

Sybil's Doom

"I say, Macgregor," Charley exclaimed, rather again as that resumed, "don't you go a little too fast? Who's done for you, and when was it? You must have been jilted in cold blood by half a dozen, at least, of the fair fishers of men, to leave you so bitterly cynical and sarcastic as this. Suppose they are painted and pearl-powdered? What does it signify, when it is so artistically done that we don't detect it? If Mrs. Ingram, in the secret privacy of her chamber, be toothless and scrawny, with a complexion like a tallow candle, then, by Jove! let Mrs. Ingram paint to her heart's content. An ugly woman is a sight to haunt one's dreams. If an ugly woman has the art to make herself beautiful forever," then let her criminate and cosmetize to the end of the chapter. A man don't want his mother or sister or wife to kiss him with lips on which the rouge still glistens; but outside of that—oh, by George! let 'em do it. We like it on the stage—brightens them up and keeps them perpetually young. Don't let us make a howling about it on the greater stage of life."

Charley delivered all this in his slowest, softest, gentlest tones. The tenant of the Retreat laughed good naturedly.

"Really, seventeen years old waxes eloquent on the subject. No matter, how the result is obtained, so that the result is pretty, the fingers of Monkwood seems much of your opinion; he's gone beyond redemption. Do you suppose he has proposed yet?"

"Can't say. Not at all likely. He's fool enough, in my opinion, for anything, and knave enough for more. But it's no go, when he does. She's made up her mind to be Lady Chudleigh, and Lady Chudleigh she'll be, in spite of fate and Sir Rupert."

"Well, she flirts with Trevanion very loudly, at least."

"My dear fellow, that pretty little Lady Caprice flirts with every one. She goes in for Sir Rupert when she gets him alone and unprotected, I'll take my oath, and makes pretty certain, roundabout, feminine love to him mercifully. It's the nature of the little animal to flirt. I've seen her, when there was no better quarry to spring, take hold of an older, uglier, sadder, wiser man than Sir Rupert, and soften his brains for him in ten minutes. But it's my opinion, Mr. Angus Macgregor, you know more about her than I do. She can't get over that picture. Mrs. Ingram may not be the rose, but she is very like that splendid flower. I mean your rose of thorns. I don't want to be impertinent, but I'll be hanged if I believe you when you say the resemblance is only accidental."

"Don't get excited, Charley. Resemblance are common enough. They say I look like Trevanion, you know."

"So you do, and yet you don't. You are bearded, and there is nothing to be seen of you but a straight nose, two black eyes and a tremendous frontal development. Our cousin Cyril is the fortunate possessor of a straight nose and two dark eyes, also; but there the resemblance ends. His head tapers up like a sugar loaf, and his forehead slopes back and contracts at the temples in a way that does not speak flatteringly of the brain behind it. And apropos of that, did you ever notice the insane way he glares, and the galvanic twitches of his face sometimes? He may not be absolutely mad, but in the elegant, allegorical language of the day, 'his head's not level.'"

"Charley," Macgregor said, with some hesitation, "it is a tolerably well known fact that your sister used to cherish his memory, to esteem him very highly. Is it impertinent to ask if she does so still?"

"Not said Charley, decidedly. 'Distance lend enchantment to the view. Sybil has been getting disenchanted since the first moment she set eyes upon him. That little episode of the bull finished him in her estimation. A woman is ready to forgive seventy times seven almost any crime a man can commit; but she will not forgive, if she is any way plucky herself, an act of cowardice. Trevanion showed the white feather horribly that day, and not all the memories of battles fought and won, in India and Russia, can counterbalance the flight from the bull. He offered some kind of limping apology—recent illness, nerves, etc., and my Lady Sybil listened with that cold, proud face no one can put on to more perfection, and responded by a high and chilling bow. There is a sort of armed peace between them, and she unmistakably despises him for his infatuation about the widow. No, Sybil's hero is Sybil's hero no longer. I rather think you have usurped his place."

The face of Angus Macgregor flushed deep red in the darkness, but his steady voice was as cool as ever.

