

Sybil's Doom

"You poor fellow! Just see your face, all red cuts with that brutal whip. I'm so sorry! Here, take this, and tell me your name."

"My name's Joe Dawson, and I don't want your money, miss, thank you."

"Never mind, keep it, Joe Dawson. Oh, won't I tell you of this when he comes home! Joe, I'd—'d do anything for you if you would only tell me what you said to Mrs. Ingram."

"I'm very sorry, miss, but I can't tell you. I must go, if you please; he'll be waiting."

"Who'll be waiting?"

"Mr. Macgregor, miss."

"What?"

"Gwen cried, "are you Mr. Macgregor's new servant? Did he send you here?"

"Yes, miss."

"With a message?"

"With a note, miss."

"To Mrs. Ingram?"

"Yes, miss."

"Is it the note that made her so angry—that made her horsewhip you?"

"No, miss."

"Something you said to her yourself?"

"Yes, miss."

"Did she answer the note?"

"Yes, miss. She tore it up, and told me to tell him so. And I must go, miss," cried out poor Joe, frantically. "I must get back before him."

He fairly broke from the baronet's daughter, and rode rapidly home. The silver stars were all sown broadcast in the deep blue August sky before he reached the Retreat. His master was leaning over the low thicket, enjoying the moonlight and his inevitable cigar.

"Well, Joe," he said; "and you saw the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And delivered my note?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the answer, my lad?"

"She tore it up in little pieces, and told me she defied you, and you might do your worst!"

"Humph! She did, did she? Little devil! Joe, my boy," laying his hand suddenly on his servant's shoulder, "did you know her?"

"I did, sir," Joe answered, very quietly.

"And she knew you?"

"Joe lifted his head and took off his cap. The moonlight fell on the grizzly marks of the horsewhip.

"Look here, sir," he said, huskily. "I told her who I was; I showed her the pieter. She threw it into the fish-pond. She snatched the whip out of my hand, and she gave me this."

"Joe Dawson," Macgregor said, absolutely turning white with horror, "your mother did that, Joe?"

"She called me a liar and a bounder; she did this. I don't mind the pain, sir—it isn't that."

The lady's voice broke down, and he sobbed outright.

"Joe, Joe, my poor fellow," his master said, his own eyes humid.

But Joe Dawson turned abruptly away, and plunged into the woodland.

"It is over!" Macgregor said, between his clenched teeth. "By the Eternal! she shall reap as she sows. She has sown the wind—she shall reap the whirlwind. You have gone the length of your tether, Mrs. Ingram. Now beware of Angus Macgregor!"

An hour after, following guardedly in the direction Joe had taken, he came upon him lying on the grass, face downward still as a stone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The pretty widow at Chisleigh Chase, besides the virtues of beauty, elegance and grace, had the additional virtue of being a constant attendant at divine worship.

Twice every Sunday, rain or shine, you saw her in the baronet's great carved and cushioned, and curtained pew, her large, tender, dark eyes raised with killing execution to the preacher's face, and the dimpled chin and rose-bloom cheeks framed in some exquisite gem of a Parisian court.

She was very devout, and carried a book of Common Prayer, and prayed for the queen and royal family, and "his miserable sinners," with an unctuous good to hear.

She was not only very devout herself, but the cause of devotion in others; for, besides half a dozen bearded adorers, who followed their dove-like divinity to church morning and afternoon, she insisted on fetching Gwendoline, willy-nilly. Sir Rupert laughed, sarcastically, and issued a paternalistic hail that his daughter was to obey.

"I don't suppose it will do her any good," the old disciple of Voltaire said, grimly, "which criticizes the bonnets, and make eyes at those fellows from the Speckhaven Barracks, or fall asleep over the sermon; but take her with you, by all means, my dear madame. Going to church on Sunday gives an air of respectability to weak-day sins, and I don't want her at home."

Gwendoline did criticize the bonnets, and "make eyes" at the fellows from Speckhaven Barracks, I regret to say; and, if she didn't fall asleep during the sermon, she folded and yawning faintly in the next pew.

