

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

At last came the eventful day, and Dame Nature could never have made a more glorious one, for the sun shone from a cloudless sky, cool, delicious breezes blew, and everything looked bright and beautiful.

When Carol assumed her bridal robes she looked too sweet and sad for mortal eyes, and even the heart of the fierce old man throbbled with a half-pity when she directed a look at him, as if in mute entreaty.

He had hoped against hope, and now only anger and despair reigned in his heart. There was no chance of rescue left now, it seemed to him, and the sacrifice must go on, though it cut him to the heart to see his darling child wedded to such a desperate villain as he knew the Captain to be.

From an open window a pair of keen eyes watched all that was transpiring. Though many years had passed away since he had set eyes on the interior of the Terrace, Roger did not seem to forget certain things about the mansion with which he had been familiar at that time, and from among the vines outside a little balcony he could observe without being himself seen. Not twenty yards away the swiftest horse in all the surrounding country was in waiting, hidden by the trees.

Roger Darrel's was not the only form that crouched at a window and looked on, for a man dressed in black, and with a certain foreign air about him, was at one of those openings upon the piazza, and his eyes were glued upon Captain Grant with a cold gleam in them, while from his mustached lips fell the words: "At last I have run him down!"

The ceremony commenced. It was destined never to go through, and yet not through this mysterious foreigner who appeared to have such an attachment for the soldier duelist came any interruption. From the easy attitude he had assumed, it was easy to see that he intended watching it through.

"One wife more cannot hurt the rogue, for he has already had at least ten, so far as my knowledge of him goes. As for the girl, she loves him not, and it will only please her to learn that she is not his wife. The Count plays his cards well, but that branded hand and the black glove has betrayed him."

In the midst of the ceremony, however, quite an unlooked-for event occurred. Both at Richmond Terrace and Darrel Chase there were machines for manufacturing gas, such as is the general custom among the wealthy planters of the Southern States, and the whole supply was furnished by a single pipe.

While the minister was just propounding to Carol the solemn question as to whether she would "take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband" sudden and complete darkness came upon the whole house, every gas jet being extinguished on the instant.

The effect can be imagined. Consternation filled the mind of almost every one, and the few guests present were alarmed, not knowing what was about to happen.

Captain Grant did not realize whether this was an accident or part of a devious plan to rob him of his intended bride, so, in order to be ready for emergencies, he threw one arm around her. At almost the same instant, however, Carol was jerked from his encircling arm, and he received a blow on the head that staggered him. He made a clutch, but his arm only clasped the empty air. Whether the young girl had gone he could not guess.

A light was struck, and upon being applied to the gas the rooms were once more illuminated. Then the truth became apparent.

Carol was missing. Whether she had gone, or who had carried her away, not a soul in that room could say. Perhaps Lawrence Richmond could give a shrewd guess, and, as something like the truth came through his mind, he could not help the faint, grim smile that crept over his countenance. It caught the eye of Captain Grant, and in another instant he was at the man's side, his hand clutching his arm.

"You have sealed your doom by this act, Lawrence Richmond," he hissed, savagely.

CHAPTER VII.

The Captain's face was as black as a thundercloud when he grated those words out between his teeth, and well might he be enraged, believing, as he did, that this was some of the treacherous work of the man whom he held in his power.

"You have played me false, Richmond, deny it if you dare," he hissed. "Hark, even now I can hear your accomplice riding off, and doubtless carrying your daughter with him—a second Lochinvar. Highly romantic, no doubt, but you shall suffer for it, even if it should be the last act of my life. A brave foe I can honor, but a traitor I despise, and would risk life to give him the punishment he deserves."

"Listen to me!" cried the old man, now fully alarmed for his safety, as he saw that the mad soldier-adventurer was in a fit state to do any rash act, "although I would have saved my daughter if it had not been the remotest suspicion of such a thing occurring; but now I see through it all plainly. Do you know who has carried away your bride, Captain Grant? The young master of Darrel Chase has been here!"

"Roger Darrel here?" snarled the Captain.

