Brave and Brainy.

"The man I marry must be both brave and brainy."

"When we were out sailing and upset I saved you from a watery grave."

"That was brave, I admit, but it was not brainy."

"Yes, it was. I upset the boat on purpose."

And Not Over Here.

"I think you must be mistaken, sir," the old man chipped in.

"What about?" demanded his neighbor in the crowd.

"Didn't I just hear you remark you were glad the war in Bulgaria was over?"

"Not exactly, I said I was glad it was over in Bulgaria."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Won His Esteem.

Theodore—Dooced pretty girl, Miss Daysey is.

Arthur—Dooced pretty.

Theodore—And she has such a nice way with her, don't you know. So encouraging, don't you know. I told her I was afraid I was going to have brain fever, and she said it was impossible. That encouraged me, don't you know, and I didn't have any fever.—Boston Transcript.

Most Probably an American.

A woman went into a chemist's in London recently and asked for some article which is generally to be procured at a shop of this kind.

The man of mixtures, replying to the woman's inquiries, said: "Madam, I do not possess what you require. I am a chemist pure and simple."

"I don't know anything about your purity; but there's no doubt about your simplicity," replied the disappointed woman as she retired from the counter.

So Nice and Sympathetic.

A gentleman whose one glass eye has served him for years had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired. "She has a first class reputation for making eyes."—Punch.

An Excess of Nerve.

"I like to see a young man energetic and able to push himself," said the old banker sadly "But when he borrowed the money from me to buy an automobile in which to elope with my daughter it was carrying things a little too far."

Tested.

Cora—Are you sure you will be able to support me, dear?

Merritt—Why, yes. It's cheaper to be married than engaged.—Exchange.

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

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

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

It was about midnight, and the moon in the east was strong enough to show all the paths through the forest.

It was at this time that the strange and wonderful scene was occurring in front of the old mill, and during which Nora Warner fell into the power of her old-time foe, the man most hateful to her on earth—the mad-house doctor.

As he left the house the Captain cast several glances over his shoulder in order to make sure that he was not followed. The very fact of his doing this would seem to indicate that he was bound upon some errand that would not bear inspection.

Once among the trees he made his way rapidly to a point where the shadows lay densest, and there upon the ground lay the form of a man, silent and motionless. It was the mysterious foreigner.

The Captain had proven too much for even the keen detective, and his manner of convincing the man-hunter of the mistake he had made had been a forcible one. In the struggle, and before Captain Grant had struck a favorable spot with his knife, the detective, whom he held under his knee, having knocked him flat with a sudden and terrible blow, caught two of the fingers of his gloved hand between his teeth, and almost bit them off at a point below the end joint.

The murdered man lay just where he had fallen, and realizing this, the Captain vanished among the trees, returning in less than ten minutes, leading a horse already equipped, which he had secreted in the forest to have ready in case of an emergency, for he was one of those men who always make sure of a way to retreat before proceeding any depth into their schemes.

Presently he was mounted upon the horse with the body of the foreign detective in front of him, and held in such a manner that it looked like a comrade asleep, with his head hanging upon his breast.

He kept in the densest portion of the forest, for he did not care to be seen by any one, though the chances of such an event at this hour would have been poor enough even upon the public highway, for the negroes were of too superstitious a nature to think of wandering about the country when ghosts and goblins were supposed to be abroad.

Because of his taking such a roundabout way, instead of going direct, he was a much longer time in reaching the old mill than Roger had been when carrying Carol there, earlier in the night.

Strange how his mind should have also turned to this quarter as a place of hiding. Surely there must have been something more than chance in it all.

When he found himself in the immediate neighborhood of the haunted mill, Captain Grant brought his horse to a sudden halt, and placed his dead charge upon the ground. Then, securing his horse, he raised the limp form of the murdered detective in his arms, and, by the exertion of tremendous strength, bore it on.

He disappeared inside the old mill. There was a large chimney at one side of the mill, and, for some purpose or other, a hole had been made in this, the bricks lying upon the floor close by.

It required a herculean strength to raise the dead detective to this opening, but as he was not a man of over a hundred and thirty pounds in weight, the Captain succeeded in accomplishing it. As he let go his hold he heard the body fall with a thump to the floor. Then all was quiet.

He made no change, not even touching one of the bricks upon the floor, for though it had at first been his intention to brick up the orifice in the chimney, upon second thought he realized it was wiser to leave things just as they were, for fear of exciting suspicions.

As he turned to leave he either saw, or fancied he did, the head of a man outlined in one of the windows against the light background.

The idea gave him such a start that he fell over a piece of old machinery that lay rusting upon the floor. This was the racket that had reached the ears of Carol and the widow.

As soon as he could recover he fled hastily from the mill, turning once to look back, and then plunging in among the trees like a hunted stag.

