

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jollette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lottie, the Sewing Girl," "Goldmaker of Lisbon," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "Nora's Legacy," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

From the towers on top of Darrel Chace, looking in three directions, one might gaze upon the broad domain that now was the inheritance of Roger Darrel.

A year previous his father had died, leaving all to his son. Before and after that sad event the young man had traveled over most of the known world, but at last, weary of wandering, he had come back to his native land, and once more trod the domain that had been in the family for generations.

On three sides could be seen the broad stretch of rich upland that called him master; over the avenue of elms of the ivy-mantled walls of Richmond Terrace.

How well Roger remembered spending half his boyhood days in the strange manor house. His father and Lawrence Richmond had been bosom friends, and this intimacy had continued until Roger was over twelve years of age. Then some trifling dispute about a boundary line arose, and, both being men of passionate tempers, it had waxed warmer until it assumed the proportions of a family feud.

The families were separated, and never to this day had Roger Darrel set foot upon Richmond property. When his father lay dying, he would have bridged over the chasm of hate, but Lawrence Richmond was either away, or else refused to grant the request, Roger never knew which.

Some years before, the young man had heard that the whole of Richmond's family had been swept away by a pestilence while in the South, and that the bereaved old man had shut himself up in his manor, refusing to see any one but the servants.

There were few who knew Roger Darrel had returned to the house of his ancestors; they believed him still to be traveling in foreign lands, and the young heir made no attempt to undeceive them. He had no desire for company, but had come home for rest.

The day was bright and lovely. Wandering through the brave old forest that stretched out for miles back of the two plantations, the young master of Darrel Chace came upon the prettiest scene of a lifetime spent among what have been termed the beauty spots of the world.

Upon the bank of a picturesque little brook that sang noisily as it wended its way through the forest, a young girl sat with her book in her lap, but with her eyes fastened upon a little skye terrier

and yet a tacit understanding seemed to rest between them to the effect that at certain hours Carol was wont to frequent this place, and that he should find her there.

That night Roger Darrel, pacing up and down the avenue of elms, was thinking of the young girl, and trying to picture her in his mind. One would think from his manner, and the style of his mutterings, that he was deciding a weighty question.

"I am a villain, if I seek to gain her love with this secret in my life. How the good people here would shun me, if they only knew the truth. I am sorry I came now, sorry I ventured to be so rash, but, having risked all, am not the man to turn back. I shudder to think what would be the result, if exposure came when I had won her love—had grown to think dearly of her myself. Heaven prevent it."

As the steward of the great estate, Darrel Chace, the young man wooed and won Carol Richmond. She had led a somewhat lonely life, and he had dawned upon it like the prince in a fairy tale. To her he was all the world. Her love was not demonstrative, but it would live through time to eternity. Changes might come, bringing sorrow in their train, but the love of Carol Richmond, once gained, would last forever.

Roger Darrel should have been the happiest of mortals, as, standing in God's temple, the forest, he and Carol plighted their troth; in the sweet, hopeful future it should be "each for the other through time and eternity."

Although he had decided that the past must not come between him and Carol, yet there were times when a fearful dread seized upon him with such force as to make him shudder.

What if she should learn the truth in some way; would she not hate, despise and loathe him? Was ever man placed in such a fearful dilemma? Duty lay on one side, love on the other. He closed his eyes, and blindly rushed on to his fate.

It was in the latter part of July, and for the time of year the weather was delicious. Roger and Carol were seated on an old log in the picturesque forest, watching the antics of little Fido, and looking through the green aisles of the romantic woods.

They had been engaged over a week now, and on this very day Roger had decided to disclose his personality to his betrothed. They talked of the future,

some excuse, but he would not listen to her.

"Hush! do not make the matter worse by attempting to explain. You have deceived me, and nothing can undo that. Still, it might have been worse, and I may yet forgive this lover, who is too much of a craven to seek you in your father's home. Turn around, young man, and let me see your face. My eyes are not what they used to be, and you have held your head low, as if your soul recognized the wrong you have been doing my daughter's fair name in these clandestine meetings. If you be a man, raise your head, sir, and look me in the eyes."

