

Sybil's Doom

“I say, Macgregor,” Charley exclaimed, rather smugly as that rumour, “don't you go a little too fast? Who's done for you, and when was it? You must have been filled in cold blood by half a dozen, at least, of the fiercest and most malicious as this. Suppose they are painted and pear-shaped? What does it signify, when it is so artificially done that we don't detect it? If Mrs. Ingram, in the secret privacy of her chamber, be toothless and scrawny, with a complexion like a tallow candle, then, by Jove! let Mrs. Ingram paint to her heart's content. An ugly woman is a sight to haunt one's dreams. If an ugly woman has the art to make herself beautiful forever, then let her crinoline and cosmetics, to the end of the chapter. A man doesn't want his mother or sister or wife to kiss him with lips on which the rouge still glistens; but outside of that—oh, by Jove! let 'em do it. We like it on a stage—brightens them up and keeps them from looking about it on the greater stage of life.”

Charley delivered all this in his slowest, softest, gentlest tones. The tenant of the Retreat laughed good naturedly.

“Ready, seventeen years old waxes eloquent on the subject. No matter, how the result is obtained, so that the result is pretty, eh? The seigneur of Newwood seems much of your opinion; he's gone beyond redemption. Do you suppose he has proposed yet?”

“Can't say. Not at all likely. He's fool enough, in my opinion, for anything, and knives enough for anything else, so I don't think he'll go far when he does. She's made up her mind to be Lady Chudleigh, and Lady Chudleigh she'll be, in spite of fate and Sir Rupert.”

“Well, she flirts with Trevanion very loudly, at least.”

“My dear fellow, that pretty little Lady Capricious flirts with every one. She goes in for Sir Rupert when she gets him alone and unprotected. I'll take my oath, and makes pretty certain rounds about feminine love to him mercifully. It's the nature of the little animal, my friend. I've seen her, when there was no better quarry to spring, take hold of an older, uglier, sadder, wiser man than Sir Rupert, and soften his brains for him in ten minutes. But it's my opinion, Mr. Angus Macgregor, you know more about him than I do. I can not get over that picture of Mrs. Ingram not being the rose, but the thorn of thorns. I don't want to be impatient, but I'll be hanged if I believe you when you say the resemblance is only accidental.”

“Don't get excited, Charley. Resemblances are common enough. They say I look like Trevanion, you know.”

“So you do, and yet you don't. You are bearded, and yet there is nothing to be seen of your beard. He has a nose of a different order, and a different development. Our cousin Cyril is the fortunate possessor of a straight nose and two dark eyes, also; but there the resemblance ends. His head tapers up like a sugar loaf, and his forehead slopes back and contracts at the temples in a way that does not speak flatteringly of the brain behind it. And apropos of that, did you ever notice the insane way he glared and the gamic twitches of his face sometimes? He may not be absolutely mad, but, in the elegantly allegorical language of the day, ‘his head's not level.’”

“Charley,” Macgregor said, with some hesitation, “it is a tolerably well known fact that your sister used to cherish his memory, to esteem him very highly. It is impertinent to ask if she does so still?”

“No,” said Charley, decidedly. “Distance lent enchantment to the view. Sybil has been getting disenchanted since the first moment she set eyes upon him. That little episode of the bull fished him in her estimation. A woman is ready to forgive seventy times seven almost any crime a man can commit; but she won't forgive, if she is any way plucky herself, an act of cowardice. Trevanion showed the white feather horribly that day, and not all the memories of battles fought and won, in India and Russia, can counterbalance the flight from the bull. He offered some kind of limping apology—resigned, nervous, etc., and my Lady Sybil listened with that cold, proud face no one can put on to more perfection, and responded by a high and chilling bow. There is a sort of armed peace between them, and she unmistakably despises him for his infatuation about the widow. No, Sybil's hero is Sybil's hero no longer. I rather think you have usurped his place.”

“The fact of Angus Macgregor flushed deep red in the darkness, but his steady voice was as cool as ever.”

