

Sybil's Doom

"Humph! Master Linden's mistakes. One incapable is enough. I'm afraid you'll have to go back to the stables. You were never a gentleman's servant before."

"I can blacken boots and brush a coat of wax," said the rustic, sturdily. "I'm one of your own people, and I'll earn my money. You honor give a poor lad a chance? I've been ailing, and out of place for months."

"Humph!" grunted Macgregor, for the second time. "I shall require rather more than my boots blacked and my coat brushed. I don't think you'll do. What's your name?"

"Joe Dawson, sir."

The author had been lounging lazily back in the window-seat, puffing forth clouds of smoke, and indolently gazing at the red light in the sky. But at the sound of this very commonplace name of Joe Dawson, he suddenly wheeled round, and for the first time looked the applicant for the vacant valetship full in the face.

It was a remarkable face for a slouching rustic—remarkable for its correctness of feature and its habitual sullen, down-cast look. In any one else it would have been handsome, but in this lad its expression was that of one cowed, and browbeaten, and ill-treated from childhood. He had a shock of thick, curling black hair, and a pair of long, velvet black eyes, when you could get to see them, most remarkably like another pair of velvety black orbs you would of. Macgregor raised himself on his elbow and stared at him.

"By Jove!" he said, under his breath, "here's a go. Come here, Joe Dawson, and let me see your eyes."

The lad slouched over, very evidently ill at ease. He lifted his black eyes uneasily, and dropped them again under that merciless stare. Shuffling from one foot to the other, shifting his cap from one hot hand to the next, he waited to hear his sentence.

"You're out of place and out of pocket, Joe," Macgregor said, coolly, surveying the ragged garments of the lad. "You've been sick, you say. Where? In London?"

"No, sir; in the town yonder. I tramped it from Lunnun of foot, and was took down with a fever in Speckhaven. My bit of money went for victuals and medicine, and I do 'ope, sir," lifting the dark eyes earnestly, "you'll take me on, I'll do my best—I will."

"I dare say; you look an honest lad," Macgregor replied, graciously. "And what brought you to Speckhaven, Joe?"

Mr. Joe Dawson shuffled more uneasily than ever, and his cadaverous face flushed.

"Well, sir, I heard as 'ow a party I was in search of was seen 'ere or a party humcommon like her, and I set hout in 'ope to 'unt her up."

"No, sir," Joe said, hastily, and turning redder; "no, sir, no sweetheart, it was—a gulf and a pause—"It was my mother."

Your mother! So the old lady has run away from you, Joe?

"She isn't a hold lady," retorted Joe, with some spirit. "She's a young lady, and a humcommon 'andsome 'un. Look 'ere, hif you please; I've got my plecter."

He drew eagerly forth, in confirmation of his words, a little miniature in a black velvet case.

Macgregor took it, and as he opened it, a long, silky curl of yellow hair dropped out and twined about his fingers. It was a very pretty tress, silky and soft, but the gentleman dropped it as though it had been a viper.

"Faugh!" he muttered, with an expression of ill-concealed disgust; and poor Joe picked up his cherished tress, a little surprised and hurried.

Mr. Macgregor looked at the picture an instant, then closed it sharply. It was a very, very pretty face—bright and smiling and childishly sweet—that looked up at him with great dark eyes, the very counterparts of those in the lad's face before him.

As you say, your mother's uncommonly good-looking," he said, coolly, handing the case back, "and you're uncommonly like her my lad, or would be, if you could but hold your head up and look the world in the face. How long ago since this was taken?"

"A matter of nineteen or twenty years. It was taken out of feyther's pocket when he was dead, and kept for me."

"Your father is dead, then? How did he die?"

Joe looked up, then down, turned first red and then pale, and made no answer.

"Suppose I tell you, Joe," said Macgregor; "the pretty little woman in the picture killed him."

"Yes," Joe gasped, in utter dismay.

"I'll tell you, Joe," said Macgregor, "the pretty little woman in the picture brought you up in the work-house, and you graduated in the stables. My poor lad, that mother of yours was a bad one. What do you want to hunt her up for?"

