

Sybil's Doom

"She will murder me!" he cried. "I dreamed the knife was at my throat. Take her away, Sybil—take her away!"

The momentary strength left him even while he spoke. He fell heavily back among the pillows, his eyes closing in dull stupor once more.

As if some prescience warned her she was watched, Mrs. Ingram turned round. Awfully corpse-like the fair face looked in the pallid glimmer of the night-lamp.

"Miss Trevanion," she exclaimed, "you here. I thought you were soundly asleep."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Ingram? What were you looking for a moment ago when the general started up?"

"Looking for, dear Sybil? I was not looking for anything. I was trying to arrange the pillows more comfortably, when I unfortunately disturbed our poor patient. He has been sleeping heavily since you left, but wandering and talking at intervals. It is fortunate you did not resign him to the tender mercies of Cleante and Mrs. Telfer. They have both been soundly sleeping all night."

Sybil glanced at the housekeeper. Yes, she was soundly sleeping, and snoring at that. Her conscience gave her a twinge for the unjust suspicion. How awfully she was to think evil so readily of this good-natured little woman.

"Did you hear a bell toll?" she asked, half ashamed of the question.

"A bell? No, dear. Did you?"

"I fancied so. It was only fancy, though. I dare say. Now that I am here, however, I will share your watch until morning."

"Dearest Sybil, no," the widow said earnestly. "Why should you? You need rest so much, my poor, pale darling, and you see your patient sleeps quietly. You will wear yourself out. You know you are not strong, nor need to watch; and if you are taken ill, what will the poor old general do then? No, my pet, go back to bed and sleep in peace. I will care for our patient fully as well as yourself."

Sybil hesitated.

She felt weary and worn and unrefreshed still; the temptation to rest was very strong; and then, as Mrs. Ingram said, she was quite capable of doing all that was needed to be done. It was wicked to suspect any one of ill design without cause; she would not yield to these unkind suspicions; she would obey Mrs. Ingram, and go back to bed.

"An unkind suspicion, I suppose," she said, "and full of ridiculous fancies. I will return to my room, Mrs. Ingram, and try to sleep until morning."

The widow looked at the slender, graceful, girlish figure, floating out of the room in its white drapery, with glittering black eyes.

"If you were such a little fool, Sybil Lennox," she said, between her little white teeth, "you would thank me for fessing you against your will. I hate Cyril Trevanion, and he shall never inherit the broad acres and full coffers of his father, if I can prevent it. And those white arms and full coffers will wobble about him, my pretty princess, if I can hold you apart."

The little maid had ceased to toll when Sybil returned to her room. All was still; the indistinct noises of the night came faintly to her ear; soft and low the distant wash of the waves on the shore—nothing else.

And Sybil slept until morning. The sunburst of another cloudless summer day filled the world when she woke, sprung up, dressed hastily, and hurried to the sick man's room.

It was still very early—scarcely six—the night-lamp yet burned, and Cleante and Mrs. Telfer and Mrs. Ingram, all three were asleep.

But Sybil never glanced at them twice; for, standing on the threshold, a great cry of horror and fear burst from her. The bed was empty, the sick man gone!

"That shrill cry awoke the valet. He yawned, turned, stretched himself, and sleepily got up, rubbing his eyes. It also startled Mrs. Telfer, who sat, erect, with a jerk, gazing bewildered about her with dazed and stupid eyes. But the little widow slumbered so soundly that she never stirred.

"Miss Sybil!" gasped the housekeeper, "what on earth is the matter? The general?"

She stopped short, gazing bewildered at the empty bed.

"Where is my uncle? Where is Gen. Trevanion?" Sybil cried. "Wake up, Mrs. Ingram, and tell me where he is!"

She shook the widow vehemently. The great, velvet black eyes opened and looked drowsily up.

"You, Sybil, love? Have I been asleep? Really, I had no idea—"

"Where is the general?" Sybil exclaimed, wildly. "What have you done with him, Mrs. Ingram?"

"I don't know him? My dearest Miss Trevanion—"

And there, she, too, came to a dead-look, with a gasp of consternation, at sight of the vacant bed.

"Good heavens! what can have happened? The last I remember is giving her a drink and resuming my seat. I felt very drowsy, and dropped asleep without knowing it. I never woke since. And the general—Oh, Sybil, Sybil, what can have happened?"

She clasped her hands, and looked up in pale fright in the stern, beautiful face, colorless as marble. The clear, strong violet eyes full of fearful black fire, and a long, powerful gaze. And the black eyes dropped and fell, and the widow covered her face with both slender hands, sobbing.