But sometimes, in the blindest times—

"Eloquent! P. S. Dobbs swarmed up the aisle in mirth, with those contending whiskers and heavenly eyes of his; and then the damp, stuffy old church trembled suddenly to wobble, and Gwendoline to one of the pews.

"They rather looked for it at the moment," and his "oh, my!" rose like a brazen officers. They called him "brave old Dobbs," in sarcastic allusion to his initials, and made sarcastic inquiries as to whether Miss Chudleigh had proposed yet, suggesting that he had better write her to Mamma Dobbs to come and protest her helpless lameness, and demand Miss C's intentions.

They were rather clamorous and ponderous, those messengers from Speckhaven Barracks, big, florid-faced, ginger-whiskered, slashing, dashing, fox-hunting fellows, hard riders, hard drinkers, hard swearers, and who would have called an archangel names.

Among the train of devotees whom that fair saint, Mrs. Ingram, drew to

windows, and sleeping a good deal. He went nowhere—he had nowhere to go, indeed, for he was universally disliked, and he had the pleasure of seeing his arch-enemy, Macgregor, sauntering arm in arm, beneath his easement, with Colonel Gaunt and young Lord Racer, of the Royal Rifles.

Monday night came, chill for August, with an overcast sky and a raw, complaining wind fresh from the sea. As the late dusk fell, Colonel Trevanion rattled away from the Silver Swan in a pony-carriage, the dark lantern beneath the seat, to keep trust with the widow. He secured the chaise just without the gates, and walked up to the door, shivering slightly, partly with nervous dread, partly with coldly and morally the man was cren to the core; and the weird shadows cast by the trees, the sigh of the gale in the woodland, the scampering of the red deer and rabbits through the open made his teeth chatter like a hysterical girl's. The loud-voiced clock over the stables solemnly tolled nine as he took his station.

"Half an hour to wait," he thought, discontentedly; "and this place is dismal as a church-yard."

He struck a lucifer and lighted a cigar—man's "best companion" in sorrow, in joy, in shadow and sunshine. He leaned against a vast oak—a dried patriarch—and smoked and watched the clouds scudding wildly across the stormy sky, and the dull diapason of rising wind, and saw the stars peering through a "wild night," the wretched thought; "the storm will be with us before midnight."

What was that? A shadow flitting along in the cloudy moonlight—a shadow not of deer or rabbit. A thin, cold hand grasped his wrist and held him as in a vise. The man absolutely cried out, so unexpected was it, so nervous was he.

"Faugh!" said a scolding voice—silvery voice he knew, which yet had a hard, metallic ring; "don't show the white feather so soon. It is I, Cyril Trevanion, and not a ghost, as I suppose you take me to be. Have you been long waiting?"

"Half an hour," sulkily. "You might have come sooner."

"Yes, I might have come at midday, if I choose, but I didn't. Have you the chaise and dark lantern?"

"Yes—just outside. What do you want them for?"

"You will want them present—not I, if you're ahen—constitutional caution is not greater than your love for me, your desire for revenge and riches. The chaise is taken you to Monkwood Priory and the lantern is to light you on your way to the lost will."

"To Monkwood Priory, to-night?"

"Yes; a terrible ordeal, is it not? You may meet the prior's ghost, awful and grim, and you're sure to be frightened into fits by when you are not Cyril Trevanion. I feel for you, really; but, unfortunately, it is nothing venture, nothing win."

She sneered as she looked up in his face. She despised him thoroughly as all women, good or bad, are pretty safe to despise the most virtuous and most learned of men if a coward. As we were in the days of which Homer sung, we will be to the end of the chapter: blind adorers of what few of us possess—physical courage and strength.

"What is it I am to do?" Cyril Trevanion said, stung by her taunting tone. "If the will is to be found, I will find it."

"Spoken like a man! Let me see you act like one. The will is hidden in the Priory, and—she lowered her voice to a thrilling whisper—the dead body of General Trevanion with it."

Rose Ingram could feel her lover's convulsive start and recoil as she held him thus.

"Swear!" she hissed in his ear—"swear by all you hold dear on earth and sacred in heaven, to keep the secret I am about to reveal—swear!"

She shook him unconsciously, in her fierce excitement.

"I swear."

