

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

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

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

In all her life Carol Richmond had never seen such an expression of wild, ungovernable joy as swept over the features of Mrs. Randall when she uttered those four words, so simple, and yet containing a wonderful amount of knowledge of the poor lady.

First of all she could trace amazement and incredulity upon the face of the widow, but this quickly gave way to other feelings as her mind began to comprehend the true state of affairs.

Then a cry broke from her lips, a cry so full of delirious joy that it pierced Carol's heart, and she realized then what was the relationship between them.

"My child! my child! Oh, how could they be so cruel as to tell me all had died? I see it now! He would not let me have even one little grain of comfort and hope, but must doom me to complete despair. But the Comforter came—he could not keep him away—and I found peace. You have looked upon your mother as dead, and few there are who know different, but she stands before you, Carol, seeking your pity, your love. Will you come to me, or have you learned to hate the mother that bore you? Speak to me, my child; my heart trembles in anticipation. Heaven help me!"

There was not the least hesitation. With a low, exultant cry of "My mother," Carol sprang forward and clasped her arms about the neck of the widow. The strange feelings she had experienced at sight of Mrs. Randall were all explained now, and could be accounted for on "very natural grounds."

They embraced with all the fervor of those who loved, though they had been parted so long that it was as if Carol had never seen her mother.

Then they sat down to talk, first of the strange chain of fate that had led to this meeting, and then of the past. Carol heard her mother's story as told in the simplest manner, and then she found no blame could be attached to her. That her father had been blinded by jealousy there could not be the least doubt in the world.

Of late Carol had begun to see her father in a new light that was not agreeable as it might have been. Formerly she had loved him, and been petted by him as one would expect an only child to be, but all had changed on that day when he found her seated by the side of Roger Darrel in the forest.

He had then shown what an ungovernable temper he possessed, and this had not improved since. Then had come his strange conduct in relation to her marriage with Captain Grant, who also had a hold upon him for some act done in the past.

Least of all she now heard of his contemptible conduct in the past, and her sympathy was wholly with her mother, whom she exonerated from all blame.

These two had each looked on the other as dead for many years back, and to think of their meeting here and recognizing one another by means of the picture of him who should have been the connecting link between them, but who, instead, was the source of misery and discord!

The world would never again look so dreary to the lonely woman, and Carol had found one whom she could confide in, now that even her father had turned against her.

The time passed quickly, and midnight had come almost before they were aware of it. They were still talking about the past and present, and even the future, when they were astonished by a knock at the door.

Instantly all was alarm, for they could conjecture nothing else than that pursuit had been made by the enraged bridegroom and some of the wedding guests, and that they had finally come to the very place where the missing bride had been hidden away.

The elder lady proved herself fully equal to the emergency. She sprang up and hastily placed a large crock over the candle. Then Carol felt herself hurried into a closet.

A minute later she heard the widow boldly open the front door. Before doing so the lady had armed herself with a pistol, for she knew not what desperate need there might be.

The moon had arisen since the time of their arrival at the mill, being in its last quarter, and it was easy to see the figure of a young man standing outside.

"Well, sir, what is it you wish?" demanded the widow, with some severity, and at the same time managing to show the weapon with which she was armed, without appearing to do so intentionally.

The other seemed in no wise abashed, and but for the fact that the moon was at his back she might have seen the smile upon his face, as though he readily recognized the little device so extremely feminine.

"I seek Carol Richmond, but do not think I come from her father. I have no love for him in the first place, for he bitterly wronged my father, though my mother paid him back in full, and made him curse her name. I am not what I seem. Will you tell Carol that Nora Warner is here, and would speak with her."

"Nora Warner? Surely I should know that name; and are you her child? Will strange things never cease? Never mind who I am or what I know, but your mother was once a bosom friend of mine. How did you know Carol was here?"

"That matters not at present. I knew it, and I must see her upon matters of vital importance concerning her happiness. Since last I met her I have found out many things that will alter the whole of her life, and probably bring peace and happiness where wretched sorrow now lives. Do not keep me from her, I entreat you, madam. That fiend has set the hounds from the asylum on my track again, and at any minute they may spring upon me. Then it would be too late, and she must suffer."

There was wild entreaty in the tones of the girl, and, although the reference to the asylum had started the lady for a moment, she believed the other to be sincere, and turning, took several steps toward the closet in which Carol had been shut.

At this juncture her ears were saluted with savage oaths and a cry of alarm from the disguised girl, followed by the sharp report of a pistol.

Two brutal looking men had sprung from the neighboring bushes upon her. They were the keepers of the mad house.

CHAPTER XI.

After his duel with the wife he had so foully wronged, Captain Grant had written to Doctor Grim, and in answer the madhouse doctor had gone, with a couple of his men, to recapture the patient who had so miraculously escaped, and whose flight fortune had undertaken to hide in several ways, for the very girl with whom she exchanged clothes either committed suicide or else was accidentally drowned.

Nora Warner had hastily drawn a pistol and fired, but her aim was rendered uncertain owing to the excitement and the deceptive moonlight, so that her bullet only inflicted a flesh wound upon one of the men's arms instead of ending his life. Before she could do more they were upon her, like a couple of mad panthers.