"You will never forgive me for falling asleep. I know it; I deserve it! But oh, dearest Sybil, indeed—I could not help it!"

"Alarm the house, Cleante," Sybil said, turning away, her voice ringing in its high command. "Search every nook and corner. You will accompany me, Mrs. Telfer. He must have risen in his sleep and wandered somewhere. We will find him dead, in all likelihood, in one of the vacant rooms."

clearest laugh of any young lady in the three kingdoms. She had a tendency toward the "big" gap at the heels of the hounds in her cricket habit, taking hedges and ditches better skelter, risking her neck every day of her life with a ready recklessness that was positively delightful. She had a score of dogs, big and little, at her command; she sang "Chamoune Charlie" with the ensigns and cornets over at Speckhaven, and was summed up by those youthful warriors in that one expressive adjective, "jolly."

As the lord of Chudleigh Chase paced slowly up and down the long drawing-room, while the August sun filled the room with lurid glory, the door was thrown open impetuously and Miss Chudleigh, with cheeks more like peonies than ever, bounced in. She wore a riding habit of purple cloth, a purple cap, with a long white plume set jauntily adways on her dancing curls; and certainly, if not a Venus de Medici, was as bright a little English lassie as one might wish to see.

"Papa," she breathlessly cried, "they've had news at Monkswood—they've had another letter from Cyril!"

The tall baronet glanced down at her, and went placidly on with his gentle saunter.

"Gwendoline," he mused, "I don't remember you, how often must I repeat this abrupt manner, or call it a shrill falsetto? If your nerves are made of cast-iron, mine are not."

"Fiddle!" Miss Chudleigh came very near saying, but she held in time. "He says, papa, he's been ill again; but they may expect him shortly. Sybil showed me the letter—such a nasty, cold, unfeeling scrawl. He doesn't seem to be sorry for the poor, dear old general's fate. If Sybil weren't a downright goose, I should think she'd be glad and thankful that the general had sense enough to take that last stupid walk with him, wherever he went. How can she set such store by him—this Cybil, I mean—I can't understand it."

"Gwendoline!" cried Sir Rupert, in horror. "Understand good heavens! what did you say?"

"Beg your pardon, papa!" said Miss Chudleigh, rebuked. "I forgot—I won't say it again. But I will say, this Cyril Trevanion is a flat and a fluke—there!"

"Miss Chudleigh!" said her father, with awful severity, "if you talk any more slang, I shall order you to the room. When does Cyril Trevanion say he is coming?"

"Shortly—that's all. He said it before and he didn't come. They're going to leave Monkswood and go back to Trevanion Park. Poor, dear, darling Sybil can't bear the sight of the place, now she does take on dreadful, when there's nobody to see her but me. And my opinion she blames it all on that nasty scolding, sugary cat, Mrs. Ingram."

"Nonsense, Gwendoline! Blame it on the weather, if you will, but absurdly! Miss Trevanion has a little common sense, if you have not. Sides a preposterous idea never entered her mind."

"Very well, papa," responded Gwendoline, with a shiver of doubt. "Think so, if you like, but it's true. She doesn't like Mrs. Ingram, and no more do I. I hate people who say 'yes, dear,' and 'no, love,' every time I tell them it's a fine day. Mr. Weller says, 'Beware of widows,' and I agree with Mr. Weller. I expect to be one some day myself; but I shouldn't be 'widow bewitched' by Mrs. Ingram."

"Mrs. Ingram is a very elegant and lady-like person, Miss Chudleigh. Sir Rupert said, sternly, 'whom I most ardently wish you would take for a model. If Lady Lennox would consent to part with her, and she would consent to come, nothing could give me more pleasure than to have her here. Your ignorance of the commonest accomplishments, of the most ordinary rules of etiquette, is something frightful. You talk slang, you ride, you fish, you shoot, you sing comic songs, and no more of the art of dress than a South Sea Islander. Good Heaven, Gwendoline Chudleigh! if you had been born the daughter of the lowest chaw-bacon in Sussex, you could hardly have been worse."

"I wish I had been born the daughter of a chaw-bacon, or a fisherman, or a cypress, or a strolling player, or something else free and jolly," responded Miss Chudleigh, sulkily. "I don't want to be formed, and play stupid fugues on monetary bells and storms and various things like that, on the piano, and belch all the languages, living and dead, and finger clogs, and addle my brains over algebra, Miller, and the rest of the dreary old tomes. I know enough French to read Dumas 'Box of Wax' in the original, and I can play the 'Highland Fling,' and I can waltz down any girl of my years and inches in the county. Everybody like like that artificial, sniping, smooth-tongued white cat of a widow for a kingdom."

