FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

She kissed an ivory cross laying on her bosom, and proceeded with evident difficulty.

"Well, I fled with Paul Linmere. For a time I was very happy. He was kind to me, and I loved him so! We lived in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the banks of the Seine, and I had my tiny flower-garden, my books, my birds, my faithful dog Leo—and Paul! Every pleasant night he used to take me out on the river in the little boat which bore my name on its side. I lived in a sort of blissful waking trance, that left me nothing to desire, nothing to ask for. Fool that I was! I thought it was to last always. After a while Paul wearied of me. Perhaps I was too lavish of my caresses and words of love; it might tire him to be loved as intensely. But such was my nature. He grew cold and distant, at times positively ill-natured. Once he struck me; but I forgave him the blow, because he had taken too much wine. He laughed me to scorn, and called me by a foul name that I cannot repeat. That night he asked me to go out boating with him. I prepared myself with alacrity, for I thought he was getting jealous of wife and perhaps would comply with my request. Are you weary of my story, Louis?"

"No, no. Go on. I am listening to you, Arabel."

"It was a lovely night. The stars gleaming like drops of molten gold, and the moon looked down, pure and serene and holy. Paul was unusually silent, and I was quiet, waiting for him to speak. Suddenly, when we reached the middle of the river, he dropped the oars, and we drifted with the current. He sprang up, his motion nearly capsizing the frail boat, and taking a step toward me, fastened a rough hand upon my shoulders. 'Arabel,' he said, hoarsely, 'your power over me is damning the things of the past. Once I thought I loved you, but it was merely a passion which soon burned itself out. After that, I grew to hate you; but, because I had taken you away from home and friends, I tried to treat you civilly. Your caresses disgusted me. I would gladly have cast you off long ago, if I had had but the shadow of a pretext. I am to be married to a beautiful woman in America before many months shall elapse—a woman with a name and a fortune which will help me to pay those cursed debts that are dragging me down like a millstone. For you I have no further use. There is no disgrace in the grave—and I consign you to its dreamless sleep!' The next moment the boat was capsized, and I was floating in the water. I cried aloud in his name, beseeching him to save me, and got only his mocking laugh in return, as he struck out for the shore. I could not swim, and I felt myself sinking down—down to unfathomable depths. I felt cold as ice; there was a deafening roar in my ears, and I knew no more."

"My poor Arabel, I could curse the villain who did this cowardly thing, but he is dead, and in the hands of God."

"When I woke to consciousness, I was lying in a rude cottage, and two persons, unknown to me—a man and a woman—were bending over me, applying hot flannels to my numbed limbs and restoratives to my lips. I had some articles of jewelry on my person, of some considerable value, and with these I bribed the persons who had taken me from the river to cause Mr. Linmere to believe that I had died. They were rough people, but they were kind-hearted, and I owe them a large debt of gratitude for their thoughtful care of me. But for it I should have died in reality. As soon as I was able to bear the journey I left France. Linmere had already closed the cottage and gone away—none knew whither, but I was satisfied he had departed for the United States. I left France with no feeling of regret, save for Leo, my faithful hound. I have shed many bitter tears when pondering over the probable fate of my poor dog."

"Be easy on that subject, Arabel. I saw the hound but a few weeks ago. He is the property of a lady who loves him—the woman Paul Linmere was to have married, if he had lived."

"I am glad. You may laugh at me, Louis, but the uncertain fate of Leo has given me great unhappiness. But to continue—I engaged myself as nurse-maid with an English family, who had been traveling on the continent and were about returning home. I remained with them until I had accumulated sufficient funds to defray my expenses across the Atlantic, and then I set out on my journey. I came to New York, for that had been Mr. Linmere's home before we went to France. I soon got upon the track of him, and learned that he was about to be married to a Miss Margaret Harrison, a young lady of great beauty, and with a large fortune. I wanted to see her; for you must know that I had registered a fearful vow of vengeance on Mr. Paul Linmere, and I desired to judge for myself if it would fall heavily on the woman he was going to marry. For even violently as I had loved him I now hated him. ❦

"I saw Miss Harrison. I accosted her in the street one day, as any common beggar would have done, telling her a pitiful story of my poverty. She smiled on me, spoke a few words of comfort, and laid a piece of gold in my hand. Her sweet face charmed me. I set myself to find out if she dared for the man she was to marry. It had all been arranged by her father years before, I understood, and I felt that her heart was not interested.

