

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued.)
A voice, low and sweet as the murmur of the western wind, floated through one of the western corridors, in the notes of a well-remembered song:

"Flon in the sunlight,
And I in the shade;
But, ah! by the sunlight
The shadow is made.
Thine be the gladness,
And mine be the gloom,
For Love, though thy triumph,
Is only my doom!
In silence and shadow,
Through weal and through ill,
My fate is to love,
And to follow thee still,
Unseen and unknown
Will I cling to thy heart,
For fetters have bound me
That death cannot part."

Like one spellbound, Herbert listened, and, letting the portfolio he held fall from his grasp, he turned swiftly down the corridor whom which the song-notes seemed to come. It led to a sort of conservatory, which had, a few months ago, been one of the madam's pet follies, but whose novelty had at present faded away before some still more charming caprice.

It was a mammoth aquarium—the stone walls overgrown with sea-mosses and trailing water plants; the light coming faintly through shades of sea-green glass; the central fountain sending up its pearly spray from a miniature lake, on whose bosom the Victoria Regia spread its mighty leaves, and Egyptian lilies floated in spotted beauty.

The entrance to this enchanted nook was low and rugged, like the opening of an ocean cave. Huge sea-shells surrounded the tiny lake, and the moss-grown rocks dipped into the crystal waves.

Seated on one of these rocks was a form that seemed the fitting guardian of the fairy scene. Her filmy white robes were looped with clusters of white lilies over an underskirt of pale sea-green; her floating hair a cloud of golden light, was wreathed with sea-grasses and waxen water plants, while the jewels glittering her snowy throat and arms glistened like the spray of the ocean as it breaks in mid-air.

She was masked, but the form, the hair, the voice, made Herbert's heart bound within him, and, springing forward, he whispered:

"Sybil, Sybil! my lost darling! Have I found you at last?"

She started, trembled and recoiled from him; then, as if conquering a momentary terror, spoke, in a low, constrained voice:

"You are bold, sir knight—over bold. I am no Sybil, but Lurline, the water siren. They who brave an entrance to my ocean kingdom, do it at their cost!"

"Has the cost not been great enough already?" he murmured, despairingly. "Sybil, Sybil! torture me no longer by these masks and mysteries! Call yourself what you will—spirit, mortal, angel, or demon—you are to me, you can only be to me, the woman I love, with a love that has changed my life, blasted my future, broken my heart!"

"No, no!" she whispered, in tremulous accents; "not that—not that! The heart never breaks—never breaks. It can suffer all things, even the death-pang itself, and still beat on. Oh, there are those who carry hearts that even in such scenes as these quiver with death-throes, and yet cannot die."

"Do you, too, suffer?" he asked, moved by the passionate sorrow of her tone. "Oh, my love—my lost love—what need is there of this pain, this sorrow, this mystery? Why do you thus madden me by brief gleams of hope, that only serve to darken more cruelly the night of despair? I am like one tossing on a sea of doubt. All things have failed me—faith, hope, courage, reason, energy—all but love. Love, that ignis fatuus that leads me on deeper and deeper into the darkness—love that I cannot turn from—that I must still pursue!"

"Is it indeed so?" was the low, quivering answer. "Alas, alas! Must you darken life, too, atone? I—I—oh, would have spared you this—Herbert, Herbert! I would have spared you this! I thought, I hoped, that mine alone would be the sorrow, the doom!"

"Sybil! Now it is indeed Sybil who speaks!" was his rapturous rejoinder. "Oh, Sybil, my beloved one, only trust me with your sorrow! Tear from your life the mystery that enshrouds it! Let the eye of love read all in death or in life, you are—"

"Mine!" said a fierce voice at his side, and a tall form, shrouded in the flowing garments of a monk, loomed up behind the shrinking Lurline. "Again, again? Girl, girl, have I not warned you that—that—"

He stopped, as if checked with rage. "Go, go!" she pleaded, turning to Herbert—"go, for God's sake, and leave us!"