With which Miss Chudleigh bounced indignantly out of the room, and lunged head foremost into the arms of a tall footman in the act of ushering a lady into the drawing-room. The lady was Mrs. Ingram, bewitchingly dressed, and all her siren smiles in full gear. Gwendoline rebounded, like an Indian rubber ball out of the electrified footman's arms, and was gone like a flash.

"When we speak of the devil—" said Miss Chudleigh. "What on earth brings Sybil? She can't have turned her out, and she can't be coming to beg papa to take her in. Did she make away with the general? I wonder, or was it the prior's ghost? I'm not a coward—I'd face a five-foot wall or the choir's crucifix any day; but I wouldn't sleep a night in that dreadful old house—no, not if they were to make me present of it. It's exactly like the 'Castle of Otranto,' or the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' that I read when I was a little girl, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see one of those grim old fellows in the picture-gallery step out of the wall and ask me how I found myself. If that's the case, coming here to form me, I won't be formed. I won't give up Bell's Life and take to High Church novels, and I won't resign my three hours' gallop with those ducks of 'Sue,' over at Speckhaven, for three hours' hard strutting on papa's grand piano; I won't learn poetry and mineralogy, or any other obnoxious, no, not for all the widows this side of Pandemonium!"

Miss Chudleigh went up to her own suite of apartments, and banged doors, pitched things about, and pitched state

Couldn't Get Strong

Seemed to Have Lost All Am-
bition, Was 'Able and Anaemic,'
Made Wondrous Recovery When Dr.
Hamilton's Pills were Used.



"I was never actually sick," writes Mrs. La Pierre, wife of a well-known resident of Labene, 'yet I never could get strong like other women. I at all could never make. When I married I took a great pride in my householding, but it kept me tired all the time. My Leechance, my neighbor, looked well—she told me her health had been made by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I only thought of pills as a physic, but now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more for the quickened my stomach, liver and bowels—made me stouter and stronger, gave me such color in my cheeks as I never had before. They do good to parts in ways I need not mention in this letter, but I sincerely believe Dr. Hamilton's Pills should be used at intervals by every woman—that's why I write this letter."

No medicine invigorates a woman like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c per box, all dealers or the Catarthosone Co., Kingston, Canada.

CHANGES IN FLOWERS

Many of Our Most Beautiful Ones Are Modern Productions.

It is a truly astonishing thing to reflect that Shakespeare, for all his love of flowers, would have been able to name scarcely a single bloom in a twentieth century garden, says the Strand. He would hardly have seen a violet to distinguish the queen of flowers itself, so greatly has the rose changed in the last three centuries.

As for the begonia, the chrysanthemum, the dahlia, the geranium, the fuchsia and carnation, there were unknown even to our great-grandfathers. Many of our most beautiful flowers are purely modern productions.

Three centuries ago there were no flower gardens in England. What were then thought of as gardens were herbaries and sage grounds, where rue, thyme and sage grew, and perhaps a few primitive blooms, such as violets and primroses, were suffered to exist, much as poppies and cornflowers do to-day.

Many well-known plants have been developed from specimens discovered in various parts of the world, and there is in doubt that a number of charming novelties are still lurking undiscovered in remote spots. The chances of valuable finds are, however, becoming unfortunately less every year. A small army of collectors is always at work in every corner of the world searching for new treasures to enrich our floral store.

From South America came many years ago, the recently unfashionable fuchsia; from the hills of northern India and Tibet have been brought many useful varieties; from China we have had among other things many new primulas; Japan has yielded wonderful iris; Africa many varied plants, usually of most brilliant and gorgeous coloring; while numerous charming members of the narcisus family have been discovered in the Pyrenees.

But this cannot continue indefinitely, and even in the realm of orchids, for which perhaps the most systematic search of all is made, there is not much left to be explored. For our future novelties we shall have to rely then chiefly on the skill of our hybridists, who are constantly engaged in mating different species of the same family of plants, and Brown & Co. According to Mr. Harris, the Muscigen claims that Adam himself left a will and that seventy legions of angels brought him paper and pens all the way from Paradise and that the Archangel Gabriel set his seal to the document.

It is also recorded that Noah left a will. He divided the known world at that time into three parts and left one to each of his sons.

There exists a curious and ancient testament of Job discovered and published by Cardinal Mai in 1839. In it Job's faithful wife, when reduced to the lowest depths of poverty, is represented as having sold her hair to procure bread for her husband.