"If you are what you pretend to be—Cyril Trevanion—I know, of course, it would be sealing by own doom to tell you this. But you are not Cyril Trevanion, and the dead man is nothing to you. The will is. Together we will find it, together we will share his wealth, together we will enjoy our revenge. Swear!"

"I swear."

"Then, listen." She drew near, slipping her hand through his arm, and speaking in a rapid, hissing, whisper. "Sybil Trevanion guessed right when she surmised that I knew the secret of Monkwood Waste. I did not murder and carry off General Trevanion, as I think she half believes I did, but I know what became of him and the will—the will, Cyril, that leaves you sole possessor of fifteen thousand a year—that leggers her!"

"Go on," he said, hoarsely, breathlessly; "only tell me where to find that will!"

"Let me tell you the story of that night," the widow said, steadily. "Part of it you have already heard. How Sybil Trevanion left me and returned to fit with when you are not Cyril Trevanion, and she gave me a rare gift, I promise you—and I am not easily frightened, either—when she appeared before me, on the threshold, like a ghost, and found me in the very act of stealing the will from under the sick man's pillow. For I was about to steal it. I hated General Trevanion's son—never you mind why—and it lay in my power, he would never inherit his father's wealth. Some presence told the old man himself what I was about. He started up in bed, grasped me by the wrist, and cried out shrilly: 'I was about to murder him. All this you know. I gossiped the thing over to her. The old man fell back in a stupor. I persuaded Sybil to return to her room, and I was again alone with the dying seigneur of Monkwood.'

"What I intended to do, I hardly knew. To have the will I was resolved; but how to secure it without exciting suspicion was a puzzle. No doubt the master I had served so long, and who had never yet wholly deserted me in any scheme, had never been so far from my plan into my head before morning, had not the old man himself saved me the trouble. It is a marvel, though I hate to use the hackneyed—a great deal stranger, as it turned out in this case.

"The sick man could not sleep; a haunting dread of me seemed to have taken possession of him. He tossed restlessly, muttering to himself, I could catch a phrase incoherently here and there, and always of me and the will. 'She will murder me,' he said—I saw it



PILES CURED

Writing from Poplar, E. O., Mrs. C. Hanson, proprietress of the Commercial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was so bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any ease. Finally I decided to undergo an operation, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation. For a time I was certainly better, but within twelve months the piles became so painful as ever. I tried liniments, hot poultices, various 'pile cures,' and indeed everything I could think would be likely to do any good, but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging pains, the dull, aching, 'worn-out' feeling that the disease causes continued as bad as ever."

"One day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first one or two boxes gave me more ease than anything else I had tried, so I went on with the treatment. In a short time I began to feel altogether different and better. Well, I went on using Zam-Buk, and by the time I had used six boxes I was delighted to find myself entirely cured. That was three years ago, and there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, abscesses, eruptions, chapped hands, varicose sores, burns, scalds, bruises, inflamed patches, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere, 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.



in her eyes—those wild, wicked black eyes—and she will take the will! I am afraid of her. It is not safe under my pillow. And what will Cyril say to me when he comes? Ha! he started up in bed suddenly—there is the Prior's Cell. She will never find it there!"

"His eyes were wide open, glassy and staring. I declare to you I thrilled all over with fear as I looked at him. He never saw me, though I stood up before him. He flung down the bedclothes, slowly arose, and stood before me, like a galvanized corpse, in his long night-gown and death-white face. Yes, he arose and stood on his feet in his sleep—that dying man, who could not sleep—lifted himself in bed to save his soul alive, in his waking moments."

"He took the will out from under the pillow, walked unsteadily over to the table, and lifted up a candle burning there beside the dim night-lamp. He made no noise; and if he had, Cleante and Mrs. Teifer slept a great deal too soundly to be disturbed by it."

"I'll hide it in the Prior's Cell," he muttered again. "She will never find it there."

"He crossed the parlor, carrying the candle and the parchment in his left hand, straight to the figure of Eve. You know the 'Adam and Eve' room, of course, and all that intricate carving of the oak. About midway between the figure of Eve and the window there is a cluster of roses, in no way remarkable from the other carved work of the walls. But in the centre of this cluster lies a secret spring, which moves upon the slightest touch. A pressure of this old man's feeble fingers sufficed to set it in motion."

