

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

He had mentioned to the widow the fact that the adventurer's hand had been branded when he was sent to Siberia, so that he was now compelled to always wear a glove, but this did not seem so singular to the lady, for the fact remained that every time she had met Roger Darrel he had gloves on; so she did not think it worth while to mention this part of the story to Carol, seeing that it confirmed the detective's ideas rather than disputed them.

Though she had only seen Roger a few times she had been wonderfully impressed by his manner and looks, and she had made up her mind that if these terrible charges against him proved true she would never trust a man again.

Poor broken-hearted Carol wandered out each day, waiting for that dread interview which was sure to come, and yet which seemed unaccountably delayed.

At the very time when these ideas were passing in review through the wearied and troubled brain of Carol Richmond, the object of her thoughts, poor Roger Darrel, was pacing his library like a caged animal, growling now and then and showing every evidence of distress and despair.

Try as he would, he found it impossible to think of Carol without allowing his mind to dwell on love, and he was nearly frantic with the continued fight he had gone through.

He had promised to be a friend to the girl he loved, and though this was easy to say yet when it came to attempting it he found he had before him the most difficult task of his life.

The detective gained in strength so rapidly that in a few days more he hoped to leave those who had stood so nobly by him, and start upon his trail of vengeance.

Though Roger Darrel had not yet made his appearance since the time of his separation from Carol, the widow knew he would soon come, and hence she was continually on the lookout for him. She had promised her child not to say anything to him, leaving the whole matter to her.

He came at last. The day was a lovely one, with the birds singing among the trees, and all nature looked beautiful.

Up the forest aisle came Roger, heading straight for the old mill. His face was pale and set, as though he had conquered in his battle, and yet none knew better than he how weak human nature was when the hour of temptation came.

The little lady saw him coming, and while she spoke to him pleasantly her eyes were watching his face. She saw the traces of anguish there, such as never rested upon the countenance of guilt, and when he had gone to seek Carol, after her directions, she gave utterance to her thoughts aloud:

"If that is the face of guilt, then my judgment of character is at fault. Place Roger Darrel before me and I should have declared him the most honorable of men, noble and generous. Yet how the man belies his looks. If all is true, then a greater villain never went unhung. My Heaven give my dear girl the strength to do what is right, no matter what the pain may be."

She had no idea of what was in store for her while thus thinking of her child, and yet a crisis in her own affairs was rapidly approaching.

Although she could not comprehend in full what the temptation would be, yet she knew Carol must suffer, and her heart went out to her poor child, upon whom Heaven had apparently frowned so early. Had it been possible, she would have liked so much to have been with Carol during this trial, but the girl would not hear of it, and the little lady's heart told her also that it was best not so.

In the midst of her thoughts the lady was startled by a loud, authoritative rap upon the door and, somewhat confused, she hastily answered the summons.

When she opened the door she uttered a low, almost inaudible cry, and would have fallen but for the support her hold afforded her.

The curtain of fifteen years had been swept aside by the hand of fate, and those two who had loved and parted in the past were now brought together over the grave of their only child's hopes.

Face to face stood Lawrence Richmond and the wife whom he had not once seen since that bitter parting.

CHAPTER XV.

Something within seemed to tell Carol that the meeting she had looked forward to with such aversion, and yet at the same time a strange eagerness, as though anxious to have it over with, was about to take place that day.

When she left the mill she wended her way slowly through the forest to a favorite spot of hers, and, reaching it, sat down at the base of a huge elm tree. It was the summit of quite an elevation and the view on either hand was perfectly grand, embracing, as it did, so many vistas where openings occurred through which the eye ranged far away to the river, and to a still greater elevation.

Alone with her thoughts she was accustomed to seeking this spot, and it seemed as if her very surroundings gave her comfort, yet nothing could ease the terrible pain that tugged at her heart-strings.

She held a book in her hand, but it did not occupy her attention, for her gaze was far away, and her mind evidently upon the one subject nearest her heart.

Thus she sat when the eager eyes of an approaching man fell upon her, and the spectacle brought him to a sudden pause.

There was that in her attitude that brought most vividly to his mind their first meeting, when she sat by the brook, watching the gambols of the little dog, and as he gazed Roger stifled a groan of despair.

When she knew that it was Roger who was drawing near, Carol's face whitened until it resembled the driven snow, while her pearly teeth seemed to penetrate the scarlet lips, and from her eyes there gleamed a strong light, such as may be seen in the orbs of a poor hunted deer, brought to bay and turning upon his hunters.