"She's my mother, sir," Joe answered with a second gulp, "and I'm very poor and ill and lonely. I would like to find her, to look at her—she's a lady, I've heard, sir—to hear her speak one kind word to me. I've never known naught of kindness—I've been cuffed and kicked all my life, and I would like to find her, and—and—"Joe fairly sobbed.

"Feyther was bad to her, sir—she say so—and if she did kill him—and it's not known for certain, sir—I wouldn't be too hard on her. Maybe she would say a kind word to her son—I won't ax moech."

He drew the sleeve of his tattered jacket across his eyes, and turned a little away, ashamed of his grimy tears.

"You're a good lad, Joe," Macgregor said, "and I'll take you to black my boots and brush my coat. Who told you your mother was in Speckhaven?"

"It were sun-mum I know, 'e passin' through the town, seed a lady in a carriage with a face like this in the plecter. He told me, and I tramped over from Lunnun. Thanky for the work, sir, I'll do my best."

"And supposing your mother is here, how are you going to know her? You have never seen her since your infancy. By the picture?"

dipped his pen in the ink, and went on with his interrupted narrative, as swiftly as though he had never been disturbed. He wrote for some hours, and collected a vast heap of damp foolscap about him, his pen scurrying wildly over the paper. Then, as his watch pointed to five, he struck work, and rang the bell, which gave the signal for dinner.

Joe brought in that meal, a very frugal one, on a tray. The author was washing his hands, and turned round from the lavatory to address his lackey.

"Do you know Chudleigh Chase, Joe?"

"Sir Rupert Chudleigh's place—six or seven miles from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I want you to go there with a message—a note—and wait for an answer. You will ask for Mrs. Ingram—remember, Mrs. Ingram—and deliver the note into no hands but hers."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll walk over to Speckhaven, and hire a hack at the stables. You'll reach Chudleigh Chase before seven—their dinner hour—and the lady is safe to be at home. Here."

He scribbled a line in pencil and handed it to his servant. It ran:

"Rose Dawson—Once again, and for the last time, I ask you: Do you accept my terms? Will you quit the country? I don't war with women, if I can help it. Remember, this is your last chance. Refuse, and I shall know no more."

"Macgregor."

"You give the lady this note, Joe, and wait for an answer. If your horse is worth anything, you'll be back here by half-past eight."

Joe departed upon his mission, and the hermit of the Retreat watched him out of sight with a smile upon his face.

"Now, then," he muttered—"now for the tug-of-war! He'll know her as soon as she sees her, and she'll know him, as she'll know him, so will I deal by her."

Macgregor's valet got a horse, and rode at a good pace to Chudleigh Chase. The big bell up in the windy cupola was sounding its sonorous summons to dinner, as Joe rode up the avenue to the grand portico entrance of the mansion. He sprang from the saddle, and was about to turn in quest of some less pretentious portal, when, lifting his eyes, he beheld a vision that struck him dumb with splendor.

A lady was walking slowly from the shrubbery toward the house—a lady in a rich, trailing dress, that blushed as she walked, half dove color, half rose—a lady with a crimson clematis in her glossy black hair, and crimson roses on her breast—a lady beautiful as his dream of the angels—supposing poor Joe ever did dream of those celestial messengers—and startlingly and amazingly like the pictured face he wore over his heart.

He stood still and stared—open-eyed, open-mouthed. The lady espied him, noticed that wild stare, and paused. And the mother and son stood face to face.

She did not know him, of course—she did not even see his resemblance to herself—but she paused, in passing, to speak.

"Who are you?" she said sharply.

"Why do you stand and gape at me? What brings you here?"

Joe pulled off his cap, still open-mouthed and open-eyed.

"Beg parding, mum, I was sent with a letter for Mrs. Ingram."

"I am Mrs. Ingram. Give me the letter. Who sent you?"

"My master, mum, over yonder."

He waved his cap vaguely toward the horizon, handing her the unsealed note mechanically, and still gazing in that wild trance.

