

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"By the bye," cried Stafford, "Penryddyn has never heard the story of Circe."

"Often that he cared for, at Eton and Oxford, I should fancy," said Jerome, sulkily.

"Oh, but the modern story is far more wonderful than the classic," cried Stafford, mischievously.

"Tell it to Penryddyn," shouted Leonard.

"Well, go ahead—I don't care," said Jerome, throwing himself back in his chair.

"About five years ago," began Stafford, "Jerome planned one of those wonderful pictures before which the Magi of the Academy are always to fall in prostrate worship, and never do. The subject was to be Circe, but the difficulty was to find a model. After a long and vain search for the ideal of his mind's eye, he was about to give it up in despair, when, one evening, towards dusk, while strolling, he caught sight of a young girl with that half-bewildered look of curiosity which denotes the visitor from bucolic regions. His heart leaped up with a big thump. Golden hair, in showers of wavy ringlets; dark eyes, full of witchery; every feature exquisite—it was Circe herself! He stood spellbound. After a few seconds, the girl turned round and caught his glance. A slight blush mounted to her cheek, as she slowly moved away. Her figure was petite and exquisitely formed; her dress, though exceedingly plain, was graceful and elegant; her manner, as far as he could judge, although coquettish and enticing, had something in it that checked familiarity."

"Well," explained Jerome, "for weeks I had been so possessed by the idea of my picture, had so minutely impressed upon my mind the kind of model I required, that, having accidentally stumbled over the very thing, I was irresistibly impelled to follow her. Mr. Stafford, however, had better finish the story, now he has begun it."

"Circe finally paused for a moment, and looked about her with an expression of uncertainty. Jerome, who followed only a few paces behind, stopped too. You may imagine his delight upon seeing the girl come towards him, with the evident purpose of addressing him."

"Pardon me, sir," she said, in the most silvery of tones, and with a timid look in her eyes; "but am I in the right direction for Oxford street?"

"Yes; but it is a cross way, and difficult for a stranger to find. I am walking in that direction and if you will permit me, I will accompany you," Jerome spoke eagerly but deferentially.

"She cast a quick glance from under her long, dark lashes, and then, with a sweet smile, said, very gently, 'I thank you very much, sir.'"

"Jerome used to protest that that glance went through his heart like fire. As they walked along she told him something of her history. Her name was Katie Doran; she was a clergyman's daughter; her father was a hard, harsh man, and, unable to endure the iron rule of home, she had run away, and taken shelter at the house of a distant relation. 'She was trying to get pupils; she was a good musician, but, alas! what chance had an unknown country girl in this great world of London?'"

"Jerome's hopes began to rise, but he hardly knew how to explain his wishes. So, screwing up his courage to the sticking place, he explained to her, in somewhat incoherent language, that he was an artist; that he had conceived a certain picture, but had sought in vain for a face lovely enough to embody it, until he had met her. Would she—might he—could he ask her to give him a sitting? She might be assured of being treated with every respect; might bring a relative with her."

"The reference to her beauty made her blush with pleasure, and, after a slight hesitation, she consented to visit his studio the next morning."

"The moment she found herself in Oxford street, she bade him good night, and would not hear of his accompanying her further; and so quickly did she disappear among the crowd that he almost instantly lost sight of her."

"The next morning, faithful to her promise, she came to Jerome's studio, and alone. One morning did not suffice our artist; a second, a third did not complete his sketch. Jerome was in love; and it was such a case of spoons that he actually proposed marriage to her."

"She certainly bewitched him. Well, gentlemen," continued Stafford, "affairs went on thus for about a month. The marriage day was fixed. One afternoon, Jerome left her in his studio while he went away to purchase some particular color he required. He was absent exactly half an hour. When he returned Circe had vanished—not only the living Circe, but the pictured Circe also, with every conveniently portable article of value that was at hand."

"And you have never seen her since?" inquired Arthur, who had listened to the story with great interest.

"Never," answered Jerome, replying for himself; "nor my picture either."

"But how about her relation near Oxford street? What part did she come from—what inquiries did you make?"