"Never, never! till I know the mystery of your fate!" was the determined answer. "Never, until I know who it is that dares to stand between me and the woman I love!"

"Do you ask who?" cried the monk, tearing the mask from his face, and disclosing the features of the one man on earth whom he remembered as an enemy—the antagonist whom he had encountered three years before at Sunset Hill. "Traitor and robber that you are, would you steal from me the only treasure I have left? Begone, or I will forget myself and be again a madman! Begone! I tell you she is mine!" "Sybil!" exclaimed Herbert, turning his white face toward her, as if he heard neither the insults nor the menaces of the other—"speak to me, Sybil. Choose between us—for, by heaven, no man shall come between us again for your sake! Speak to me, and tell me, if you

can, to go from you forever. I swear to you that if I leave you now, my mad present will end, my dreams be o'er; I bid farewell to love and hope forever! Choose between us. Your word alone will decide my fate—your word alone!" "Farewell!" she whispered. "It is all that I can say. Father, father! See, I do not falter, though you bid me read my heart in twain. My own beloved, farewell! Farewell to—hope, and love forever!"

CHAPTER XXXI. Gathering Clouds.

The snows of December were whitening the turrets and gables of Clive Towers; the forest was a bleak wilderness, through whose mazes the winter winds sighed and raved; the cozy little cottage of Dr. Bond was almost lost sight of in the white waste surrounding it.

But though the diamond panes of his little shady window were well-nigh covered with snow wreaths, and his one small factotum—a crisp-haired ruffian boy—was making futile efforts to shovel a passage way to the gate, the doctor's serenity was undisturbed, and he sat before a huge fire with a large medical book in his hand, the perusal of which appeared to afford him perfect satisfaction.

"Seasonable weather," said the doctor, rising at last, and rubbing his hands together before the cheery fire. "White winters are not the kind to fill doctor's pockets. Good, fierce, snapping frosts strike sense into people. They take to red flannel and thick shoes. Then, naturally, you can't get a woman or a child what a cold is, until Jack Frost nips their noses for them, and gives them his promise to pay—Hello!"—a horseman, stopping at the gate, interrupted the old man's satisfied reverie—"who is fool enough to turn out such a day as this? Young Grey, the lawyer's son! Must be a matter of life and death that brings such a steady-going fellow as he is through such a storm. Come in, sir—come in! Don't stand shivering your self all day on the door-mat. There's no woman here to look sour at a sprinkling of snow in the hall. Come in to the fire right away. There's liquor on the sideboard yonder; but I forgot—you don't drink. All the better for you in the long run. Sit down, then, and get warm. Don't say a word until you are warm through."

"I'm not at all cold, now, sir," answered Laurence, as he obeyed the old doctor's hospitable injunctions. "I came up home for the holidays last evening, and have taken the earliest opportunity—"

"Of paying your respects to me, eh?" said the doctor, grimly. "Come, young man, out with it. What's the matter? I don't doubt your friendly feelings; but they wouldn't have brought you out for a social call on a day like this."

"I was up at the Towers last night," continued Laurence, gravely, "and could not help noticing the change in Mr. Clive. My deep interest in all that concerns Herbert and"—he paused ere he added—"his sister, makes me, perhaps, unduly observing; but it seems to me, sir, that he is much broken within the last few months—so much so that I determined to consult you as to the propriety of informing Herbert of his father's condition at once."

"Humph!" muttered the old doctor, giving Laurence a keen look over his spectacles; "do you happen to know where Herbert is, young man?"

"I have not heard of him for several months," answered Laurence; "but I suppose a letter addressed to his bankers in Paris will find him."

"No person else has heard of him for several months," continued the doctor, drily. "He ought to be at home now, sir—he ought to be at home. It's none of my business, for Robert Clive has never consulted me either as to his health or prudence—but he's breaking fast. He has never been the same since the wreck of the Ocean Queen. He first weakened then, body and mind, and he's been weakening ever since. That one week during which he thought his son was lost, broke his spirit forever. Yes, sir—yes," added the doctor, abstractedly resting his hand on the ivory miniature he always wore hidden in his breast; "let skeptics talk as they please, a just God rules the world, and, sooner or later, His justice triumphs over all things."

