

# HER HEART'S SECRET;

Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

## CHAPTER IX.

### An Omen of Ill.

Sybil was not down at breakfast next morning, and Fannie found Herbert, as well as her father, rather grave and taciturn.

Mrs. Willis, seated at the head of the table, kept her watchful gray eyes on all, while she seemed to devote her whole attention to the tea and coffee before her.

"I did have such a dreadful dream last night," said Fannie, whose flow of conversation was irrepressible. "It must have been that fruit cake of yours, Mrs. Willis. I thought there was an earthquake, or something like one, for the house seemed tumbling about my ears, and that horrible old picture of uncle Basil was alive, scowling and shaking his cane at me."

And I thought there was no one near me but Sybil, and uncle Basil held tight hold of her hand, so she could not help me—and I was frightened so terribly I awoke in a cold perspiration. Did you send Sybil's breakfast to her, Mrs. Willis?"

"I knocked at Miss Wraye's door," replied the model housekeeper, "but she said she wished for nothing at present."

"I feel confident that dear girl is going to be sick," said Fannie. "She studied herself nearly to death, to begin with, and since she has been here she hasn't eaten enough to keep a bird alive. I must send for Dr. Bond this very day! Herbert, you must ride down to the village for him. You gave her a chill last night, taking her off to Sunset Hill when the river mists were rising!" continued Fannie, reproachfully; "and now the least you can do is to try and cure her."

Herbert's face flushed at his father's inquiring gaze.

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter with Miss Sybil?" he answered, with some embarrassment.

"A slight cold, I presume," said Mrs. Willis, with a scarcely perceptible lifting of her white eyelashes. "Miss Wraye looks delicate, but could not be very seriously injured by a river mist. Fix her a cup of coffee, Willis, and let me take it up to her," said Fannie, impulsively, springing from the table. "I must see how she is, anyhow. A little more cream—she don't like it strong; and, papa, cut off a wee bit of that steak—I'll try and coax her to eat it."

And the warm-hearted girl arranged a dainty breakfast on the tray, and with her own hand carried it up to her friend.

As his daughter left the room, Mr. Clive turned rather stiffly to his son. "Who is this young lady, in whose welfare Fannie betrays such remarkable interest? Some school friend, I presume?"

"Miss Wraye was a boarder at Madam Fleury's for the last two sessions," answered the young gentleman, briefly.

"Ah! a boarder at Madam Fleury's?" repeated the father, thoughtfully. "A New Yorker, then, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I do not know, sir," replied Herbert. "I should suppose not, as the young lady seemed to have no friends there."

"Where do her friends reside, then?" was the older Mr. Clive's question. "Is she a foreigner?"

"I should judge not; though, really, sir," said Herbert, with attempted indifference. "I have never inquired much about Miss Wraye's birthplace or antecedents. She seems a very gentle and cultivated young lady, and I thought it scarcely became me to inquire more."

"Of course, of course! Madam Fleury would not countenance an undesirable intimacy," said Mr. Clive, reflectively. "She is a woman of very superior judgment."

"And of very narrow mind," interrupted Herbert, vexed that in justice to that admirable person, he was obliged to relieve her from the responsibility of protecting Fannie's friend. "Madam Fleury never countenances any one, sir, who is not tickled in golden letters as one of society's pets. Miss Wraye, as she informed you, through me, is not one of these favored ones."

"Ah! the elder gentleman's brow darkened; "there may be a great deal conveyed by such a suggestion—a great deal. Fannie is very impulsive, and you, sir, as her temporary guardian, were very unwise. My daughter's friends should be only such as are—ahem!—suitable to her position, her prospects—such as Miss Clive can recognize as her equals, not protect as inferiors. There is nothing that so quickly degrades the young mind as low associations."

Herbert's brow flushed, and he rose from his seat, as if the words stung him.

"I have too high an opinion of my sister to suppose that any association could degrade her," he answered. "However, sir, you can see Miss Wraye, and decide for yourself whether she is a fit companion for your daughter. It is a delicate matter, on which I cannot presume to judge."