His coolness, which had always seemed a part of his nature, had apparently deserted him at this juncture, leaving him the embodiment of savage rage. The idea advanced by the old man might have gained more headway but that in again searching the face of Lawrence Richmond with his keen eyes, he detected a gleam in the other's orbs which it seemed to him was induced by triumph.

That settled it. All he might say would go for naught, and Lawrence Richmond saw from the flash upon the other's face that he was doomed. The soldier clutched him, and his face, purple with passion, looked more like the possession of a fiend than a human being.

"You have played me false, and now I

shall bring ruin upon you. I told you it was a dangerous game playing with fire, and it seems you would not heed it. The consequences be upon your own head. Do you hear me, traitor?"

His hand had caught the old man's throat, and in his fury of madness he would in all probability have choked Lawrence Richmond, for the few guests present were so filled with horror that they could move neither hand nor limb; but at this juncture the form of the mysterious foreigner darted across the floor. One hand fell upon the shoulder of the crazed soldier.

"Just in time to prevent the charge of murder from being added to the list of crimes of which you stand accused, my dear Count."

The Captain did not relax his grip upon the old man, but, as the voice of the stranger reached his ears, it was observed that he not simply shivered, but shuddered like a man with the ague.

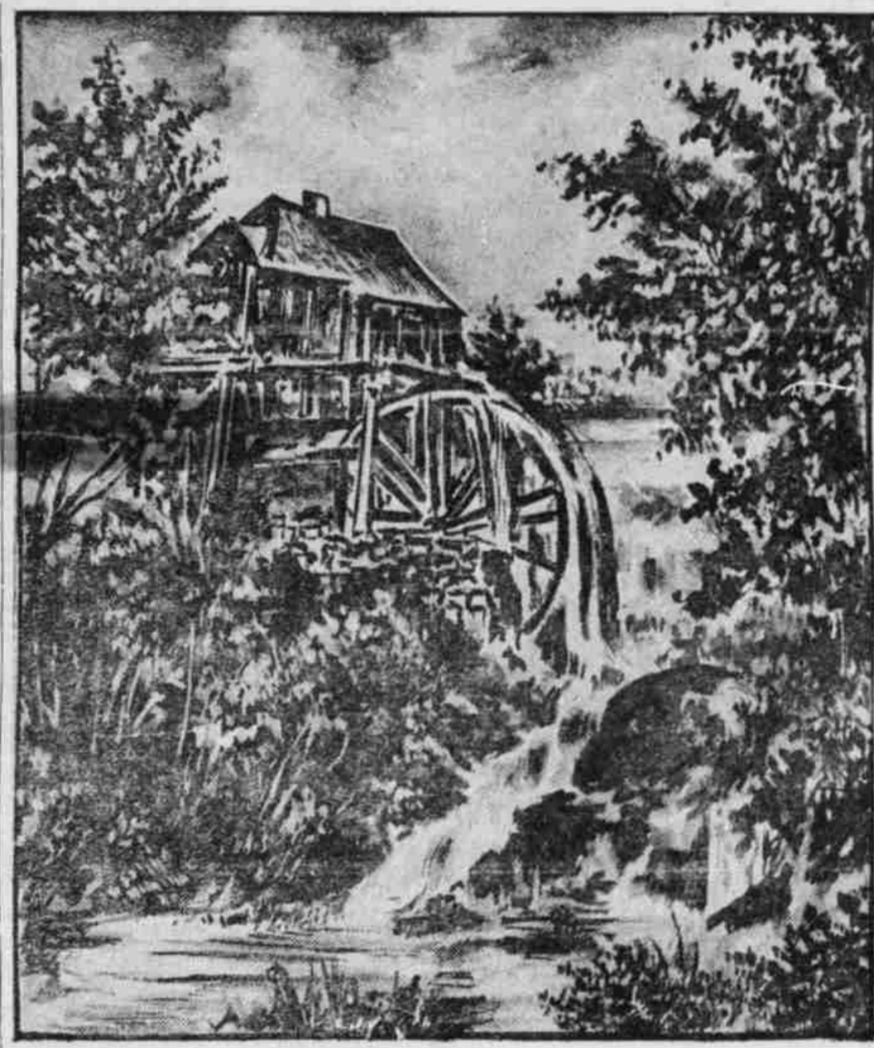
He slowly turned his head, his face still scarlet, and there was a look in his eyes that was most wonderful to behold, but whether of fear or defiance, or both, it would have been hard to say. For half a minute he looked at the man in black over his shoulder. The light deserted his eyes and sullen fury alone raged there.

