

# 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 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 with 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 round-about 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 into 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 briek up 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.

"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 referred 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 purpose.

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.)

## THEY DO NOT THROW QUILLS.

Truth About the Fretful Porcupine Told by Old Trappers.

There is something about the porcupine which draws the interest of a great many persons, according to the attendants at the New York Zoological Gardens in the Bronx, says the New York Tribune. It is one of the first animals for which youthful visitors ask when they come to the park, and many of their elders also want to be directed to the porcupine pen. Some of the visitors have strange ideas about how the porcupine came to have quills and what he can do with them.

"See the pins sticking out of that little black ball," said a fond father who was giving his young hopeful a lesson in natural history. "That's a porcupine, and it fights with those quills. When the dogs come it raises its quills and at the right time shoots them out, just like the powder shoots the bullet out of the gun."

"It does, does it?" exclaimed an old man who was peering through the bars at the same porcupine.

The father looked up quickly, and his glance asked: "And who the dickens are you?"

"I've lived most all my life up in the Adirondacks, where porcupines are thick," explained the old man, "and I've hunted them many times. It's a mistake about their being able to shoot their quills."

"But I've seen dogs with the quills driven into nose, chest and legs," returned the father. "How do you account for that?"

"Most people do not know," continued the man from the mountains, "that the porcupine fights with its tail, using it as a man would a club. The tail is heavy and well covered with quills, and the beast has perfect control over it when it comes to purposes of defense. It can strike a blow with sufficient force to drive quills into a stick of hardwood, to say nothing of a dog's flesh."

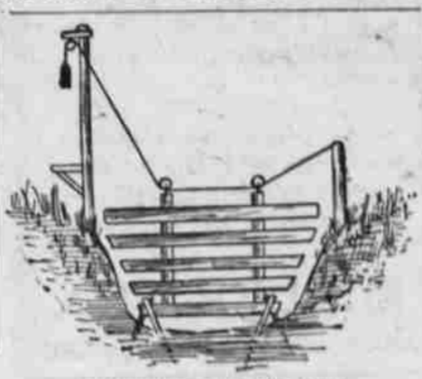
"When the porcupine turns tail it is time for the enemy to retreat, for the defense is about to begin. The blow is delivered quickly, without warning, and it leaves a bunch of quills wherever it strikes. This method of fighting with its tail is responsible for the theory that the porcupine can shoot its quills."

Fire Escapes French Invention. Fire escapes were first made in Paris in 1761.



## Good Water Gate.

During the past season farmers who have had streams running through their farms have been kept very busy keeping up water gates. Having such a stream through my farm I have been thinking up a very good plan for water gates. I have four or five gates made according to the plan, a sketch of which I enclose. The plan of gate, I think, is about as simple as I have seen. Upon one side of the stream an ordinary post is set, on the opposite side a much longer post is set, on the top of which is provided a pulley. The gate can be made to fit the gap in the stream, having in the tops of the cross pieces pulleys. A rope or wire extending from the top of the short post through the pulleys on the gate, and then extending through the pulley at the top of the long post, with a weight attached to the end, completes the device.



CONVENIENT WATER GATE.

The gate can be kept in place by driving some stakes down in the soft ground, which will hold the gate to its place except in high water. When the water gets up the gate will float out and as it floats the weight will come down and rest on bracket, provided for that purpose, and will hold it there until the water recedes, when the gate must again be put in place.—T. C. Engle, in Iowa Homestead.

## An All-Around Log Sled.

I have been getting out some lumber, and as there was little snow I have used the sled shown herewith. It is called a snapdragon, and is such as is used in the lumber camp. It can be used with or without snow. I took two yellow birch stumps about six inches through and three feet long for runners. The two bunks were about the same size and 2 feet 8 inches long. The forward bunk is put on with one bolt in each end, so it can have a good chance to work.

For the middle bunk I put two two-inch holes through each runner, then took a small, round birch of the size wanted, heated it hot in a fire and bent it in the shape needed to put over the middle bunk and the two ends down



FOR DRAWING LOGS IN WOODS.

through the runner, then wedged them solid, but so there would be plenty of play. The nose of the runners must be made so they will not catch on every rock or stump. This can be done by putting the forward bunk at the very end of the runner. The chain is put on the log with a half hitch and drawn through a hole through both bunks. Birch is the best wood, as it wears the smoothest on frozen ground.—A Michigan Farmer, in Farm and Home.

## World's Fair Dairy Barns.

The four dairy barns at the World's Fair, St. Louis, will be completed so that the cows may be brought to the exposition grounds before the first of the year. Their location is at the north end of the live stock site and just west of the proposed live stock farm or main amphitheater. The barns will be uniform octagons, 100 feet in diameter. Each will have thirty-eight stalls arranged in a semi-circle, with a rear promenade twelve feet wide to accommodate visitors. Eight box stalls 8 by 12 will be provided for the cows at calving time, and two box stalls will furnish quarters for bulls. The second floor will have four feed bins, each holding about 500 bushels of ground feed. Sleeping quarters for the men in charge of the cows are also provided. The arrangement of the barns permits full inspection of the stock by visitors and of the care of the cows to the best possible advantage. Chief Coburn and Secretary Mills express themselves as well pleased with the plans.

