

Sybil's Doom

"Cyril Trevanion sleeps his last sleep under the mighty Pacific. On this earth he will trouble us no more. This man Macgregor may have known him; may have seen his portrait. But what can he really do? He can't have tried again for the dead. One nineteen years ago in Leamington Wood. A stolid British jury sat at that before, and twelve pig-headed jurymen brought in a verdict of not guilty. And except that once I never left myself amenable to the majesty of the law. No, I may safely defy this Mr. Angus Macgregor, I think, in spite of his knowledge—and he can't be positive as to my identity: He may tell the baronet all he knows—that I am an improper person—a murderer—she shuddered slightly at the word—the intriguing who entrapped Cyril Trevanion into marriage—a wicked, worthless adventurer, that will the baronet believe the monstrous tale? Cyril Trevanion is here. Let him ask Cyril Trevanion if I am the dreadful creature he married so many years ago. I will deny all, and Cyril Trevanion will deny all, and I defy the clever author to produce proof. Perhaps the present is not the Cyril Trevanion of the present is not the Cyril Trevanion of the past, and in that case, I fancy Sir Rupert himself will be the first to set him down a madman. Suppose I take the initiative and concoct some clever story for the baronet to-morrow? I have staked all upon the last throw of the dice, and I am willing to abide by the issue. I will never go back to the old life—to that horrible region where all the women are false as their painted faces, and all the men are knaves and brutes. I will be Lady Chudleigh in spite of fate and Angus Macgregor!"

She arose at last. It was past three. The room was dark. She had smothered out the wax-lights cast flickering, fantastic shadows upon the dusk oak paneling, and the widow shivered with a sense of chill. She walked over to the toilet table, and began to remove her jewels and laces, looking angrily at the pallid, haggard face her mirror showed her.

"What a faded wretch I look!" she thought. "And if I lose my beauty, what have I left? In a few years I will be an old woman—old, ugly, wrinkled, and—great heaven! what will become of me then?"

Mrs. Ingram disrobed, and leaving all the candles burning, went to bed. It was years and years—so long, she shuddered at the dreary retrospect—since she had dared to sleep in the dark. For a dead man's face rose up in the spectral gloom, pale, menacing, terrible—to haunt her remorseful dreams. She nestled down among the yielding pillows, to-night, with an unutterable sense of weariness and misery, and awful dread of the future.

"I begin to believe that sad old Arabian proverb," she thought bitterly, "Man is better sitting than standing, lying down than sitting, dead than lying down!"

The breakfast hour was late at Chudleigh Chase, and Sir Rupert's guest met Sir Rupert at that matutinal meal with a face as bright and cloudless as the sunlit August sky. The white cashmere robe, with its cherry-colored trimmings, corded about the slender waist, seemed even more becoming than the many-hued silks and moires she donned in the evenings. It was a tete-a-tete breakfast this morning. Miss Chudleigh had been up and off for a breezy morning gallop over the golden Sussex downs long before father or governess thought of opening their eyes.

"And how do you like my friend Macgregor?" the baronet asked, putting the very question the widow was wishing to hear, "very clever fellow, Macgregor, though he does support the most far-fetched theories and deny the most palatable facts. Very brilliant conversationalist, isn't he?"

The widow raised her dimpled, sloping shoulders, and arched the slender black brows.

"Dear Sir Rupert, will you think me the dulllest of heretics and recusants if I say I don't like Mr. Macgregor? And will you permit me to ask you a few questions concerning him?"

"A whole Pinnock's Catechism, if you please, madam."

"Then did you ever know Mr. Macgregor before he appeared in Speckhaven, two or three months ago?"

"Was he presented by any friends of yours, or did you pick him up, as Sairy Gamp would say, 'promiscuously'?"

"I picked him up promiscuously. I saw he was a most intelligent and agreeable fellow, and intelligent and agreeable fellows don't hand on every bush, like blackberries. A gentleman can tell another gentleman when he meets him even although there be no third party on hand to repeat the invariable formula, 'Sir Rupert Chudleigh, allow me, my estimable friend, Mr. Angus Macgregor, celebrated traveller, distinguished author, etc., etc.' No, Mrs. Ingram, I picked the hermit of the Retreat up, and a very delightful and social hermit I find him."

"Yes," Mrs. Ingram said, quietly; "Mr. Macgregor, as he chooses to call himself, is a very pleasant companion, and yet—"

"And yet—you slamm him with faint praise, my dear lady. And he chooses to call himself Macgregor, does he? Pray, what may you call him, himself, and what on earth do you know of the man, Mrs. Ingram?"

