

HER HEART'S SECRET;

Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Twice the young girl read the letter, and then, flinging it upon the blazing hearth, she fell upon her knees with a low, piteous moan.

CHAPTER V.

Father and Daughter.

Mr. Clive, senior, sat in his handsome library, with his pretty daughter on his knee. A walnut table stood beside his chair, on which, with the magic deftness that characterized all the household arrangements at Clive Towers, an elegant collation had appeared, immediately upon the master's arrival.

But neither the fragrant Mocha, steaming in the silver urn, nor the delicate slices of ham and chicken, had tempted the traveler's appetite. And even thoughtless Fannie noticed the shadow on her father's brow, the grave preoccupation of his manner, that all her childish prattle and loving caresses could not remove.

For, reserved and dignified, almost to sternness, with all the rest of the world, Robert Clive always unbent to his idolized daughter, whose bright beauty and bewitching grace recalled to him so forcibly the only love of his life—the wife whom he had worshipped with the strong, silent, passionate devotion that only such natures know.

For ten years Robert Clive had been a widower, and until the fair, sweet face of Agnes Clive smiled down upon him from the carved oaken frame above his fireside, still her gentle image remained enthroned within his heart—that heart whose dark secrets she had never sought to read, whose love she accepted gladly and unquestioningly, whose life she had brightened, even as the summer sunbeam brightens and warms the surface of the waters, whose cold, silent depths it can never hope to reach.

"And so you have turned out a full-fledged young lady, puss?" said the father, tenderly, smoothing the long brown hair that rippled over Fannie's shoulders—her mother's own dark, silken hair. "School books, thrown aside forever, eh? Nothing more to be learned by this wise little head? That diploma is alarming—chemistry, botany, meteorology. Why, you must be a regular epitome of science, my pet. I wonder if you can say the multiplication table through?"

"Now, papa," pouted Fannie, "the idea of your talking that way to me, though I was a little stupid about fractions; I always got them wrong side up, until Sybil showed me which number went on top. She took the first prize in mathematics, you know. She is awfully clever. The masters used to say she had a head like a man's."

"Ah, indeed? I doubt if this is a recommendation," said Mr. Clive, absently. "A woman with a man's head must be something of a monster, eh?"

"Now, papa, I don't mean that, of course," said Fannie, in an injured tone. "I only mean that her head is so clear, and steady, and thoughtful—not full of dressing and dancing, and flirting, like all other girls."

"Like all other girls, eh?" said Mr. Clive, laughingly pinching the pretty cheek. "And who is this young lady who seems such an alarming exception to the rule of her sex?"

"Why, Sybil, papa, don't you remember I wrote you all about my dearest friend, Sybil Wray?"

"Sybil!" repeated her father, the shadow deepening upon his face, as if the name were musical to him—"Sybil Wray! And pray, my pet, who is this wonderful Sybil Wray, who can make such deep emotions in my little girl's heart?"

"Oh, dear! Papa, don't you remember I wrote you all about her—a great, long letter, all criss-crossed?"

"I remember the letter, I think," answered Mr. Clive, with a half-smile; "but as for the contents, my dear, the criss-crossing you spoke of made them so much Chaldee to me."

"And you couldn't read it?" exclaimed Fannie, in dismay. "Well, well, I suppose it don't make much difference, as you can see her to-morrow for yourself."

"What?" exclaimed the father with a start. "Is the young lady here?"

"Oh, yes, papa. Don't you know, I told you I was going to bring her home with me? But, oh, dear! I forgot, you couldn't read the loveliest creature; and besides, you and me, papa—Fannie nodded her head sagely—"Bertie is more than half in love with her already. It's the most delightful thing that could have happened to me next," and the rosy lips parted in an arch smile—"next to falling in love myself."

"Nonsense, my dear!" said her father, sharply. "Don't let me hear you mention such a ridiculous thing again, you and Herbert are both too young for too young, to think of such serious subjects as matrimony. He has his way to make in the world, his own way to make—he must be hampered by no ties as yet."