Both of them were brutal men, as might be expected from the business they carried on. They knew that the person against whom they were pitted was but a weak woman, yet their orders had not been of a merciful nature, and in the bushes near by stood a gaunt figure clad in a long cloak and slouched hat—the infamous mad-house doctor himself—who would discharge a man from his employ should he show a sign of mercy when he had received no orders in that line.

When, therefore, Nora Warner struggled in their fierce grasp, as though she would break away, the men used violent measures. One of them clutched her delicate throat in a fiendish manner. Her hat and come off, and the long ringlets, which had been suffered to remain on her head during her long confinement in the asylum, blew about in the night breeze.

"Carol, where is Carol?" she huskily cried; "I must see her before they take me away—see her and tell her."

"Shut up!" cried one of the keepers. A form clad in white came bounding out of the mill door.

"I am here, Nora Warner. What would you say to me?" she asked, eagerly.

"I came to see you—to tell you that it was all—that he—Roger Darrel—good—find out. Help me—I am choking—dying!"

"In the name of heaven take your hand from her throat, you wretch. Don't you see you are killing her? Help! help!" and in her excitement Carol sprang at the keeper, seeking to release the one whom he was choking into insensibility.

"Keep back!" he roared, thrusting her aside, "and thank your lucky stars it ain't you we've come after."

By this time Nora Warner had completely lost her senses, and lay like a log in the arms of the keeper.

Both Carol and her mother were too much horrified to say a word more. Doctor Grim now advanced.

He was one of your smooth-tongued villains—a scoundrel of the first water—and yet he was always pretending to be so tender hearted that he often deceived those who did not know him.

It was second nature with him, and while torturing the poor souls committed to his fiendish care, he was wont to apologize to them because the red-hot iron was so cold, the end of the lash worn off a trifle, the thumb screws aged, and all such cold-blooded attempts at ferocious wit.

This was the wretch who stood before the two women, and suavely begged their pardon for their having witnessed such a spectacle.

"My men have generally to deal with such desperate madmen that they dare not give one-half a chance for fear of their lives. They know, also, that this woman is a desperate character. Perhaps they have gone a little too far, but better that than that she should have been struck upon the head, which is the way we often have to deal with them."

"But Nora Warner is not mad. By what right do you drag her away from here?" demanded Carol, recovering her voice when she found she had at least a polished scoundrel to deal with.

"You are no judge of that, Miss. Learned men have so decided. These insane creatures could deceive anybody. They have deceived me for fully three weeks at a time, but in the fourth, at the full of the moon, they proved themselves as mad as March hares. I would stake something that this one now has been gaining your sympathy by relating a long rignarole about a cruel husband."

"There, I can see by your face that it is the truth. She tells every one that, when in truth she has the best of husbands, who provides her a princely home and all the comforts of life. But I must tear myself away, ladies. There is my card. If ever you should wish a place of retirement for some poor demented relative who is better there than in the world, remember yours sincerely, Timothy Grim, M. D."

He turned to his men, and gave them some hurried orders, upon which they picked up the senseless form of Nora Warner and strode away.

The affable doctor lifted his hat to the ladies, and Carol responded by tearing his card in halves and hurling it from her, which was a plain way of showing her dislike of the doctor, who smiled in his grim way.

She and her mother went in again, and the door was barred. The young girl was lost again in a new whirl of amazement and nameless horror. Was Nora Warner really insane, as the doctor had said? Somehow or other she could not believe it, even though many things seemed to point that way.

Even if Roger Darrel were ignorant of the cruel, heartless manner in which his wife was treated, would that lessen his responsibility any?

He must surely have been aware of the nature of the place in which she had been put, and even a simple mind ought to be able to read the character of the villainous mad-house doctor.

Neither of them seemed to think of rest, and it was near dawn when some noise in the unoccupied part of the ruined mill reached their ears.

A few minutes later, while they stood listening, in dread suspense, and half suspecting that the insane asylum doctor had returned to bear them away to his den of infamy, so as to hide all evidence

VELVETS ARE BRIGHT

INCREASE IN VIVIDNESS AS EACH NEW ONE COMES OUT.

Solid Color Weaves and Figured Materials Are All Strikingly Tinted and Designs Are Prominent—Lace Is Much Used on Evening Gowns.

New York correspondence:

EW velvets increase in vividness with every addition the shops make to their supplies. This applies as well to real velvet of the finest quality and to the various sorts of velvet-ees, some of which are materials of decided worth. All the grades show brilliant tones in the solid color weaves, and the brightest of them are displayed in such quantity that they plainly are intended as the material for gowns, not merely as trimming. This impression is corroborated by study of model dresses, in which are velvets of the brightest possible shade. They are handsome get-ups, made plainly, for the most part, but with trim-



ming placed wherever the goods comes next the wearer's neck, face or arms. And this trimming serves quite as much to relieve the skin from too close contact with the vivid shadings, as it does to ornament the gown. This point is one that should have very careful consideration by purchasers. Few complexions can stand contact with these brilliant colorings, and none can stand them all. So the intending buyer should either choose surely one that is safe, or else have well in mind some general scheme for fencing herself off from it. The latter process can be attained with entire success, combining stylishness, beauty and an outlook quite in harmony with the cost of the fine velvet that may be in the gown itself.