His tone was insulting, considering the fact that he was addressing a proud man, and the wealthiest land owner for many miles around. Roger knew that an explosion was at hand, but he was now nerved to meet it. He removed his hat and with manly dignity stood before the old gentleman. "There was no reason why he should be ashamed because he loved the daughter of his deadly enemy, and yet a cold chill seemed to pass over his heart, as he saw the look that appeared upon Lawrence Richmond's face. The sneer that had accompanied his words gave way to a look of implacable hate and savage fury.

"You are other than I believed," he finally gasped, rather than spoke.

"I am Roger Darrel," replied the young man, simply.

"Then you are my bitterest foe. You thought to strike a blow at my heart, by stealing my pet daughter, but heaven has thwarted you, you villain," grated he, as one hand grasped Carol's wrist and drew her to him, while with the other he shook his heavy cane in Roger's face.

CHAPTER II.

The action of the old gentleman was so aggressive that Roger instinctively fell back a pace before the threatening cane, but he speedily recovered, and faced the enraged man, calmly.

"Believe me, Mr. Richmond, I declare to you on my honor as a gentleman—"

"Honor! A Darrel speak of honor! Come, now, that is too good, young man."

The blood leaped into Roger's face at this insult. A younger man would have paid the penalty of his rashness on the spot. Lawrence Richmond's age caused the young man to hold his impulse in check.

"Mr. Richmond, you and my father were enemies, but at his death he would have had you with him so that he might have asked your pardon for his share of the difference existing between you two. Whether you ever received his message, or not, I do not know, but you gave no sign. He is in his grave now, and I, his only son, have given you no reason to hate me. Then why should we not be friends? There was a time when you dangled Roger Darrel upon your knee; will you now refuse to even clasp his hand?"

"Friends!" almost shouted the old man in his ungovernable rage, for he possessed a fearful temper. "I tell you I hate your name; I hate your face; I hate even the sight of your presence. Go from here, and never let my daughter see your hateful countenance again. Touch your hand? Sooner would I clasp a viper whose fangs were laden with poison. Once for all, Roger Darrel, let me tell you we can never be friends; we shall be enemies to the death. I am a man of iron will, as perhaps you know. Carol, look your last on this man who would have caused you to weep tears of blood; then come with me."

For one minute they stood looking into each other's face; then the savage old man wheeled, and, still retaining his hold of Carol's wrist, walked away with a vigor that was surprising, considering his age, and yet which stamped his words true; he was a man of iron will.

Slowly Roger made his way home, but the broad domain over which he had so lately gloated as the home to which he would bring his bonny bride had lost all its charms for him.

Hardly had he passed from Carol's sight, down the forest aisle, before the bushes rustled not far away, and a female form thrust itself into view, a girl's face, with the largest black eyes imaginable, which were flashing with mingled fires. Her sudden and weird appearance startled Roger, and caused him to spring back out of her way.

She passed swiftly on, muttering vehemently to herself, but Roger was so deeply absorbed in his own sad love affair that, having recovered from his surprise, he paid no further attention to her.

He did not see the girl suddenly turn, cast upon him the intensest fright of those flashing eyes, nor hear her awful threat.

"The blow is falling, Roger Darrel, and it shall be the hand of the despised gypsy that sends the poisoned dart into your heart. Pain and trouble—they shall come to you through Barbara Merrilies!" (To be continued.)

Easy to Believe.

An inspector was watching a gang of men clear the snow from a New York street. There were some dozen men, says the Evening Post, all working indifferently, getting in each other's way, or standing idle until the foreman "went" for them. One, however, was working in a different manner.

"That is Pat Connelley's cart," said the inspector, "and that is Pat."

He pointed to a sturdy little Irishman, who buried and lifted a big shovel with the precision of a machine. When his cart was good and full, he received two tickets for it instead of one because it was a double load, hard packed. He drove briskly away, leaving other carts that had come up before him still waiting to be filled.

"That is Pat Connelley," repeated the inspector, thoughtfully. "He has been a day-laborer all his life, and yet he is worth a small fortune. To my knowledge he owns sixty thousand dollars' worth of property, free of debt."

Scrofula

It is commonly inherited.

Few are entirely free from it.

Pale, weak, puny children are afflicted with it in nine cases out of ten, and many adults suffer from it.