He left the room as he spoke, angry and excited. He could say nothing more; truth, justice, conscience would allow him to say nothing more. His father was right—so every prudent mind would admit.

Sybil Wraye, nameless, friendless, as she called herself—shadowed by an impenetrable cloud, and crushed by some secret sorrow—was no fit companion for his ardent, impulsive sister. Madam Fleury had said it; Marian Grey had said it; Nay, had not Sybil herself said it? Had she not told him, the first night of their meeting, that she had no right to be his sister's guest? Had she not, the previous evening, bemoaned the folly, the madness, that made her cross their threshold—break bread at their board?

And yet—and yet, what was the charm about that pure, sweet face, that made it stand out purer and fairer from the very shadows that surrounded it?

"And an artist, should he paint her. He would paint her unaware. With a halo round her hair."

It was with something of a poet's feeling that Herbert regarded Sybil. Though she was far removed from him forever, though another claimed her heart and hand, even the pangs of hopeless love and hopeless loss could not dim in his memory her beautiful image. She would always be his ideal of all that was lovely and pure in womanhood—an ideal that from afar he might worship, though he could never hope to win.

His heart was sore this morning—sore with the wound of a first disappointment. All the other pain seemed lost in the thought that Sybil was removed from him forever. He had no right to defend or protect her. She belonged to another—was pledged to another; to one whose words seemed branded into his very soul—to one whom she loved, honored and must obey.

Poor child! perhaps it was peril to this loved one that overhung her young life like a darksome cloud; perhaps it was grief at separation; perhaps fortune frowned upon a too ambitious love, or perhaps friends forbade a happy union.

The pain in his own heart made Herbert generously sympathetic with Sybil's anguish. Love must ever be merciful to love.

He passed into the library. He had always, since his return from college, had his own desk and chair there. The morning's mail had been brought in, and his letters were awaiting his perusal.

There were several from old chums—one, on delicately-tinted paper, from a pretty cousin, a begging epistle, and then a rude envelope, addressed in a cramped, almost illegible hand, to "Herbert Clive."

He opened it with some surprise, and read the following lines:

"Sir—I am not one to strike in the dark, and so I send you this to warn you that a desperate being, who fears neither God nor man, has taken the law into his own hands and is determined upon justice. Beware of me, for I have determined upon my rights at any cost—at any cost!"

"—Basil Clive." "Basil Clive!" repeated Herbert, wondering. "And who the dickens is Basil Clive? The only one I ever heard of died five-and-twenty years ago. It can't be that Fannie's dream is so quickly realized, and the grim old gentleman up stairs has really stepped down from his canvas into life? Father, and Herbert looked up to his parent, who at that moment entered the room. "I have received a very singular letter from a person who signs himself 'Basil Clive.'"

"Ah!" Mr. Clive bent over his letters for a moment, perhaps to conceal the gray pallor that crept over his stern face. "There is a desperate sort of character who goes by that name, and has endeavored several times to claim relationship with us; but he is an impostor, whose pretensions it is much better not to notice. Let me see his letter."

Herbert handed it to his father, who glanced over it quickly, then tore it into shreds and flung it into the waste basket.

"All bombast!" he muttered. "The poor fool has been mad on this subject for years and years."

"Strange I never heard of him!" said Herbert.

"I preferred that you should neither hear nor speak of him," continued Mr. Clive, with that darkening of his brow that his daughter disliked so much. "He is nothing to us. He is a low-born, low-bred ruffian! And if he or his should ever attempt to cross my threshold, I would spurn them from it like the dogs they are!"

It was a rare thing for the polished Mr. Clive to use such rude and forcible language, and Herbert looked up at his father in mute surprise.

But a fairer picture than he had expected to see met his gaze.

Just on the threshold of the library stood his sister, her beautiful face bright with dimpling smiles, and one white arm thrown around the slight, sylph-like form of Sybil, who, with her rare delicate features and floating hair, formed such a graceful contrast to Fannie's blooming loveliness.

"Here she is, papa," cried the peevish darling of the household. "I made her eat some breakfast, and she feels ever so much better. Sybil, this is the dear, darling old duck of a father that I have told you so much about; and, papa, this is the dearest friend I have in the whole world—Sybil Wraye."