"She never would let me know where she lived; which, in my blind infatuation, I imputed to some family reason, poverty, or something of that kind. I set the police to work to endeavor to recover my picture, but they could not glean one scrap of information anywhere. If ever she crosses my path again, let her look out for squalls."

Jerome from that time sat in silence; and while his companions were engaged in an animated discussion upon art subjects, he took an opportunity of slipping out of the room unobserved; nor did he return again.

Half an hour afterwards Arthur and Stafford strolled out.

"What is the matter, Penryddyn? You certainly do not seem yourself today," said Stafford.

"Well, Stafford," answered Arthur, af-

ter a momentary pause. "I have received a communication to-day that has disconcerted me. I cannot fully explain its nature to you, for family reasons; but there is one part of the communication that I wish to impart to you—and that is that my father wishes me to marry; nay, more, has found a wife for me."

"One with money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; a large fortune, I believe."

"Not very young and not very handsome, I presume?"

"Oh, quite the contrary; young and beautiful."

"Well, I cannot see anything very terrible in such a prospect," cried Stafford, laughing. "I know it would make me feel very jolly if it were my case."

"But suppose I could not love her—suppose she could not love me?—how terrible would such an union be!"

"Ah, you take the romantic view of the case," said Stafford. "What is the lady's name, if it be not rude to inquire?"

"Miss Grierson."

"Miss Grierson, of Hillborough Hall?" cried Stafford, quickly. "She sat to me for her portrait some little time back."

"Is she handsome?"

"The most beautiful creature you ever beheld! When are you to be introduced to her?"

"At the volunteer ball, next week."

"You will not find the matrimonial pill very bitter, even were it denuded of the gold coating, in this case," answered Stafford, with something of bitterness, however, in his own tone.

Arthur walked on in silence, and his companion made no effort to disturb his reverie, but fell into gloomy thoughtfulness.

CHAPTER V.

The London season was over; all its patrons had departed to the four points of the compass; and two days after the little dinner at Richmond, Stafford set out upon a sketching tour. Simply provided with as much clothing as a light knapsack would contain, besides his drawing materials, he took a ticket on a brilliant August morning for Guildford, intending to proceed thence to the extremity of Cornwall.



A PASSIONATE APPEAL.

A celebrated landscape, about two miles from Guildford, occupied him the whole of the first day. He had taken up his lodging for the night at a village inn hard by, and, returning thither towards evening, the sight of a pretty wooded lane induced him to turn aside from the road he had been pursuing. The path suddenly terminated in an abrupt slope, descending into a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which ran a shallow stream, half concealed by ferns and shadowed by overhanging trees. A broad plank was thrown across the chasm. Crossing the bridge and seating himself upon the opposite rising ground, Stafford brought forth his pencils and water colors, and set himself eagerly to work.

So absorbed did he become in his occupation that he was unconscious of the approach of a second person until, raising his eyes in a new direction, he perceived a lady with a book in her hand, standing upon the bridge, looking contemplatively down the valley. The pencil dropped from his hand, and he could not repress a slight cry of surprise.

The lady was about twenty years of age, and lightly dressed in white muslin, relieved by a trimming of bright blue ribbon. From beneath her Leghorn hat her hair hung down in a shower of golden ringlets; her eyes were dark, her complexion pale, her features exquisitely regular and refined.

Absorbed in the contemplation of this beautiful vision, the loveliness of the landscape was wholly forgotten, and Stafford continued to gaze upon her with the most wondrous interest. After a few moments she resumed the perusal of the book, and slowly advanced to the very spot upon which he was seated. Nervously, and with a heightened color, he rose to his feet.

She was utterly unconscious of his presence until he announced it by a slight cough. She started back with a terrified look, which, upon recognition, changed instantly to a scarlet blush.

"Pardon me, Miss Grierson," he said, in a low, agitated tone. "I fear that I have terrified you."

"Mr. Stafford," she murmured, casting down her eyes.

"I can scarcely believe my senses! Is it indeed you? What a strange meeting—in such a place!"

