

# FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

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

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A short time later, and he drew up in front of the old mill. It was as picturesque a spot as one could well imagine, for great trees overhung the ruined mill and the noisy fall of the water over the dam could be plainly heard.

Roger had evidently been here before, and made all arrangements, for, even as he leaped to the ground and was in the act of lifting Carol down, the door opened and a woman appeared in view, holding a sputtering candle.

The shadow of a terrible crime hung over the place, and most people in the neighborhood avoided it, especially after nightfall. All the money in the vaults of the treasury could hardly have tempted one of the negroes on Richmond Terrace or Darrel Chace to have willingly gone to the haunted mill when darkness had descended upon the land.

What this crime was does not enter into our story, so far as particulars are concerned, but let it suffice to say that the mad miller murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, and also the man who was working for him, ending the terrible tragedy in a fitting manner by taking his own life.

The children of this unhappy couple had been taken in charge by relatives, who tried to rent out the mill, but the effort was in vain, for all united in declaring it was haunted, and that in the middle of the night they would be aroused by a terrible din.

They declared they heard the mad miller chasing his wife and hired man from room to room, cursing and reviling, while they prayed and pleaded with him. Then would come the sound of heavy blows with a knife, one for each person, heavy falls, terrible groans, and silence would ensue.

For some years back the mill had been inhabited by a woman who called herself Mrs. Randall, and it was assumed that she was a widow. She was quiet and troubled no one, and always seemed to have enough money to keep herself in existence and aid those poorer than herself.

Carol was warmly received. She sank wearily into a chair, and then gazed about her with a trifling show of interest, while the woman went to prepare a room. Somehow the young girl had thought Mrs. Randall's eyes had rested upon her in a most singular manner, and yet to her knowledge she had never seen the lady before.

That she was a lady despite her poor surroundings was plain to be seen. Her hair had once been black, but was now a silver gray, and brushed smoothly away from a forehead that was white as snow, though furrowed by the cares of years.

The room in which Roger and Carol were left was scantily furnished, and what few articles there were showed signs of age, having, no doubt, once been the property of the mad miller.

Upon one wall was a picture, in a small frame, with its face turned away. Several other pictures there were, but none had been treated in this way.

She saw Roger standing near her, his eyes glued upon her form as though he was drinking in all her loveliness, and she did look beautiful beyond all comparison in her wedding dress of white silk, but somehow her mind wandered back again to the picture on the wall, and again she let her eyes fall upon it.

Curiosity in itself is strong enough in any one, but it was some greater power than this that urged Carol to walk over to the picture. It seemed as though some invisible power had hold of her hand and was leading her on.

She turned the little picture, gave one glance, and then, with a cry of dismay and astonishment, let it fall back in its old position.

She had gazed upon the face of her father!

## CHAPTER IX.

What did it mean? This was the question that kept ringing its changes through her brain as she stood there before that mysterious picture.

The face was that of a man in the prime of life, evidently between thirty-five and forty, and so different was it from the Lawrence Richmond of the present that she might not have recognized it had not she seen a copy of the same picture upon the wall at home.

What mystery was this? By what right did this lone woman, who came from no one knew where, have her father's picture upon the wall? Was the fact of its face being turned in to be considered an insult, or what? Her blood began to leap through her veins, and she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Roger.

"Carol!" A simple pronunciation of her name, but there was that in the tone that caused her heart to seemingly stand still.

Roger had only obtained a glimpse of the face that was inclosed in the gold frame and turned to the wall, and he had not recognized it, of course. His mind, too, was upon other things, and he paid little heed to the emotion of the young girl save as it referred to him.

He came a step closer to her. His arms were held out, his pleading eyes fixed upon her own with a glance that was almost fascination.

How she longed to throw herself into those arms and be forever at rest; but she knew full well guilt would never let her rest, and, with a heroism worthy of the olden martyrs, she stilled her throbbing heart as best she could, and held back.

What did she believe of him, standing there and looking him in the eyes? The story of Nora Warner, as told by

that unfortunate girl herself, must have flashed into her mind like lightning, but, with her eyes upon Roger Darrel's handsome, honest face, she was as sure that he could do no wrong to any one willfully as that she drew breath.

That Nora Warner was his wretched wife she understood too well, for had he not himself acknowledged the stain upon his name; but that he had acted the part of a villain toward her Carol could never believe.

Wonderful, is it not, what things dart through the mind in a few seconds of time? Roger could bear the silence no longer. When he spoke his voice vibrated with emotion, which he tried in vain to suppress.

"Carol, my own love, for the last time I come to you, a suppliant. Pride has given way before the love that floods my soul. You may hate me for thus tempting you, but I do not look at it in the same light you do. The shame of the past is buried in the mad house. Why should this woman come between us? Oh, my poor darling, why were you cursed with a love like mine, that seems to blight where it falls; and yet if I could serve you by having my poor body tortured, willingly would I undergo the infliction. You believe me, do you not, beloved?"