She untwisted the paper, read it, her dark face flushing a deep red with anger. She looked up, as she finished, with dangerously glittering eyes.

"You were to wait for an answer, were you? Here is my answer; tell your master so."

She tore the letter into a dozen fragments, and flung them passionately on the grass at his feet, with a cold stare.

"Tell your master I hate and defy him. Do you hear, stupid? Tell him to do his worst!"

"Yes, mum," Joe said, mechanically.

"Oh, good Lord!" rousing suddenly up, "what does this here go mean?"

"What are you waiting for?" Mrs. Ingram asked, angrily. "I have given you your answer."

"Beg your parding, mum," Joe said, for the second time, "it's along of a plecter. Do look at it, mum, and you'll see for yourself."

He jerked out his beloved miniature, and opened it with fingers trembling with eagerness, and handed it to the lady.

Mrs. Ingram recoiled, with a glance of disgust.

"What do you mean, fellow? Do you suppose I am going to look at your filthy picture. Be gone!"

"Yes, mum," Joe said, wildly, "but do—do look at it first, mum. It's your own plecter."

"My picture!—mine!" she snatched it out of his hand—looked at it in wild wonder. "For heaven's sake, where did you get this?"

"They took it from feyther, afore they buried him, mum. It's your plecter, and you're—"

"Who are you?" the lady exclaimed, with a gasp of unutterable terror, staring at him as wild-eyed as he had ever stared at her. "What is your name?"

"Joe Dawson, mum."

She recoiled with a scream—a scream of wordless horror. Had the murdered man risen from his unavenged grave and stood, ghastly and awful, before her in the silvery twilight, her face could not have turned a more livid hue.

"And you are—"

"Your son," Joe said, bravely, yet trembling from head to foot. "They found me when they found feyther—he was dead and I was asleep. They brought me up in the workus, and I have been looking for you all my life."

"You insolent boor! How dare you! I your mother! I will have you shut up as a madman if you ever repeat that lying slander. Have you dared to tell anyone—to show this?"

She flung the picture, with all her force, into the fish-pond near, and waited, with livid face and blazing eyes.

"Yes," Joe said, sullenly; "I have told the master. He know it hisself before."

She uttered a cry—the fierce cry of a wounded leopard—and stamped her foot fiercely on the yielding turf.

"Be gone, you insolent boor! and never dare repeat your lies, or I will have you shut up where only four pad-

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ded walls and madmen, like yourself, can hear them. Be gone!"

"I heard mad," Joe retorted, still more sullenly; "and they heard less. That plecter is your plecter, and you are my mother!"

With a third cry of inexpressible fury Mrs. Ingram darted forward like a panther, wrenched the riding whip out of the lad's hand, and struck him again and again across the face.

"You false scoundrel! You insolent boor! Now will you repeat your lies to my face?"

She flung the whip at him and was gone like a flash. And Joe stood stock-still where she had left him—too stunned to move. Half a dozen stinging blows she had cut him across the face; the livid welts were rising already, and the countenance of the lad, there alone in the purple gloaming, was not good to look upon.

There had been a witness of this little scene, Gwendoline Chudleigh, from her dressing-room window, had believed it all with horror. As the boy turned to depart, a plump figure in a pink dress came flying down the avenue, and a little fat jeweled hand caught him by the arm.

"For goodness gracious sake, stop! panted Gwyn, breathlessly, "and tell me who you are, and what you said to that horrid woman, to make her horsewhip you?"

Joe looked up. The livid welts were very plain now, and tender-hearted Gwyn winced as she saw them.

"It's no matter, miss," Joe said, in a very low voice, touching his cap. "I'd rather not tell."

"But I'm dying to know," persisted Miss Chudleigh. "I hate her as she hates somebody who hates holy water! Do tell me who you said to make her so tearing mad?"

"No, miss," Macgregor's messenger answered, holding down his head; "I can't."

(To be Continued.)



Professor—Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it until a century ago, when—

Student (interrupting)—What did they do before it was discovered, sir?