"Oh, now, dear papa!" said Fannie, coaxingly, "there's this ugly line I hate to see come across your forehead. Let me kiss it away. It makes you look just like the picture of Uncle Basil, hanging up stairs."

"Uncle Basil! like your Uncle Basil?" was the hoarse reply. "What do you know of him, child?"

"Nothing, except that he must have been very cross and ugly," laughed Fannie, twining her arm about her father's neck, "and I don't like my precocious papa to look like him. You haven't touched your supper, papa, and Mrs. Wyllis fixed it so nicely for you. Let me help you to some of these bon-bons; you don't know how delicious they are."

"Nothing to-night, my child—nothing more to-night!" he answered, shortly, "ring the bell and have these things cleared away, and then—then you had better go to bed, my dear. It is late, and I am very tired—very tired!" he repeated, wearily.

"Dear papa!" said Fannie, with affectionate anxiety, "you look very tired. Let me get my cologne and bathe your head, as dear mamma used to do—that always rested you."

"Not to-night!" was the quick answer that came almost painfully from the stern, set lips—"not to-night, my child. I am better alone—far better alone. Kiss me good-night, my dear, and—"

"Fannie was clasped to her father's breast in a sudden, close embrace—"may your mother's God bless you, my Agnes' child!"

"I wonder what makes papa so solemn?" soliloquized Fannie, as she prepared for her peaceful slumber. There is something wrong, surely. I haven't seen him this way before since the evening Herbert had that quarrel with a strange man in the woods. He don't like to hear Uncle Basil's name mentioned, and this unlucky tongue of mine is always letting it slip; and yet I know Uncle Basil was very good to papa. He brought him up like his own son, and started him in business, and left him heaps and piles of money. I should think it couldn't be a very great crime to speak of him; and I did think it would be a delightful thing for Herbert and Sybil to get married. I'm sure, if I looked all over the world, I could not pick out a sweeter sister. But, dear, dear! people do go so crooked, and when it seems just as easy to walk along smooth and straight."

And with this conclusion, which was an unusually cynical one for our pretty philosopher, Fannie turned her rosy cheek to the pillow and peacefully slept.

For a quarter of an hour after his daughter had left him, Robert Clive paced up and down his spacious library, with clouded brow and stern, set lips.

Then, as if coming to a sudden determination, he pulled the bell cord, and told the answering servant that he wished to see Mrs. Wyllis.

The housekeeper entered the room ere he was conscious of her approach, and stood, with folded hands, beside the marble hearth, on which, despite the advanced season, a few logs were burning with welcome heat.

She cast one of her quick, stealthy glances from beneath the white eyelashes, at the dark, moody countenance of her master, and the faintest shadow of a smile rested for an instant around her thin lips; then, in a quiet, respectful voice, she asked "Mr. Clive's pleasure?"

"Ah! you are here," he said, pausing in his restless walk. "Be seated, my good Wyllis, if you please. I have something to say to you."

She obeyed him silently, folding her mittened hands one over the other, and letting her gray eyes fall demurely beneath their veiling lids.

"I merely wished to ask," said the master of Clive Towers, coming to a standstill before the hearth, "if you have been annoyed by any intruders here during my absence? I have reason to believe that that ruffian, who calls himself Basil Clive, has returned to this part of the country, and I fear may be bent on further acts of violence."

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry to hear it," was Mrs. Wyllis' meaning reply. "No, we have not been annoyed in any way as yet; though, really, sir, as far as my humble judgment goes, you were too lenient before—far too lenient. You should not have suffered so dangerous a character to escape so easily."

"Then take me with you, papa!" she cried, eagerly. "Oh, if I can brighten your life, soothe your sorrows, take me with you; and far away from here, in some happier land, we can live unknown and unnoticed, blessed in each other's love, satisfied in each other's company, seeking nothing else, papa—nothing, nothing else. Life is too short to waste in endless warfare, in endless struggles. Dear papa, let us choose at last, safety and peace!"