"You know I do, Roger. You know that my heart is wholly yours, and ever will be, but once again I tell you what you ask can never be. There rests between us a deep and unfathomable abyss. My heart is breaking, Roger, but better that it should do so with love than shame and disgrace."

"Shame and disgrace," he muttered, repeating her words almost unconsciously, and with a vague look upon his face.

"Forgive me for saying it, dear, but I cannot ever be your wife while Nora Warner lives. Her death can wipe out the shame, nothing else. Until then we can be nothing to each other."

A light leaped into his face that was most wonderful to see. It seemed transfigured, and the sadness of woe unutterable gave way to the brightness of hope and joy.

"Carol," he said, huskily, "would you be my wife if Nora Warner were dead, so that her name would be all that was left of her? Would that indeed wipe out the disgrace that has fallen upon the name in your eyes?"

"To both of your questions I have but one answer—yes! Heaven knows how willingly I would join my lot with yours, to be with you always, in sickness or in health; but while Nora Warner lives it is impossible. Give up all thoughts of such happiness, dear Roger, for it is beyond reach."

She pitied him the more since she had seen that glad light leap into his eyes, for she felt sure that he was building up false hopes.

"Not so far as you imagine, my darling. Even now it seems to me the skies are growing brighter," he said, drawing forth a letter.

"What do you mean, Roger?"

"Nora Warner is dead!" he replied, slowly.

The girl gave a start, and an exclamation fell from her lips.

"Impossible!" she cried.

"Not so, dearest. Read that letter, and you will see that what I have told you was the truth. Nora Warner, poor girl, has found rest. The letter was delayed in finding its destination, and some kind fate directed it into my hands. Read."

This was what she read in the great, coarse scrawl of a man who had been a scholar once, perhaps, but never a good penman:

"Mr. Roger Darrel:

"Sir—The young woman whom you committed to my care, Nora Warner, made her escape from the asylum a week since, and drowned herself in the river. We have this day succeeded in finding the body, which, though badly mutilated by the fishes, has been identified by articles of clothing as that of your unfortunate wife. It shall wait for you two days, and at the termination of that period, should you not come, will have the body interred. With deepest sympathy for your great loss, I subscribe myself, your humble servant,

"TIMOTHY GRIM, M. D.

"Elysium House on the Potomac." She read this through and then handed it back to him with a look of pain on her face.

"This Timothy Grim, M. D., may on ordinary occasions be a keen man, but fate has made a football with him, or else this letter has been purposely delayed so that any deception he may have intended could be carried out. One thing is sure: Nora Warner is in the flesh for days after this letter was written. I have seen and conversed with her, face to face."

"Alive and here! What can she want, poor girl; but why need I ask? If that be so, then all is gloom again where I had caught a glimpse of dawn, and the darkness will be all the darker and the pain more bitter because of it. Oh, Carol, am I to go from you forever? Something seems to tell me that if we part now it will be never to meet again."

His eyes were glued upon her face, full of the passionate fire of the absorbing love that possessed his soul, and she trembled under the look, knowing her weakness now that love had such a power over her heart; but she summoned up her courage and resolutely shut out the alluring scene that came before her.

"Roger, there is but one answer," she said. "Love can command my life, but it can never cause me to forget that I am a Richmond. As the dearest friend I have on earth, I look to you, but more

than that you cannot, must not be while she lives. My answer is—heaven help us both—go!"

He nerved himself to meet it like a man, but it was a terrible blow.

"Carol, it may be you are right, though I am too blinded by love and sorrow to comprehend it. In the future I shall be to you a friend in time of need. I shall come and see you here, but never again as your lover. Then if there is any relative to whom you would like to go, I will take you there. I hear Mrs. Randall coming. Trust in her, for she is a true friend. And now farewell, my love, my life. Farewell, farewell."

Panting, she struggled from his fierce embrace. He stood there looking at her while she grew calm and icy cold. Then turning, he took his hat and left the old mill.

She sank back with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

"Give me strength, oh Father in heaven, for the light of my life goes out with him!"

## CHAPTER X.

When Mrs. Randall entered the room, the mind of the young girl leaped again to the mystery that had engrossed it before Roger Darrel made his appeal for life and love—her father's picture turned with its face to the wall.

What was there in the hidden past of this still handsome woman that connected her with Lawrence Richmond?

The widow had not even heard Carol's name from Roger, he having only stated the bare facts, and she had consented at once to aid him, her soul recognizing the injustice of such a forced marriage.

Carol possessed a part of her father's determined character, and she did not long beat about the bush. Though her question apparently startled the widow, there crept a shadow of pain into her face and her voice trembled as she said: "People often turn to the wall the pictures of those dead. He is dead to me."