“Not at all unlikely. We brethren of the pen and ink bottle—generally are heroes in the eyes of young ladies. They read our books; our dreamy, misty, rather trashy poems; our sensational novels, full of subterranean passages, dashing, slashing, reckless, dainties, and raven whiskers, with flashing eyes, and they picture us grandiose personages, baring our white brows to the light, and waving a ja Byrion, the of the peridy of woman and the baseness of man. They're disappointed sometimes, when we suddenly appear before them with sandy hair and mild blue eyes, and a tendency to perpetual blushes, and as insipid as a mug of milk and water. Miss Trevanion is a hero-worshiper of the most approved kind, and when one topples from his pedestal, she elevates another. Here we are at the Retreat. Thank you, old fellow, for dropping my name and good-night.”

“You dine with us to-morrow, do you not?” Charley asked. “You promised my mother, I believe. You beat her at what last time, and she is panting for revenge. Until then, an revoir. Don't dream of the widow; it's dangerous.”

Charley whirled away in the darkness, and the author entered his domicile, and the lighted windows looked against the rainy blackness of the August night, and very pleasant was the old-fashioned parlor, lighted up with a half dozen wax tapers.

“Dream of the widow,” muttered Macgregor, between his teeth; “widow, forsooth! No, I shall know that first—Cyril Trevanion. My faith! but they both play their little game well. And she'll hunt the Baronet down, until she hitches him into marrying her, if she's let alone. She's a clever little devil, and I could almost advise her, in fighting fate to the last and looking her own against such tremendous odds; but when I think of her living under the same roof, clasping hands, and breaking bread with Sybil Lennox, by—”

“I can feel no more,” through the pure, proud Sybil! if you only knew what that woman is, and has been, you would recoil from sight of her as you would from a hooded snake—a deadly cobra. And I thought her dead, and she thinks me dead, very likely. How tenacious of life venomous reptiles are! I believe Rose Dawson has more lives than a cat. She stood as much punishment from Dawson, before she did for him, as any member of the P. R. in England, she has faced starvation, hanging, sickness, she has been knocked about like a football, through every corner of the continent, and she turns up here in the end, handsome, younger, more elegant, more insolent in her faceless beauty than ever! But clever as you are, and handsome as you are, my little fascinating Rose, I think you have met your match this time. For fifteen years you have been conqueror, but the wheel spins around, and you on the top go down and I rise up. It's my turn now, and I'll show you the same merry way showed me—the merry way she showed that poor devil, Dawson. I'll spare you no more than I would a raging tigress broken loose from her jungle. I wonder where Lady Lennox picked her up. I'll ascertain to-morrow. But first—”

He took up the portfolio as he spoke and drew out the water-color sketch, and with a pen-knife that lay near, cut it up into morsels. He laughed grimly as he flung them out into the rain.

A WOMEN'S CARES DESTRUCTIVE TO HEALTH ANEMIA, BAD BLOOD, HEAD-ACHES, AND LAMENESS, VERY COMMON. VERY COMMON.

Mrs. Withinson's Letter Gives Advice That Every Mother Can Well Follow.



From her home in Newton where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Withinson writes: “For years I was pale, anemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with my ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before my eyes, and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement, although slow, was sure.”

“I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented, and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color, which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly pallor to robust health.”

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—beware of the substitute that offers you 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers of the Cattaraugus Company, Kingston, Ont.

She was not in the least tired or sleepy; she would watch until morning. I let her overrule me. I went back, and again slept and slept soundly. It was late when I awoke and went back to the sick-room. The valet and housekeeper still slumbered, and this time Mrs. Ingram also. And the bed was empty—the will and the dying man gone! My scream awoke Cleante and Telfer at once, but not Mrs. Ingram.

“When she did awake, after a sound shaking, she was utterly bewildered—she knew not anything. She had dropped asleep, unconsciously—her patient was all safe in bed the last she remembered. Macgregor listened in silence, his brows drawn, a look of dark intensity in his face.”

“How TO MAKE BUTTER.”

A correspondent of the Bradford Record household department having asked how to make butter, the inquiry was referred to the firm of Austin Leonard & Son, of Troy, Bradford county, Pa., buttermakers, who have been awarded premiums at the Pennsylvania and New York State fairs. They sent the following instructive answers as to early and late processes.

