

Sybil's Doom

CHAPTER VI.

Lying back in the softest of lounging-chairs, smoking an unexceptionable bubble-bubble—a supper worthy of the Iron Freres before him—Cyril Trevanion sat gazing out at the falling January snow and the lights of the town twinkling feebly through the white drift.

For it was January now, and the foam of the sea, seen from his window, was not whiter than the streets of Brighton. It had been a sharp struggle between life and death, during those weary weeks of brain fever, but his strong, young manhood, his iron constitution, had vanquished death. He was convalescent now—the pale shadow of his darkly handsome self, but with life beating strongly in the strong heart that only knew its own bitterness. The haggard face looked very still and rigid—almost marble-like in its white calm. He was facing the inevitable, as all brave men must, with stoical endurance and quietude. The news had flung upon him the very winds of heaven. The latest sensation at the clubs and the mess-tables, among gossiping dowagers and chattering young ladies, was the mad marriage of General Trevanion's only son. "Poor devil!" the men said, with a laugh and a shrug, "what an inconceivable idiot the fellow must be. He has sent her adrift, they say—no doubt the little hulk has made a capital thing of it." It had flown down over to Monkswood Priory, to goad the fiery-hearted old seigneur to utter madness—to make him curse, in his passionate pride, the hour of that once idolized son's birth.

And Cyril Trevanion knew all this—they did their best, Major Powerscourt and Captain Hawley, in their friendly good nature, but they could not keep it from him. Did it not stare at him from the very columns of Bell's Life, with tell-tale initials and droll comments? If his pale face turned a shade more ghastly, if his teeth locked hard together—he made no other sign. His six-shooter lay ready to his hand, but he never looked that way. In the first hour of his madness, those pistols, lying loaded on his table, were to have blown out his infatuated brains; but he had been saved, as by fire, and his thoughts never turned to that escape now. And not once, since he had been stricken down by that Unseen Hand, had the fatal name of the golden-haired traitress escaped his lips.

He sat alone this evening. Major Powerscourt had left him, to enjoy his Manila in the keen January air. He sat alone, smoking steadily—the book he had been reading fallen on his knee—his dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the darkening sky and sea. It was quite dark when the Indian officer strolled in, filling the warm room with a rush of winter air.

"Musing in the gloaming," the major said, cheerily; "romantic, dear boy, but uncommonly conducive to dizziness and blue devils. We'll light the gas and send you to bed; invalids always go to rest with the chickens."

"Never mind the gas, Powerscourt," the younger man said, impatiently; "there is light enough for what I want to say. I have played invalid long enough—I'll be off to-morrow."

enough, to drop your name and trouble you no more. She will hardly follow you to the interior of India, Sikh-shooting and pig-sticking. And now, my lad, I don't want to hurry your departure, you know, but I really think the sooner you quit Brighton and show yourself at Monkswood, the better. And the sooner you are off for India, the better still. The voyage—the new life—the chance to distinguish yourself, will do you a world of good. I'll follow you myself in two or three months. I find this sort of thing very slow."

"I'll leave Brighton to-morrow. The chances are fifty to one that my father will not see me—that I will find the door closed in my face; but still—and that I should like to say good-bye to little Sybil."

"Who may 'little Sybil' be?"

"Lady Lemox's daughter. Ah! I forget, you don't know Lady Lemox. She was a Trevanion—a distant cousin or something—and she ran away with Lord Lemox at the age of seventeen. She had nothing and he had less—a title and a ruined Highland castle, and the pride of the Miltonic Lucifer. He was good enough to give up the ghost a year or two ago, leaving, as the newspapers say, a 'disconsolate widow and two children to mourn their irreparable loss.' Since then, Lady Lemox, little Sybil, and Charley have spent their time pretty evenly among their friends. They were at Monkswood on the occasion of my last visit, and my father, with a good deal to inform me that Sybil was to be his heiress. Every rood he possesses, every sou he commands, are to go to her. Monkswood, of course, is entailed and out of his power, but that is to be left to desolation and decay. The Trevanions show themselves to be good haters, at least."

"Then," the major said, with a half laugh, "your plan is to marry the heiress. How old may she be?"

"Four or five."

"That gives you thirteen years to forget the falsest of the false. The Sybil is pretty, of course? The women of your race are and always have been, I believe. Come home covered with scars and glory in thirteen years, and marry the pretty Sybil out of hand. Girls of eighteen are all hero-worshippers; she won't be able to say no. Courage, my friend! You will marry a high-born bride, and a splendid dowry yet, and the worthless little Rose may get an adieu."

"What's yer wull?" this old man asked, in broad Gaelic, staring hard at the tall, dark figure looming up in the twilight.

"Don't you know me, Melver?" Cyril said. "Where is the housekeeper? Where is Mrs. Teller?"