When Roger had come close to her she turned her face and looked at him. He could not help giving an exclamation.

"Good heaven! Carol, what is the matter with you? Your face is like death, and your eyes shine as with a fever. There is that upon your features that reproaches me, aye, stabs to the heart. For heaven's sake tell me what you intend to say, for something warns me the worst has not yet come. Are we not to be friends, Carol?"

Then she laughed—such a hollow mockery of a laugh. It was no more like the ringing merriment of old than she was like the artless girl whom Roger had met that fateful day.

"You come here and ask me that—you, of all men on earth? Does not your heart reproach you, the heart to which human misery appealed in vain? You tell me I look like death. Well, my heart is dead, and to you belongs the blame. I live, and yet do not live; I breathe the fresh, pure air of heaven, but there is nothing fair in my sight now. A blight rests upon all the earth. When the eye is distorted all objects upon which it falls assume the same phase. So it is with me. Need I say more, sir?"

He stood there, stricken dumb with amazement, aye, with horror. What a terrible crime he must have been guilty of in her sight to call out this from the lips that had never spoken a cross word before. It began to anger him. He had suffered as man could hardly suffer twice in a lifetime, and he counted it as naught. Finally he found his voice, and, in spite of his efforts, it trembled like a tightly strung cord.

"Carol, we stand here face to face. The past, with all its joys and sorrows, lies behind us, the future before, but we live only in the present. Since last we met you have changed wonderfully. Tell me why it is you look with aversion where once you loved."

Something in his voice aroused all the impetuosity of her nature. For the time she forgot how she had loved, did love even then, deep down in her heart, this man who stood before her with bared head, his arms folded across his chest, and his frank eyes fastened upon her. She only remembered how he had deceived her, and that beneath this proud exterior must beat a heart blacker than sin.

"Where once I loved; you have said it, Roger Darrel. May heaven forgive you for deceiving me as you did," she cried.

"I deceive you, Carol?" he echoed. "Those were my words, sir. I will put them stronger if you wish—basely deceived me. On the very night after you saved me from that wicked wedding, Nora Warner was dragged away by the minions of that wretch of a mad-house doctor, dragged off to misery and racking pain, and by your orders. Do not attempt to deny it, sir, for I can see the assumed look of innocent surprise on your face. You brought her to a living death, you ruined the life of the gypsy girl, Barbara Merriles, and then, with your face and sweet words, you tried to lure me to destruction."

"What?" The word burst from him like a pistol shot. As if by magic the cloud was lifted, and he saw into what a terrible mistake the young girl had fallen. His eyes were opened to the truth, but it only served to make his blood flow more rapidly with indignation and anger.

"For whom do you take me?" he asked coldly.

"You yourself declared that you were Roger Darrel, and Roger Darrel is the man who sent his wife to the asylum to be made mad. Surely the curse of heaven must follow that man forever; surely the cries of his victims must ascend on high and reach the great white throne. For myself, I forgive you freely, because I love—have loved you in the past, but in the name of those whom you have wronged in the past I could almost ask heaven to crush you, broken-hearted as I am."

"Save your pardon for those who ask it, Miss Richmond. As for me, I do not seek it. Looking back upon my past life, I do not see an event for which I may have occasion to blush. As for these things of which you accuse me, the day will come when you will realize what a terrible mistake you have made, and you will cry out to heaven to cover your head. I am a proud man, and from no other lips than yours would I hear such words. You have now gone too far. Some day shortly I will seek you to show you the proofs of my innocence; seek you to prove all that I ever claimed to be; seek you to show that it was the taint on my family name I feared, not because I had ever done aught that could bring disgrace upon myself or the one I loved, and having done this, I will throw your love from me like a tattered glove, for it was false—false."

She uttered a low, piteous cry and held out her hands for him to stop, but he went on mercilessly, for she had roused the lion.

"Once you told me your love was as

durable as the rocks of the cliff; that through good and evil report you would trust in me until my lips sounded your death blow. How has it come out? At the first breath of suspicion, your love shudders and shrivels up, turning to loathing. If that is your priceless love, then heaven help the next man upon whom you bestow it. I am going, Miss Richmond. What! are you still dumb? We shall meet once more, and when you see me as the man I am, and not in the guise of a villain who chances to belong to my family and wears my name, then perhaps you will deign to offer me your forgiveness."

