

# Sybil's Doom

"Humph! Mister Linden's mistaken. Incapable is enough. I'm afraid you'll have to go back to the stables. You were never a gentleman's servant before."

"I can blacken boots and brush a coat of wax on brass," said the rustic, sturdily. "I'm out of place, and very willing to learn. Won't your honor give a poor lad a chance? I've been ailing, and out of place for months."

"Humph!" granted Macgregor, for the second time. "I shall require rather more than my boots blacked and my coat brushed. I don't think you'll do. What's your name?"

"Joe Dawson, sir."

The author had been lounging lazily back in the window-seat, puffing forth clouds of smoke, and indolently gazing at the red light in the sky. But at the sound of this very commonplace name of Joe Dawson, he suddenly wheeled round, and for the first time looked at the applicant for the vacant valetship in the face.

It was a remarkable face for a stonemason's boy. It was remarkable for its correctness of feature and its individual sullen, down-cast look. In any one else it would have been handsome, but in this lad its expression was that of one cowed, and beaten, and ill-treated from childhood. He had a shock of thick, curling yellow hair, and a pair of long, velvet black eyes, when you could get to see them, most remarkably like another pair of velvet black eyes you would of Joe Dawson.

Macgregor raised himself on his elbow and stared at him.

"By Jove!" he said, under his breath, "there's a go. Come here, Joe Dawson, and let me see you."

The lad slouched over, very evidently ill at ease. He lifted his black eyes uneasily, and dropped them again under the merciless stare. Shuffling from one foot to the other, shifting his cap from one hot hand to the next, he waited to hear his sentence.

"You're out of place and out of pocket, Joe," Macgregor said, coolly, surveying the ragged garments of the lad. "You've been sick, you say. Where in London?"

"No, sir; in the town-yonder. I tramped off from Lumon of foot, and was taken down with a fever in Speckhaven. My bit of money went for victuals and medicine, and I did 'one, sir,' lifting the dark eyes earnestly, 'you'll take me on, I'll do my best—I will.'"

"I dare say you look an honest lad," Macgregor replied, graciously. "And what brought you to Speckhaven, Joe?"

"Joe Dawson shuffled more uneasily than ever, and his cadaverous face flushed.

"Well, sir, I heard as how a party I was in search of was seen over a party in Lumon like her, and I set out in one to hunt her up."

"Oh! a sweetheart, I take it?"

"No, sir," Joe said, hastily, and turning redder; "no, sir, no sweetheart, it was a—grip and a pause—"It was my mother."

"Your mother! So the old lady has run away from you, Joe?"

"She isn't a bad lady," rejoined Joe, with some spirit. "She's a young lady, and a humcomin' handsome one. Look here, if you please: Use her picture."

He drew eagerly forth, in confirmation of his words, a little miniature in a black velvet case.

Macgregor took it, and as he opened it, a long silky curl of yellow hair dropped out and cringed about his fingers. It was a very pretty, curly, silky and soft, but the gentleman dropped it as though it had been a viper.

"Faugh!" he muttered, with an expression of ill-concealed disgust, and poor Joe picked up his cherished treasure, a little surprised and hurt.

Mr. Macgregor looked at the picture an instant, then closed it sharply. It was a very young, very fresh, bright and smiling and childishly sweet-looking girl, and at him with great dark eyes, the very counterparts of those in the lad's face before him.

"As you say, your mother's uncommon good-looking," he said, coolly, handing the case back, "and you're uncommonly like her, my lad, or would be, if you could but hold your head up and look the world in the face. How long ago since this was taken?"

"A matter of nineteen or twenty years. It was taken out of father's pocket when he was dead, and kept for me."

"Your father is dead, then? How did he die?"

Joe looked up, then down, turned first red and then pale, and made no answer. "Suppose I tell you, Joe," said Macgregor, "the prettiest little woman in the picture killed him."

"Sir!" Joe gasped in utter dismay.

"Yes, Joe, she killed him, and she's the prettiest little devil! I suppose they brought you up in the work-house, and you graduated in the streets. My poor lad, that mother of yours was a bad one. What do you want to hunt her up for?"

"She's my mother, sir," Joe answered with a second gulp, "and for very poor and ill and lonely, I would like to find her, to look at her, she's a lady, I've heard, sir, to hear her speak one kind word to me. I've never known naught of kindness. I've been buffed and kicked all my life, and I would like to find her, and—"

"And—?" Joe fairly sobbed, "what's the matter with her, sir? They say she's dead, and it's not true, I've heard for certain, sir, I wouldn't be so hard on her. Maybe she would say a kind word to her son, I won't ask much."