"The Lord be gude till us!" the old man gasped; "deils in it if it's no Maister Cyril himself! The housekeeper's gone, the auld general's gone, me leddy's gone, and the twa wains w' her. They're all gone, Maister Cyril, but auld Janet and me, and troth we'll gae oursel's afore lang; for, oh! it's a grawsome place and lonesome. And we've cam back, Maister Cyril, and we never thocht to clap ee on ye ma'."

"The young man leaned heavily against the granite archway, very pale. He was weak still, and he had not expected this. "Do you know where my father has one?" he asked.

"Deil tak me if I do! He was of a high stomach and a proud temper at ways, and it's no like he'd tak' auld Melver into his confidence and tell him his plans like a twa-handed crack. I dinna ken, Maister Cyril, where any one o' them's gone; but Mistress Teller she's awa' to Trevanion Park, and a' the sarvants w' her, clapt on board wages, teel sech'n a time as the general may see fit to come back. Auld Janet and me, we've left here teel further orders; and deils in it but I think the auld prior o' ghaistly memory stalks frae room to room, telling his beads and—"

"The garrulous old keeper of Monkswood was cut short by finding himself suddenly alone. The young heir had swung himself abruptly round and disappeared.

"Hech, sirs!" muttered Melver, staring after him into the twilight; "deil to my soul, if he's no gane! He's no an auld boy! My pretty Sybil may take this with the rose; I will never return to claim it. Seven feet of Indian soil, and an Indian bullet to do its merciful work, is all I ask of Fate now!"

"And even that you will not get, said a shrill voice at his elbow. "A soldier's honored grave is too fair a fate for your father's son. The curse of the murdered prior, shed down like a dog in yonder green glade, will fall on the last of the race! And you and Sybil Lemox are the last!"

He had turned round and found himself face to face with the weird withered old Hester.

"Will I ever see it again?" he said aloud, lost through the mad folly of a mad boy! My pretty Sybil may take this with the rose; I will never return to claim it. Seven feet of Indian soil, and an Indian bullet to do its merciful work, is all I ask of Fate now!"

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

If You Have Bladder or Urinary Troubles and Weakness of the Kidneys—Read Below.

Your backaches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and old alike. Even



one box proves their marvelous power. Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vigorous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this: Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back.

Mrs. W. U. Rossiter, wife of a well-known merchant in Kensington, writes as follows: "Ten years ago my kidney trouble started to suffer dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin and very nervous. Cruel headaches, and dizziness added to my burden. I was until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I got any relief. They proved capital and helped me immediately. Eight boxes made me well, and now I do my own housework, feel and look the picture of health."

Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Buttermilk. Refuse substitutes. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Cataract Co., Kingston, Ont.

The violet eyes that gazed over the wide expanse of pleasure, of swelling meadow, of deep, dark woodland, of velvet lawn, filled with slow tears. A beautiful girl of nineteen, tall, stately and delicate as a young queen; the graceful figure, with its indescribable highbred air, the small head erect, with a laurel that was as unconscious as it was becoming, almost eyes of deepest blue, that could soften or lighten, melt or flash, as you willed it, in the same instant; and waves and masses of rich, dark-brown hair, some warmer shade of black, worn in coils and curls in a graceful negligent way that of itself might have bewitched you. A beautiful girl, a trifle proud of her long lineage, in some acute in her patrician veins, it may be. A trifle imperious, and passionate in the assertion of her rights, or the wrongs of others, but sweet and true and tender to the core of her heart. Romantic, too, as it is in the nature of nineteen to be given to dreaming over Tennyson, and Alfred de Musset, and Owen Meredith, and gentlemen of that ilk; and hero-worshipper and dreamer of dreams, all beautiful and mostly impracticable. That was Sybil Lemox Trevanion—impetuous, high-spirited, high-tempered, maybe, at times; fearless and free, and lovely as your dreams of the angels.

(To Be Continued.)

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST.

Eloquent. Sweet and strong. These words describe her. She is an embodied protest. Slight and slender, and dynamo. Gracious and winning, and a well of power. Her voice is clear, and it carries far and well. There are rich, deep chest tones very pleasant to the ear. She uses the choicest language and never a word of slang. She dresses well. She wears a metal grey chignon broadcloth, habit style, the corsage trimmed with one-inch bands of black satin ornamented with silver buttons; the V neck of grey lace net; elbow sleeves, finished with white lace to the wrist.

As she talks she gesticulates in a certain definite way with the right hand. Her eyes brighten up and her straight little body is drawn up and back. There is but little evidence in her face of the contentment of her great sorrow which has befallen her in the recent death of her only son, a promising soldier.

Not many of the thousands who heard her were aware that this redoubtable and every British nation earned the money to send her four fatherless children to the university through her own unaided efforts. She is a highly trained woman and has served on the Board of Guardians and on the School Board of Manchester. Dr. Pankhurst was a well-known practicing physician in Manchester and during his life he made himself, heart and soul, in co-operation with his able and gifted wife in charitable and educational work. She came to realize how woman's efforts to better conditions are practically nullified by the lack of the ballot.