"Miss Fannie"—the young man's hesitating mention of her name was not lost on his listener—"Miss Fannie tells me her father keeps to his room nearly all the time—that for days together she never sees him. She seemed very much depressed, and anxious for her brother's return. Poor girl!" added Laurence with a sigh; "sorrow is new to her. She needs a friend."

"Where's that young jackanapes she is going to marry?" asked the doctor, abruptly. "What's his name—Wood, Grove, Forest? Oh, yes, Forest. Where is he?"

"Fenton Forest," answered the young man, somewhat stiffly. "He is off on duty just now."

"Glad to hear it. Best to keep him on duty," said the doctor, gruffly. "I hope he'll stay on duty for the remainder of his life. Women are fools—the best of them—when it comes to choosing a mate for life they look at the fine feathers first. A pair of shoulder-straps and a dozen gilt buttons have made many a wretched match. Well, it's none of my business, of course, but I like that little girl and her brother, and if there's to be a crash, I'd like to have them stand clear. But I don't know—I'm not much of a Bible scholar, but there is a verse you may have heard of keeps running in my head. And, with a solemnity that puzzled Laurence, the old man laid his hand upon his arm, and added, impressively: "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation." I'll go up to the Towers this evening and see

Fannie—see Robert Clive, if he will let me," the doctor said, more cheerfully, as Laurence rose to go, and "I'll give you my opinion then about writing to Herbert. No use alarming the boy unnecessarily; trouble will come to him fast enough."

"Trouble will come to him fast enough!" These words, and the doctor's solemn Scriptural quotation, haunted Laurence Grey, as he rode homeward through the bleak winter woods, past the white wastes of meadow land, the shrouded gardens and deserted lawns of Clive Towers—the Eden of his boyhood's and manhood's dreams.

Only a few months ago, and the sun light shimmered through the rich foliage of spreading trees upon sparkling fountains and blooming flowers. Only a few months ago, birds warbled their love songs in the fragrant shadows of the grove the brooklet laughed in the sunbeam; a summer sky smiled upon a summer world. Young hearts bounded joyously to the whispers of love and hope; young voices blended in gay song and merry laughter; young lives, bright with beautiful promise, made these still and lifeless paths a paradise.

Now, Laurence Grey was not a romantic dreamer, but the dark, heavy snow clouds, hanging like a pall around Clive Towers; the dead silence that reigned over lawn, the garden and terrace; the shadow that dwelt within—all seemed ominous of coming evil.

He reached home. Miss Marian was watching for him at the window. He lit his pipe, or he would never have confided to her the object of his mission. He little guessed the secret joy and triumph that filled her breast at sight of the gathering clouds that caused him such generous and heart-felt pain.

And so he told her, without reserve, the substance of this interview with Dr. Bond, adding that he feared some heavy trouble was impending over Clive Towers—some secret sorrow crushing its master to the earth.

Miss Marian listened with the great open sympathy. It was sad for Fannie, very sad; but she had suspected for some time that there was a shadow hidden in Clive Towers—some trouble known to none.

"However that may be, sister," interrupted Laurence, gravely, "it is our duty to keep all we have heard sacred, as though entrusted to us under the seal of friendship. There is a poisoned sting on the tongues of gossips that inflames every wound."

"Dear me, brother!" exclaimed Miss Marian, indignantly, "how could you suppose for one moment that I would gossip about anything which concerns poor, dear Fan?"

Nevertheless, when Miss Felicia dropped in that evening, after the storm, the dark allusion of Miss Marian to the trouble at Clive Towers harrowed up her recollections to such an extent that she could talk of nothing else.

She was compelled to drop in at the sewing society, on her way home, and she supposed for a few moments that with several of the oldest inhabitants, who shook their heads gravely, and "always thought Robert Clive was a-hiding something behind that solemn face he wore."