Common indications are bunches in the neck, abscesses, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting, and general debility.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Eradicate it, positively and absolutely. This statement is based on the thousands of permanent cures these medicines have wrought.

"My daughter had scrofula, with eleven sores on her neck and about her ears. Hood's Sarsaparilla was highly recommended and she took it and was cured. She is now in good health." Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"The boys are throwing stones at a poor peddler."

"Outrageous!"

"That's what I think."

"Whose boys are they?"

"Yours."

"Oh, well, boys will be boys. Let the children play."—Chicago Post.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. M. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Future Anticipated.

"Helen is a pretty bright girl."

"In what way?"

"Why, last night I told her she had her head on my shoulder."

"What did she say, old man?"

"Why, she said that was nothing to what I would have on my shoulders when I got married."—Chicago News.

The Wisdom of It.

"Silence in a man gives him a reputation for wisdom."

"Very properly; it indicates that the man has wisdom enough to know when to keep his mouth shut."—Baltimore Herald.

Crime Among Educated.

Indeed the number of crimes committed by the highly educated is an alarming feature of the situation. The list of defaulting bookkeepers, bank-tellers, clerks, and college graduates constantly lengthens, reflecting a lurid light upon the theories of those who attempt to account for the origin of all sin, vice, and crime by ignorance. Those who attribute all crime to intemperance are also silenced, since many prevalent crimes are incompatible with that vice, for they require the keenest intellects, the most concentrated attention. It is noteworthy, also, that representatives of the clerical, the legal, and the medical professions are furnishing an increasing number of crimes of dishonesty, violence, and pollution of domestic life.—From James M. Buckley's "The Present Epidemic of Crime" in the November Century.

GOOD BLOOD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

You know when rich, red blood is coursing through the veins, for it shows in the brightness of the eye, the beauty and clearness of the complexion, the smooth, fair skin, and robust, healthy constitution. It is good blood that imparts strength and energy to the body and keeps it in a state of healthfulness and vigor. Good blood is the foundation of good health, and to be physically and mentally sound it must be kept pure and untainted.

People with good blood possess strong, steady nerves and are blest with good appetites and digestion, and enjoy sound, refreshing sleep. If we could always maintain the purity of the blood then we might enjoy perpetual health, but it becomes infected and poisoned and most of the ills that afflict humanity and undermine the constitution are caused by an impoverished or polluted condition of this vital fluid.

When the blood is diseased the skin loses its healthy appearance, and the complexion, its freshness and beauty and becomes red and rough and full of pimples and blotches. Itching, scaly eruptions, blackheads, boils and rashes break out upon the body when the blood is too poor or too thin and acid, and is not supplying proper nourishment to the system. Debility, poor appetite, bad digestion, restless sleep and nervousness more often come from sluggish, impure blood than any other cause. To build up the blood, restore its lost properties and make it rich and nutritious again is the only rational treatment, and the proper way to get rid of skin troubles. There is no remedy like S. S. S. to accomplish this and it does it promptly and thoroughly. S. S. S. antidotes and removes from the blood all poisons and humors, and restores it to a normal, healthy condition, and invigorates and tones up the general health. When rich, red blood is again flowing through your veins all skin eruptions disappear, the appetite improves, the complexion clears and you get rid of those miserable depressing feelings and nervousness, and enjoy once more the blessings of good health. S. S. S. is nature's remedy for all blood and skin diseases. It contains no minerals whatever, but is guaranteed purely vegetable.

Write for free book. No charge for medical advice or other information desired.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Newport.

Jaundice—I see by the papers that Newport is likely to be abandoned shortly.

Billious—Shortly? Great Scott! Can Newport be more abandoned than it has been for the last ten years?—Town Topics.

A Foolish Question.

"Which," she asked, "would you rather have, immortality or riches?" "How can you ask," he returned, proudly, drawing himself up to his full height, "when you know that I am writing popular novels."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unwelcome Advice.

Fortune Teller (to gaily dressed girl)—Your husband will be a poor man—unless—

Maiden (eagerly)—Unless what? Fortune Teller—"You dress more economically after marriage than you do now."—London Tit-Bits.

Irresistible Combination.

Miss White—So you finally let dat Sam Coal kiss you?