"I am staying with Mrs. Butler, at Lindon Grange. This is on the estate. I often stroll here; the spot is so solitary and so very beautiful," replied the lady. "But it is yet stranger to meet you so far away from London."

"Oh, I left town with the rest of the fashionable people," answered Stafford. "I am on a sketching tour—going right down into Cornwall." He spoke the last word with marked emphasis, and a glance to watch the effect.

A shadow crossed her face for a moment, but quickly disappeared. "I see

you are making a water color sketch of this place; may I look at it?"

Miss Grierson was herself a clever amateur artist, and expressed great admiration of what were really very charming drawings. Both endeavored to assume an easiness of demeanor which neither felt.

"Are you staying in this neighborhood for any length of time?" inquired Stafford.

"No; I return home to-morrow."

"You are going to the volunteer ball, are you not?"

"Yes," she answered, the shadow again crossing her face; "where did you hear of it?"

"From a gentleman—Mr. Arthur Penryddyn. Do you know him?" he asked, looking fixedly at her. "I am to visit his father soon."

This time the shadow deepened into a blush. "I have heard the name, but I have not yet been introduced to the gentleman."

"But you will be at this ball," he said, in a low, earnest voice; "introduced to him as your future husband."

She did not answer, but her lips quivered, and she bowed her head over a leaf she was dissecting, to conceal the tears that were welling up into her eyes.

"Would to heaven we had never met!" he exclaimed passionately.

"I would, at least, for your sake, we never had," she murmured.

"How easy it is to utter such platitudes!" he went on, in the same bitter voice. "Why has our dream been so mad—so impossible? Why should my love be a mad dream—a thing to pray to heaven to recall—a thing to hide and run away from; while that of Arthur Penryddyn is a thing to be realized—to be thankful for, and to be openly proclaimed as a thing to be proud of? I have no musty genealogical tree to show; but I am as much a gentleman as he is in heart and soul; but what is heart, or soul, or intellect without money? Love and beauty are only to be obtained by gold—they are bartered like bags of cotton or acres of land."

"And do you think I am bartering myself for gold?" she said, looking reproachfully, yet proudly, through her tears.

The sight of these tears, and of her pained face, melted his hard mood; he threw himself upon his knees, and seizing both her hands in his, passionately implored her forgiveness. "No, no! I did not mean what I said," he cried. "My love for you makes me selfish, cruel, unreasonable; but I cannot endure the thought of your being snatched from me by one who looks forward to this union with reluctance."

"What do you mean?" she cried, coloring.

"I mean that you are both—you and Arthur Penryddyn—to be thrust upon

each other to suit the plans and to forward the selfish interests of your friends. Penryddyn, who is a friend of mine, confessed to me as much."

"Mr. Penryddyn need not fear that I shall be thrust upon him," she said, proudly.

"Promise me that," he cried, eagerly; "promise me that you will not be forced into this union against your own inclination—that you will not suffer yourself to be sacrificed to the cold-blooded policy of relations."

"Do not exact any promise from me," she said, in a distressed voice.

"You do not love me, or you would not refuse me such a promise as I ask," he said, gloomily. "I do not ask that you shall not marry, but only that you will not suffer yourself to be forced against your inclination."

(To be continued.)

Cutting Up.

"Archibald is so delightfully eccentric," confessed the pretty girl, blushing deeply. "Why, after he had been calling for some time he used to cut a little notch in the old sofa every time he kissed me. Then at the end of each month I used to count them."

"And you count them now?" asked her chum.

"Oh, dear, no. There—there isn't any sofa."

Force of Habit.

The modern Sherlock stood in the bow of the sinking ship and smiled grimly.

"I'll bet that chap in the green coat used to be a milkman," he announced.

"Why so?" asked the friend.

"Because when the captain bellowed 'Man the pumps!' he was the first to respond."

His Specialty.

"That's a bad-looking chef you have in the kitchen," said the personal friend, "is he very dangerous?"

"Dangerous?" laughed the restaurateur proprietor. "Well, I should say so. He can make even a pigeon quail. If you don't believe it order quail and see."