There may be little or much. A modest, inconspicuous design, little more than an edging or a narrow band, will suffice, or the material may be almost hidden. What is permitted in the way of showy treatment is suggested in the wrap at the right in the second picture, which was white cloth embroidered with white silk cord. At the right in the concluding picture is another white cloth wrap with white cord embroidery distributed less lavishly. Quite as often the embroidery is upon bands or pieces of contrasting goods that are then applied. Such bands or pieces may be extensive, or may be limited to small dimensions, appearing at cuffs and edges. Many gowns include tiny jackets of the contrasting material entirely covered with

lavishness in laces and embroidery.



LAVISHNESS IN LACES AND EMBROIDERY.

An Apt Retort.

George Thompson was an Englishman, and a leader in the movement for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. In telling of his visit to America in 1834-5, Samuel J. May says in his "Recollections" that Thompson was often insulted in the streets by persons who held opposite opinions to his own, and was subjected to many indignities, most of which he bore with equanimity.

Meetings at which he spoke, or at which he was expected to speak, were broken up by mobs. Rewards were offered for his person or his life. All this he endured for the most part with fortitude and sweet serenity. He seemed less apprehensive of his danger than his friends were. Sometimes he overawed the men who were sent to take him by his dignified, heroic bearing, and at other times dispelled their evil intentions by his pertinent wit, one instance of which will suffice.

At one of the last meetings he addressed in Boston, some Southerners who chanced to be present cried out: "We wish we had you at the South! We would cut your ears off, if not your head!"

"Would you?" Mr. Thompson replied, promptly. "Then would I cry out all the louder, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!'"

It was irresistible. Even the Southerners joined in the applause.

Each Has His Playhouse.

A little boy with heart so light Built for himself, with his blocks so bright,

A castle, and left it to stand all night; But, ah! when he came to look next morn All the joy from his heart had flown. His house was wrecked and I heard him mourn:

"Somebody tore my playhouse down, Somebody threw my blocks around, Just as I got the work all done— Somebody tore my playhouse down!"

Mother spoke to her baby low: "Hush, little dear! Don't you cry so! This is the rule of life, you know; You'll find as you travel the world around

Just when you get your work all done Somebody'll tear your playhouse down."

"Somebody'll tear your playhouse down; Somebody'll throw your blocks around; Just when you get your work all done Somebody'll tear your playhouse down."

This is the old world's way with us all; Often we're seen our castles fall. Sweet dream castles, fair and tall. Weary we toil and plan alone; Just as we think to claim our own Somebody tears our playhouse down; Somebody throws our blocks around; Just as we get the work all done Somebody tears our playhouse down. —Puck.

Bemoaned His Prodigality.

A negro criminal condemned to hang in North Carolina sold his body for \$10, which he invested in ginger cakes. The cakes he finished the night before the execution was to occur. The next day the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. One man then wished that he had saved his \$10 and another that he had made his cakes last longer.

First Domestication of Fowls.

Fowls are supposed to have been first domesticated in China 1400 B. C.

dish interest. Lace embellished with fringe is in high standing, too, some of the fringe being woven in with the mesh of the lace. And these and other like tricks are indulged even in gowns already almost smothered in lace.

Bodies seem not to bear more of lace embellishment than they have of late, but skirts are decked out with increased liberality. Lace insertions appear on skirts between pleats and tucks, and bands are bestowed with a free hand. Both bands and insertions are wide, some of them strikingly so. Ruffles for the foot of the skirt account for much of the expenditure for laces, though such may be arranged in modest proportions. On the other hand are skirts all lace ruffles but for a yoke of contrasting stuff, and still others in which the lace web extends away to the belt. Much variety prevails in the arrangement of the lace. Standards for dress-ups make it easier to provide place for an immense amount than to accomplish a fine result with a scant supply. A pretty disposal of flounces and ruffles is shown in the small picture put at the head of this depiction. They were black chintilly on black crepe de chine. The gown in the center of the next picture had white chintilly upon white silk net, the whole over violet silk. At the left of this gown is shown a lace trimmed evening wrap—gown upon fine heavy brocaded white silk. On fine wraps is more of the heavier laces, but even here, in garments marked by a look of cozy warmth, are seen laces of the softest, most filmy sort.

In the field of embroidery recent changes have been more in the character than in the amount of the ornamentation. As to the amount much is left to indi-

Enterprise and Caution. "I shall get there," quoth Enterprise, confidently. "Where?" asked Caution. Here Enterprise bestowed a withering look upon her laggard sister. "As to that I know nothing," she replied, haughtily; "further than that, when I get there it will be somewhere else."—Detroit Free Press.

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Enterprise and Caution. "I shall get there," quoth Enterprise, confidently.

"Where?" asked Caution. Here Enterprise bestowed a withering look upon her laggard sister.

"As to that I know nothing," she replied, haughtily; "further than that, when I get there it will be somewhere else."—Detroit Free Press.

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