Courteous gentleman that he was, Mr. Clive, senior, was obliged to rise and acknowledge so naive an introduction.

"I am happy to meet my little daughter's friend," he said, stepping forward and holding out his hand to the girl, whose delicate beauty at once disarmed even paternal criticism.

But the bark from still lingered around his brows, and Sybil, glancing into that stern, haughty countenance, paled and shuddered, and ere he could touch her had, fell fainting at Robert Clive's feet.

## CHAPTER X.

### Doctor Bond.

When Sybil recovered her consciousness she found herself on a sofa in Fannie's sitting room, and that young lady bathing her head alternately with tears and eau-de-cologne.

"She's dead! she's dead! Oh, Willis, tell me—tell me, is she dead?"

cried Fannie, to whom a swoon was suggestive of immediate dissolution. "Oh, Sybil, Sybil! darling Sybil, do speak to me once again! Oh, Willis, look how white she is! Will Herbert never come back with the doctor?" Sybil.

"Be quiet, Miss Fannie!"—the low, sibilant voice seemed to startle her heroine from her momentary torpor, as though it were the hiss of a snake—"do be quiet! It is only a faint. See, she is coming to nicely now. Take a little of this brandy, Miss Wraye. Now you feel better, I am sure."

"Yes, better—much better!" gasped Sybil. "I am quite recovered now." She bashed her hand slowly over her brow. "What was it that frightened me so?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Fannie, hysterical between joy and grief. "You were just going to speak to papa, and fell right down, as if he had struck you; and you frightened me out of my very wits, you precious, precious darling!" concluded the impulsive girl, emphasizing each adjective with an embrace.

"Yes, I assure you, my dear, it was nothing but a swoon," said the housekeeper, gently. "It was quite unnecessary to send for the doctor."

"Dear me, Mrs. Willis! I don't believe that you would get excited if any one were dying," said Fannie, petulantly. "Of course it was necessary to send for a doctor, and I am very happy to say here comes Dr. Bond now."

The doctor entered the room as she spoke. He was a queer-looking little man, with snow-white hair plaited in an old-fashioned queue down his back, and he was arrayed in the primitive style of knee-breeches and shoe-buckles. He had lived for nearly forty years in a quaint little vine-wreathed cottage about a quarter of a mile from the Flowers, and although his practice was comparatively small, his vigorous pen had made him known far and wide as a man of deep thought and extended culture.

He had a brisk, caustic manner, that caused him to be generally feared rather than loved; but those who had experienced his kindly aid in sickness, or felt his delicate sympathy in sorrow, were proud to number the old doctor among their most cherished and valued friends.

He entered the pretty boudoir with his usual quick step, but started and paused suddenly at sight of the white-robed, golden-haired figure upon the lounge.

"Good God!" he muttered, with a long-drawn breath: "who is that?"

"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you have come!" said Fannie, springing to meet him. "I was so afraid you might be cross and cranky this morning, and send Dr. Reed in your place, and I wanted you to see Sybil yourself!"

"Sybil!" repeated the doctor, his face that had the ruddy hue of a winter apple, paling vigorously. "Sybil! who is it that you call by that name, child?"

"Why, this is Sybil," said Fannie, fondly stroking her friend's beautiful hair—"my dearest friend, Sybil Wraye; and she has been real sick—awfully sick. I want you to cure her, Dr. Bond."

"Sybil Wraye?" repeated the old gentleman, drawing near his patient with a strange softness in voice and manner—"Sybil Wraye? Ah, well, my dear, what can the old doctor do for Sybil Wraye?"

There was something so kind and friendly in the old man's tone that the sorrow-stricken girl lifted her soft gray eyes to him gratefully—those wonderful eyes that were the windows of Sybil's husband and hidden soul.

But ere she could speak, Mrs. Willis folding her mittens over and over one another, in her feline fashion, softly said:

"Miss Wraye was nervous and weak this morning, and had come down stairs against my advice. She had overtaxed her strength, and the consequence was that she fainted from the unnecessary exertion."