Embracing.

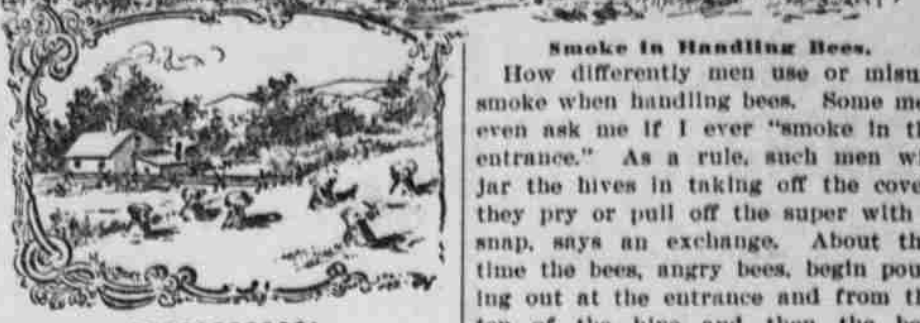
Eva—You—you used to call me your summer rose?

Jack—Yes, and now I shall call you my autumn leaf.

Eva—Autumn leaf? And why?

Jack—Because I am going to press you.

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—Bruyere.



Handling Vicious Horses.

A balky horse can be cured, when under the saddle, by a very simple method. Turn him around in his tracks a few times and then suddenly straighten his head and he will willingly, and even gladly, go forward. This was the method of the celebrated John S. Rarey and has never been known to fail.

The "jibber" differs from the balkier inasmuch as his so-called vice is caused by congestion of the brain. The horse thus affected is liable to bolt or run away after one of the attacks and is a dangerous animal.

Rearing, although commonly termed a vice, is often caused by too severe a curb. Sometimes the rearing horse loses his balance and falls backward. It is needless to say that the rider is lucky if he or she escapes without serious, if not fatal, injury. When the horse rears, loosen the reins and speak to him in a soothing tone; but if he persists, give him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt of the whip. This will bring him down an all four with amazing quickness.

Kicking is certainly a vice. Sometimes, however, it is caused by fear, in which case much can be accomplished by gentle management. Exactly the opposite treatment of the rearing animal should be applied to the kicker. Hold his head up with might and main, for the horse cannot throw out both legs at once when his head is elevated. Kicking straps are what the name implies. A strap fastened to the shafts over the horse's crup prevents kicking, but this is only serviceable when driven in single harness. Shying is a dangerous fault. It cannot properly be termed a vice; it is generally the result of defective vision. Gentle treatment, soothing words and patient persistence in accustoming the animal to the dreaded object will often effect a cure. To lash a horse because he shies or is frightened only aggravates the evil. He will associate the punishment with the frightful object and will fear it more and more each time he encounters it.—Country Life in America.

Winter Care of Poultry.

Next to a draft, a damp house or roosting place is the most prolific cause of colds in fowls. Look after the dryness and ventilation of your roosting quarters also.

A plain cold can be told by the fowls having a watery discharge at the nostrils and eyes and the birds throwing their heads and sneezing. A plain cold is easily told from the roup by absence of a cheesy substance in the throat and nostrils of the birds. This cheesy mass always accompanies roup. The head will frequently swell with a cold, but the swelling is more marked in roup. A common remedy for colds is to apply kerosene to the heads of the worst afflicted birds. A slight film of kerosene oil on the drinking water will often cure mild colds in a few days.

Bronchitis is the cold extended to the bronchial tubes and the fowls make a rattling noise when breathing. This disease continues for weeks in some cases. Treat like a severe cold with kerosene oil, pouring the oil well down the nostrils and throat.—Rural World.

Flax for Stock Feed.