Jacob, the father of the Hebrew patriarchs, died in Egypt at the age of 147, but was buried by his sons in the Cave of Machpelah at Hebron, in Palestine, the traditional burial place of the patriarchs and other Biblical characters of their time.

It can be stated that the very earliest reference to an actual testamentary disposition is by the words of this patriarch:

And Jacob said unto Joseph: Behold, I die, but God shall be with you and bring you again unto the land of your fathers.

Moreover, I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow.

And Jacob called unto his sons and said: Gather yourselves together that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days.

On the forty-ninth and forty-ninth chapters of Genesis are these words of the dying patriarch, and here is found not only the disposition of a "portio" to Joseph, but the character of each: one is shown, the virtue or fault of each is described, to each a symbolic emblem is assigned, and to each a future is prophesied. Here is a will, in fact, in prophecy.

Homer refers to the will of Telemachus in favor of Phaeus, to whom he bequeathed all the presents that had been made to Telemachus by Menelaus; lest they fall into the hands of his enemies, but he adds: "In case I should die, I leave you to my father's house, and you are then to restore them to me in my palace, a task as joyous to you to accomplish as to myself to profit by."

William Matthews Plinders Petrie, the English Egyptologist, unearthed not many years ago at Kahun a will which was 4,500 years old. There seems no reason to question either the authenticity or antiquity of the document. We will therefore antedate all other known written wills by nearly 2,000 years.

Itching and burning on Face and Throat

Sores Disfigured So He Dreaded to Appear in Public. No Rest Night or Day. Cuticura Ointment Cured.

"Six months ago my face and throat all broke out and turned into a running sore. I did not bother about it at first, but in one week's time the disease had spread rapidly over my face and throat and the burning itching sore became so painful that I began to seek relief in different medicines, but none seemed to give me any relief. The sores disfigured my face to such an extent that I dreaded to appear in public."

"I suffered terribly and could get no rest night or day. At last a friend advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I had about given up hope, but thought I would have one more try, and so I used a little Cuticura Ointment, and it helped me from the start. I continued using it and in six weeks' time was completely cured, and can say I would advise anyone suffering from skin disease to use Cuticura Ointment, as it is the best healing balm in the world." (Signed) Roscoe Good, Seven Persons, Ala., Feb. 18, 1911.

FOUND RELIEF ONLY FROM CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My little girl when only a few weeks old broke out on the top of her head and it became a solid scab. Her cheeks became raw and sore and after trying different remedies found relief only from Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It lasted six months or more, but after a thorough treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment never had any return." (Signed) Mrs. W. S. Owen, Yankin College, N. C., May 26, 1911.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most successful treatment for skin and scalp troubles of infants, children and adults. A single cake of Cuticura Soap, each with 25c, look on the skin, will be sent free, on application to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 24 Columbus Ave., N. Y.

OLD WILLS.

The Most Ancient Known Written 4,500 Years Ago.

Some of the most ancient wills in the world are described by Virgil M. Harris in a book recently published by Little Brown & Co. According to Mr. Harris, the Muscigen claims that Adam himself left a will and that seventy legions of angels brought him paper and pens all the way from Paradise and that the Archangel Gabriel set his seal to the document.

ST. VITUS DANCE

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Chorea, or as it is more generally known, St. Vitus' dance, is a disease that usually attacks the young children, but it often occurs in adults. It is characterized by a twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching takes the form of spasms in which the jerking motion may be confined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands or to walk steadily, and in severe cases even the speech is affected. The disease is due to debility of the nerves and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nervous system, and restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in the case of a young lady who had been afflicted with St. Vitus' dance.

First, her left arm became affected, then the left leg, and finally the right arm and leg. She was actually unable to hold anything in her hands, and could only go about with a shivering, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that she was giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that we finally had her father get a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and before all the pills were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. This was in 1908, and she has not had a symptom since. She says she feels justified in saying the cure is permanent.

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DEATH MADE BEAUTIFUL.

George W. Perkins, the corporation expert, began life as an insurance agent. So good was he at the game, that one of his friends described him in these words: "George could convince you that the grave was the biggest financial institution, the biggest dividend payer and the biggest gold mine in the world. He could build up in your mind the idea that each day you spent on earth was time thrown away. He could convince you that the only real feat for you to perform was to die, be buried, and leave your wife and children to roll round in splendor in wealth and his company kept waiting for them."—Popular Magazine.

SCOTCH TATERS.

(Rochester Express.)

Scotland is sending us potatoes by the shipload now that the home-grown tuber is being in full and cellar until the dollar mark is reached. One vessel brought in 1,500 tons, which paid \$20 in duties. The Scotch bring 25 cents per bushel.

