfectly soft, must

Gowns for "At Homes."

Silk muslin, although a new material, has made astonishing progress in popularity of late, and is coming to the front as the only correct material for "at home" gowns. The fabric is also taking the place of mousseline de sole, as the effect is just the same, only experts or dress critics can tell the difference in the dark colors, and the cost is less than one-half. A pretty morning costume was exhibited by a fashionable modiste, which was made of white silk gingham, embroidered in a dainty blue figure.

The sleeves and full-shirred yoke were of pale blue silk muslin and a wide sailor collar of white taffeta. The sleeves were full and shirred into the inside seam, and finished at the wrist with a full ruffle, faced with the silk muslin. A white satin ribbon belt, tied with deep loops in front, finished the dainty gown.

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Good Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate, etc.

Golden Crops in Truth. In preparing a tame duck for dinner recently a Lead City (Black Hills) woman found a nugget of gold in the craw that, when weighed, yielded just \$3.50. It is safe to assume that the craws of all ducks and chickens will hereafter be pretty thoroughly "prospected" by the good housewives of Lead. It was but recently, by the way, that a chicken's craw panned out quite a quantity of the yellow metal in this same locality. Not every country can produce ducks and chickens that have miniature gold mines in their crops.

Home-seekers' Excursion. Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, on December 15th, to the South. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent, or address, H. A. Cherrier, N. P. A., 316 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Spot of His Choice. She—"I heard that the Earl and Countess had a serious disagreement before they were married." He—"What was the trouble?" She—"He wanted to spend the honeymoon in Monte Carlo."—Puck.

Reasons for Enjoyment. Mrs. Young—"My husband seems to enjoy life thoroughly." Mrs. Knowmen—"What a dreadful lot of bad habits he must have."—Truth.

When a man does anything wrong, he would rather the devil heard of it than his wife.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

A WOMAN'S STORY. It should be of interest to every Thinking Woman.

Women who reason well know that no male physician can understandingly treat the complaint known as "female diseases," for no man ever experienced them.

This, Lydia E. Pinkham taught them twenty years ago, when she discovered in her Vegetable Compound the only successful cure for all those ailments peculiar to the sex. Many women have a fatal faith in their physician, and not till they can suffer no longer, will they think and act for themselves.

The following testimony is straight to the point, and represents the experience of hundreds of thousands of now grateful women: "For six years I was a great sufferer from those internal weaknesses so prevalent among our sex. After having received treatment from four physicians of our city, and finding no relief whatever, I concluded to try Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has proved a boon to me. It can truly be called a 'Saviour of Women.'"—MRS. B. A. PERHAM, Waynesboro, Pa.



AT HOME TOILETTE.

Elizabethan Ruches. Decorative neck effects still continue to be the charm of fashionable gowning. Collars, neck ruches, bows and fichus find a place in every wardrobe. For every-day wear the white linen

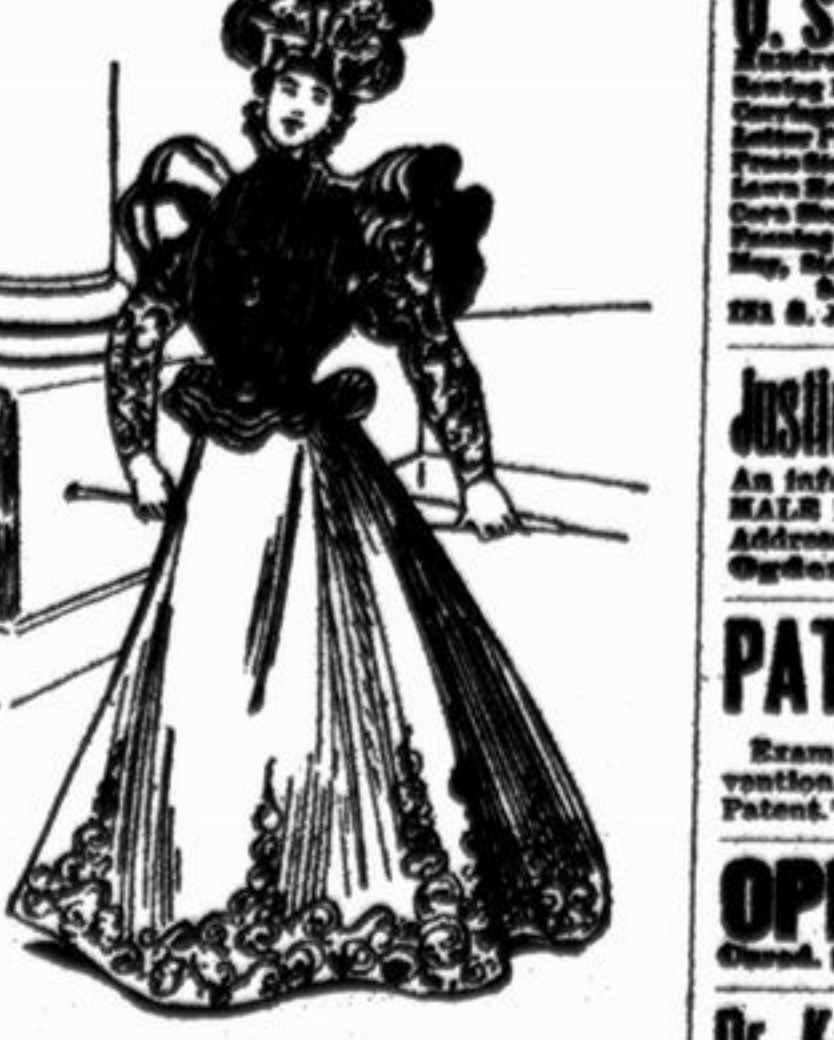
be rubbed very gently to remove all spots or roughness and as far as possible to loosen the skin from around the nails at their roots. While still wet, put a few drops of glycerine into one hand and rub thoroughly all over the hands until no more will absorb. Then pat them with a soft towel until dry. It is a great mistake to rub the skin with a hard crash. It is likely to break the surface of the cuticle and cause roughness and cracking of the skin. Wearing gloves at night, with the use of a little pomade or cold cream will do very much toward keeping the hands in good condition.

A Visiting Costume.

The costume illustrated has a skirt of beige amazon cloth, the foot of which is ornamented with embroidery, which forms ascending points. The bodice is of ruby velvet, slightly gathered at the waist in front. It has a very short rippled basque, trimmed with three



collar is the favorite. It turns slightly over at top and is tied about with a soft, silk ribbon, fastened in a tiny bow in front. Other gowns have silk collars with lace or chiffon ruches falling over the top. These ruches are about three inches wide in the back, but narrow to three-quarters of an inch in front. Ruches such as the unfortunate Queen of Scots wore are perhaps more fashionable than any other neck trimming. Luckily they are much smaller than those of the Elizabethan era, thereby causing the wearers no discomfort. Some ruches are entirely made of ribbon, either in black or some color edged with black. Marie Antoinette's fichus are still considerably worn and are crossed over the breast in surplice fashion, the ends either hanging or tucked under a broad corset belt. Particularly useful are these fichus in adding a touch of frivolity to an otherwise plain gown. They may be made of fine mull, mousseline de sole or crepe de chine. To return to collars, a pretty white satin model has six stiff little boucées of lace, standing out all around about two inches from the neck-



bands of violet ribbon. The sleeves are of beige cloth, embroidered all over, and there are rippled sleeve capes of ruby velvet trimmed like the basque and lined with violet satin. A band of violet velvet ribbon forms the belt and outlines a corset in front, where it is fastened by a bow and pale buckles.

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