Sybil's strange coming, and strange disappearance; Herbert's sudden capture and prolonged absence—all were brought forward to swell the tide of gossip that, before night, ran high and dark against the unhappy Clives.

Something was wrong at Clive Towers—something that kept its master a gloomy misanthrope, in his secluded study, and made its heir a homeless wanderer in foreign lands. Something was wrong, rumor whispered, darily—very wrong.

CHAPTER XXXII. The Fall of the Mighty.

The winter sunset was burning over the snow-clad hills, and touching with its vivid glow the turrets and windows of Clive Towers, as Dr. Bond mounted his sturdy little pony for his promised visit.

It was no very pleasant duty to him. Robert Clive and he had never been congenial spirits, but in the children whom he had watched blossoming into a beautiful youth, and ripening into a promising maturity, the good old doctor felt an almost paternal interest, that was only intensified by his knowledge of the dark shadow that lowered over their young lives—the wrong for which they must innocently suffer—the injustice for which they must atone.

As he rode along over the snowy hills his thoughts wandered backward through the clouds and sunshine of forty years, and a strange conviction came over him that he was determined to unravel the web of mystery that surrounded the story of his early love.

He was the chosen champion of Sybil Lee, the Sybil who, perhaps, over their young lives—the wrong for which they must innocently suffer—the injustice for which they must atone.

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sadly. "He seems to trust to no one else. Sometimes I do not see him for days together. Herbert is away, and Fenton, and I—I—Oh, doctor," she concluded, with a burst of tears, "I am so lonely and miserable and wretched!" "There there!" said the doctor, hurriedly, "don't cry, my dear—don't cry. I'll see your father, and if there's much the matter, we'll have Herbert home at once. Don't cry! There, there! be a woman, and not a baby. So, Mrs. Wyllis has all the influence? Humph! A pantheist in petticoats, if ever there was one. Been waiting to take a spring this twenty years, and, I reckon, has done it at last."

The concluding portion of the doctor's speech was delivered entirely to himself, as he followed Fannie through the richly-carpeted halls and ante-rooms that led to her father's study.

The room was already darkened, though the last rays of sunset had not yet faded in the west; the carved lamp that stood on the marble center table was turned down to a feeble glimmer, and in his easy chair before the hearth sat Robert Clive, with bowed head and folded arms.

As the door opened, a slender, black-robed figure moved noiselessly out of the shadow at the farther end of the room, and Mrs. Wyllis faced the visitors.

"Papa, here is Dr. Bond," said Fannie, regardless of the housekeeper's murmured remarks that Mr. Clive had requested her to invite all visitors into the parlor, as he was desirous of being alone. "Papa, you know dear mamma's friend, and our old friend, Dr. Bond?"

Robert Clive raised his head slowly, and prepared as the doctor was, for a change, he was, for the moment, shocked by the haggard countenance, the hollow eyes, the worn and aged expression of the man who, but a few months before had been seen in all the vigorous prime of manhood.

"Dr. Bond!" he repeated, rising, with a feeble assumption of his former stateliness. "Of course, my dear, I am pleased to see Dr. Bond. Take a seat, doctor. It is very—very cold without. Mrs. Wyllis, a little more light, if you please. And perhaps the doctor will have something warm after his ride. It is very cold this evening—very, very cold."

He sank back in his chair, rubbing his wasted hands together before the fire, as if he would infuse some of its glow and fervor into his weakened frame.

"I stepped in to see how all were," said the doctor, cheerily. "This sort of weather makes a dried-up old bachelor long for a glimpse of bright home fires and glad young faces. Miss Fannie don't look as blooming as I have seen her of yore. You must keep an eye on your rosy, my dear. They ought to bloom both winter and summer, on such cheeks as yours."

"Miss Fannie confines herself too much," interposed Mrs. Wyllis, softly. "I often tell her a brisk walk through the woods would be good for her health. These young need change, recreation, excitement."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Clive, nervously; "Fannie needs a change. I have been thinking that she ought to go to town for the winter. Mrs. Wyllis tells me that it is lonely for a young girl here."