"Is it my child who speaks?" was the stern rejoinder—"my Sybil, whose heart and soul I have striven to mould into a counterpart of my own? Or has the soft wind of luxury made a change of the only being I have left to love? It would be my fate—my dark, evil fate—to lose even my child? Go from me, then, if you will; choose your own way; separate your cause from mine; live in safety and peace with the pampered children of fortune; but be child of mine no more! My ways are ways of struggle, and darkness, and peril, but I have followed them only to lead you into the light. I can travel them alone, for the past will have its stern duties even though the future may have lost its hopes. Go! Leave me, Sybil; you shall want for nothing. Lawless and homeless though your father be, he can provide for you amply and generously. Take your own way. There!"—he pointed up the steep hill, on whose summit rose the stately crest of Clive Towers—"there, through peril, privation, death if need be, lies mine!"

"Oh, father, father!" she cried, in tones of quivering pain, "what cruel words are these? You are the only being on earth who I dare—dare to love—your wrongs have been my sorrows, whose life has been my life! Take me to your heart, father! Oh, let no shadow or suspicion cast me out of that one sure resting place! Take me to your heart, for, in sorrow or in gladness, I am your child—your Sybil—yours, only yours!"

"Mine—only mine!" he repeated, clasping her in his strong arms. "Mine—only mine! Remember that, Sybil. Mine, only honorably and proudly, in your own name and from your own fireside. I can give you to another, noble and worthy enough to claim the daughter of Basil Clive. Until our work is done, our purpose gained, you are mine—only mine! And now to business, dear; for my own time is short. I must be far from here before the dawn. Tell me all you have learned while in my enemy's house. You have been well and wisely, so far. You have gained advantage into the foeman's camp. You have not a woman's wit unless all the weak spots in the fortifications are known to you. Tell me all—! Surely my dead father's curse falls in some way upon the sunlit pathway of Robert Clive? Surely the shadow is not all—mine?"

And the dark eyes flashed with a vindictive fire, as Basil Clive drew his daughter to a seat on the base of the monument beside him, and listened eagerly for her words.

For more than an hour they conversed together in low, agitated tones; and when at length they arose, Sybil's face was a white, wan expression of despair that would have touched any heart not scathed by the smoldering fires of a long-cherished hate.

"Go back to them, child," said Basil Clive, as his tall form towered up in the shadow of the granite monument. "You must go back to them! It is not the time to falter and shrink now. Go back to Robert Clive's threshold, and curse the bread he eats, the air he breathes, with the presence of the innocent being he has so cruelly wronged! If you have kept your eyes shut and your ears closed, hitherto, let them be alert and vigilant now. I have striven, fairly, openly, to gain justice at his hands. I have tried by threats and violence to wrest it from him. Now we must meet him with our own weapons—falsehood and fraud. We must stop our rights, since we may not win them. Hence, above my father's ashes, I renew the oath taken five-and-twenty years ago! Hate, undying hate, against the man that has wronged me and mine! Hate that shall live in my blood as long as a drop of it flows in living veins! Hate that shall burn forever and forever, until quenched by ample and unstinted justice!"

(To be Continued.)

THE LAST RESORT.

A Grim Tragedy Which Followed Close of New-found Happiness.

"Helen!" called a man in a muffled voice, as he pushed open the door to the squalid apartment at the top of the tenement.

"What? You, George?"

"Yes, dear. Get up; rub your eyes! Look what I have brought!"

The man lit a candle and pushed a small table to the side of a bed. Then he threw upon it one roll of bills of five and ten dollars, and handed up to the woman a handful of gold until the top was literally covered.

"Look, my poor girl! It's money—real money! Touch it! Take some of it in your hands! Rub your eyes and count it! Ten thousand dollars! Think! All ours! What happiness! Starvation, ruin, the street, the morgue, were before us this morning. Now we're saved; we shall—"

The woman stared at the money and then into her husband's face.

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, that's all right. I got it easily enough—I mean, I won it. Yes, dear, won it. Of course, you don't understand. At play, my little girl. At the gambling table. Last chance. Just like a novel, my pet. I risked everything on the turn of a card; no, I mean the cast of a ball. And there's the money. It will buy food and fire. Take it—listen! Somebody's on the stairs! Hide the money! Put out the light! Good-by, Helen. I'll never be taken alive!"