He drew the sleeve of his tattered coat across his eyes, and turned a little away, ashamed of his grimy tears.

"You're a good lad, Joe," Macgregor said, "and I'll take you to black my boots and brush my coat. Who told you your mother was in Speckhaven?"

"I've seen him, I know, a passing through the town, and a lady in a carriage with a face like this in the picture. He told me, and I tramped over from Lumon. Thank you for the work, sir, I'll do my best."

"And supposing your mother is here, how are you going to know her? You have never seen her since your infancy. By the picture?"

"By this picture, sir—yes, I'll know her when I see her. Could you help me find her?"

Macgregor waved his hand, and took up a fresh cigar.

"I can't help you—no. Go to the kitchen now, and get your supper. Tomorrow you'll fetch your traps from Speckhaven, and consider yourself a fixture here for the present."

The new valet made a shuffling obeisance and departed. Mrs. Hurst administered supper and a little Pinnock's Catechism touching on his antecedents, but Joe was not nearly so communicative with her as with the gentleman who had hired him. He ate his supper, and slouched up to the vacant apartment of Monsieur Francois, the elegance of which chamber made his black eyes open wide. He sat down on the bed, weak still after his recent illness, and drawing out his cherished picture, gazed upon it as fondly as ever lover on the fair face of an absent mistress.

"If I can only find her," Joe thought, "so beautiful and so grand! And if she'll speak one kind word to me, and let me call her mother once, I'll ask no more."

Long after Joe had put away his precious miniature, and had fallen asleep in the summer darkness, Joe's master sat in the window, smoking and thinking. The white light of the stars and the moon made that leafy retreat unspeakably beautiful, but for once the artist saw not the silvery loveliness of the landscape.

"It is surely the hand of fate," he thought, with strange solemnity, "that sends that boy here, and to me, to me, of all men in the world. Will she know him, I wonder? Poor, foolish Joe! His maternity is written plainly enough in his face. By Heaven! bad as she is, I would be almost tempted to forego my revenge and spare her yet, if she shows herself a mother to that lad."

He threw away his cigar presently, and strolled out in the luminous darkness of the Prior's Walk.

"I can understand her deserting him before, when half-maddened by terror and remorse; but now, when danger there is none, or comparatively none, surely she will not show herself lower than the fittest or the wolf. They cherish their young at least, and poor, humble, ill-treated Joe, he does not ask much. Yes, Rose Dawson—lost, plotting, unprincipled wretch that you are, I will deal with you as you deal with your son!"

Joe Dawson's duties began next day, and Joe made up in good will what he lacked in skill. They were lamentable, certainly, his best efforts, after that master artist, Monsieur Francois; but Macgregor had his own reasons for tolerating his new valet, and putting up composedly with his blunders. He watched him curiously, as he smoked and lounged about his attic, keeping his henchman busy there at fifty odd jobs. It was a strange study to see the likeness of the elegant little lady over at Chudleigh Chase showing in a hundred looks and ways of the mouth servant lad.

Charley dropped in in the course of the day. It had grown to be his daily habit now, this sauntering over for a morning call upon his Orestes.

"Bisy, as usual," he remarked, lounging in, looking impressively handsome and cool in his summer suit of spotless flannel. "If I disturb the exercise, I'll linen."

Macgregor, in the deep, rose-shaded window-seat, was writing: "Whereabout are you? Is Lord Charlemagne (Charles) mounted on his knees to the lovely Lady Sleepshanks? Or is the Black Bandit in the act of leaping from the top of the Marston Tower with the shrieking Aurochs Pashabegum, in his arms, or has Rinaldo Rindal, the magnificent hero of the tales, the darling son of poor but honest parents, just been consigned to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat by that black-hearted scoundrel, the zesty old Marquis of Carabas? Bend! Macgregor, you sensational novelists are tremendous fellows, and play the very mischief with the women's noddies. Say the word, and I'll go: I've the greatest awe of the profession, and wouldn't interpret a thrilling chapter for countless worlds."

"How do, Charley?" Macgregor said, lazily, in reply to this extempore harangue. "Come in and have a weed. Mind a chair somewhere—oh! never mind the MSS.—can't be in a greater muddle than they are at present. The Black Buce-eater of the Bosphorus pleasant swarm of bees that has just enfolded and abducted the Dietyess of Mount Tremendous, and borne her away to his galleys. Do they have galleys on the Bosphorus? I wonder? How's Lady Lenox and Miss Trevanion?"