"Go to town without you, papa?" exclaimed Fannie, in dismay. "Go away and leave you here alone? Oh, you surely do not mean it! I could never leave you here alone!"

"Wyllis would give me all the attention I require," answered Mr. Clive, in a constrained voice. "It is quite unnecessary to think of me. I am quite very well—very well, my dear, you know, my dear, attend perfectly to my comfort and well being. There is no use in your remaining here—none at all!"

"When did you hear from that wandering son of yours?" asked the doctor, changing the conversation, in pity for the young girl, whose quivering lip and tearful eyes showed how keenly she felt her father's words. "It is time he was thinking of a homeward journey."

"Herbert? When did we hear from Herbert?" repeated Mr. Clive, thoughtfully. "Do you remember when we heard from Herbert, Mrs. Wyllis? Take a seat; I did not observe you were standing. When was it we heard from my boy?"

"About two months ago, I think, sir," said Mrs. Wyllis, whose bright eyes emitted gleams of crafty triumph whenever her master thus referred conversation to her. "You remember, it was a very short note from Paris, stating he was about to travel East."

"Yes, yes; I remember; a very short note—very short, indeed. We have not heard from him since then."

"I should advise you and Miss Fannie here to run over and look him up," said the doctor, as, after a few moments' longer stay, he rose to take his leave. "The trip would do you both good, and so would the change. He is in the shadow—the noiseless woman, who, with her mitted hands, folded one above the other, saw the visitor out, and then returned to her post in the darkened room, where Robert Clive again bowed his head before the fire, like one stricken by sorrow or shame.

"You haven't taken your tonic, sir," whispered the crafty temptress. "It is past the time. I was about to hand it to you when Miss Fannie insisted upon introducing the doctor, much against my remonstrances; for I knew you wished for no professional attention at all."

"Certainly not—certainly not!" he answered, sharply. "Admit no such visitors again, Mrs. Wyllis, no matter who introduces them. Hand me the drug. It is the best physician, heart and soul. A potent nerve—a potent tonic. This is all—yet how it aids me to bear with life!"

She handed him a silver box that contained a white, crystalline powder. He swallowed a portion of it eagerly, and then asked:

"Has the doctor gone?" "He is talking to Miss Fannie in the parlor," answered Mrs. Wyllis. "Poor girl! it is so lonesome here for her now that she is glad even of an old man's company."

"Yes, yes, she must go away—must go away," repeated Robert Clive. "Make arrangements so that she can go to town immediately. Wyllis. We must save her, no matter what happens. She is young and—innocent. She knows nothing of injustice and wrong."

"I must beg you again to be careful,"

sir," said the housekeeper, in a warning whisper.

"Careful, woman—careful?" he cried, angrily. "Am I not careful? Has not my whole life been a careful, studied life? Has not every look, and word, and gesture for the last five-and-twenty years been careful? Did I ever once, even to the wife of my bosom, the children of my love, lay aside the mask that guarded me from their glances of tender watchfulness? Did not my gentle Agnes die on my bosom believing me an honest and honorable man? Have not my children grown into manhood and womanhood honored and courted as the children of Robert Clive? And you speak to me of prudence now! Am I going mad, think you? Do I need a keeper for the secret that has been corroding my heart, eating out the core of every joy however pure, every success, however merited, every bliss, triumph and memory for five-and-twenty years? Am I likely to free the monster now?"

"I trust not, sir, low that all danger is over," was the softly-purred reply. "But the first night after the tidings of Mr. Herbert's loss, when—"

"When you saw the proud man laid low, the strong man crushed?" continued Robert Clive, whose cheek began to flush and eye to brighten under the subtle influence of the drug to which he had become a slave—"when you came to me as an evil genius, and—"

"Saved you from yourself, sir," she added—saved your children, saved your name. What would you expect, have availed you then? What would it avail you now? Your path was chosen five-and-twenty years ago. It is too late to retrace it now."