"After learning that, nothing could have saved Paul Linmere. His fate was decided. Twice I waylaid him in the streets, and showed him my pale face, which was not unlike the face of the dead. And as he believed that I was drowned, the sight of me filled him with the most abject terror. How I enjoyed the poor wretch's cowardly horror!

"The night that he was to be married, I lay in wait for him at the place where the brook crossed the highway. I had learned that he was to walk up alone from the depot to the house of his expectant bride, and there I resolved to avenge my wrongs. I stopped before him as he came, laid my cold hand on his arm and bade him follow me. He obeyed, in the most abject submission. He seemed to have no will of his own, but yielded himself entirely to me. He shook like one with the ague, and his footsteps faltered so that at times I had to drag him along. I thought, sealed up the fountain of tears forever. Castrani did not seek to soothe her; he judged rightfully that she would be better for the abandonment to a woman's legitimate source of relief. She lifted her wet face at last—but what a change was there! The transparent paleness had given place to the sweet wild rose color which had once made Margie so very lovely, and the sad eyes were brilliant as stars through the mist of tears.

"I believe it—yes; I believe it!" she said softly—reverently. "I thank God for giving me the assurance. You tell me so. You would not unless it were true."

"No, Margaret; I would not," replied Castrani, strongly affected. "Heaven forbid that I should raise hopes which I cannot verify. When you are calm enough to understand I will explain it fully."

"I am calm now. Go on."

"I must trouble you with a little, only a little, of my own private history in order that you may understand what follows. I am, as you know, a Cuban by birth, but my father, only, was Spanish. My mother was a native of Boston, whom he married during the war and went with him to his Southern home. I was an only child, and when I was about twelve years of age my parents adopted a girl, some four years my junior. She was the orphan child of poor parents, and was possessed of wonderful beauty and intelligence. Together we grew up, and no brother and sister loved each other more fully than we. It was only a brotherly and sisterly love—for I was engaged at sixteen to Inez de Nuncio, a lovely young Spanish girl, who was shortly taken away from me by the hand of violence, as you know. Arabel grew to girlhood, lovely as an hour. She had many suitors, but she favored none, until he came—Paul Linmere! I'll begin back further for you. Cuba to try the effect of our southern air, and soon after his arrival he became acquainted with Arabel. He was very handsome and fascinating, and much sought after by the fair ladies of my native town. Arabel was vain, and his devoted attentions flattered her, while his handsome face and fascinating address won her love. And before my parents had begun to ascertain any danger from Linmere's society she had left everything and fled with him.

"My mother was plunged into grief for she had loved Arabel like an own child, and the uncertainty of her fate I think hastened my mother's death. My father left no means untried to discover the whereabouts of the erring girl—but in vain. For years her fate was shrouded in mystery. My parents died, Inez was taken from me, and weary and heartsick I came to New York, hoping to find some distraction in new scenes and among a new people.

"The day before you left New York I received a message from Arabel Vere. She was in Boston ill unto death. She wanted to see me once more; and she had a sin upon her conscience which she must confess before she died, and she must confess it to no priest but myself. In obedience to this summons I hurried to Boston, and the same truth that carried me carried you also.

"I found Arabel but a mere wreck of her former self. Her countenance told me how fearfully she had suffered. She was ill, in a wretched room, with no attendants or medical aid. I had her immediately removed to lodgings suitable for her, and provided a nurse and a physician. From this time she began to mend, and in a couple of days the physician pronounced her out of immediate danger. When she knew her life was to be prolonged she refused to make the confession she had summoned me to hear. So long as there was any prospect of her recovery she said, she must keep the matter a secret. But she could not die and leave it, untold. Therefore, she promised that whenever she should feel death approaching she should send again for me, and relieve her soul by the confession of her sin. A few days ago came her second summons.