"Lady Lenox is well enough, and plaintive as ever. Miss Trevanion—laughed if I know: You saw her last. Had a pleasant evening at Chudleigh Chase, and beat the baronet at cards. I dare swear."

"Yes, to both. Joe, let those things alone. Your big fingers were never made to handle suit paste and Du Barry caps and saucers. You see, Lenox, I have got a successor to Francois."

"So I perceive. Rather a benighted, after that—silk, slippery, seamy Frenchman. And—hey! By Jove, Macgregor!"

"Well," the author said, quietly, "what's the matter? Set on an upturned carpet tack?" For Charley had started in a most remarkable manner, and was staring blankly at the disconcerted Joe.

"Hey! Don't you see? By George! It's as plain as daylight! This fellow of yours is as like the little widow's as two peas. There's her eyes, and nose, and chin, as plain as if he had been cast in the same mould."

"Another accidental resemblance?" Where are they going to end, I wonder. Yes, he is like that bewitching little dark fairy, Joe, my lad, Doctor Faustus has had no finer. Suppose you take him round to the kitchen and give him that milkmaid meal."

Joe dolefully let off the dog, and Charley, after lounging about for an hour or more, took his departure. The author of the "B. B. B." threw away his cigar,

dipped his pen in the ink, and went on with his interrupted narrative, as swiftly as though he had never been disturbed. He wrote for some hours, and collected a vast heap of damp foot-caps about him, his pen scurrying wildly over the paper. Then, as his watch pointed to five, he struck work, and rang the bell, which gave the signal for dinner.

Joe brought in that meal, a very frugal one, on a tray. The author was washing his hands, and turned round from the lavatory to address his lackey.

"Do you know Chudleigh Chase, Joe?"

"Sir Rupert Chudleigh's place—six or seven miles from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I want you to go there with a message—a note—and wait for an answer. You will ask for Mrs. Ingram—remember, Mrs. Ingram—and deliver the note into no hands but hers."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll walk over to Speckhaven, and hire a hack at the stables. You'll reach Chudleigh Chase before seven—your dinner hour—and the lady is safe to be at home. Here."

He scribbled a line in pencil and handed it to his servant. It ran: "Rose Dawson. Once again, and for the last time, I ask you: Do you accept my terms? Will you quit the country? I don't war with women, if I can help it. Remember, this is your last chance. Refuse, and I shall know no mercy."

"Macgregor."

"You give the lady this note, Joe, and wait for an answer. If your horse is worth anything, you'll be back here by half-past eight."

Joe departed upon his mission, and the hermit of the Retreat watched him out of sight with a smile upon his face.

"Now, then," he muttered—"now for the tug-of-war! He'll know her as soon as he sees her, and she'll know him. As she deals by him, so will I deal by her."

Macgregor's valet got a horse, and rode at a good pace to Chudleigh Chase. The big bell up in the windy cupola was sounding its sonorous summons to dinner as Joe rode up the avenue to the grand portico entrance of the mansion.

He sprang from the saddle, and was about to turn in quest of some less pretentious portal, when, lifting his eyes, he beheld a vision that struck him dumb with splendor.

A lady was walking slowly from the shrubbery toward the house—a lady in a rich, trailing dress, that blushed as she walked, half dove color, half rose—a lady with a crimson camelias in her glossy black hair and crimson roses on her breast—a lady beautiful as his dream of the angels—supposing poor Joe ever did dream of those celestial messengers—and startlingly and amazingly like the pictured face he wore over his heart.

He stood still and stared—open-eyed, open-mouthed. The lady espied him, noticed that wild stare, and he beheld it all with horror. As the boy turned to depart, a plump figure in a pink dress came flying down the avenue, and a little fat jeweled hand caught him by the arm.

"For goodness gracious sake, stop!" cried Gwen, breathlessly, "and tell me who you are, and what you said to that horrid woman, to make her horseplay you?"

Joe looked up. The livid welts were very plain now, and tender-hearted Gwen winced as she saw them.

"It's no matter, miss," Joe said in a very low voice, touching his cap. "I'd rather not tell."

"But I'm dying to know!" persisted Miss Chudleigh. "I hate her as she hates somebody hates holy water!"

"Tell me what you said to make her so tearing mad?"

"No, miss," Macgregor's messenger answered, holding down his head; "I can't."

(To be Continued.)

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER



ded walls and madmen, like yourself, can hear them. Be gone!"

"I meant mad," Joe retorted, still more sullenly; "and they meant this. That picture is your picture, and you are my mother!"

