

# Sybil's Doom

CHAPTER VI

Lying back in the softest of lounging chairs, smoking an unexceptionable nibble-bubble—a supper worthy of the Trois Freres before him—Cyril Trevanion sat gazing out at the falling January snow and the lights of the town twinkling feebly through the white drift.

For it was January now, and the foam of the sea, seen from his window, was whiter than the streets of Brighton. It had been a sharp struggle between life and death, during those weary weeks of brain fever, but his strong, young manhood, his iron constitution, had vanquished death. He was convalescent—

—the pale shadow of his darkly handsome self, but with life beating strongly in the strong heart that only knew its own vitality. The haggard face looked very still and rigid—almost marble-like in its white calm. He was facing the inevitable, as all brave men must, with stoical endurance and quietude.

The news had come—borne on the very winds of heaven. The latest sensation at the clubs and the men-tables, among gossiping dowagers and chattering young ladies, was the mad marriage of General Trevanion's only son. "Poor devil!" the men said, with a laugh and a shrug, "what an inconceivable idiot the fellow must be. He has sent her adrift, they say—no doubt the little ballerina has made a capital thing of it." It had flown down even to Monkswood Priory, to goad the fiery-hearted old seigneur to utter madness, to make him curse, in his passionate pride, the hour of that once idolized son's birth.

And Cyril Trevanion knew all this—they did their best, Major Powerscourt and Captain Hawkeley, in their friendly good nature, but they could not keep it from him. Did it not stare at him from the very columns of Bell's Life, with tell-tale initials and droll comments? If his pale face turned a shade more ghastly, if his teeth locked together—ne made no other sign. His six-shooter lay ready to his hand, but he never looked that way. In the first hour of his madness, those pistols, lying loaded on his table, were to have blown out his infatuated brains; but he had been saved, as by fire, and his thoughts never turned to that escape now. And not once, since he had been stricken down by that Unseen Hand, had the "fatal name" of the golden-haired traitress escaped his lips.

He sat alone this evening. Major Powerscourt had left him, to enjoy his Manilla in the keen January air. He sat alone, smoking steadily—the book he had been reading fallen on his knee—his dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the darkening sky and sea. It was quite dark when the Indian officer strolled in, filling the warm room with a rush of wintery air.

"Missing in the gloaming," the major said, cheerily, "romantic, dear boy, but uncommonly conducive to dismals and blue devils. Well! light the gas and send you to bed; invalids always go to roost with the chickens."

"Never mind the gas, Powerscourt," the younger man said, impatiently; "there is light enough for what I want to say. I have played invalid long enough—I'll be off to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the major, taking a seat near, and lighting another weed. "You're off, are you? Well, I have no objection, provided your destination is Monkswood."

"Monkswood?" Cyril Trevanion repeated, bitterly. "My last visit to Monkswood was so pleasant, that it is likely I will hasten to return. The role of Prodigal Son is not in the least in my line, and General Trevanion is hardly the sort of father to kill the fattened calf and robe the penitent in gold and purple. No, Powerscourt, I am looking my last race at Monkswood. I am the first of the race who ever disgraced the name of Trevanion—a name that never was approached by shame until I bore it. I know how my father received me last—how hardly cares to brave that sort of thing twice."

The major listened very quietly.

"What, then, do you mean to do? You have some plan formed, I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall exchange—go out to India. One always finds hot work out there, and the sooner a Sepoy bullet sends one more fool out of the world, the better. I was coward enough, that first night, to meditate self-murder. I am thankful, at least, that that dastardly deed was spared me. It would be a fitting end, no doubt, for such a besotted life as mine has been."

"Don't give it such terrible earnestness, my friend," Major Powerscourt said, puffing calmly at his cigar; "nothing is ever worth a scene. You will go out, of course—on any case you could hardly do better; but let us hope for a more agreeable ending than a Sepoy bullet. And one's father is one's father; if I were you I would run down to Monkswood and say adieu. Even General Ewes Trevanion may have been guilty of follies in his life-time—if not, then he has been most confoundingly sandered. Let him think of the past, and not turn so tremendously Spartan and stiff-necked. We all have our little weaknesses where pretty women are concerned—the best of us."

Cyril laughed sarcastically.

"But you don't marry them, my boy. I might have been enamored of all the grisettes and ballet-girls in London; so that I did not stoop to the madness of wedlock, my rigidly moral father might have disapproved, but he assuredly would not have discarded me. However, as you say, a father one's, a father always; and the dear old governor his always acted like a trump to me. I'll go down, if you insist very strongly, Powerscourt—I owe you more than that."

He stretched forth his hand in the darkness, and his friend grasped it in a strong grip.

"Be a man, and live down the present. We will laugh over it together out there in India, when you win your colonelcy. And she—have you no curiosity about her, Trevanion?"

"You dealt with her," Cyril responded, very quietly; "I ask to know no more. I don't think the day will ever come when I can hear her name quite unmoved."

"It was as quiet as possible," the major said; "we had no words. She went out once, and she consented readily

"What's your will?" this old man asked, in broad Gaelic, staring hard at the tall, dark figure looming up in the twilight.