"Sir Rupert," the lady said, earnestly, "I recognized Colonel Trevanion's tenant, last night, as a person I met in Vienna many years ago. It is true—it sounds incredible, I fear, but it is true—a man sane on all points but one—mad on that. In short, a monomaniac. It was during my husband's life-time; business of him to Vienna. I accompanied him, and one night, at a social assembly, I met this man. I forgot the name he bore then, but it certainly was not Macgregor. His monomania was well understood among his Viennese friends—it was in mistaking identities. For instance, he would meet you and be suddenly struck with the idea that you resembled some person he had seen before. He would brood over the idea a little, and finally insist that you were the person. I heard many most laughable anecdotes of his halucination at first, but it came home to me unpleasantly when he insisted that I was a Maldeoiselle Rose—something, a

leaning against the marble chimney piece, with that grayish look of worn pallor that always overspread her face when alone. The broad road may be strewn with roses at first sight; but when you come to tread it, we find the thorns pierce through the rose-leaves sharply enough. Standing there, Mrs. Ingram looked wearily of life, of the world and all therein.

"Where will it all end?" she wondered drearily; "or am I to go on forever like this—stretched on the rack? Will rest never come in this world, or must I wait for it until they lay me yonder in the church-yard?"

The door opened; a servant entered. Mrs. Ingram lifted up her wan, haggard face.

"What is it, Mary?" she asked, listlessly.

"Colonel Trevanion, ma'am. He is in the white drawing-room, which he says he wants to see you, ma'am, most particular."

"Very well; I will go down."

The girl disappeared, soliloquizing, as she descended to the lower regions: "They call her handsome, they do—master and the gentlemen from Speckhaven. I wish they could see her now. If it was to paint and powder and dress up like she does, they might call me handsome, too. She looks forty years old this minute."

Mrs. Ingram walked over to the glass. Gwendoline kept a mirror in the school-room to refresh herself, amid her dry-as-dust studies, by an occasional peep at her own rosy face.

"I look like a wretch," the widow thought—"old and haggard and hollow-eyed. Very well; I'll go down as I am; it may help to cure this idiot of his insane passion. He can do me no service as a tool; he is only a nuisance as a lover. I shall come to a final understanding with him, and have done with it."

She descended to the white drawing-room, one of a long and splendid suite, and found Cyril Trevanion pacing to and fro with his usual moody face, while he waited. He stopped as she entered, staring at her pale, worn look.

"You have been ill—you are ill!" he said, in alarm; "you are looking wretched. In Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Ingram sank down in the white velvet depths of a fauteuil, and made an impatient movement of her slender hand.

"There is nothing the matter—you see me as I am, that is all. If my wretched looks disenchanted you, I shall be obliged to them—for their teeth."

Cyril Trevanion set his teeth, his dark face growing darker with anger.

"What is it, Mrs. Ingram?" he said, "and this is how you meet me. Come here to-day to ask you to be my wife?"

Mrs. Ingram laughed—a laugh of indescribable scorn.

"Much obliged. I ought to feel flattered, I suppose; but really I can't say that I do. You want a wife, do you? And you want to marry me, on the principle that what won't keep one will keep two. What do you propose, Mr. Cyril Trevanion? Will we go to Monkwood, among the rats and the ghosts, and subsist on the memory of the family splendor gone by, and the bounty of our rich friends? Or shall we set up a public-house, like one of the maid and valet, and call it the 'Trevanion Arms,' with you 'hall fellow' well suited all the clowns in the county, and I, I suppose, making myself fascinating behind a greasy bar, dealing out gin and water? My dear Colonel Trevanion, I know your intellect from the first to be none of the strongest; but, upon my word, I never thought you would fall to such a depth of idiocy as this, much less propose it to me."

She looked up in his face, fully and boldly, with insolent defiance. And the craven soul within do ground out suppressed blasphemies between his teeth.

"Listen to me, Cyril Trevanion," the widow said in an altered tone, "and don't be a fool, and don't be angry. I do not love you, as you very well know; yet, if the wealth that has gone to Sybil Lemox was yours, I would marry you to-morrow. It is hers beyond redemption, and you can never be more to each other than friends. Your friend I am very willing to be, if you take my advice and set wisely. I know you! Don't make an enemy of me. You have one already, and a dangerous one, in that man Macgregor."

"Curse him! yes."

"He saw you at Toulon. Do you remember him?"