Had there been a witness to the horrid burial? He shuddered at the thought, but found it impossible to decide whether it had been real or a specter of his imagination.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was twilight.

The trees were moaning a requiem for departed day, and the last tinge of red was dying out of the western sky, when Carol suddenly sat up straight, and her heart seemed to stand still as she heard heavy footfalls outside.

An interval of silence ensued, and then there came a rap, loud and clear, upon the door of the haunted mill. Carol held her breath.

She could not imagine anyone else coming at that hour than Roger, and such had been the intensity of her recent thoughts and feelings toward him that it seemed to her she could not, dared not, meet him face to face, at least until she had time to recover her self-possession. So she remained back while her mother went to the door.

To her astonishment it was a strange voice that fell upon her ear—a voice that was full of eagerness and trembling.

"I have to beg your pardon for this late visit, madam, but I am looking for a friend of mine, and her continued absence has worried me more than I can tell you. Have you seen Nora Warner?"

Carol started, for she realized that this person, whoever he might be, was about to receive a shock. Evidently he was quite unaware of the terrible fate that had overtaken the poor girl, and that she was by that time, if still alive, confined within the walls of the mad house that had before been her prison.

Her mother retained her self-possession, though she knew full well there was a blow in store for this gentleman, whoever he might be.

"Step in, sir, and be seated. Do not refuse, for I have that to tell you that will strike a blow at your heart, perhaps, though I know not what relation you bear to Nora Warner," she said.

"Do not keep me in suspense, madam. Nora Warner was very dear to me. In heaven's name tell me what has happened to the poor girl," he pleaded.

"You knew something of her former history, I presume?" inquired the lady.

She had a double object in view, the idea of finding out what he knew and whether the story of Nora Warner, as told to Carol, were true.

"There is nothing of her past that I do not know, madam, and if she has come to grief I am well aware of the source. Let a hair of her head be injured and her villainous husband, Roger Darrel, must settle with me. Delay no longer, I pray you, for every second is torture to me."

There was something frank in the young man's voice and way of speaking, that went straight to the little lady's heart, and she knew that he was honest and manly, hence she sympathized with him in his sorrow.

"I see you are her friend, sir, and as such I shall confide the facts to you. Nora Warner has again fallen into the hands of those demons from whom she once before escaped. The mad-house doctor has been here."

"Is it possible?"

There was a gritting of the strong teeth, and even in the candle light she could see that the man's face paled with the comprehensive knowledge of what this meant.

She then went on to tell all that had occurred, and he heard the news with the aspect of a man who suffered and yet made no sound.

"Curses on his head!" he muttered, fiercely, when she was done, "he is the worst demon on earth, and the time will come when retribution will fall upon him, and it shall be my hand that deals the blow. If he has dared to harm a hair of her head I shall torture the life out of him."

When he became calm he made inquiries, for it seemed that Nora had only told him the circumstances of her past without certain particulars, and he was glad to be shown the torn card which the doctor had left behind him, and which Carol had thoughtfully picked up from the place where she had thrown it on the previous night.

Of course this young man was the same whom we saw in the company of Nora Warner at the time when she fought her memorable duel with Captain Grant, the "Jack" whom the duellist thought he had seen before and yet could not place.

While they talked Carol had joined them and her presence was acknowledged by the young man with a polite bow. He was unable to say what had been Nora's mission in seeking the young girl again, but all he knew was that the poor deceived wife had discovered something of the utmost importance which must be communicated to Carol without delay if she would save her from years of intense suffering. This was what she had been trying her best to tell when the brutal keeper choked her further utterance.

The widow had not dared to tell Jack the full particulars of that terrible scene, for she saw that he was of an excitable temperament, and also that he loved Nora Warner, and she feared the result. It was enough for him to know that she was again in the power of those villains, and as he seemed to possess Nora's entire confidence it might be readily supposed that she had some time in the past given him to understand what manner of man the doctor was.

While they were yet talking, something very like a muffled shriek reached their ears and caused them all to spring up.

"What was that?" asked each in wonder.

"They say this place is haunted because of singular noises heard here at times, but I found they originated in a very commonplace manner, for the loft above this mill was occupied by a troop of wild cats and during the night they were wont to indulge in a melee that to superstitious ears sounded like the shrieks of deadly foes, and their falls from rafters that ended each combat was to them a repetition of the old murder that took place here. I remedied all that by shutting up the holes in the window by means of which they gained ingress, and ever since that time I have never been bothered by any unearthly sound. Whatever it was we heard just now, it came from the interior of the mill, and will bear investigation; so, if you would do us a favor, sir, the time is at hand."

Jack was perfectly willing, and the three immediately entered the main portion of the mill by means of a door in the back of the widow's humble kitchen. They had lighted a lamp in place of the dim candle, and were thus enabled to look around them in all directions.