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On Friday, March 15th, we commence our annual clearance sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from \$15 to \$60 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormuth and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and at low every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

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MOGUL DIAMOND.

How it Reached England and Came Into French Hands.

In his "Feuilles d'Histoire" M. Bièvre publishes a mass of correspondence that had not hitherto seen the light relative to the history of the diamond of the Great Mogul. This correspondence consists of letters of Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham.

In 1701 Pitt was Governor of Madras, and at the same time he represented an English company. One day a man came and offered to sell for £20,000 a diamond of an extraordinary size, evidently stolen from the mines of the Great Mogul.

In his position as Governor Pitt should have denounced the theft; in his position of commercial agent he should have thought first of the interests of his company. He did neither, but used his authority to intimidate the man, and beat down the price, and eventually the precious stone came into Pitt's possession for the sum of £20,000.

He committed it to the care of his son Robert, ordering him to take it to England and have it cut. When the son had started on his journey the father began to have qualms. He calculated the value of the diamond at £200,000, and the very idea of such a vast sum frightened him.

His wife was already a great spendthrift, and he feared his son would take after her. His fears were not groundless, for Robert hastened to marry a dowdier girl, and began housekeeping on a ruinous scale.

The diamond when it came into the hands of the cutter, Cope, by no means fulfilled all the expectations founded upon its value. Impurities and fissures necessitated a wholesale cutting down, and from 426 carats it fell finally to 128.

To make matters worse, Thomas Pitt found himself in hot water. His political enemies made things warm for him, and his company talk of bringing an action against him to recover the value of the diamond. He judged it wise to return to Europe himself and get rid of the stone and wind up the whole affair.

His patriotism would have liked to see the diamond remain in England, but Queen Anne's funds were always at a strain, and buying the Great Mogul's stone, George I. desired the stone wholeheartedly, but declined to bind it, on the ground that it was Parliament's duty to resolve to offer the jewel to the King of France, who decided to purchase it for the sum of £100,000.—Le Journal des Debates.

ZAM-BUK IN THE HOME

Read How Useful It Proved in These Widely Different Cases.

Zam-Buk's strongest point is its effectiveness in all kinds of skin diseases and injuries. Just note how excellent these persons proved it in widely different directions.

Sore Heel.—Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Pottsville, Ont., writes: "One of my heels was very badly blistered by a pair of new shoes, and the poisonous dye from my stocking got into it, and made a bad sore. For a week it would not put on a shoe, and suffered great pain. I applied Zam-Buk, and in a few days it drew the poison out and healed the wound."

Bad Cut.—Mrs. J. Virgint, of Orono, Ont., writes: "Zam-Buk healed a bad cut which I sustained. I was hurrying across my yard one day when I slipped and fell heavily, my knee striking a sharp stone. At the moment I did not realize how badly I was hurt, but I found I had a bad cut about two inches long, very jagged and very deep. We bathed the cut and applied Zam-Buk. This stopped the smarting very quickly, and in a few days it had healed the wound completely. For cuts and bruises Zam-Buk is a splendid remedy."

Eczema Cured.—Mrs. Antoine Arsenault, of Maxville, P. E. I., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to any person suffering from Eczema. I had this disease, and was under doctors' treatment for two years, without any good result. I then tried Zam-Buk, and in the end it cured me."

Zam-Buk is just as good for piles, blood-poison, festering sores, pimples, eruptions, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c box at all druggists and stores, or post free for notice from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Try Zam-Buk Soap, 2c Tablet.

STREET WITHOUT A 13.

The lady who protested against the Wandsworth Borough Council changing the number of her house to 13 is an uncommon type in London. Indeed, quite a number of streets, mostly in the suburbs, have no No. 13 at all, the difficulty being got over in many cases by the subterfuge of 12a. This is the case with Herbert Barker, the famous bone setter. The most famous street without a 13 is the Strand, but that is perhaps more by accident than design, for building operations have made havoc of the original nomenclature. No. 13 Piccadilly is occupied by Messrs. Swan & Edgar; No. 13 Berkeley square by the Earl of Carnarvon, and No. 13 Fleet street by the Christian World. Pall Mall temple's Providence with not only a 13 but a 13a, and Whitehall has no numbers at all, 13 or any other.—Pall Mall Gazette.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"The Lion was so tame it ate off his hand."

