

# FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jolotta's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lettie, the Sewing Girl," "Goldmaker of Lisbon," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "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 Chase 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 trilling show of interest, while the woman went to prepare a room.

Somewhat 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, but 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

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 strained, 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 ablaze 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 dear Carol, what relation does this man bear to you?" and she tore down the hidden picture, holding it in front of Carol's face.

"Is—he—is—my—father?"

(To be continued.)

**Lucky Naval Officer.**

Lieutenant Commander A. B. WHITE, 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.

**THE HOUSEHOLD**

To Roll Mutton.

Boiled mutton is not a poetical dish, but it is a good standby for the family dinner. It appears much oftener on the English tables than on American. The leg on boiling should be quite fresh. Wipe, remove all the fat and put into a kettle of well-salted boiling water. As it begins to boil, skim frequently, then set back on the range and simmer slowly, allowing twenty minutes to each pound of meat. A little rice is frequently boiled with the mutton. Serve with a thick caper sauce poured over the mutton and currant jelly. The caper sauce is merely a drawn-butter sauce, made by combining a scant half-cup of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan, adding when bubbly one pint of the hot water in which the mutton was boiled, seasoning to taste, and adding at the least six tablespoonfuls of capers or pickled nasturtium seeds.

**English Ginger Snaps.**

Fourteen ounces of white sugar, eight ounces of butter, eight eggs, one teacupful of milk, two ounces of ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one and a half pound of flour. Mix up in the usual way for cookies. Sift sugar over before cutting out the cakes. It is generally best to make the dough for all kinds of cookies and sugar cakes as soft as it can possibly be rolled out. Different persons make very different cakes of these sorts from the same recipe, and the common fault is too much flour in the dough. The baking powder, too, is responsible for some of the changes. With too much powder the cakes run into each other and lose the good round shape they ought to have.

**Corn Chowder.**

Chop fine one-quarter of a pound of fat salt pork, put into a deep kettle with two large white onions, chopped fine, and cook for ten minutes without browning. Add one pine of raw potatoes cut into half-inch dice and sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook for ten minutes, add one pint of corn cut off scraped from the ear, salt and pepper to taste and simmer for fifteen minutes longer. Have ready one pint of milk made into a thin sauce with one tablespoonful of butter and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour. Add to the chowder with more seasoning if necessary and boil up twice.

**Potato Salad.**

One of the best methods of serving cold potatoes is to make them into salad. Cut them in any convenient form, add one small onion finely chopped and a little celery. Mix thoroughly with a dressing made as follows: Break into a bowl the yolks of three eggs, add a pinch of red pepper, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, and beat hard. Add of best oil, beating constantly, enough to make the dressing as thick as cake batter, alternating occasionally with a few drops of sharp vinegar. Finish by adding one cupful of thick cream—sweet or sour.

**Stuffed Mushrooms.**

Chop one shallot, saute in half a tablespoonful of butter. Remove the insides of mushrooms, chop with half the stalks and add to the shallot; add a little good broth. (Steep the remaining stalks in one-third cup of water for mushroom broth or gravy.) Cook for one-half hour, then season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add chopped parsley, butter, yolks of two eggs, fresh crumbs and a little lemon juice. Fill the mushrooms, place in a pan well buttered. Bake thirty minutes. Moisten with the gravy. Garnish with parsley.

**Lemon Pie.**

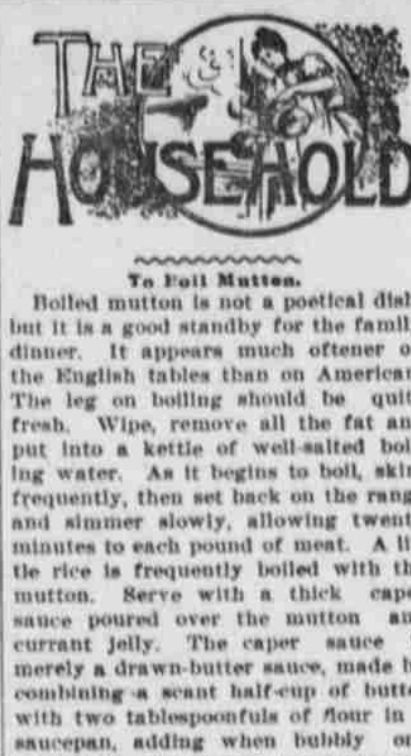
Two lemons; bake them a short time, then squeeze and strain the juice; boil the rind in half a pint of water, then pour the water in the following mixture: Two cups of sugar, half cupful sweet milk, one tablespoonful corn starch, one of butter, yolks of six eggs. Bake it in paste; then beat the whites with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and pour over the pie; brown slightly. This quantity makes two pies.

**Sauce Hollandaise.**

Into a cupful of drawn butter beat the yolk of an egg, then a large teaspoonful of salad oil, dropping this in gradually as you would for mayonnaise. Add, then, the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of pepper, one of salt, the same of sugar and serve at once.

**Tomato Sauce.**

Brown a sliced onion in a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir in two sprigs of parsley, one bay leaf, a half-can of tomatoes, a little cayenne, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Boil rapidly, thicken slightly and strain.



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