"Not at all unlikely. We—brothers of the pen and ink bottle—generally are heroes in the eyes of your ladydom. They read our books; our dreamy, misty, rather trashy poems; our sensational novels, full of subterranean passages, sliding panels, mysterious murders, and dashing, slashing, reckless, danterous, magnificent heroes, with flashing eyes, and raven whiskers, and glittering capes, and they picture us grandiose creatures, baring our white brows to the midnight breeze, and waving, in a Byronic, the perfidy of woman and the baseness of man. They're disappointed sometimes, when we suddenly appear before them with sandy hair and mild blue eyes, a tendency to perpetual blushes and as insipid as a mug of milk and water. Miss Trevanion is a hero-worshiper of the most approved kind, and when one topples from his pedestal, she chafes another. Here we are at the Retreat. Thank you, old fellow, for dropping me, and good-night."

"You dine with us to-morrow, do you not?" Charley asked. "You promised my mother, I believe, you beat her at whist last time, and she is pining for revenge. Until then, an revoir. Don't dream of the widow; it's dangerous."

Charley whirled away to the darkness, and the tenant of the Retreat looked out against the rainy blackness of the August night, and very pleasant was the old-fashioned parlor lighted up with a half dozen wax tapers.

Lemox had taken a decided liking to him at once. Indeed, it was hard not to like the agreeable hermit of Monkwood. With his frank, handsome face, his brilliant conversational powers, his universal knowledge of persons and places and things, and the unutterable placidity with which he allowed my lady to win his shillings at long whist. He played cards a good deal, certainly, and a great many shillings; but he found time to stand beside the piano also, and turn over Sybil's music, and listen to the full soprano tones rising and falling silvery. In the rich warmth of the August nights, with the ivory moonlight brilliant in the rose gardens and on the lawn, he stood looking down upon her, and his eyes, like the face, the dark eyes inexpressively tender and soft and dewy.

As he came striding through the long English grass, whistling the "Macgregor's March," he saw a slender, girlish figure on the lawn, a tall figure in floating white robes of flax, necklaces across of jet and gold, her only ornament, a spray of white lily-buds twisted in the dark richness of her hair. That willow figure, with its indescribably proud, high-bred air, was very familiar to the tall Macgregor. It turned at his approach, and the color arose in her delicate cheeks, and added light to the lovely violet eyes as she frankly held out her hand.

"Good-evening, Mr. Macgregor—mamma has been fidgeting unpleasantly all day for fear you might not come. She likes to see her grandchildren. Cyril, down sir! Sybil, hold your tongue! don't you know Herr Faustus before this?"

For Miss Trevanion's poodle and mastiff were making aggressive demonstrations toward the long, lean wolf-hound, who showed his formidable teeth in one long yawn.

"Cyril and Sybil are evidently on the best of terms with each other, at least," Macgregor said, with a glance at their mistress that deepened the carnation; "and they look upon Doctor Faustus and his master as unwarrantable intruders. He's at work in the few months. Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deadly pallor to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—beware of the substituter that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhose Company, Kingston, Ont.

She was not in the least tired or sleepy; she would watch until morning. I felt her overtake me. I went back and again slept, and slept soundly. It was late when I awoke and went back to the sick-room. The valet and housekeeper still slumbered, and this time Mrs. Ingram also. And the bed was empty—the will and the dying man gone! My scream awoke Cleante and Telfer at once, but not Mrs. Ingram.

"When she did awake, after a round shaking, she was utterly bewildered—could tell nothing. She had dropped asleep, unconsciously—her patient was all safe in bed the last she remembered. She knew no more."

Macgregor listened in silence, his brows drawn, a look of dark intensity in his face.

(To be Continued.)

A MOTHER'S CARES DESTRUCTIVE TO HEALTH

ANAEMIA, BAD BLOOD, HEAD-ACHES, AND LASSITUDE. VERY COMMON.

Mrs. Wilkinson's Letter Gives Advice That Every Mother Can Well Follow.



From her home in Newton where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement, although slow, was sure."

"I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger, and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color, which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months, Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deadly pallor to robust health."

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WITH THE WITS.