Miss Snow—Ya-as; de way he argified Ah jist couldn't he'p it. He said ef Ah'd low him to kiss me lubben times he'd be in de sebbent' habben foh forty-foh minits.

Mothera will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children's teething season.

Disgraced.

First New Yorker—What has become of Delancey? I haven't seen him for an age.

Second New Yorker—Oh, he was run over by a street car in Philadelphia. First New Yorker—What a disgrace. —Smart Set.

Turkish Proverbs.

With patience the sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf satin.

By the time the wise man gets married the fool has grown-up children. Give a swift horse to him who tells the truth, so that as soon as he has told it he may ride and escape.

Be not so severe that you are blamed for it, nor so gentle that you are trampled upon for it.

If you have to gather thorns, do it by the stranger's hand.—Mary A. Mason in "In Lighter Vein" in the November Century.

Physiological Error.

"It says in dis paper dat a feller got broke out o' jail was shot through de v-i-t-a-l-s. Wot does dat mean?"

"Trough de victuals. Dey must have plugged him in de stumick."

"But dey had chased him two days, an' he hadn't had not'in' to eat."

"Den de paper's wrong. It oughter said he was shot t'rough de appetite."

Unsportsmanlike.

First Chaffeur—Puffer ought to be put out of the auto club; he's no true sportsman.

Second Chaffeur—Why, what's the matter with Puffer?

First Chaffeur—He runs people down promiscuously without even testing a horn. A regular pot-hunter.



HER SUDDEN AND WEIRD APPEARANCE STARTLED ROGER.

which was performing all manner of antics upon the opposite side of the stream. Indeed, the first intimation he had of her presence was the girlish laugh, so clear and silvery, like the notes of a true bell, with which she had greeted some escapade of the little animal.

Afterward, when he looked back to this time, Roger Darrel realized that his heart had gone out to this girl then and there, even before he had exchanged a word with her.

He had seen much of life, but whatever strange may have befallen him, Roger Darrel had never loved before. It was a long time before he would acknowledge the truth, even to himself, but it seemed that from the very minute he gazed upon that face, the misanthropic ideas engendered by a lonely life vanished as if touched by a magician's wand, and all the earth appeared beautiful.

They soon became friends. There was something intensely attractive about Roger Darrel. He was strikingly handsome, talented, and, besides, had an air of sincerity about him that must have caused respect from every one who was not a deadly foe.

It made him wince a little when he learned just before they separated that her home was at Richmond Terrace, but he understood that she was a niece of the old gentleman, for had he not lost his whole family when in the South?

It came about that Carol Richmond believed him to be the steward of Darrel Chace, for, like the neighbors, she firmly understood the young master to be still abroad.

Some time passed before Roger realized this mistake on her part, and then it had gone so far that he decided to let things take their own course, though he would not say a single word to add to the deception she unwittingly practiced upon herself.

There was no agreement to meet again,

and how happy they intended to be, little knowing or realizing what a shadow was hanging above them, even at that moment.

While Roger and the girl he loved with heart and soul sat thus upon the old log, the sound of heavy footsteps close at hand came to their ears. The two lovers sprang like frightened deer to their feet, and as they did so Roger heard a fierce invective uttered in a low, deep voice.

Standing within ten feet of the two lovers was an elderly man, one who had evidently reached the age of three-score years, as was indicated by his iron-gray hair and beard, the former of which fell upon his shoulders; yet it was plain to be seen that his iron constitution had resisted the ravages of time, and that he was as hale and hearty as most men at forty.

His countenance would have been a remarkable one at any time, but seen just then, contorted with the feeling of anger that seemed to possess his soul, it was a face that Roger would never forget to his dying day.

Roger Darrell had not seen him for more than fifteen years, but some intuitive power seemed to tell him that he was now face to face with the man who had refused to forgive his father, even on his death bed—Lawrence Richmond.

The tableau remained unbroken for more than a full minute, and then it was the old gentleman who made the first move.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, almost hissing the words through his clenched teeth, while his hand tightened its grasp upon his cane, "a light breaks in upon me. It is easy to understand now why your afternoons have been so well taken up that you have had no time to spare with me. And you, a Richmond, betray the trust I put in you. For shame, Carol, for shame!"

The young girl tried to stammer out