With these last bitter words, he wheeled. One flash from his eyes and he had gone—gone from her in hot anger; gone to collect the proof that was to overwhelm her, while she sat there, and bowing her head, wept bitter tears, for the spell was again upon her, and she would have believed him innocent of those awful sins even should the whole world accuse him.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the Potomac! "The princely home" provided for his mad wife by Captain Grant—otherwise the insane asylum of Dr. Grim, stood upon the left bank of the river, and close to the descent by which the water could be reached.

It was not a picturesque building. There was a something dark and forbidding about its exterior that seemed to speak in thunder tones of the secrets it contained. A gloomy pile of masonry, with small iron-barred windows, and surrounded by a high wall—there it stood, a curse upon the face of nature.

In one of the little cell-like rooms was Nora Warner. They had brought her back senseless, and when she awoke to life once more it was to find herself within the confines of the hated asylum where she had already spent so many months of weary agony.

Up to this time Doctor Grim had not been very particular about inflicting any of the tortures of the place upon her, for his orders had principally been to hold her a prisoner. If she went insane, overcome by the horrors that surrounded her, well and good—in fact, so much the better—but so long as he received his pay and the Captain was satisfied, the Doctor did not waste his time in dealing severely with Nora Warner when he had his hands full at any rate.

Every now and then new patients arrived at the asylum, which was always full, and it might be noticed that just preceding each new arrival, a corpse was carried out of the back door. There was nothing secret about this matter of burial, and the people living in the vicinity had little idea of the hotbed of iniquity they were fostering in their midst.

It seems they had not given Nora Warner credit for the sagacity she possessed. She had escaped from the house and fate had assisted to throw them off their guard by sending the poor girl with whom Nora had exchanged her shawl and hat, to her death in the river.

The Doctor was enraged when he returned home, though he did not show it. Indeed, the more furious his anger as a general rule, the more smiling became his face, but there was death in that smile.

He realized that by the escape of Nora Warner his institution had been placed in very great danger, for had she gone to the proper authorities they would have adjudged her perfectly sane and then believed her story, which would have meant ruin, financially, to him. He trembled with fear and anger whenever he thought of the narrow escape he had had, and inwardly swore that it should never occur again.

Nora Warner was the first sane person to escape from the walls of his domain, and she should be the last. Before a month went by he would cause her to lose her reason, and then if she should manage to get out, her talk would be an incoherent jumble of nonsense.

From the glowing description of the mad-house doctor of the "princely home" he provided for his poor patients, one could imagine much that was pleasant, from padded cells to elegant furniture and Brussels carpet.

The cell of Nora Warner was a fair sample of those in the institution, with the exception of a few comfortable ones that were occupied by those whose relatives really cared for them, and who had not suspected what a den they were sending the poor unfortunates to.

With the exception of a small iron cot, fastened to the floor, and a chair, secured in the same way, the cell was entirely destitute of furniture. The walls were damp and cold, and from the barred window one could look down into the grounds of the asylum.

Beyond the great stone wall the prisoner could see the waters of the Potomac glistening in the afternoon sun, as she stood there one day, her white hands crossed, and a strange look upon her face.

(To be continued.)

A Weak Defense.

Mrs. Newed—I baked some bread this morning and placed it in the window to cool and a man snatched up a loaf of it and started to run away, but a policeman caught him.

Newed—Was he taken to jail?

Mrs. Newed—No. The poor fellow said he was starving, so I gave him the bread and told the policeman to let him go.

Newed—You have been imposed upon, my dear. That man wasn't starving.

Mrs. Newed—How do you know?

Newed—Because a starving man would never have the strength to run away with a loaf of your bread.

Double.

"What's the matter with Jones?" "Why?" "He goes along as abstractedly as though he were drunk and were seeing double." "He is. They have twins at his home."

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

Greek Palace Discovered.

In the course of the exploration work now proceeding in Bocotia, on the site of Orchomenos, at one time a small Greek state, which was destroyed by the Thebans in 367 B. C., a fine royal palace has just been discovered. A number of frescoes adorn the walls of the state rooms.

The Baby Humorist.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on poor infants."—Baltimore American.

BOW'S TRIST

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, W. L. KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Safe Side.

"You'll be sorry some day that you didn't get married if you don't."

"Well, I'd rather not be married and be sorry I wasn't than to be married and be sorry I was."—San Francisco Wasp.

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

As It Is Today.