With a third cry of inexpressible fury Mrs. Ingram darted forward like a panther, wrenched the riding whip out of the lad's hand, and struck him again and again across the face.

"You false scoundrel! You insolent boor! Now will you repeat your lies to my face?"

She flung the whip at him and was gone like a flash. And Joe stood stock still where she had left him—too stunned to move. Half a dozen stinging blows she had cut him across the face, and the welts were rising already, and the countenance of the lad, there alone in the purple gloaming, was not good to look upon.

There had been a witness of this little scene. Gwendoline Chudleigh, from her dressing-room window, had beheld it all with horror. As the boy turned to depart, a plump figure in a pink dress came flying down the avenue, and a little fat jeweled hand caught him by the arm.

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(To be Continued.)

STAGGERS THE PROF.

Professor—Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago, when—

Student (interrupting)—What did they do before it was discovered, sir?

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commence our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year we see us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Beil, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion.

The prices of these range from \$15 to \$60 at the above terms, the pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Wober, Worm, 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.

# MAG. L. DIAMOND.

How it Reached England and Came into French Hands.

In his "Feuilles d'Histoire" M. Bioves publishes a mass of correspondence that had not hitherto seen the light relative to the history of the diamond of the great Mogul. This correspondence consists of letters of Thomas Pitt, grand-nephew of the Earl of Chatham.

In 1701 Pitt was Governor of Madras, and at the same time he represented an English company. One day a man came and offered to sell for £200,000 a diamond of an extraordinary size, evidently stolen from the mines of the Great Mogul.

In his position as Governor Pitt should have denounced the theft; in his position of commercial agent he should have thought first of the interests of his company. He did neither, but used his authority to intimidate the man, and beat down his price, and eventually the precious stone came into Pitt's possession for the sum of £20,000.

He committed it to the care of his son Robert, ordering him to take it to England and have it cut. When the son had started on his journey the father began to have qualms. He calculated the value of the diamond at £300,000, and the very idea of such a vast sum frightened him.

His wife was already a great spendthrift, and he feared his son would take after her. His fears were not groundless, for Robert hastened to marry a dowdier girl, and began housekeeping on a ruinous scale.

The diamond when it came into the hands of the cutter, Cope, by no means fulfilled all the expectations founded upon its value. Impurities and fissures necessitated a wholesale cutting down, and from 425 carats it fell finally to 128.

To make matters worse, Thomas Pitt found himself in hot water. His political enemies made things warm for him, and his company talked of bringing an action against him to recover the value of the diamond. He judged it wise to return the stone and wind up the whole affair.

His patriotism would have liked to see the diamond remain in England, but as Anne's funds were always at a low ebb, and were not equal to the strain of buying the Great Mogul's stone, George I. admired the stone wholeheartedly, but declined to bind it, on the condition that it was Parliament's duty to make him a present of it. So Pitt, Regent of France, who decided to purchase it for the sum of £100,000.—*Le Journal de Debates.*

ZAM-BUK IN THE HOME

Read How Useful It Proved in These Widely Different Cases.

Zam-Buk's strongest point is its effectiveness in all kinds of skin diseases and injuries. Just note how excellent these persons proved it in widely different directions.

Sore Heel.—Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Powassan, Ont., writes: "One of my heels was very badly blistered by a pair of new shoes, and the poisonous matter got into it, and I could not put on a shoe, and suffered great pain. I applied Zam-Buk, and in a few days it drew the poison out and healed the wound."

Bad Cut.—Mrs. J. Virgint, of Onondaga, Ont., writes: "Zam-Buk healed a bad cut which I sustained. I was hurrying across my yard one day when I slipped and fell heavily, my knee striking a sharp stone. At the moment I did not realize how badly I was hurt, but I found I had a bad cut about two inches long, very jagged and very deep. We bathed the cut and applied Zam-Buk. This stopped the smarting very quickly, and in a few days it had healed the wound completely. For cuts and bruises Zam-Buk is a splendid remedy."

Eczema Cured.—Mrs. Antoine Arsenault, of Maximville, P. E. I., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to any person suffering from Eczema. I had this disease, and was under doctor's treatment for two years, without any good result. I then tried Zam-Buk and in the end it cured me."

Zam-Buk is just as good for piles, blood-poison, festering sores, pimples, eruptions, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. Get a box at all druggists and stores, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Try Zam-Buk soon. See Tablet.

STREET WITHOUT A 13.