"No—that is—do you mean to say you believe me to be the convict he spoke of last night?"

"Colonel Trevanion, don't bluster—it is ever the sign of a coward. Yes, I do. You are that escaped convict, and bear the brand on your arm, or shoulder, or somewhere, if you only liked to display it. You are an impostor and an escaped convict. Will you tell me what you are besides?"

"No, I shall not!"

"Just as you please. I'll find out for myself, then. Shall I tell you what you are? Stoop down; wait; have ears."

There was an unpleasant tightness about the pretty mouth, an unpleasant, steady glitter in the black eyes. One little hand grasped the man's wrist like a steel fetter, and drew him down. He bent his head and she whispered half a dozen words—no more—in his ears. Not that she was recoiling, with a "stare" oath.

"Who told you?" she cried hoarsely.

"A woman, a female devil, or what?"

"Something very like it," replied the widow, with a hard little laugh. "And you thought to outwit me? Now, shall we be friends or enemies?"

He stood glaring down upon her for a moment, with that lurid, maniacal light in his eyes that Charley Lemox had once before remarked.

"You are mistress," he said, in the same hoarse way. "What do you want?"

"Only your good, and my own. I want you to marry your cousin Sybil and her splendid dowry, and I want—see how frank I can be—I want to marry Sir Rupert Chudleigh myself."

Cyril Trevanion broke into a harsh, discordant laugh.

"Sybil Lemox is a lady; she won't marry me. And Sir Rupert Chudleigh is a gentleman; he won't marry you. Barons don't marry their daughters' governing deaks and sentries' boys, after."

"How rude you are!" Mrs. Ingram

Cramps at Night Require Prompt Remedy

Agonizing Pain Prevented by Keeping Nerviline Handy On the Shelf.

A Case in Point Illustrated.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to constrict the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me. My eyes bulged out and the veins in my forehead stood out like whip-cords. My cry attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water. It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline."

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE, Williamsburg."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. Large family size bottles of Nerviline, 50c.; trial size, 25c., all dealers or The Chesham Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Can.



NEW CAMERA FAD BRINGS OUT ALL OF HAT'S GLORY.

This is the kismet spring hat. The latest fad is to be photographed at a mirror and thus bring out all sides of an attractive hat. This style of hat has the turban effect built high in front with roses and the long stalks of the sprays of smaller flowers drooping over the back.

WHY SHOES HAVE TONGUES.

Every one that wears lace shoes knows that there is a tongue of leather under the place where the two sides of the shoe meet, but there is none in button shoes. Probably very few persons know that this is a comparatively modern idea and is not for the purpose of keep the laces from hurting the instep but is to keep out rain and snow.

There would be no discomfort if the laces touched the sock, but no matter how closely a shoe may be laced up there is always a slight space which would allow rain to reach the stocking.

THIS IS INDEED A SEVERE TEST

C. Mattesen Has Had Rheumatism All His Life.

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Benefited Him so Much He Recommends Them to Others—Why They Always Cure Rheumatism.

Holberg, B. C., March 4.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism has been proved again and again. Where the dread disease is making its first inroads into the system the cure is quick and complete. Where the rheumatism is of longer standing it takes longer treatment, but the result is always the same. Dodd's Kidney Pills are always a cure. Probably the hardest test, Dodd's Kidney Pills have ever been given in the case of Mr. C. Mattesen, of this place. It is best stated in his own words:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism all my life." Mr. Mattesen states, "but I am happy to tell you that I have received so much benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills that I can recommend them to others."

Here is a case of the longest possible standing. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure it. Why? Because uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, and Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood by making the kidneys do their proper work.

THE WEARY SMILE THAT COVERS PAIN

Women are Themselves to Blame for Much of Their Suffering.

Women are weak, yet under a smile they will try to hide pain and suffering that any man could not bear patiently. If women would only remembered that their frequent failures of health arise from feeble or impure blood their lives would be smoother and they would longer retain their natural charm.

When the blood fails then begin those dragging backaches and headaches; unrefreshing sleep that causes dark lines under the eyes; dizziness; fits of depression; palpitation or rapid fluttering of the heart; hot flashes and indigestion. Then the cheeks grow pale, the eyes dull and the complexion blemished.