"What do you seek?" he finally demanded.

"I seek you, Count. Be careful how you carry yourself if you would not have all made known here," returned the newcomer.

Cunning crept into the eyes of the Captain. Some men would have been foolish enough to have flown at the stranger, and have been defeated, but he was too wise for such a false course.

"Gentlemen, you will excuse me for a few minutes while I retire with this per-



THE HAUNTED MILL.

son and explain to him the mistake under which he labors," said the Captain.

Of course those present murmured an audible assent, at which the mysterious stranger smiled, and came very near laughing.

He accompanied the Captain, however, and there were some who saw that he held in his hand a little revolver, which was kept half concealed. Evidently the foreign gentleman had no intention of being overpowered by treachery.

Captain Grant went away with a look upon his face of mingled hate and shrewd cunning—a look that would perhaps have alarmed the foreigner had he noticed it and been more cautious; but he was not willing to give the Count, as he called Grant, credit for the sagacity he really possessed.

There were those present who really expected they would never see him again. They knew not who the mysterious man was, but he was evidently on the Captain's trail, and upon the face of the latter they had read guilt plainly.

Lawrence Richmond was among the number. He felt sure that the Nemesis for whom he had longed had come, and that the Captain had fallen into his grasp. That it was due to the judicious item in the newspapers he also had no doubt.

Now that the skies seemed brightening, his thoughts turned upon the abduction of his child. There had been no change in his ideas thus far, and when he declared to the Captain that it was his opinion Roger Darrel was the one they had to thank for this madcap act he spoke his convictions truly.

He was just about to give some orders in reference to pursuit, which would have been quite useless, as the bold abductor must be miles away by this time, when one of the windows of the room was darkened and a man entered in whom they recognized Captain Grant.

He was alone!

CHAPTER VIII.

Although Carol Richmond had hoped for something to occur in her favor when hope seemed even a delusion and a hollow mockery, she had never expected it to come in the way it did.

When the gas was so suddenly extinguished, through the agency of the shrewd Andrew, who had arranged all these matters with the young man beforehand, she too was somewhat alarmed by the total darkness that came upon the scene. Before she had time, however, to collect her senses she felt the Captain's arm encircle her waist and

draw her close to him. Then she was suddenly torn from his grasp.

Into whose possession she had now come Carol could not even guess, and, taken even at the very worst, it could not be more bitter than finding herself in the arms of the man she hated and despised—Captain Grant.

Somehow, a delicious sense of repose seemed to pervade her whole being, and she gave way to the multitude of fancies that flooded her brain, by fainting dead away.

She was dimly conscious of a jolting motion, as if one the back of a horse and moving rapidly, but it was a long time before consciousness returned in full. She was still clasped in the arms of her abductor, and looking up, could see his face in the mystic star light.

It was the countenance of Roger Darrel!

He seemed to be aware of the fact that she had once more come back to life, for presently he looked down and softly spoke her name.

"Oh, Roger, you have saved me from that dreadful man. I am so glad, so glad."

It was all she could say; simple enough in itself truly, and yet the relieved cry of an overburdened heart. Roger looked down upon her tenderly, and even drew her closer to him, an action she could do nothing to prevent, even had she so desired.

How long they had been riding Carol could not even guess, but it must have been quite a time. Where was Roger taking her? The thought came to her suddenly, and she instantly made up her mind to ask.

"I will take you anywhere you wish, Carol. I was heading for the old ruined mill, where, as you know, the widow, Mrs. Randall, lives alone. If you can think of any better place, tell me, and I shall carry you there. My only object in carrying you off was to save you from a designing villain, a man whom I have met before, and about whom there is a mysterious familiarity that puzzles me at times."

"I believe you, Roger, and sooner would I have died than have become his wife; but it seemed as if my senses were bound, and all that I did was in a mechanical way. Thank heaven, you saved me from such a fate. I shall never forget it, Roger, never."