"Ah!" said the doctor, laying a finger on Sybil's pulse, "overtaxed her strength, eh?—overtaxed her strength. Are you subject to these fainting fits, my dear?"

"No," was the low reply. "This is the first I ever had."

"And you were not frightened, shocked, excited in any way?"

"Oh, good gracious, no!" answered Fannie, eagerly. "Why, we were both speaking, as quietly as possible, to papa, when Sybil frightened me to death by tumbling over right at my feet."

"No—that is," Sybil hesitated. "I felt a little nervous at meeting Mr. Clive: and—"

"Humph! yes," said Dr. Bond, thoughtfully; "a little nervous—a little nervous. Fevered pulse, flushed cheeks, quick breathing. My dear child, you must keep quiet, or you'll be very sick—very sick, indeed. Give her this," continued the old gentleman, scribbling a prescription hastily on a torn leaf of his pocket-book. "Darken the room and keep her quiet, or Miss Fannie, your friend will be seriously sick, indeed. I will step around this evening and see how she is. Meantime, remember—quiet, quiet. No fuss, no talk, no trouble. Fret and worry kill half the world, and physic the other half."

"That doesn't either kill or cure; but it will serve my purpose. It will ease, for a while, at least, that poor little throbbing brain. Sybil, eh? Sybil! And, great heavens, what a likeness! Sybil Wraye! And, who the dickens is Sybil Wraye?"

Herbert was waiting outside, where the doctor's old cob stood nibbling the terrace grass. His face was pale and perturbed, and a duller eye than Dr. Bond's would have noticed his unwonted agitation.

"Is she seriously ill, doctor? Is there really any cause for alarm?" he asked, seriously.

"What happened to madden that child nearly into brain fever?" asked the doctor, with a shrewd glance from his deep-set eyes. "You've been making love to her, young man. Now, confess it."

"I do confess it, sir," answered Herbert proudly. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in my devotion to Miss Wraye, although that devotion is, I know, utterly hopeless."

"Humph! Hopeless, is it?" said the doctor. "What's in the way—friends or fortune?"

"Her own heart," was the sad reply. "She's dead! she's dead! Oh, Willis, tell me—tell me, is she dead?"

"Oh, that's the way the wind lies, is it? Cheer up, my boy! There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Cheer up! There's nothing much the matter with the young lady. Betrothed to another, eh? Told you so, did she? When?"

"Last night," answered Herbert, lowering his voice. "I wanted to speak to you confidentially, sir, knowing that you would be a prudent adviser, as well as skilled physician to the young lady. I fear there is some severe ailment or fear pressing on her mind that may unsettle it. What that sorrow is, I do not know, nor have I now any right to inquire; but, by a lucky chance, I was down by the river last night, and saved her from suicide, on which she seemed madly bent; and her attack this morning makes me doubly anxious about her. I fear, indeed, that some secret sorrow is driving this girl mad."

The doctor's brows knit in a perplexed frown.

"Secret sorrow, eh? Romantic fold-the-baby! Why, the girl's nothing but a drol, sir!"

"She is eighteen," answered Herbert, gravely; "and at eighteen a woman is no longer a child."

"So much the worse, young man—so much the worse. She ought to be, if she isn't, eighteen fold-the-baby! She ought to know no more of secret sorrow than of nothing but ruffles, ribbons and rilly-pollys. Your sister's the sort of a girl for me; but I'll wager my head that in six months from now some young fellow makes a fool of her, and sets her to thinking of love, moonshine and secret sorrows. Bah! it makes me sick. Sorrow comes quick enough, young man, and dark enough, and ugly enough, without a pack of young fools playing at it before their time. Now, what the deuce has this golden-haired baby to do with secret sorrow?"

And the doctor rubbed his nose in a way that showed he was quite excited.

"I cannot tell you, sir," Herbert added, sadly. "I am not in her confidence. I only know that there is some trouble of which she cannot or will not speak, preying on her mind, and driving from it all peace or happiness."

"Humph!" grunted the doctor. "Where are her father and mother? They'd better take her home and set her to making pinafores! She'd best go home, sir—best go home."