"Don't you know me, Melver?" Cyril said. "Where is the housekeeper? Where is Mrs. Teifer?"

"The Lord be guide till us!" the old man gasped; "deil's in it if it's no Master Cyril himself!" The housekeeper's name, and the name of her lady's maid, were the only words he knew.

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## THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY

He heard the fires at the end of the street.

He heard the marching of thousands of feet:

The rust and the murmur and the beat of the drum.

The sudden strange delirium; he saw the gold banners and flying flags.

The rapturous faces of lads and lasses; the light romance and the gleam of it all.

The wonder, the magic, the dream of it all.

But he did not see the lonely campfire burning on distant fields; and he forgot the yearning of aching hearts when nights were filled with drad.

He did not see the piteous, helpless dead, he did not think of sorrow and alarms, the empty years that mocked his empty arms.

He saw them think of many a blood-stained hill.

Yet had he thought he would have followed them still.

He heard the story—old as the years; she waited through nights of ghrihlood For the dream to come, as come it must. And she made a glory of the dust.

She said, "No love shall be like yours— Life's roadway bright with eternal flowers."

She said the beauty, the light of it all, all.

But she did not know of days and nights of weeping.

Heart-breaking absence and slow shadowy creeping.

Around her couch to hide love's blinding light.

She did not know Love has its day—and night.

And she forgot the thorns and the roses, Forget that sometimes Love's book softens to a dream.

She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill.

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**WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE**

It is more generally known, Sir Vitus dance, in a disease that usually attacks the young children, though other persons may be afflicted with it. Its most common symptoms are a twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching takes the form of spasms, in which the jerking motion may be confined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands, or to walk steadily, and in severe cases even the speech is affected. The disease is due to debility of the nerves, and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in this trouble. Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my eldest daughter, Elizabeth, became much run down, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus dance. First her left arm began to twitch, then the left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that finally her father got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and before all the twitches were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. It was in 1906, and as she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel justified in saying the cure is permanent."

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**PROMISING HEIFERS SAVED FROM THE BUTCHERS.**

The importance of keeping samples and having the milk tested regularly to determine the quantity of butter fat produced by each cow in the herd is quite as important as to know the quantity of milk given by each animal.

The following are the returns from four two-year-old heifers in the same herd during the months of September and October at the Kensington, P. E. I., Dairy Herd Centre, conducted under the direction of the Dairy Division Ottawa.

Cow	Milk	Test Fat	fat val
A	1475	2.9	43.3
B	1400	2.7	37.8
C	1330	2.9	38.5
D	1105	4.0	44.6

While A produced 370 pounds more milk than D, it contained 1.3 pounds less of butter fat, and B with 295 pounds more of milk had 6.9 pounds difference of \$1.70 in the value of butter fat in favor of B also. C with 235 pounds more milk returned her owner one dollar and fifty three cents worth less of butter fat.

These four heifers freshened about the same time, and are all half sisters and from a pure bred sire, A, B, and C, are from grade cows, while D is from a pure bred Jersey that has produced since March 10th, to October 30th, 4,458 pounds of milk containing 223.9 pounds of butter fat, an average test of 5.15 per cent. Her grand dame was imported to Prince Edward Island years ago from the herd of Mrs. E. M. Jones, Brockville, Ont.

Had the owner of these heifers not been keeping records of both the milk and butter fat from each cow in his herd no doubt D would have been looked upon as the poorer one of the four on account of the quantity of milk she is giving in comparison with the other three.

The owner had decided to beef these heifers until his attention was drawn to the butter fat they gave compared with mature grades in his herd. By the keeping of individual records valuable information is acquired in reference to the herd which if taken advantage of means a better herd and more dollars in your pocket. A card to the Dairy Division, Ottawa, will give you full instructions how to proceed.

**A FAMILY NECESSITY**

It's a remedy capable of affording immediate relief to the hundred and one ailments that constantly arise. It may be a cold, perhaps toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back—use Pulsan's Nerviline, it is penetrating, pain subduing and powerful. Nerviline is at least five times stronger than ordinary remedies and its worth in any household can't be over-estimated. For man or beast Nerviline is a panacea for all pain and costs only 25c per bottle. Buy Nerviline today from your druggist.

**JOYS THAT ANDREW MISSED.**

New York Herald

"I always had an ambition to be a reporter,"—Mr. Andrew.

Feel sorry for you, Andrew.

The million in your fist.

Could never compass you.

For the happiness you've missed.

You never knew the pleasure

Of worry about the world.

Or the ecstasy of having

A door shut in your face.

You never saw the world

That all reporters do.

When they drag a victim out of bed

To ask him if it's true.

You've had a lot of comforts.

Your life's been free from pain.

But what could take the place of

A night out in the rain?

You never beat a keyboard

Until you were all alone.

You never saw your brain throbs

Dashed against the floor.

You never had an editor

Trying to get your "roat."

A blue pencil never sterilized

The thrilling cheques you wrote.

Of course, we're all disappointed.

But we all have our cares;

If reporters had their wives

They would all be millionaires.

**HOW HE DID IT.**

Read—Did you hear about my neighbor's control of his automobile?

Guess—No, I didn't.

Read—Well he did. The sheriff's got it.