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The joinder of master and servant as defendants in an action for injuries to another servant caused by the act of the defendant servant for which the master is responsible, is held, in *Howe vs. Northern Pacific Railway Company* (Wash.) 60, L. R. A. 949, to be proper.

Whether pumping of an oil well on Sunday is a work of necessity within the meaning of a Sunday law is held, in *State vs. McBee* (W. Va.) 60, L. R. A. 638, to be a question for the jury, where the evidence is conflicting as to the injury which will be caused by not pumping it.

A railroad company is held, in *Brunswick & W. R. Co. vs. Ponder* (Ga.) 60, L. R. A. 713, not to be liable to a passenger illegally arrested by officers of the law under color of their office, for failure to interfere and prevent the arrest, or for stopping the train to allow the officers to remove their prisoner therefrom.

The mere separation of jurors impaneled to try a capital case, from their fellows, without the attendance of an officer, although an irregularity, is held, in *Gamble vs. State* (Fla.) 60, L. R. A. 547, not to be a sufficient cause for setting aside the verdict, if the court is satisfied that the prisoner has not sustained any injury from such separation.

Power to adopt a regulation requiring lessees of lots to purchase all supplies from the lessor is held, in *Thousand Island Park Association vs. Tucker* (N. Y.) 60, L. R. A. 786, not to be reserved to an association organized for the maintenance of a camp-meeting by a provision in the leases that the lessee shall keep and perform all such conditions or rules as the lessor shall from time to time impose, since such requirement is not reasonable.

Persons negotiating for the sale and purchase of goods are held, in *Goodman vs. Herman* (Mo.) 60, L. R. A. 885, not to occupy a fiduciary relation toward each other within the meaning of the section of the bankruptcy act of 1898, which prevents a release from affecting debts created by fraud while acting in any fiduciary capacity, so as to prevent the lease from being operative in case the goods were obtained from the purchaser through fraud and false representations.

A contract between an attorney at law and one who is not such an attorney, by which the latter agrees to procure the employment of the former by third persons for the prosecution of suits in courts of record and to assist in looking after and procuring witnesses whose testimony is to be used in the cases, in consideration of a share of the fees which the attorney shall receive, is held in *Laughlin vs. Conlin* (Neb.) 60, L. R. A. 429, to be against public policy, and void.

INTERVIEWS WRONG MAN.

Agreeable Native Has Reasons for Approving Property Deals.

"I see they have platted out a suburb three miles south of here," said the stranger on the hotel steps to the old party smoking a cob pipe.

"Yep," returned the native, without taking his pipe from his mouth.

"And another to the east?"

"Yep."

"And one to the northwest?"

"Yep; and they're talking of one due north."

"Do you think this place is big enough to have suburbs?"

"Nop."

"No one but a blamed idiot would want a suburban residence when the town itself is so quiet."

"Nop."

"I guess they're not selling many lots?"

"Nop."

"You don't approve the move then?"

"Yep."

"What?"

"The more the merrier."

"Why, you just said—"

"See here, mister," interrupted the native, at last, taking his pipe from his mouth, "you don't know me, I reckon. These here real estate sharps get to fighting about which has the best suburb, and then they advertise, and each one tries to knock the other's eyes out with his advertisement. And, stranger, I run the only daily paper in the town. I'm with 'em if they plat out the whole State."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Plant Life and Temperature.