"I do not think she has father or mother," answered the young man, thoughtfully. "She never speaks of either."

"Sister, brother, uncle or aunt, then," said the doctor. "Mooning around these hills isn't good either for body or mind. She'd better go home at once, and I'll tell her so."

"I fear her home is not a congenial one," answered Herbert. "I fear the sorrow that seems darkening her young life may have its mainspring there; I fear—God knows what I fear! But I would that I could feel assured that Sybil had one true friend in the world—one heart that beat for her as purely and unselfishly as mine."

"You're a fine young fellow," said the doctor, blowing his nose violently on a huge handkerchief—"a very fine young fellow. Shake hands! I wish I had a son like you. Most of the milk-sops, nowadays, go about as cross and pettish as spoiled children if a girl happens to say no to them. You stand up to it like a man, and it shows you're the right metal. The truest lover is always the truest friend. I was in love myself, sir, once—laugh at me, if you please—but I was genuinely in love forty odd years ago. It was a young love and a foolish love, and it turned out to be a very unhappy love, for the girl didn't care a snap for me; but it was the beginning and end of love to me. It made me what I am—a sour, crabbed, cross old fellow. But one place in my heart soft enough to beat in sympathy to a tale like yours. You can trust me, young man; I'll be a friend to that little friend of yours in there. I'll try to find out her trouble, whatever it is, and help her, if I can; and I won't do it altogether for your sake, either. Look here!"

The old doctor drew a worn old leather case from his vest pocket as he spoke, and, opening it, showed it contained a smaller one of velvet and gold. Touching a spring, the last case flew open, revealing a picture within—a picture exquisitely painted on ivory—a lovely girl in the first bloom of youth.

Herbert gave one glance of swift surprise at the picture, and then exclaimed:

"Sybil! Sybil! It is Sybil Wraye herself!"

"Not Sybil Wraye," answered the old man, gently. "No, no, sir—this beautiful form has been mouldering in the dust for five-and-thirty years. This is Sybil Lee, the woman I loved, as you have looked when I loved her. One lives drifted apart; I could never see her—never could trace her, after that one brief summer that witnessed my first and only dream. I have heard whispers of an unhappy marriage, of a subsequent desertion, but she was too proud, too reserved to let her sorrows reach even friendly ears. I have never heard from her, never seen her, since the evening I poured out my love-letters in her ear; and gently, kindly, delicately, she rejected my suit. This likeness I painted from memory, when her image was still fresh and undimmed in my mental eyes. It was an ideal of loveliness that of late years I had learned to think only an ideal, until to-day. Before you spoke to me I knew only that little child's friend because of the wondrous likeness she bears to Sybil Lee."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Essential.

"I understand you hope to make a great musician of your son?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Whom have you selected to teach him?"

"Oh, we haven't advanced that far yet. At present he's giving all his time to the doctor, who guarantees to make his hair thick and luxuriant."

Catholic Standard and Times.

Making the Bluff Good.

"Show me a prizefighter," said the long-haired man, as he leaned against the bar, "and I'll show you a loafer."

"Is that so?" exclaimed a burly fellow below behind the stove, jumping to his feet. Well, I'm a prizefighter—see?"

"Of course," said the other, as he backed toward the door, "and I'm a loafer."—Chicago News.

The Relationship.

Irate Parent—"Henceforth I disown you! Begone, you son of the devil!" Son—"Good-by, father!"

## VALUABLE LOT FOR A JACKASS

History of Site of New Department of Justice Building at Washington.