"Previous to this, only a little while, I had been inadvertently a listener to an altercation between Archer Treylyn and his wife, during which Mrs. Treylyn, in a fit of rage, denounced her husband as the murderer of Paul Linmere. She produced proofs, which I confess struck me as strangely satisfactory, and affirmed her belief in his guilt. She also told him that because the knowledge of his crime had come to you, you had discarded him, and left New York to be rid of him forever.

"So shocking did this, when I listened to the dying confession of Arabel Vere, I knew that this confession would clear Archer Treylyn from all shadow of suspicion. Arabel died, and I buried her. Previous to her death—perhaps to guard against a relapse, perhaps guided by the hand of a mysterious providence to clear the fair fame of an injured man—she wrote at length the history of her life. She gave it to me. I have it here. It will explain to you all that you desire to know."

He gave her the manuscript, wrung her hand and left her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Another Big Naphtha.

Up at the works of the Gas Engine and Power company at Morris Heights they are building a seventy-six foot naphtha boat for T. Adolph Molleson of Brooklyn that is as a yacht in every sense of the word. The use of naptha as a motive power always suggests that the craft which it drives must be a launch, but when that boat is seventy-six feet long and has twin screws it surely has a right to the more pretentious title. The interior arrangements of the new craft, which is well in hand, are very comfortable, the absence of coal bunkers and all the other necessary appurtenances of a steam yacht giving so much more cabin room. Forward of the pilothouse is a clear deck space of 10 feet. The house itself is 9 feet 8 inches long and is mahogany, handsomely paneled. The main saloon is finished in ivory and gold. It is 11 feet 3 inches long, with roomy lockers and bookcases at either end. The two engines that propel the boat occupy a space 4 midships of 8 feet 6 inches in length. The crew's quarters there are three berths, while below the pilothouse is a cabin fitted with two berths for the captain, and engineer. The boat is to be schooner rigged and from mast to mast has a space of 25 feet, a flush deck, with the exception of one skylight.—New York World.

Hawaiian Idols.

The collection of Hawaiian idols belonging to the American board, and which were sent to this country as curiosities by the early missionaries to the Sandwich islands, has been sent back to Hawaii to be deposited in the national museum. They are said to be the only specimens of the original deities of the islands now in existence.

Religion should do the most where it is needed the most.

OUR LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

SENATE—108th day—The sectarian school question was disposed of by adopting a compromise framed by Senator Cullom, of Illinois. The Indian appropriation bill provided that "no money herein appropriated shall be paid for education in sectarian schools." This provision is struck out by the Cockrell amendment as adopted, and it is declared to be the settled policy of the government to make no appropriations for sectarian schools after July 1, 1898, thus giving two years for the abandonment of sectarian schools, instead of an immediate abandonment. The amendment was adopted by the decisive vote of 38 to 24. The Indian bill was not completed. The President's veto of two pension bills brought on some criticism of the president, but no action was taken beyond referring them to the pension committee. HOUSE—The consideration of the general pension bill reported from the invalid pension committee was begun. It amends the existing pension laws in some very important respects. Mr. Pickler, the chairman of the committee, addressed the House for three hours in support of it. Before the pension bill was taken up Mr. Goodwyn, Populist, was seated in place of Mr. Turner, Democrat, from the Fifth Alabama district.

SENATE—109th day—The consideration of the Indian appropriation bill was resumed and several minor amendments were made to it, the most important being the insertion of the item of $1,600,000 for the payment of the Cherokee outlet fund, which had been reported by the committee. This item as thus amended was then passed. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up with the agreement that it should not displace the pension temporarily, the bond resolution, Hoar-Sherman, and the Nicaragua canal bill. The pension laws were discussed at length, the chief topic