Women should know that much of this suffering is needless and can be promptly remedied. Purify and enrich the blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and your suffering will vanish. Thousands of women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brightened their lives by making the new, good blood of health, and so toning up all the vital organs into a healthy vigorous action. Here is an instance from among many. Miss Cora A. Cornell, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "Ever since the age of fourteen I have suffered terribly with pains in my back, and severe headaches. I was also much troubled with indigestion and had to be extremely careful as to my diet, and sometimes did not feel like eating at all. Some two years ago the headaches became so bad that I had to give up my position, which was clerking in a store, where, of course, I was constantly on my feet. I took a position in an office, but I could be seated most of the time, when I felt I suffered terribly most of the time. As the medicine I had been taking did not seem to finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a supply, and soon felt they were helping me and I continued taking the pills for several months until I felt perfectly well. Although my doctor advised me not to go back to my old position, I decided to do so, and have not felt any ill effect. I never have backache now, seldom a headache, and all traces of the indigestion have disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I hope this letter will help someone who suffers as I used to."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STARTS HER BOYS OFF TO SCHOOL, THEN PRESIDES OVER FEDERAL COURT.



"JUDGE" MABEL BELL.

Mrs. Mabel Van Dyck Bell, of Covington, Ky., recently appointed a United States commissioner, is one of the few women in the United States with judicial powers.

She presided over her first case with much dignity, in a "robe of office" consisting of a white shirtwaist and a brown tailored skirt. She is small and plump.

Mrs. Bell had been a deputy in the office of United States Court Clerk John Menzies. When the district was extended Menzies was no longer able to perform the dual duties of clerk and commissioner. It then devolved upon United States Judge Cochran to name a new commissioner. The experience that Mrs. Bell had gained as a deputy clerk made her eligible for the position.

As commissioner she holds preliminary hearings in all cases developing in her jurisdiction, either dismissing the prisoner, if there is insufficient evidence, or holding him to the next term of the court.

Violators of the postal and internal revenue laws, moonshiners, counterfeiters and even an occasional banker whose particular kind of "frenzied finance" may displease Uncle Sam, are brought before her.

Mrs. Bell has two boys, Davis and James. Before going to the federal building to preside over her court Mrs. Bell puts on their clean bibs and tuckers and starts them off to school.

Shiloh's Cure STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS

STRETCHING A POINT. (McCall's Magazine.)

Prer Jasper died and the other deacons told Prer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. "At first he declined, but finally consented."

Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: "Brethren and sisters, I promised to say something good about Deacon Jasper to-night, and I will say we all hope he's gone where we know he ain't."

FOR PARIS' SAKE.

(Exchange.)

Romain Gressier, the French aviator, was praising Paris in the saloon of the "Provence." "Everybody praises Paris," he said. "Everybody loves Paris. A Vermont gentleman said to me yesterday: 'Some Americans don't like Paris at first. But the taste grows on them.' 'Did you like Paris at first?' I asked. 'Did I?' he replied. 'I came home in the steerage.'"

GENERAL IN CAP AS READY LETTER WRITER.



MAJ. GEN. F. C. AINSWORTH.

He was adjutant general of the army and was suspended by President Taft's orders pending discipline for writing "insulting letters" to Secretary of War Stimson and the chief of staff of the army.

SOOTHING MIXTURES DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN

Mixtures sold under the name "soothing" are usually dangerous to the life of the little ones whom they are supposed to help. They contain opiates and narcotics and any sleep prompted through their use is false sleep—to be plainer, the little one is drugged into insensibility. The only absolutely guaranteed remedy for little ones—the only remedy backed by the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiates, narcotics or other harmful drugs—is Baby's Own Tablets. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. Thousands of mothers have learned their value. They help not only the new born babe but also the growing child. Stomach and bowel troubles; worms, colds, simple fevers are all banished by them, and they promote that refreshing sleep so helpful to little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REPARTÉE.

(Youth's Companion.)

Art repartee has not entirely disappeared from Congressional debate. During a recent discussion of the bill to create a children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor, one Senator declared that the measure was an attempt to put children on a level with pigs. "The effort to raise them to the level," replied Senator Borah, who introduced the bill.

"I am glad to see, anyhow, that you sympathize with the under dog in this barbarous fight," "Sympathize with 'em?" Gosh, mister, all the money I've got is



DR. ANNA SHAW.

This photograph of the suffragette leader was taken as she was carrying away country produce sold by the New York State Women's Suffragette Association at their fair. Dr. Shaw's 64th birthday was recently celebrated by the association.

"HELLO!"

(Detroit Free Press)

Slowly but surely the word "hello" passes from the official literature of telephone talk, and sinks into the discard. Telephone companies have long frowned upon the expression. Recently the Pere Marquette Railroad taboored it, and now the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad has done the same thing.