CROWS KILLED BY STORM.

After the terrible windstorm of last Saturday night Mercer county should be rid of crows for some time to come. About 5,000 of them were killed on the farm of Wm. Logue, near Deep Creek, in the west end of this county, according to reports of people from that section. The high wind did much damage in that vicinity, and seems to have struck the farm of Mr. Logue with more force than any other spot. All the shocks of fodder in a large field were torn down and scattered over the place, and roosting in the field and the nearby trees was an unusually large flock of crows. The wind picked the birds up like thistle-down and tossed them against the fences and trees, tore them out of their nests in the branches, twisting their wings and scattering piles of dead and crippled crows in the trail of destruction left behind.—Harrodsburg, Ky. Herald.

NEWFOUNDLAND TOO SENDS GOOD NEWS

Of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing

J. C. Green, a sufferer from Rheumatism and Lumbago for Five Years, Find Quick Relief and Complete Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Claim Bank Cove, Bay St. George, Nfld., Dec. 11.—Newfoundland contributes its share of the splendid cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is a striking example at this place. Mr. J. C. Green, a well-known resident, suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years. Today he is a well man, and gets not a twinge to give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for the cure.

"My trouble was caused by strain and cold," Mr. Green says, in telling his story. "And for five years I suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the pains of neuralgia added to my distress. "I was in very bad shape indeed when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they soon gave me relief. It is because I found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills that I recommend them to my friends."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney ills no matter where it is found or in what stage it is in.

ST. VITUS DANCE

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

Chorea, or as it is more generally known as St. Vitus dance, is a disease that usually attacks the young children, though older persons may be afflicted with it. Its most common symptoms are 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 nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in this trouble. Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my eldest daughter, Edie, became much run down, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus dance. First her left arm became affected, then the left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that finally her father got 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 as she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel 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.

PROMISING HEIFERS SAVED FROM THE BUTCHERS.

The importance of keeping samples and having the milk tested regularly to determine the quantity of butter fat produced by each cow in the herd is quite as important as to know the quantity of milk given by each animal.

The following are the returns from four two-year-old heifers in the same herd during the months of September and October at the Kensington, P. E. I., Dairy Record Centre, conducted under the direction of the Dairy Division Ottawa.

Cow.	Pounds Milk.	Test. lbs. fat.	Value fat.
A	1475	29	43.3
B	1400	27	37.8
C	1390	29	39.5
D	1105	40	44.8

While A produced 370 pounds more milk than D, it contained 1.3 pounds less of butter fat, and B with 295 pounds more of milk had 6.8 pounds less of butter fat to her credit, a difference of \$1.70 in the value of butter fat in favor of D. Also C with 225 pounds more milk returned her owner one dollar and fifty three cents worth less of butter fat.

These four heifers freshened about the same time, and are all half sisters and from a pure bred sire, A, B and C, are from grade cows, while D is from a pure bred Jersey that has produced since March 10th, to October 30th, 4,458 pounds of milk containing 22.9 pounds of butter fat, an average test of 5.15 per cent. Her grand dame was imported to Prince Edward Island years ago from the herd of Mrs. E. M. Jones, Brockville, Ont.

Had the owner of these heifers not been keeping records of both the milk and butter fat from each cow in his herd no doubt D would have been looked upon as the poorer one of the four on account of the quantity of milk she is giving in comparison with the other three.

A FAMILY NECESSITY

It's a remedy capable of affording immediate relief to the hundred and one ailments that constantly arise. It may be a cold, perhaps toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back—use Polson's Nerviline, it is penetrating, pain subduing and powerful. Nerviline is at least five times stronger than ordinary remedies and its worth in any household can't be over-estimated. For men or boys Nerviline is a panacea for all pain and costs only 25c per bottle. Buy Nerviline today from your druggist.

JOYS THAT ANDREW MISSED.

New York Herald.

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY

What He Owes to Zam-Buk.

Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S., a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick, says: "I have used Zam-Buk for piles and found it a splendid remedy. It cured me."

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I have received from the use of Zam-Buk. Last summer I had a fever, which left me with piles. I started to use Zam-Buk, and found it gave me relief, so I continued with it. After using three or four boxes it effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, various sores, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every package before buying.

"MAMMOTH BEEHIVE."

The largest beehive in the world is a natural one in Kentucky known as the Mammoth Beehive. It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, the floor covering ten acres. The roof of this cave has been entirely honeycombed by bees.—Boston Globe.

THEY KNEW

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?" "We've tried a mayor and we tried a commission."

"Well?" "Now we're talking of offering the management of our city to some good magazine."

An electric crane in a Scotch shipyard has handled loads of 187 tons to a height of 143 feet.