LOST.

(Harper's Weekly.)

"Well, Tommie," said the jovial Siltchery, "you must congratulate me. I am about to marry your sister." "Oh, thunder!" growled Tommie. "Don't you like me?" "Oh, yes, I like you well enough," said Tommie, "but I've had a pound of candy you wouldn't be fool enough to ask her, and she bet you would."

"Who's that man who just kicked the chair over and threw a pack of cards into the fire?" inquired one waiter. "Tommy," replied the other, "he's the gentleman who's come to rest his nerves by playing cards."—Boston Star.

of temper, and not without cause, for she had unwittingly guessed very near the truth. In the drawing-room Mrs. Ingram sat, her lace handkerchief to her eyes, her voice lost in suppressed sobs. She was one of those fortunate women, this little widow, who can cry without reddening their noses, or swelling their eyes, or making their complexions, generally, like speckled trout. The soft, blue eyes looked up at you like stars in a velvet sky, and the golden curls fell about her face, not too many, when pearls cheeks, without a stain behind, and the widow's rouge was the production of high art, and did not wash off. She sat—beauty drowned in tears—her face aglow, her great eyes gazing pitifully up at the handsome Sir Rupert sat opposite, gravely playing with a paper knife and listening to the widow's tale of woe.

"Mrs. Trevanion dislikes and distrusts you," she was repeating; "my dear friend, she can not be so unjust as to fancy you in any way accessory to her uncle's lamentable disappearance. Miss Trevanion is a young lady of common sense, at least."

"Prejudice is stronger than common sense," Mrs. Ingram answered, sadly. "I am very, very unhappy at Trevanion Park. Lady Lennox, my dear friend, but Lady Lennox's daughter—Sir Rupert, you have no idea how miserable one woman can make another—how terribly merciless she can be, particularly when her victim is friendless and alone, as I am."

(To be Continued.)

COLOR LINE IN PEPPER.

Heated Disputes Between Partisans of White and Black.

The relative merits of white and black pepper have caused some rather heated, not to say peppy, disputes. One set of authorities declare that white pepper has lost some of the pungency of the product that arrives in black pepper are produced by the same thing.

On the other hand, one of the best, though an early authority, says that the white kind as produced under the name of Tellicherry pepper is superior in aroma and flavor to the black pepper, being made from the vine, and since can be cut berries on the vine, and white pepper is preferred in those parts of Europe where the finest spices have been in steady use long before they became well known in this country.

In comparing white and black pepper the best grade of each should be selected for the test. Pungency may be the principal merit of black pepper, but the best white pepper makes its best appeal through its superior flavor and aroma.

Some years ago a spice expert of international reputation expressed the opinion that the consumption of white pepper in this country would increase tenfold if the people could obtain pure white pepper of the best quality. Since then the standards in the American spice trade have been raised, but superior white pepper is probably not as freely sold as it might be with proper attention given to quality.

White pepper is allowed to ripen upon the vines, and after being plucked the berries are decorticated, or deprived of their outer coat. Black pepper is the product of the berries ripened before full ripening. A writer in the Ideal Grocer thinks it is not reasonable to suppose that people familiar with the production of pepper would take the time and trouble to prepare the white kind if the process did not result in something superior.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS
PRICE, 25 CENTS

ART AND A SAUSAGE KING.
(Vancouver Province.)

Robert Hunt, the New York painter, who has sold for millions of dollars, was merely to show off his "doubtful" art as a "sausage king." Mr. Hunt said, "I am about equal to that of the Chicago sausage manufacturer who said to me: 'What would you like to do me in art?' 'Ten thousand,' said the other, promptly. 'Ten thousand?' said the artist, 'and the sausage maker said, 'I'll give you ten thousand if you'll give me ten thousand.'"

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Mrs. McRee Suffered for Over Two Years, Then Two Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a New Woman of Her.

Previl, Caspe Co., Que.—(Special)—That she might have escaped two years and seven months of suffering had she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills in the first place is the firm conviction of Mrs. John McRee, an old and respected resident of this place. And this is the reason she gives for believing so.

"For two years and seven months I was a sufferer from Kidney Disease brought on by a strain and a cold. My eyes were puffed and swollen, my muscles cramped and I suffered from neuralgia and Rheumatism. My back ached and I had pains in my joints.

"For two years I was unable to do my own care, but he never seemed to do me any lasting good. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new woman of me."

To save yourself suffering cure your Kidneys at the first sign of trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure.

"A good man never bleeds his own horn," remarked a certain farmer. "No, a good man is one who knows how to own one," added a certain horseman.