"Was he a great friend, then?" asked Carol, breathlessly, her eyes glued upon Mrs. Randall's face.

"He was more than that, child. Ah! It is a sad thing to have the one you love best upon earth turn upon you and revile you—to wrongfully accuse you of that at which your heart recoils in horror; to send you from him as he would a leper, and at one fell sweep, wipe out the happy past. I loved him," she continued, in a low, sad tone, "as man was never loved. I have loved him so truly that I have forgiven the great wrong he did me, though my pride would never allow me to seek his presence again. Upon the dear graves in the sunny South I have shed bitter tears, but when I think how I shall meet them above, where the truth will be made known, and my heart shown to be as spotless as the marble shaft that marks their grave, I take hope again."

It was at this point that the first gleam of the light that was soon to overwhelm Carol, came into her mind. She could only sit there with all her senses strangled, drinking in the sweet voice of the widow and await the coming shock.

"Trouble and sorrow have been my lot. Ah! I never thought I should survive that dreadful night, and many a time since I have looked back to shudder and feel my heart grow cold with the horror that took possession of it. He turned a deaf ear to my pleadings—my vows—and cursed me, but for that I have forgiven him, for I was innocent. His curse went home. God punished him, oh, how terribly, and yet at the same time I had to suffer with him, for were they not my darlings? Not one was left; he alone remained to curse the blight that had fallen upon his home, the desolation that had robbed him even as he had robbed me."

All this while Carol had been utterly unable to speak a word, but now she recovered her breath.

"In heaven's name, who are you, and what relation do you bear to Lawrence Richmond?" she gasped, her eyes aflame with eager expectancy.

"I was told afterwards that the courts had made us strangers, but for eight years he called me by that dearest name on earth—wife. I am nothing to him now save the wretched woman from whom he was divorced, and who loves him still in spite of her wrongs; but why do you ask? Your face is white, and your hands tremble. You advance toward me—you hold out your arms. No, it must be a dream, for they all sleep under the magnolias. Girl with the eyes and face of my dead Carol, what relation does this man bear to you?" and she tore down the hidden picture, holding it in front of Carol's face.

"He is—my—father!"

(To be continued.)

## Lucky Naval Officer.

Lieutenant Commander A. B. Willits, whose family lives in Germantown, has written an interesting letter home from his ship, the Iowa, which is cruising in South American waters with the South Atlantic squadron. The officer tells how last month the squadron was halted in the harbor of a little Southern city that was much excited over a lottery drawing soon to be pulled off. An ensign on a sister ship of the Iowa bought for \$1 a one-tenth chance at the \$100,000 prize, and then, out of idle curiosity, attended the drawing.

There was considerable rigamarole for a time, and a dark-skinned native posted on a board a number—the winning number. The ensign looked at his ticket, and it was the same number as that which had won. He could not, he said afterward, speak. He had to walk out into the air. His delight was indescribable. The next day one of the officials of the lottery brought to him aboard his ship a bag containing \$10,000 in gold. As he is poor, and as he is also married, he thinks the money will come in very handy.—Philadelphia Record.

## MASCULINE HANDSHAKE HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE FEMININE KISS.

THE newspapers are now chronicling the passing of the kiss. Of course, there may be some kisses still exchanged by unregenerate ones, but the kiss between women really seems a thing of the past.

Time was when one feminine met another feminine whom she knew, be it ever so slightly and be the place ever so inconvenient, that she kissed her, thus knocking her bonnet awry and severely rumpling her temper and her collar.

When women didn't kiss they glared at each other and said, frigidly, "How d'ye do," and then all the spectators knew a fight was on, and their respective friends took the principals aside and asked anxiously: "What did she say about you?"

Particularly was such osculation a habit with Southerners, and when the clans met, as at church in the country, when they hadn't seen each other for a week or more, the exchange of caresses was so general that even the men became involved sometimes, and the boys only escaped through running away and hiding in the tall grass back of the edifice.

Then the fashion changed, and really elegant people who were not more than second cousins to each other began presenting a cool and freshly powdered cheek for the kiss instead of the lips. This was commenced with a regard for hygiene, no doubt, but it was soon so satisfactory that two cheeks were always pressed together now, and there was no pretense at a warmer greeting.

This had an additional advantage in that one lady could not call another lady Judas when she merely presented her cheek and not her lips.

A little later it went out of fashion to salute each other warmly at all when two women met on the street or in a public place.

It was bruited about that demonstration in public was in bad taste, and so since there must be some way of welcoming a friend, the manly handshake came in.

There were some elderly ladies who disliked this as masculine and unfitting, and who persisted in pecking dutifully at the ears of their relatives, even when they met in the theater, but by far the majority of the sex took to the handshake as a diplomatic way out of trouble. You see it is very hard to reach the face of a person who wears a Gainsborough hat, while it is quite a simple matter to reach her hand.