"A low, narrow door-way slid inward; there was a rush of cold air that extinguished the candle, and a black gulf yawned before me. Where it led I could not see."

(To be Continued.)

SUFFERED THREE YEARS

Till Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cured his Kidney Trouble

There are few diseases that cause more acute suffering than Kidney Trouble, and Mr. E. A. Thomas, of Sudbury Ont., is one of those who know it. He writes: "For over three years I suffered from kidney disease. First I thought I had sprained my back, for suddenly the pain would catch the small of my back and it would be impossible for me to straighten myself up for several minutes. A dull ache across the kidneys was always present, my urine was thick and cloudy, and passing it caused a burning, scalding pain. Tried medicines, but they failed. I was advised to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, as they had cured my wife years before. A few boxes affected a complete cure. I now enjoy the blessings of good health, which is due to this remedy."

Don't neglect kidney trouble—it's too dangerous as well as too painful. That old, reliable family remedy, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, has cured thousands and will cure you. It is equally effective in curing constipation and its attendant evils, biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches, and in purifying the blood. 25c a box at your druggist's.

LAYING CABLES 3 MILES DEEP.

By arrangements of the British Postmaster-General, the rates for cablegrams have been greatly lowered during the night time. It is believed that as a result a greatly increased number of cablegrams will be sent.

Few people know what a tremendous work is the laying of a submarine cable extending for many thousands of miles. Each mile of cable in the deep sea will weigh somewhere about a ton and a half, while each mile of the shore ends will weigh as much as twenty-eight tons.

Special ships are used for laying the cable, which is always paid out at a steady rate than the ship travels in order to cope with the irregularities at the bottom of the sea. More than this, when the sea is deep quite a considerable time elapses before the cable reaches the end.

When the sea is about three miles deep, and the ship is steaming at its usual rate over two and a half hours before the cable reaches the bottom of the sea. At about this point of the cable which was on the ship two and a half hours previously will be twenty-five miles in the sea.

The paying out process requires great care, as if the rope goes too fast the cable would cut through the ship as a hot knife would cut through butter.

Hence special brakes are applied and the cable is being paid out electricians are carefully testing it in a little laboratory on the vessel. Should anything go wrong the cable is hauled back again.

The cables themselves are specially sheathed in stout iron in order to protect the precious wires which convey the current. In some parts of the world various creatures rapidly bore their way through a cable and so ruin it. In such a case a layer of brass tape is placed around the external iron wires.

The time may come to change in all manner of ways. For instance, a sword fish or a shark may make an attack upon it, and so ruin the insulation.

The shore ends are always made considerably stouter than the deep sea portion, so that they may not be damaged by ships' anchors, and what not. In the northern and southern seas the cable has to be protected against ice floes, and in such cases linked armor is used.

The shore end is laid at the same time as the main cable, and will extend for about twice as far as the main cable, and the two ends are spliced together.

As soon as an end is found it is hauled upon board, tested, and then fastened to the end of a buoy. Then the other end is fished up, and if found all right, is spliced on to a piece of good cable, the other end of which is spliced on to the end obtained from the buoy.

Certain other customs no less widely observed have come down to us from a later period, says the London Globe, and yet one sufficiently remote. In medieval times he who shook hands, whether in salutation or as a defensive measure—retaining the sword hand while some treaty was being arranged—must need strip off his steel gauntlet.

So at the present time men pull off their right hand glove before shaking hands with a lady. The wearing of glove or gauntlet, indeed, at one period was something of a challenge in itself; thus no men wore gloves in the presence of royalty, an absence which indicated also absence of hostile intent.

A similar idea in all probability accounts for the habit of showing courtesy by lifting or removing the hat. Only when no danger threatened would a warrior in olden days venture to stand uncovered; in the royal presence was safety—thus ran the chivalric code, and therefore each knight who drew near king or emperor swept off his helmet, showing that he dared to stand uncovered. Helmets, as time went on, were exchanged for less warlike forms of headgear, but the custom, becoming general, outlived all changes, and remains unto this day the principal method of showing reverence.