Household Editor of the Record: In our early butter making we set our milk in shallow tin pans of six or eight capacity, and let it stand until it clabbered. Then the cream was skimmed off and stored until enough had accumulated for a churning. It was churned in a dash churn, gathered into a lump, taken up with a ladle, salted to taste and worked over with the ladle until the buttermilk was very nearly worked out; then left for a few hours for the salt to dissolve an dthe color to develop. It was then reworked until all streaks disappeared and the remaining buttermilk was worked out. It was then ready for the table or to be packed into firkins for the market.

Shiloh's Cure
STOPPES COUGHS, HEALS THE LUNGS
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THE PAINS IN BACK, Sore and Chest.

“No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Dr. King's Kidney Pills could be produced than the letter of Miss Mary Mather who has written me from a well known resident of Washington, D. C. “I want to add my unqualified testimony to the efficacy of these wonderful Kidney Pills. I consider it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, whooping cough in the chest, etc., and one that has never been used before. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies could not break up. I rubbed up Dr. King's Kidney Pills, and within a few days, used as directed, I have had a complete cure of my chest, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness.”

“You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Dr. King's Kidney Pills.”

“LUCY MORTON.”

“Internal and external use of Dr. King's Kidney Pills. Accept no substitute. Large family size bottles, 50¢; trial size, 25¢. At all dealers, or the Cattaraugus Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.”

THIS WEEK'S JOKES HOT FROM BROADWAY.

Bings—Can you tell me why a woman is the nearest imitation of an accordion? Stings—You've stuck me this time, old man. Why? Bings—Because you have to knock the wind out of both of them before you can shut them up—Gilmore and La Tour. Mr. Kelly—Mary, what was that you were talking so much about at the party last night? Mrs. Kelly—Sure, I was only after telling them that I was a well preserved woman for my age. Mr. Kelly—You young man who is jolly here—You'd better look out for yourself, or I'll take you at your word, and then, if you don't make good, I'll sue you for breach of promise. Young Man (very wittily)—You'd better not, or you'll be trampled on in the rush—Mason and Kibbey Company. Mrs. Rooney (complaining to parish priest)—Father, that man of mine is either drinking again, or he's working in a circus. Parish Priest—Why do you say that? Mrs. Rooney? Young Man—Why? Well, he cum home last night, and he was ravin' and screaming, and was askin' me to please shoot the candles at the foot of the bed—Gus Williams. Mother (to her son)—George, you shouldn't get so angry because that poor girl of yours kept you waiting last night. George—I shouldn't get so. Why not? Wasn't I waiting? Little Boy (to his father)—Here's a funny dreamstick, pa. Father—What is it? Nothing silly, I hope? Little Boy—Oh, no; this is a dandy. It is a Patent-Telegraph operator get married in ‘Frisco. Western Union?—Harry Berceford and Company. Mr. Finnegun—Sure, that's a fine dog you have there, Mr. Cohen. Mr. Cohen—Vell, he ought to be. He's worth five hundred dollars. Mr. Finnegun—An' sure, how the divil did he ever save up that much money?—Finagun and Edwards.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

Without haste! Without rest! Find the motto to thy breast; Rest it with the words a spell; Storm and sunshine guard it well! Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Rest it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed; Ponder well, and know the right; Onward, then, with all thy might! Haste not! Years can never atone For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by; Go and dare before you die; Something mighty ahead it bids; Leave behind to conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! Duty be thy polar guide— Do the right, what'er betide. Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last. —Translated from Goethe.

SPLENDID WORK IN PARRY SOUND

Quick Cure of W. S. Kettyle by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Suffered for Ten Months, But Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Golden Valley, Parry Sound District, Ont., Feb. 19.—(Special)—W. S. Kettyle, who has lived in this district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, no matter where it is found, or in what form it is found. “I suffered from backache, gravel and headache for ten months,” Mr. Kettyle states, “My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year ago and I have had no return of my trouble since.” Dodd's Kidney Pills have a great work in this district. Numerous people can be found who have been cured by them of almost every kidney disease, including rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy and Bright's disease. They are looked upon by all who have used them as one sure cure for kidney disease.