And so there is no more kissing; at least, there isn't much. And it is quite beautiful to see the girls solemnly pressing each other's hands and asking after each other's health. But there is no lack of affection nowadays—dear me, no!—we are all quite as fond of each other as in the days of the perpetual kiss, and we are glad to be let down so easy in the matter of caresses.—Baltimore News.

## RHODE ISLAND FISHHAWKS.

They Are Protected by the State at All Seasons.

The author of a recently published novel, the scene of which is laid in Rhode Island, refers to the fishhawk as "Rhode Island's best-loved bird." Perhaps that is a true assertion, although the succulent turkey comes in for a fair share of the esteem bestowed by this little State on the feathered tribe, while Mrs. McNally's hen is unquestionably Rhode Island's most distinguished bird, says the Providence Journal. Not to quibble, however, it may as well be admitted that the fishhawk is a popular bird in Rhode Island and in all likelihood no other species which flies gets as much protection at the hand of his State as does his majesty. The statute forbidding his molestation in or out of the breeding season is as rigidly enforced as that applying to short lobsters.

Barrington, Warren and Bristol, the three townships forming Bristol County, afford favorite haunts for fishhawk to nest. From the train and street cars can be seen here and there supported on the limb of a great pine tree, a mass of sticks, leaves and rubbish, which the birds have collected for a home.

They are as little particular where they build as to the material which they combine into their house and the top of an electric light pole or the steeple of a church is as acceptable as the breeziest tree which ever supported a bird. Down on Long Island Sound is a fishhawk's nest in the strangest place of all. Not far from the imaginary lines bounding Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, there runs into the sound a long reef, which is marked a mile or so from shore by a spindle. The end sticking above the surface of the water for ten or dozen feet bears a basket-like arrangement, which has struck a fishhawk as an ideal place for a summer home and there it has reared, as it has for several seasons past, a flock of hungry young birds. The wind always blows around the spindle, but the waves never leap high enough to threaten the nest and for miles at the osprey's front and back doors stretches the ocean, teeming with the fish on which it preys. A more desirable location for such a habitation it would be almost impossible to find. No other fishhawk need apply, however, for the present occupant holds a life lease of the premises and is fully prepared to defend it against all comers.

## Knew the Limits.

The late William M. Evarts once discovered E. Delafield Smith, the well-known lawyer and corporation counsel of New York City, singing in church with all his heart. He whispered to a friend: "Why, there is Smith singing 'I Want to Be An Angel.' I know he wanted to be district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort: "No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evarts, knowing that he had no influence in that direction!"

## Walking Craze of Paris.

Paris has the walking craze. In a recent race around the fortifications, a distance of 38 kilometers, or about 24 miles, there were 550 competitors.

Some men make a living by letting their wives keep boarders.

## DRUM CAPTURED AT BUNKER HILL.



One of the most valuable historical relics in the United States is a drum that sounded at the battle of Bunker Hill and saw service in some of the greatest encounters in the Revolution. It is now the property of the Richard A. Pierce Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of New Bedford, Mass. It is a snare drum, of British make, much larger than the same character of drum to-day. It was brought over to this country by a young English redcoat. He was killed at Bunker Hill, and the drum fell into the hands of the Continentals. Israel Smith, the grand-sire of Levi Smith, who presented the drum to the post, was the drummer in the famous Rhode Island company that stood the charge at Bunker Hill. Later, when the soldiers drew lots over the drum, young Smith became its possessor. Many a lusty charge Levi Smith beat on the drum during the long struggle that followed. Then, in 1812, young Israel Smith marched away with the old drum slung over his shoulder.

## Unexpected Shrinkage.

It is generally understood that quality of mind and not size of body determines the place a man fills in the temple of fame; but two countrymen, of whom the New York Times tells, were evidently in doubt about it.

One day during the congressional career of Major General Joseph Wheeler two rural visitors were in the House gallery taking in the proceedings on the floor. One of them noticed the general flying about, as was his wont.

"Who's that little chap down there in front talking to the big fellow?" he asked of his companion.

"Blessed if I know," replied the other.

Some one sitting back of them ventured the information that it was General Wheeler, of Alabama.

"Well, I declare!" said the first one, "I've heard that a feller might be a good deal of a man at home, but when he come to Washington he wa'n't so much of a heavyweight; but I didn't suppose they'd dwindle away like that."

## Very Much a Millionaire.

Quizzer—Is he a multimillionaire? Whizzer—Oh, my, yes. In fact, he's so muity that he can afford to run over ordinary millionaires and then let his secretary attend to the damages.—New York Sun.

## Golden Eagles Increasing.

Golden eagles are increasing in Scottish highlands, owing to the efforts made by large land owners for their preservation.

## Old Sol.

Though there are huge spots on the sun, there are no flies on it.—Pittsburg Gazette.