## Room for Improvement.

Farmers pay taxes on everything, for everything they have is in sight. Every farmer pays taxes. But one person in fifty in New York City pays taxes. Much of the city property is "out of sight," hence escapes taxation. The levy has to be increased in order to raise enough money for carrying on the State and county government, and the farmer pays more than his proportion. There is room for improvement in the methods of taxation.—Iowa Homestead.

## English Cream Cheese.

Very thick cream is poured carefully into a linen bag and this hung up, with a basin underneath to catch the whey, in a cool room or cellar. The air in the room must be pure, as the cream easily absorbs odors. When the whey is partly drained off, the bag is

twisted tight and bound so as to dry the curd more; then, after twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to temperature and the consistency of the cream, the "cheese" is ready to eat and may be molded as desired. This is hardly cheese, as no rennet is used; perhaps it should be called a "sour cream curd."

## Yellow Butter Without Dye.

To make butter with a natural yellow color during the winter months is almost a lost art in this age of frauds and shams. While farmers and dairymen denounce oleomargarine as a fraud and want a law to prevent it from being colored yellow, they do not sell their own butter with its natural color, but use a few drops of butter color to give it an attractive tint. I supply a few private customers with butter, and while I do not claim that my butter is as dark a yellow in the winter as in the months when the cows are on pasture, yet it always has color enough to look well without adding artificial coloring to the cream. To make yellow butter in the winter without artificial aid requires extra care in making the butter, in feeding the cows and selecting the cows. Some cows will make a darker tinted butter than others. The Jersey cows are perhaps the best for making yellow butter in the winter and firm butter during the hot summer months. If butter color was used this fact would add to the value of Jersey cows.

In feeding to make yellow butter I think there is nothing better than carrots. With a good supply of these roots, together with plenty of clover hay and good corn and bran, with the right care in handling the cream, it is possible to produce fine butter in cold weather. I generally have some blue grass left in the woods pasture in the fall, and the cattle can get a bite when there is no snow on the ground in the winter.—Jersey Bulletin.

## Meat and the Egg Yields.

When feeding meat to hens do not use the fatty parts. The object in feeding meat to hens is to supply them with nitrogen or albumen and not fat, as the grains contain all the fat and starch they require and in a cheap form. If the fat is fed it does not assist in any way to provide material for eggs, but rather retards than assists laying. The cheap portions of beef, such as the neck, are better for fowls than the choicest fat and lean steaks. Meat is expensive when eggs are low, but nevertheless gives a profit, though small. In winter, however, it is cheap feeding, considering its value as an egg producer. One breeder states that during one winter when eggs were scarce and sold for 50 cents a dozen he bought meat at 20 cents a pound, fed an ounce daily to each hen, and it paid him well, as he secured plenty of eggs, while his neighbors were not getting any.

## How to Market Hogs.

After I have my hogs fattened I would not drive them to market. I live three miles from a railway station. Whenever I have driven them that distance I have had a loss of from five to seven pounds. If I hauled them I have never had a shrinkage of more than one and a half to two pounds. Then I would have my cars well bedded; ride with them myself; go with them to market, stay with them in the yards, water, feed and stay by them until they cross the scales. Whenever I get one who can attend to that better than I can I will turn it over to him. There is no money in it if it is not properly conducted.—John Cowley, in Farm and Home.

## Success with Root Crops.

For a series of years large seed of root crops has given better yields at the Ontario Experiment Station than medium and small-sized seed. Whole seed of mangels and sugar beets produced a greater yield than a similar quantity of broken seed. An experiment conducted this season resulted in the best yields of sugar beets and carrots when the seed was planted 1½ inches deep. Level culture is reported as having given better yields of sugar beets than ridge culture. A mixed fertilizer consisting of 52-1-3 pounds each of nitrate of soda and muriate of potash and 106-2-3 pounds of superphosphate increased the yield of Swedish turnips about four tons per acre, at a cost of about \$1 per ton.

## Farm Notes.

Whipping a horse for shying makes him worse.

The best egg producers are not always the best market fowls.

The man who does the least work in the field is the man who usually has the most accurate ear for the dinner bell.

Good wholesome feed will fatten a hog as well as any fancy ration, other things being equal, besides being less trouble.

Whenever a dozen eggs sell for the price of a pound of butter, the man with the hens is ahead of the man with the cows.

Where is the man who has stuck to raising sorghum? He is not as much in evidence as he once was. It certainly is a crop that pays.

A large canvas for use during stacking will be found to be a good investment. It will pay for itself in stacking time during one hard rain.

It is not the cold weather that hurts sheep so much as getting wet. Sheep will endure severe cold without injury if kept dry. Wool holds dampness a long time because of the slow evaporation and chills the animal.

For ringworm on stock use an ointment composed of equal parts of kerosene oil and pork fryings, or lard. A few applications will cure. Good also for wounds or sores, and will destroy lice.

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