When they stood within the mill proper the young man looked around him. He saw but little of interest. The old saw was there, but rusted so that it was almost in pieces, and there were gaping holes in the roof through which both rain and sunshine came at intervals, according to the time.

While they stood thus there came to run through their

Again it sounded on their ears. This time Jack's face brightened, for he saw the hole in the great chimney, and striding up to it he cried into the orifice:

"Hello! where are you?"

The answer came immediately, and yet was so muffled that they could hardly distinguish it.

"In the chimney. For heaven's sake get me out quick; I believe I am dying!"

There was but one way to accomplish this; Jack realized the fact at once. He handed the lamp to the little widow and replaced his revolver, feeling that he would have no occasion to use it, at least for the present.

Then he commenced enlarging the orifice by tearing down the bricks, always working downward. Sometimes he had difficult work, but in the end he succeeded in his task, and the result was that at the end of ten or fifteen minutes he had cleared the way to within a foot or so of the ground.

Then stepping in, he bent down and raised the form of the foreign detective in his stout arms. When he had laid him on the floor of the mill, he bent over to examine the man's ghastly wounds.

"Who did this foul deed?" he asked in horror.

The man whispered in reply, for he was weak and almost dying. Jack uttered a smothered curse and, gaining his feet, cried in a voice that froze Carol with horror:

"Some more of that demon's work. May the curse of heaven blight him and his forever. He is one of Satan's fiends and when we meet I shall send him to the master he serves. Witness the oath!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The words of the young man came very near killing Carol Richmond, for of course she thought all along he had reference to the Roger Darrel she knew and loved, and to think of him as a murderer in addition to his other sins would have been enough to have entirely crushed her.

At the time she did not remember that her mother and herself had seen Captain Grant, or some one closely resembling him, leave the mill on the previous night some time between the hour when Nora Warner was carried off by her jailers and daybreak.

All she could think of was this one fact, that besides being guilty of all those other misdeeds, her Roger was not only a murderer at heart, but was in a fair way to become one in fact, for the unfortunate man upon the mill floor looked as though he were dying. Her heart was now steeled against Roger, and at their next meeting she must let him know that he could not even call her friend.

While Carol was thus thinking upon the matter, and deciding as to her future plans, Jack was examining the wounds of the detective.

"My man," said he finally, "you shall live—aye, live for vengeance on the fiend whose hand struck those cowardly blows."

The face of the detective lighted up and a fierce gleam came into his eyes, for he would ask nothing better on earth than this.

Gently raising him, Jack carried the poor man into the habitable part of the building and laid him upon the blankets prepared for him by the widow. Then he proceeded to dress the wounds, and the skill he exercised in this proved him to be a young physician of more than ordinary talents.

He had a case of remedies with him and before leaving the old mill on his search for lost Nora he left the medicines to be used in the hands of Carol's mother.

The detective possessed a magnificent constitution and his wounds were not fatal, so that he was in a fair way for speedy recovery, being in excellent hands. Besides that, the burning desire for revenge upon the man who had dealt him such a cowardly blow was enough of an incentive to keep him alive, for it brought his will into play.

The widow was his attendant, for Carol could not stay in the house, such was the tumult of her thoughts in regard to Roger. But for the fact that Jack, for prudential reasons, had talked of all other subjects before his departure save the one they were interested in, they might have learned that which would have fallen like a bomb between them.

The detective was more communicative, for his heart warmed to the widow as the one to whom he owed his life. He was a Russian by adoption, but in reality was a born Englishman, which accounted for his speaking the language so properly.

While he entertained the little lady with long stories of the American adventurer's doings in Russia, and how, falling under the ban, it was discovered that he was a plotter against the life of the Czar, the fact never leaked out that each of them had in mind a far different personage.

Thus the terrible mistake was allowed to become deeper, and the characters in our story drifted along as the stern decree of fate willed.

(To be continued.)

A Rural Opinion.

"Trouble 'bout these here poets," said the Georgia farmer, "they none of 'em make good farm hands."

"Ever tried 'em?"

"Of course. They're dead set agin' plowin' an' they won't beat an' swear at a mule for fear he's got a soul!"

"That's strange!"

"No, it ain't. 'Twixt you an' me an' the gatepost, it's downright, inherited laziness!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fire Escapes French Invention.

Fire escapes were first made in Paris in 1761.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is eighty, and a pretty good figure of a man even yet. When you meet him, never refer to him as "a clergyman"; he prefers to be called "a Christian minister."

A fool's mouth is always open for engagements.

Preaching and Practice.

Spellbinder—Yes, my friends, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Be on your guard. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Voice (from the audience)—Then you must take us for gol darn fools! You have been talking for an hour and a half.

In Worldly Goods.

"It isn't every man that knows when he is well off.'

"No; but lots of us know that we are not."—Brooklyn Life.