The lady who protested against the Wandsworth Borough Council changing the number of her house to 13 is a not uncommon type in London. Indeed, quite a number of streets, mostly in the suburbs, have no No. 13 at all, the difficulty being got over in many cases by the subterfuge of 12a. That is the case with Herbert Barker, the famous bone setter.

The most famous street without a 13 is the Strand, but that is perhaps more by accident than design, for building operations have made havoc of the original nomenclature. No. 13 Piccadilly is occupied by Messrs. Swan & Edgar; No. 13 Berkeley square by the Earl of Carnarvon, and No. 13 Fleet street by the Christian World. Pall Mall tempts Providence with not only a 13 but a 13a, and Whitehall has no numbers at all, 13 or any other.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

OUCH!

"The lion was so tame it ate off his hand."

# ALL COME FROM THE SAME CAUSE

Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mme. Dufault's Ills.

She Had Diabetes, Sciatica, Backache and Headache, but Found Speedy Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Boniface, Man., April 8.—(Special.)—After suffering for three years from a complication of diseases, Madame Oct. Dufault, of 84 Victoria street, this city, is once more in perfect health, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are credited with another splendid cure. Speaking of her cure, Madame Dufault says:

"Yes, I am again a well woman, and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it. I suffered for three years, and I may say I had pains all over my body. I had sciatica, neuralgia and diabetes. My back ached, and I had pains in my head. I was nervous and tired all the time; there were dark circles around my eyes, which were also puffed and swollen, and heart fluttering added to my troubles."

"But when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I soon began to get better. I took thirteen boxes in all, and I think they are a grand medicine."

Every one of Madame Dufault's ailments is a direct result of diseased kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills so quickly cured them all.

THE CROCODILE IN BORNEO.

Native Kill the Creatures Only in Spirit of Revenge.

It is a common sight in Borneo to see a large crocodile sunning himself on the muddy bank of a river. He takes no notice of the natives even though they pass quite near to him. So common indeed is the sight that the Dyaks themselves pay no heed to these dangerous reptiles; and yet it is no unusual thing in Borneo to hear of some human life being taken by a crocodile.

For months perhaps the crocodiles in a river live at peace with mankind and then suddenly one of these creatures will carry off some lad bathing in the river or even attack some one paddling along in his boat. I know of a Dyak girl who, when sitting and paddling at the stern of a canoe, was knocked over into the water and carried away by a crocodile and her companions could do nothing to save her.

There seems to be no reason why the crocodile should suddenly show a man eating propensity in this way. The Dyaks account for it by curious superstitions. They say that if food is offered to a person and he refuses it and goes away without at least touching it some misfortune is sure to befall him and he will most probably be attacked by a crocodile.

Also it is said that one of the ways the gods punish crime is by sending a crocodile to attack the culprit; and I have often heard it said by Dyaks of some one who has been killed by a crocodile that probably he has displeased the gods either by paying no heed to the warnings sent him in dreams or by means of omen birds or by committing some hidden crime.

The Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile except in revenge. If the animal will live at peace with him the Dyak has no wish to start a quarrel; if, however, the crocodile breaks off a tree and kills some one then he feels justified in retaliating. Under these circumstances the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit and go on catching and killing crocodiles until they succeed in doing so. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish.—*Chambers' Journal.*

DRESS OF JAPANESE.

Brides in Japan follow the same custom which prevails in the western world, that of wearing white at the wedding ceremony at least during a part of it. But the significance attached to the choice of this color is quite different on the two sides of the world.

The Japanese bride is dressed first in deplorable garments of white silk, the sleeves of the costume usually being about three feet in length, while the sash, an important feature, measures about eleven feet in length.

But while, as the Oriental Review explains, is the mourning color in Japan, and the bride, leaving her parents' house, considers herself dead in the same that she will never return alive, preferring death to divorce, and in consequence wearing a white costume.

After the exchange of cups of sake with the bridegroom, which is the most important part of the wedding ceremony, the bride changes her costume to a red one. This is called *tsunaoishi* (changing color). Red is supposed to have a purifying power, and perhaps clears the minds of the parties of all association of mourning.

This is the origin of the Japanese custom of using white costume at weddings, but many people in modern Japan do not any longer have time to bother their heads with these questions of color, and simply go ahead and marry according to the accepted custom, with no thought of what the colors signify.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE 25 CENTS

AN AWKWARD BREAK.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, aren't you?" said the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's awfully awkward," because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."—*From the Cleveland Leader.*

"How do you know the world is round?" asked the teacher. "Because we know it isn't square," replied the boy who reads all the financial and political news.