"Too late! ay, too late!" repeated the wretched man. "I must keep on now until the end—the end. But the dead man's curse is falling upon me and mine. It is falling, slowly, slowly. I see it in my daughter's falling cheek; I feel it in my silent home; I recognize it in the doom that hangs over my silent house, darkening, darkening, day by day. Do you remember the night, Wyllis—the night that the old man died? How the wind shrieked around the lonely mansion? How the November rain beat against the window panes? How the storm raved and sobbed without, as if Nature were bemoaning the coming wrong? There were demons around that night—demons who had broken their chains, and roamed the earth to tempt and destroy."

(To be Continued.)

UGLY GIRL'S ADVANTAGE.

As an Actress Her Merit Is Acknowledged—Is Not Flattered by Fools.

To a beginner with any serious ambition beauty gives her a prominence which her inexperience and incomplete art cannot justify, and when, with years of hard work, her talents reach their dramatic fulfillment, her recognition as an artist is likely to be much more grudgingly given because, forsooth, a beauty, and therefore, presumably, a fool, says Maxine Elliot.

"The ugly girl, who begins her career at the same time, possessing no more ability than the beauty, has the advantage of working out her salvation in comparative obscurity; that it, she has no unfavorable impressions to efface from the public mind, because it has never even noticed her struggling up, step by step, in the same little parts the beauty played with more or less adverse comments.

"Finally the chance that is worth while comes to the ugly girl when she is properly equipped to take advantage of it, and let an artist be recognized, and the credit due her work is given to it. Fools do not whisper in her ear. 'How beautiful!' Emphatically, the beautiful never made an audience here a player, and she can lay the flattering unction to her soul that something better than that brought forth the compliment, even though the giver did not recognize the fact. Beauty is a gift that will not let an actress go far unless supplemented with the temperament, intelligence and industry required. Dispense with beauty altogether, and the last three qualifications mean success."—Leslie's Weekly.

SPARROWS IN TEXAS.

The Unwelcome Interloper Is Said to Be Crowding Out the Mocking Bird and Others.

The mocking bird, so numerous in the suburbs of Dallas five years ago, is becoming scarcer with each returning spring. They are not being thrice as quickly decreased by the trap of the fanciers or gradually exterminated by bad boys, but are being driven from city shade trees, bushes and vines into the timber and brakes beyond the suburban hedges by the English sparrow.

The sparrow is a game bird, but is no match for the Southern songster as a fighter. The supremacy of the English importation will not be achieved by talons and beaks, but as the sequence of the coming of the voracious pest. Its presence means starvation to the bluebird, cardinal, jay and the Mexican canary, as well as the mocker, and these feathered tribes are being forced by hunger to seek food further and further beyond the range of the ever-increasing and endless cater from the British isles. The damage which it does in destroying fruit and grain, in disfiguring buildings in cities and towns and in driving away other birds makes the sparrow one of the worst of feathered pests.—Dallas News.

Peasant Boxed the Archduke's Ears.

The archduke, with some boon companion, Austrian emperor, and his presumptive to the throne, is in disgrace with his imperial uncle because he kissed a peasant's daughter, and had his aristocratic ears soundly boxed by the girl's father.

The archduke, with some boon companions, was on a spree, and attended a picnic ball in the suburbs. A very pretty peasant girl was among the "wall flowers." The tipsy noble approached her, and, without saying, "By your leave, miss," threw his arms about her neck and kissed her ardently.

The girl's father resented the archduke's familiarity, and boxed his ears. The archduke wanted to fight, but his companions dragged him away. The emperor was indignant when he heard of the youth's prank, and exiled him to stupid Meran, far from the gayeties of the capital. (The girl's father is a

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA. SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wymar.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Pe-ru-na. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Pe-ru-na. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Pe-ru-na I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wymar.

Mrs. Margaretta Dauben, 1214 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Pe-ru-na is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Pe-ru-na for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Pe-ru-na has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

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Her Instrument.

"Does Miss Giddy play?" asked Prof. Dalsego of Mr. Hunker. "Oh, yes. She's playing young Calowill now."—Detroit Free Press.

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