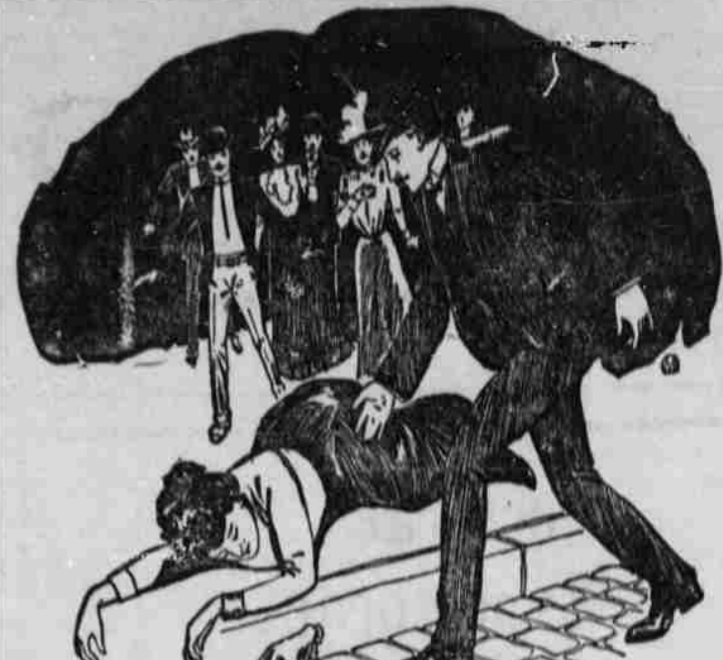
Plant life is much more tolerant than animal life of extremes of temperature, growth having been observed in some instances as low as zero, and in other instances as high as 72 degree centigrade. It is perfectly true that a freezing process does not destroy life. A fish or frog will be frozen solid and on thawing will become quite lively again. The seeds of plants can actually undergo for hours a temperature of liquid hydrogen, the coldest temperature known, and yet retain their germinative power.

This Was a Boston Waiter.

A Philadelphia professor, dining at a Boston hotel, ordered a bottle of hock, saying as he did so: "Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—hic, haec, hoc." The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred. "What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor. "Didn't I order some hock?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "you ordered it, but you afterwards declined it."

An Incurable Ham.

"He's about the poorest actor I ever saw," said the first manager, "a regular ham." "Perhaps he'll get over his faults in time," suggested the other. "Not much! He's a ham that can't be cured."—*Philadelphia Press.*



Fainted On Broadway

Woman in an Unconscious Condition Found on Sidewalk.

Upon Examination at the Hospital, Her Body was Discovered to be Covered with Scars, Caused by the Hypodermic Injection of Morphine—Facts Published as Warning to Other Women.

The above headlines recite the actual experience of a poor wreck of a woman who had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large mercantile house in New York. Her health began to fail, and instead of taking rest and proper medical treatment she resorted to stimulants and morphine.

The hospital physician discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages. If when she had first felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had heeded the warning that serious trouble was in store, and commenced a regular treatment with the Pinkham Remedies, as did Mrs. Rober of Chicago, whose letter follows, the polypus in the womb would have been dissolved and passed away, and to-day she would have been a well woman.

Why will women let themselves drift along into terrible suffering and sickness in this way, when there is monumental proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving thousands of women from this very trouble? There is no excuse for any woman who suffers to go without help. Mrs. Pinkham is very glad indeed to give her personal advice to any one who will write for it, and the following letter simply goes to prove that the Vegetable Compound will positively cure female ills:

"Since the birth of my baby I suffered from womb trouble, backache,

irregular menstruation, also intense nervousness.

"After trying different remedies with no relief I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To my surprise and delight I found after taking my first bottle very great improvement. I continued its use and it has made me a well woman.

"I am so grateful to you for my recovery that I wish to thank you, and if this testimonial will be of any use to other suffering women, you have my full permission to publish it."—*Mrs. MARY RONN, 5492 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

Hopeless Case. "If you weren't so lazy you wouldn't be so pessimistic." "Oh, nonsense!" "Why don't you make hay while the sun shines, and—"

"Hub, if I tried to do that it'd just be my luck to get sunstruck."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

For forty years' Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Traveling Baths. On one of the Russian railways are the latest provision for its employes' comfort in the outlying districts.

Cross? Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE.

A Bad Fix

When one wakes up aching from head to foot, and with the flesh tender to the touch, when

Soreness and Stiffness

makes every motion of the body painful, the surest and quickest way out of the trouble is to use

St. Jacobs Oil

promptly. It warms, relaxes, cures. Price, 25c. and 50c.

PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS CURE Your HORSE of HEAVES, COUGH, AND CONDITIONER, a sure cure for all ailments from which horses arise. CURED 34 HORSES. Have been using Prussian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 11 horses of Heaves 14 of Distemper and 9 of Chronic Cough. The Prussian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section. ELBERT BEHNCKE, Newark, New York.

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