When the police burst open the door a moment later to arrest the murderer they found much money on the table and a pale-faced, girlish woman dead upon the pillow.

In the yard back of the tenement, five stories below, they found the body of a man—Palladaphia Thomas.

THE MARCH OF INVENTION.

"I've no doubt a good many people will listen in vain for Gabriel's trumpet when he finally comes."

"How so?"

"Because he's pretty sure to use a megaphone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MARRIAGE BY FORCE.

Indians of Tierra Del Fuego Take Advantage of Their Strength.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook tells of a little known race of aborigines in an article in the Century magazine for March on "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego," whom he visited on the Belgian antarctic expedition. Of their marriage customs he writes: "Marriage, like almost everything else, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed to steal women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Onas, being by far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for thirty years has given it as his opinion that a plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their peculiar emotions and habits of life. The relation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam is of novel interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous than are the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the several wives are often sisters. A young man takes by force, by mutual agreement, or by barter, the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently, when a girl is left an orphan, she is taken into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children. The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game; but he seldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving, the women take up all of their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unincumbered lead of their brave but ungallant husbands. Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting detail and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying sin of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless pale-faced invaders to shield the honor of his home."

Immunity Comes High. "What makes the new magazine cost so much?" "I don't know. Maybe they have to pay people not to write war articles for it."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Ideal Man. There is much rivalry between colleges as to which will produce the ideal man. By this they mean a strong and intellectual man. Health will demand first consideration, for upon that depends all. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will keep the bowels regular and the stomach healthy by curing stomach disorders. It also prevents malaria, fever and ague.

A good many people who go on the stage have no reason to be proud of their goings-on.

Spring Annually Says Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

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"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given the best of satisfaction, especially as a spring medicine. It builds up the general system and gives new life." DWIGHT C. PARK, Whiteland, Indiana.

His Possessions. The rich and rapid young man was not succeeding very well in his suit with the poor but sensible young woman he was anxious to win. "But, Fannie," he urged, "I have fifty thousand a year."

"Fifty thousand what?" she responded. "Bad habits?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE WORD "GUN."

How Its Meaning Has Changed with Modern Ordnance.

Evolution of the word "gun" forms an interesting little story in an up-to-date etymology. A dozen or so years ago we all understood gun to mean a fowling piece—shotgun as distinguished from a rifle or musket. Heavy and light ordnance—in fact, all pieces of artillery, without regard to size—were known as cannon. That, of course, was in the confines of civilization, where people made an effort to speak English. Out in the frontier the word gun was applied almost exclusively to pistols, and when a citizen of Tombstone or Deadwood invited another citizen to "pull his gun" he was understood to refer to the 44-calibre instrument worn as a chatelaine-belt ornament by everybody in good society in those localities. Nowadays the nomenclature has curiously changed. By degrees the good old term gun has become monopolized by the long, slim, murderous machine that constitutes our modern artillery. We speak of quick-fire guns, wire-wound guns, automatic guns, eight-inch, ten-inch, twelve-inch guns, and the word seems singularly apropos. They are not cannon. "Cannon" immediately suggests the big, lumbering, black-throated smooth bores of the past. The word conjures up all sorts of martial pictures—motionless men holding lighted matches, frigates lashed together and firing into each other's ports, Sepoys bound to the muzzle, neat geometric pyramids of round shot, the light brigade and lots of other things too numerous to mention.—New York Telegraph.

Made Trouble for Himself. They met at the Woman's Republican club ball at Christensen's. She was from the east; he was a home product. The conversation lagged between the dances. Finally he ventured this: "How do you like David Harum?" She bristled like a porcupine. "I have no use for harems of any kind," she retorted; "they're just perfectly horrid. Look at the sultan of Sulu! Look at those wretches in Turkey! The whole system is intended to degrade women into beasts. Don't talk to me about harems." The young man was frantically trying to square himself when the music drowned the conversation.—Salt Lake Herald.

Proper Procedure. "Who's that in the parlor?" asked Mr. Crumso. "It is Mr. Biggins, an old flame of Margaret's," replied Mrs. Crumso. "An old flame? Put him out."

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