Attorney-General Griggs says the new building for the department of justice, erected according to the plans already accepted, will cost half a million dollars more than was expected, the total expenditure required being \$1,500,000. Fortunately the government owns the site—a plot of ground just opposite the treasury, respecting which, with its immediate surroundings, some interesting stories are told. Commodore Rogers, years ago, brought to Washington from Spain four Andalusian jackasses—jackasses of high degree and purest lineage. The long-eared quartet excited a vast deal of admiration. Henry Clay saw them, and, being himself interested in the rearing of fine stock, was most anxious to possess one—so much so, indeed, that he offered to "swap" a large lot of land near the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Madison place, valued today at about \$60,000. The commodore accepted, and Mr. Clay, having thus acquired title to one of the jackasses, immediately proceeded to lose it over a gaming table. This did not end the matter, however, for Mr. Clay afterward redeemed the jackass and sent it to Kentucky, where it became the progenitor of what is now the most remarkable strain of mules in the United States. As for the lot, Commodore Rodgers built on it a large and imposing mansion of brick, which in later years obtained the uncheerful designation of the "House of Doom," because of the series of tragedies and misfortunes connected with it. The commodore died in it soon after its completion, and then it was turned into a fashionable boarding house, which failed. Next it became the home of the Washington club. When the civil war broke out the club went to smash, and Secretary Seward leased the mansion for his residence. It was there that he and his son, with three other persons, were nearly butchered to death by the assassin, Payne. Undeterred by its tragic history, James G. Blaine bought the "House of Doom" in 1890, and from that time on he had nothing but misfortune. He lost a daughter, and his son, Walker Blaine, died in the house. Finally he himself died there, and then the mansion was torn down, to be replaced by a theater, which now occupies the site once swapped for a jackass of Andalusia. Between the lot in question and Pennsylvania avenue was a rectangular patch, making the corner, on a portion of which was put up the building occupied in later years by the Freedmen's bank. The rest of the patch has been held as a government reservation, and beds of flowers in the midst of a well-kept lawn have made a charming bit of park opposite the grim old treasury. Now, however, it has been torn up, and the bank building has been pulled down in order to erect the new building for the department of justice.—New York Journal.

Glad She's Still Alive.

"Is it true that Mrs. Dragger reads such exhaustive club papers?"

"Exhaustive? Of course, nobody ever says anything, but when she gets through every woman in the club breathes as if she had crawled through a tunnel a mile long."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Secrets of Planets Revealed.

The telescope which is now in process of construction is expected to bring the moon within a mile's eyesight of this world, and to reveal the secrets of the planets. It may cause as great a change in the world's thought as Hottel's Stomach Bitters does to sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, liver or kidney troubles.

Papa Knew.

Johnny—What is a bore, papa? Papa—A bore is a person who tells you so much about himself that you get no chance to tell him anything about yourself.—Baltimore American.

## Stomach Troubles in Spring

Are THAT BILIOUS FEELING, bad taste in the mouth, dull headache, sleeplessness, poor appetite.

No matter how careful you are about eating, everything you take into your stomach turns sour, causes distress, pains and unpleasant gases.

Don't you understand what these symptoms—signals of distress—mean? They are the cries of the stomach for help! It is being overworked. It needs the peculiar tonic qualities and digestive strength to be found only in

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The best stomach and blood remedies known to the medical profession are combined in the medicine, and thousands of grateful letters telling its cures prove it to be the greatest medicine for all stomach troubles ever yet discovered.

Not Good Eating.

The prime minister was idly turning the pages of a book of proverbs and pithy sayings which he had found among the effects of the late missionary.

"I wonder what this means?" he said suddenly. "One man's meat is another man's poison?"

"Perhaps," replied the cannibal king, "it refers to the fact that the cigarette smoker is not edible."—Philadelphia Press.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Thomas Cruise, Helena, Mont., extracting gold and silver from their ores; Peter A. Hoven, Madison, Minn., cart; William H. Memminger, Rosemont, Minn., apparel apron; Hugh Miscampbell, Duluth, Minn., concrete mixer; John O. Naistrom, Minneapolis, Minn., disk harrow; Arthur Smithson, G. A. L. McIndoo and W. T. Perry, Sedan, Minn., vehicle.

Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Shakespeare Lucky, too.

Smiles—I'm glad I wasn't Shakespeare. Giles—Why are you? Smiles—Because I should be dead now. Giles—Yes, that is true; and Shakespeare would be forgotten.—Chicago

Johnson's Pure Elder Vinegar, made by aging elder in barrels. Ask your grocer for it. F. C. Johnson, Kishwaukee, Ill.

If they had music at a lynching, of course it would be string music.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

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