ALL COME FROM THE SAME CAUSE

Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Duffall's Ills.

She Had Diabetes, Sciatica, Backache and Headache, but Found Speedy Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Boniface, Man., April 8.—(Special.)—After suffering for three years from a complication of diseases, Madame Oud. Duffault, of 94 Victoria street, this city, is once more in perfect health, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are credited with another splendid cure. Speaking of her cure, Madame Duffault says:

"Yes, I am again a well woman, and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it. I suffered for three years, and I may say I had pains all over my body. I had sciatica, neuralgia and diabetes. My back ached, and I had pains in my head. I was nervous and tired all the time; there were dark circles around my eyes, which were also puffed and swollen, and heart fluttering added to my troubles."

"But when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I soon began to get better. I took thirteen boxes in all, and I think they are a grand medicine."

Every one who has a complication of ailments is a direct result of diseased kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills so quickly cured them all.

THE CROCODILE IN BORNEO.

Native Kill the Creatures Only in Spirit of Revenge.

It is a common sight in Borneo to see a large crocodile sunning himself on the muddy bank of a river. He takes no notice of the natives even though they pass quite near to him. So common indeed is the sight that the Dyaks themselves pay no heed to these dangerous reptiles; and yet it is no unusual thing in Borneo to hear of some human life being taken by a crocodile.

For months perhaps the crocodiles in a river live at peace with mankind and then suddenly one of these creatures will carry off some lad bathing in the river or even attack some one paddling along in his boat. I know of a Dyak girl who, when sitting and paddling at the stern of a canoe was knocked over into the water and carried away by a crocodile and her companions could do nothing to save her.

There seems to be no reason why the crocodile should suddenly show a man eating propensity in this way. The Dyaks account for it by curious superstitions. They say that if food is offered to a person and he refuses it and goes away without at least touching it some misfortune is sure to befall him and he will most probably be attacked by a crocodile.

Also it is said that one of the ways the gods punish crime is by sending a crocodile to attack the culprit; and I have often heard it said by Dyaks of some one who has been killed by a crocodile that probably he has displeased the gods either by paying no heed to the warnings sent him in dreams or by means of omen birds or by committing some hidden crime.

The Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile except in revenge. If the animal will live at peace with him the Dyak has no wish to start a quarrel; if, however, the crocodile breaks through and kills some one then he feels justified in retaliating. Under these circumstances the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit and go on catching and killing crocodiles until they succeed in doing so. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish.—Chambers' Journal.

DRESS OF JAPANESE.

Brides in Japan follow the same custom which prevails in the western world, that of wearing white at the wedding ceremony at least during a part of it. But the significance attached to the choice of this color is quite different on the two sides of the world.

The Japanese bride is dressed first in deplorable garments of white silk, the sleeves of the costume usually being about three feet in length, while the sash, an important feature, measures about eleven feet in length.

But while, as the Oriental Review explains, is the mourning color in Japan, and the bride, leaving her parents' house, considers herself dead in the sense that she will never return alive, preferring death to a white costume.

After the exchange of vows of sake with the bridegroom, which is the most important part of the wedding ceremony, the bride changes her costume to a red one. This is called *irohaoshi* (changing color). Red is supposed to have a purifying power, and perhaps clears the minds of the parties of all association of mourning.

This is the origin of the Japanese custom of using white costume at weddings, but many people in modern Japan do not any longer have time to bother their heads with these questions of color, and simply go ahead and marry according to the accepted custom, with no thought of what the colors signify.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS

AN AWKWARD BREAK.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, aren't you?" said the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundingly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."—From the Cleveland Leader.

"How do you know the world is round?" asked the teacher. "Because we know it isn't square," replied the boy who reads all the financial and political news.