Famous Patient—Doctor, please give me my medicine now.

Doctor—Pardon me. I'm simply the doctor in charge of issuing bulletins; the other doctor will be here presently.

Chinese Business Methods.

In China, to encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

Growth of Hair.

Like most vegetation, the hair grows better in light than in darkness because of the stimulating effect of light and sunshine. It has often been noticed in the case of men who sit in offices with one side always turned toward the light that the mustache or beard of that side grows longer than on the other.

RHEUMATISM

NOT A SKIN DISEASE.

It is natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when rheumatic pains are shooting through the joints and muscles and they are inflamed and sore, the sufferer is apt to turn to liniments and plasters for relief; and while such treatment may quiet the pain temporarily, no amount of rubbing or blistering can cure Rheumatism, because it is not a skin disease, but is in the blood and all through the system, and every time you are exposed to the same conditions that caused the first attack, you are going to have another, and Rheumatism will last just as long as the poison is in the blood, no matter what you apply externally. Too much acid in the blood is one cause of Rheumatism; stomach troubles, bad digestion, weak kidneys and torpid liver are other causes which bring on this painful disease, because the blood becomes tainted with the poisonous matter which these organs fail to carry out of the system. Certain secret diseases will produce Rheumatism, and of all forms this is the most stubborn and severe, for it seems to affect every bone and muscle in the body. The blood is the medium by which the poisons and acids are carried through the system, and it doesn't matter what kind of Rheumatism you have, it must be treated through the blood, or you can never get permanently rid of it. As a cure for rheumatic troubles S. S. S. has never been equalled. It doesn't inflame the stomach and ruin the digestion like Potash, Alkalies and other strong drugs,

but tones up the general health, gently stimulates the sluggish organs, and at the same time antidotes and filters out of the blood all poisonous acids and effete matter of every kind; and when S. S. S. has restored the blood to its natural condition, the painful, feverish joints and the sore and tender muscles are immediately relieved. Our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to those desiring it. Our physicians will cheerfully answer all letters asking for special information or advice, for which no charge is made.

UNABLE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT.
Sidney, Ohio, August 26, 1903.
A few months ago I was feeling weak and run down and unable to get sleep at night. I felt extremely bad, and also had rheumatic pains in my joints and muscles. The medicine I used gave me only temporary relief at best; so seeing S. S. S. highly recommended for such troubles, I began its use, and after taking it for some time was well pleased with the result. It did away with the rheumatic pains, gave me refreshing sleep and built up my general system, giving me strength and energy. It is a good medicine, without a doubt, and I take pleasure in endorsing it.
R. F. D. No. 1. S. S. BOUGHTON.

SSS

Our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to those desiring it. Our physicians will cheerfully answer all letters asking for special information or advice, for which no charge is made.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Coleridge.

Coleridge found solace for his troubles in the forgetfulness induced by opium, and when under its influence would sit for hours threading dreamy mazes of his own mind.

Our Windiest Spot.

Although the Pacific ocean is comparatively free of storms—hence name—Point Reyes, Cal., is the windiest place in the United States.

Fly Six Hundred Miles.

The pigeon's capacity for flight is marvelous. Many have flown from Nantes to Lancashire, 440 miles, in day, and the winner of a race from Shetlands to London, over 600 miles made the journey in 16 hours at average speed of 37 miles an hour.

An Ancient Work on Angling.

The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the "Halieutica" of Oppian, a Greek poet who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to ancients. We also learn from Athenaeus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.

The Prickly Pear.

The prickly pear of Africa is so tenacious of life that a leaf or even a small portion of a leaf if thrown on the ground strikes out roots almost immediately and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

Divorce Laws and Divorces.

The country with perhaps the most lenient divorce laws in the world is Sweden, and there the divorce rate is lower than in the Netherlands, which after England, has the strictest laws in the world.

In Society.

Tess—Miss Nuritch talks so much about her mother's social position before she was married.

Jess—Well?

Tess—Did she really have any position in society?

Jess—Oh, lots of them. She never accepted a place as cook except in very swell families.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Curious Irish Marriage Custom.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in Donegal county, Ireland, and in the Scotch districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

Boiled Fish Alive.

It is seldom that one sees a boiled fish alive, yet there are such in the boiling lake of Amatitlan, Guatemala. A species of fish was lately seen there by a French traveler. These fish, he asserts, often pass days in the boiling water, which comes from numberless hot springs.