The age of chivalry has left its mark upon several customs. Sword, helmet, gauntlet—the fact that these were once part of the necessary equipment of knight or gentleman colors our habits even now.

Still a man offers a lady his left arm, a practice which recalls times when escort was by no means solely a matter of politeness, but when in order to guard against sudden attack, it was necessary to have the sword arm free.

Still, when a stranger calls for the first time he sends in his card, partly, no doubt, in order that his name and possible business may be made clear, but partly also because in olden days he who desired entrance to palace or castle must send some token as warrant of peaceful intent.

This token was perhaps a ring or some jewel known to the lord of the castle, which would serve as a guarantee for the sincerity of its bearer; in a less artistic age the stranger who desires admission contents himself with a slip of pasteboard, whereon his name is printed in black letters.

The visiting card indeed is the undoubted descendant of that ring or piece of parchment which often obtained for its possessor admission into the mediæval castle. To-day the most may be gone, the drawbridge too, and armed retainers no longer peer over the battlements with archbushes or halberd in suspicious readiness, but the front door often acts as an efficient moat and retainers need not be armed in order to prove repellent.

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commenced our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among these well-known makers as Bell, Kern, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from \$15 to \$80 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormworth and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

PRISONERS OF INDIA.

Report Explains Their Methods—A Roman Secret Society.

Anæmie is commonly employed by the professional poisoner in India, who will poison a whole family to make sure of one victim. The reports of the Bombay Government analyst throws some light on the methods.

The poison is usually given in sweetmeats and generally by a "strange woman" who has been met in the street and who mysteriously disappears. This "strange woman" is found in every analyst's report for the last twenty years, and in circumstances so identical that it would almost seem to be the same person. Will this elusive poison ever be captured by the Indian police?

Anæmie has perhaps been more frequently used than any other poison for criminal purposes. It has been proved identical with the "wonderful six" of the seventeenth century, when secret poisoning became so frequent in Italy that the clergy, despite the rules of the confessional, required Pope Alexander VII. in 1658 with the extent of the practice.

It was found that young widows were abundant in Rome, and that most of the unhappy marriages were speedily dissolved by the death of the husband. A secret society of young matrons was discovered, which met at the house of La Spina, a reputed witch, who supplied them with a slow, treacherous, colorless poison carefully calculated to kill a husband in just the time that suited the purchasers.

In 1648 and thirteen of her companions were hanged, a large number of the culprits were whipped half naked through the streets of Rome, while others of the highest rank escaped with heavy fines and banishment.—London Chronicle.

The purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at a goal, but to find enjoyment on the way.—Van Dyke.

RESULTS HE GOT WERE PERFECT

Sam Mallette's Bright's Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Suffered Tortures and the Doctor Failed to Give Relief but Three Boxes Cured Him.

Rutter Station, Ont., April 15.—(Special).—"I got perfect results from Dodd's Kidney Pills." So says Mr. Sam Mallette of this place. And he has a reason.

"My sickness started from a strain," Mr. Mallette continues, "and for a year I did not know a well day. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing, my appetite was fitful and my limbs would swell.

"Then rheumatism set in and neuralgia, backache, headache and heart trouble added to my tortures. I was attended by a doctor but he did me no lasting good.

"Finally, when Bright's Disease had me in its grasp, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes, it was as well as ever I was in my life. I have had no pain since and advise all my friends who suffer from kidney disease to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and be cured."

Mr. Mallette's case shows what neglected kidney disease will result in, and what splendid results Dodd's Kidney Pills give.

EVERY DAY CUSTOMS.

Free Use of the Sword Hand—Mediæval Visiting Cards.

Certain customs in vogue at the present day, such as shaking hands or offering the left arm to a lady, are of considerable antiquity. It is said that Phœnicians introduced the former habit into Britain, and that upon the shores of Mount May many a bargain in tin between eastern merchants and Cornishmen was ratified by this method of clasping hands.

Certain other customs no less widely observed have come down to us from a later period, says the London Globe, and yet one sufficiently remote. In mediæval times he who shook hands, whether in salutation or as a defensive measure—retaining the sword hand while some treaty was being arranged—must need strip off his steel gauntlet.

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Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS