

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jollette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lottie, 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 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 gazed 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 heroic worth 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 fool of him, for he has also 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 to you for ever? 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 help his lives. My answer is—heaven help us both—no!"

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 fall 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 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 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.

"He is—my father!"

(To be continued.)

LIGHTEST WOOD THAT GROWS.

Found in Missouri, and It Is Considerably Lighter than Cork.

Deep in the bogs and swamps of southeastern Missouri, in Dunklin and Butler Counties, where the land is never dry and water from one to six feet deep stands perpetually in the forests, there grows a rare and curious tree. The natives know it as the corkwood, or cork tree. Science has given it a longer name, the *Litneria floridana*, floridana because it was first discovered in Florida along the coast, from which it has long since been washed away.

Some meager specimens of it, two to six feet high, are still found in the swamp near Appalachicola, Fla., and a few near Varner, Ark., but in both these places it is exceedingly limited in numbers, an occasional specimen being found, and hardly rises to the dignity of a tree. Only in southeast Missouri, where it reaches a height of fifteen to twenty feet and a diameter of two to five inches, is it really a tree.

What makes the corkwood so remarkable is its exceeding lightness. Beyond a doubt it is, as William Trelease, of the Missouri Botanical Garden, has shown, the lightest tree in weight that grows. Its wood weighs less than cork. It is so light that the natives use it to make floats for their fishing nets. And yet its wood, though so spongy that one may easily sink one's finger nail in it, is far tougher than cork. The specific gravity of corkwood, as learned from careful tests made by Professor Nipher, in St. Louis, is .207. The roots are even lighter than the stem; a test showed them to have an astonishingly low specific gravity of .15.

A further idea of the lightness of the corkwood may be gained by a comparison with other woods. The great majority of woods range between .400 and .800. Cork itself is .240. The tree that approaches closest to the corkwood in lightness is the golden fir tree, which grows in the swamps around Tampa bay and along the Indian River, Florida. Its specific gravity, according to Sargent, is .2616. In comparison with the corkwood, which is the lightest wood with its specific gravity of .207, may be placed the heaviest wood known, the black ironwood of Florida, whose specific gravity is .1302.

Reason Enough.

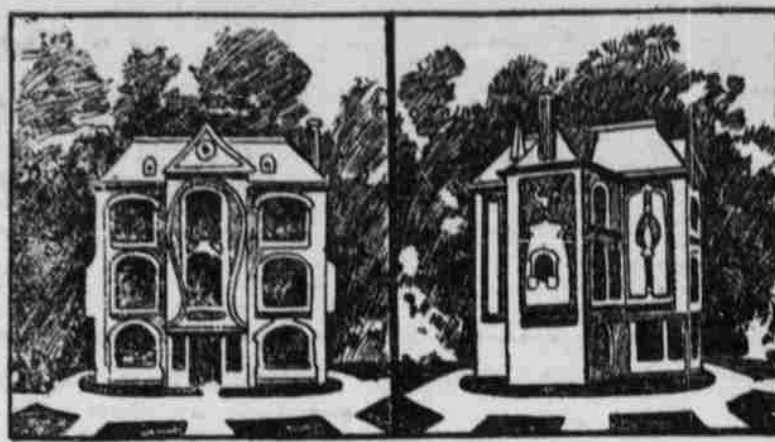
"Mary," said the young matron's mother, "it seemed to me you were very cold to John this morning."

"Yes," she replied, "I'm beginning to suspect him."

"The idea! You have no reason, I'm sure."

"Haven't I? I dreamed last night that I saw him kissing another woman!"—Philadelphia Press.

THIS HOUSE FOLLOWS THE SUN.



The House at 11 a. m. The House at 5 p. m. REVOLVING MANSION BUILT ON A WHEEL IS NEVER IN THE SHADE.

An ingenious French physician has erected a sanitarium in the Alps and proposes to give his patients the benefit of sunshine all day long. The house turns on a platform and always faces the sun.



Cold Feet.—For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes before retiring will be found effective. If reaction does not set in after brisk rubbing, wrap the feet in flannel; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat. Cold hands may be treated on the same principle, but they have to be kept in cold water usually a much longer time.

Imagination and Illness.—An interesting experiment was recently made by an English physician in reference to the relative power of imagination of the two sexes. He gave to a hundred of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterwards entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had, by mistake, administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic. These were mainly men, while all of those not affected were women.

Sources of Typhoid Infection.—Seale Harris mentions the following causes, milk, flies, dust, contact infection, uncooked vegetables, oysters and ice. Dairies which supply milk to cities should be regularly inspected; cows should not be pastured in lowlands upon which the sewage of small towns are drained. Flies present a great problem. Something may be done to destroy flies in their breeding places, which is largely in the excreta from horses, and in human excrement. Chloride of lime will destroy the larvae. Human excreta used as a fertilizing agent may carry infection. Vegetables should be thoroughly washed in pure water. Ice should be made only of pure water. Finally the prevention of typhoid fever should begin by limiting the infection to the patient under treatment.—The Mobile Medical and Surgical Journal.

Appendicitis.—Appendicitis is inflammation of the vermiform appendix, a finger-shaped addition, or projection, from a portion of the bowel, located in the right side of the abdomen. If one feels the upper point of the pelvic bone, just below the waist line of the trousers on the right side, and draws from that point an imaginary line to the naval, the appendix lies half way between the two points and a trifle below the line. Appendicitis shows with a pain in that region, a sense of hardness or lump there and a sickness of the stomach, nausea, chill or actual vomiting. The pain in the abdomen may be slight and steady, slight and spasmodic or severe, cramp-like and very weakening. Pain in the spot described is always suspicious, and its presence for a few hours is justification for a visit to the physician and a stay in bed.

HAVE NOT LEARNED ENGLISH.

Nearly a Million and a Half Americans Cannot Speak Our Language.

The census reports show that in the year 1900 there were 1,471,332 persons living in the United States of 10 years of age and over who could not speak English. This number included the Chinese, Japanese and Indians resident in this country, who together form an aggregate population of about 180,000. This vast aggregation of nearly a million and a half of people represented, with the exception noted, white immigrants and their children who have not yet acquired a knowledge of the country in which they are passing their lives. The number of native whites of 10 years of age or over—that is, those born in this country—who cannot speak English was in 1900 65,405. The number of white people of foreign birth similarly circumstanced was 1,221,181. The largest number of the latter class is found in the State of New York, which has a non-English speaking white population of 226,680; then follows Pennsylvania with 163,345, Illinois with 105,398, Texas with 100,975, Wisconsin with 93,983 and Massachusetts coming next on the list with 78,802.

It is worthy of note that the Ameri-

can-born children of these non-English speaking inhabitants of our country do not indicate a disposition to copy the, in this respect, ignorance of their parents. The exception to this statement seems to be found in Texas, where there are nearly 30,000 white native inhabitants of 10 years of age and over who cannot speak English. We imagine that this is due largely to the system of foreign colonization that has been followed in parts of that State by means of which considerable companies of immigrants have established communities of their own, taking with them from their abandoned homes in Europe the language as well as the methods and customs of their forefathers. As these communities, chiefly agricultural ones, have grown up with little association with the outer world, there has been no incentive for the young men and young women born and living in them to learn any other language than that spoken by their relatives and friends. In a less degree this statement holds good of those non-English speaking people of American birth who live in Wisconsin, Minnesota and even in the State of Maine—that is, in the northern part.

But it seems to us that it will strike most of our readers as a somewhat curious fact that in 1900 there were 1,382 native born white people of 10 years of age or over living in the State of Massachusetts, who could not speak the English language. The largest aggregation of this class in Massachusetts is found in the city of Fall River, which doubtless represents the children of French-Canadian parents who have for some reason lacked the interest to acquire the language of the country of their birth. Of these American born non-English speaking inhabitants of the United States 23,313 are male and 37,062 are female, thus indicating that as the boys and men are forced out into the world they realize more than the girls the necessity of knowing how to talk with those whom they meet.—Boston Herald.

RULERS AND THEIR DOUBLES.

Old Beggar in Whitechapel Who Resembles Edward VII.

By argument of an ancient proverb there are always on this earth at the same time two human beings who resemble each other in all respects, and a European oculist points out that this is certainly true in the case of rulers.

An old beggar who lives in Whitechapel bears, according to him, a startling resemblance to King Edward of England—so startling, indeed, that if the beggar were dressed in royal raiment he could not be distinguished from the real king.

The czar and the Prince of Wales are wonderfully like each other.

M. Bertolani, a photographer of Salerno, was the double of the late King Humbert of Italy.

Herr Adolph Hirschfeld, the double of Emperor William of Germany, is by no means proud of the resemblance, and feels very uncomfortable when anyone mistakes him for the Kaiser, for he fears that the latter will frown on him sooner or later and will request him to leave Germany.

M. Bernede, a wealthy gentleman of Lyons, is the living image of King Oscar of Sweden.

A Business Precaution.

A caller at the boarding house of Mrs. Irons was surprised to see a fine grayhound basking in the sun outside the kitchen door. "I didn't know you had a dog," she said. "He's a beautiful animal. How long have you had him?"

"Two or three years."

"How does it happen I have never seen him in passing along here?"

"We don't allow him to leave the back yard," replied Mrs. Irons, with emphasis. "What kind of an advertisement would it be for a boarding house to have a creature as lean as that dog is standing round in front of it?"

Almost Resigned.

"Even you might meet with financial reverses."

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "there's a silver lining to every cloud. If I did I would not go to fashionable resorts with mother and the girls. I could send them away and go to my office and have a good time making money again."—Washington Star.

In the Depths of Despair.

"Poor thing, did she take her husband's death much to heart?"

"Why, she's prostrated with grief! She can't see a soul, except the dressmaker."—Town Topics.

Some people live from hand to mouth, but the stenographer lives from mouth to hand.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

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