Ben—So you think the audience was pleased with your singing? Bolt—Certainly. Didn't you hear it applaud? That's a sign it was pleased. Ben—But it didn't applaud until you stopped, so I conclude that's the time it was pleased.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guide—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphinx stands for—whom it represents! American Tourist—That's nothing! We've lots of congressmen at home the same way.—Puck.

"The piano we sold you," said the merchant, "was it satisfactory?" "Perfectly!" replied Mr. Camox. "We've tested it and it's all right. My daughter and three music teachers tried out all kinds of Wagner on it and it stood up in a way that shows regular tones won't be any strain at all."—Washington Star.

"You have a dress suit?" they inquired of the young literary genius of the Fourth Avenue. "I did have," he replied with charming frankness, "I won it when we raffled off Cambling Jack's outfit the night after Grizzly Pete bored him. Mebby I've got it now if it's darned moths haven't beat me to it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What are the proper calling cards?" "Three or upward are considered very good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What did the banker's daughter say when you asked her to marry you?" "She said I would have to go to par before she took any stock in my proposition."—Baltimore American.

"Would you call Bliggins a clever man?" "Certainly," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not intelligent, but he is wonderfully clever at concealing the fact from strangers."—Washington Star.

Church—Here's an advertisement of a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York. Gotham—Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad advertisements, but I guess that one's true, all right."—Yonkers Statesman.

NAMING THE BOY.

Old Jun, gardener and general factotum, was accompanied one day by a bright-looking lad of 10 or 12 years old.

"Is this your boy?" I asked.

"Yassuh, he mine, de las' one I got, suh. * * * Junior, you wuffless nigger, mek you mammas ter de white folks!"

"Junior," I commented. "So he is named after you?"

"Nawuh," the old man replied, rather indignantly; "he ain' name fuh me! My name Jumbo, what my mammy git out'n de Bible. Dis hych child, name Junior cuz he jum baw'n in June."—Lippincott's Magazine.

SORES FROM ELBOWS TO FINGERS

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing

Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates.

Miss Kate L. Dooliver, of Caledonia, Queen's Co., N. S., says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. I have had sores broke out on my arms and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores spread until from fingers to elbow was one mass of ulceration.

"I had five different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instructions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no avail.

"My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair.

"One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam-Buk. I said I had not, but I got a box right away. That first box did me more good than all the medicine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until I made a long story short, Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely. Everybody in this place knows of my case, and that it is Zam-Buk alone which cured me."

Minister corroborates.—The Rev. W. B. M. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Dooliver writes: "This is to certify that the testimonial of Miss Dooliver is correct as far as my knowledge goes. I have known her for a year and a half, and her cure effected by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

Wherever there is ulceration, blood-poison, sores, cold-cracks, abscesses, cuts, burns, bruises, or any skin injury of any disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. It is also a sure cure for piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse cheap and harmful imitations and substitutes.

BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED.

(Niagara Falls Journal)

"I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened, except a quiet philosopher once observed very truthfully. 'Old or young, ask yourself frankly, how many of our troubles ever happened. How many bridges have you been alarmed about which you never had to cross at all? This is worth thinking about. Of course there are troubles which do happen but the majority of the worries of life are needless. And even when everything does come without with it there is a light and a force within many of the saddest of cases of misfortune are blighted and fall to penetrate the armor of the soul. Of course dull fatalism is no better than doubt and despair, but there is the best of sparkling hope. But a serene cheerfulness often disarms disaster and robs the cruellest torment of its sting."

Paris Women in Strange Headgear.

It is at such places as the Grand Guignol that one sees quaint clothes. I went one night this week and saw some of the funniest headgear I have beheld anywhere.

One girl had a bonnet rather like the sort of thing a knight of old would have worn in a tournament. It was made of gold metal in a chain pattern and it completely covered her head right down old brocade trimmed with fur round the rim with a wreath of scarlet flowers; another wore a high, pointed hat of brim, and several wore bands of beads to the nape of her neck.

Another had a Mother Hubbard cap bordered with deep fringe, which hung all round the face after the fashion of a lamp shade.—Queen

Had Pains in Back, Side and Chest

Suffered for Weeks, But Finally Found a Quick, Sure Relief.

Cured Quickly by "Nerviline"

No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Nerviline could be produced than the letter of Miss Lucy Mosher, who for years has been a well known resident of Winoona, N. S.

"I want to add my unsolicited testimony to the efficacy of your wonderful liniment, 'Nerviline.' I consider it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, wheezing tightness in the chest, etc., and can state that for years our home has never been without Nerviline. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies couldn't break up. I rubbed on Nerviline three times a day, used Nerviline as a gargle, and was completely restored. I have induced dozens of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness.

"You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Nerviline.

(Signed) "LUCY MOSHER."

All sorts of aches, pains and sufferings—internal and external—yield to Nerviline. Accept no substitute. Large family size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

THIS WEEK'S JOKES HOT FROM BROADWAY.

Bings—Can you tell me why a woman is the nearest imitation of an accordion?

Sting—You've stuck me this time, old man. Why?

Bings—Because you have to knock the wind out of both of them before you can shut them up.—Gilmore and La Tour.

Mr. Kelly—Mars, what was that you were talking so much about at the party last night?

Mrs. Kelly—Sure, I was only after telling them that I was a well preserved woman for my age.

Mr. Kelly—Well preserved, is it? Well, you ought to be. You're pickled all the time.—The Four Mortons.

Mr. Nagk—Henry, why don't you get up and look for a job? You know you never get much without struggling for it.

Mr. Nagk (sarcastically)—I know it, didn't get you without a struggle?—Don Carney.

Young Miss (to young man who is following her)—You'd better look out for yourself, or I'll take you at your word, and then, if you don't make good, I'll sue you for breach of promise.

Young Man (very wittily)—You'd better not, or you'll be trampled on in the rush.—Mason and Keeler Company.

Mrs. Rooney (complaining to parish priest)—Father, that man of mine is either drinking again, or he's working in a circus.

Parish Priest—Why do you say that?

Mrs. Rooney—Why? Well, he cum home last night, and he was ravin' and screaming, and was askin' me to please about the animals at the foot of the bed.—Gus Williams.

Mother (to her son)—George, you should go so sore and angry because that poor girl of yours kept you waiting last night.

"I shouldn't get sore. Why not? Wasn't I waiting in a taxiab?"

Little Boy (to his father)—Here's a funny dreamtack, pa.

Father—What is it? Nothing silly, I hope.

Little Boy—Oh, no; this is a dandy. If a Postal-Telegraph operator got married in 'Frisco, would that make it a Western Union—Henry Beresford and Company.

Mr. Finnegan—Sure, that's a fine dog you have there, Mr. Cohen.

Mr. Cohen—Well, he ought to be. He's worth five hundred dollars.

Mr. Finnegan—An' sure, how the devil did he ever save up that much money?—Flanagan and Edwards.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

"Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." Without haste! Without rest! Bind the motto to thy breast; fear it with thee as a spell; storm and sunshine guard it well! Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed; Ponder well, and know the right; Onward, then, with all thy might. Haste not! Years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by; Go and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind to conquer time. Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! Duty be thy polar guide— Do the right, whate'er betide. Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last. —Translated from Goethe.

SPLEND D WORK IN PARRY SOUND

Quick Cure of W. S. Kettyle by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Ten Months, But Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Golden Valley, Parry Sound District, Ont., Feb. 19.—(Special)—W. S. Kettyle, well-known in this district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, no matter where it is found, or in what form it is found.

"I suffered from backache, gravel and headache for ten months. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year ago and I have had no return of my trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have done a great work in this district. Numerous people can be found who have been cured by them of almost every kidney disease, including rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy and Bright's disease. They are looked upon by all who have used them as one sure cure for kidney troubles.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS

(Rochester Union and Advertiser)

A Philadelphia druggist eight years ago gave a dollar to a stranger who asked him for a quarter because he was broke after "a night of it." Now he has been notified that he is sole heir to the stranger's estate of more than \$25,000. This ought to make it safe to strike Philadelphia for the price of a drink.

"No," said Nurich. "I ain't no dude. 'Clothes don't make the man, you know." "No," replied Penney, "but many of you self-made men look as if they had also made the clothes."—Catholic Standard and Times.