The prevailing price of concentrated foodstuffs is arousing the interest of farmers in the question of growing more flesh-forming foods. Many stockmen who have used oil meal extensively in the past are considering the proposition of growing their own flax, so that it can be fed without first having the oil extracted. This is a practice that I cannot recommend too highly. I have found from practical experience that an acre or two of flax will produce one of the most profitable crops that can be grown. On ordinary soil there will be a yield of about twenty bushels per acre. This may be used in feeding calves, young stock and any other class of animals which may for any reason be out of condition. Flax is not only a food, but is one of the very best tonics that are available.—W. J. Kennedy in Iowa Homestead.

Short Rotation of Crops.

Every farmer realizes the value of a short rotation of crops in maintaining the fertility of the soil. Yet it is not at all uncommon to seed to timothy and clover and mow the field for three or four consecutive years till every vestige of clover has disappeared and nearly all the value of the clover plant as a renovator of the soil is lost, says a writer in Ohio Farmer. I believe sowing timothy with the clover is all right. I always practice it. Then I am quite sure of a catch, and I get more and better hay. There are also other advantages which space forbids I should enumerate here. I believe, though, that the meadow should be mowed but once and never more than twice before plowing.

Varieties of Potatoes.

In choosing varieties of potatoes for spring planting, it is advisable to select those that have been more recently produced from seed; provided, of course, that their quality and productiveness have been tested and are generally known. The variety that is newly produced from seed is generally more vigorous than it is likely to be after a few years' contest with potato beetles and the blight and rots, all of which help to decrease potato vigor and productiveness. But it is not advisable to plant potatoes, however good, which are very unlike standard sorts, and whose qualities are not generally known. There is so much difference in potatoes that the mere fact that a potato is a potato is not enough with most consumers to secure a market for it until after they have given it a trial.

THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



- 1408—Henry IV. defeated rebel Bramham Moor.
- 1508—Miles Coverdale, first translator of the Bible, buried at St. Bartholomew's.
- 1634—Assassination of Count Vestein, commander of the Army during the thirty years' war.
- 1750—British frigate Vestal captured the French frigate Iona.
- 1703—British flag hoisted for first time on island of Corsica.
- 1795—Joseph Habersham of Georgia came postmaster general of the United States.
- 1797—Bonaparte and the Pope signed the treaty of Tolentino.
- 1803—Egypt evacuated by the British.
- 1804—French army concentrated at Bordeaux for invasion of England.
- 1807—French defeated the Russian battle of Peterswald.
- 1820—Cato street conspirators, planned assassination of British net ministers, arrested. Five of executed on May 1.
- 1827—Authorship of the Waverley novels acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott.
- 1829—Virginia Legislature considered first high tariff bill as unconstitutional.
- 1830—Bread riots in Liverpool. Thousands of lives lost by earthquake in Chile.
- 1854—Mrs. Kendal, famous English actress, made her debut at Marylebone theatre. Her husband's career was against the Turks.
- 1855—French spoliation bill vetoed by President Pierce.
- 1856—Duchess de Camont Lafore divorced by her groom in Paris.
- 1857—Fanny Davenport made her New York debut at Chambers street theatre.
- 1858—British defeated 20,000 Sepoys near Lucknow.
- 1861—Order of the Star of India instituted.
- 1863—Capt. Speke and Grant announced discovery of the Nile in Lake Anza. National banking system United States organized.
- 1865—Wisconsin ratified the constitutional amendment.
- 1868—Disraeli became Premier of England on the resignation of the Earl of Derby.
- 1869—Marital law declared in Tennessee.
- 1875—United States passed president-electors' bill, providing that no elector could be disfranchised without joint approval of both houses.
- 1878—Silver remonetized.
- 1884—Remains of the victims of the Jeannette Arctic expedition reached New York. House of Commons voted to uphold Gladstone's Egyptian policy.
- 1885—Dedication of Washington monument at Washington, D. C.
- 1889—Richard Pigott confessed forgery of the Parnell letters. President Cleveland signed bill admitting Washington, Montana and the Dakotas to statehood.
- 1891—Egyptians defeated Osman Digna at Tokar. Charles Foster of Ohio appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Gen. Da Fonseca elected President of Brazil.
- 1893—Episcopal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. celebrated.
- 1894—John Y. McKane sent to Sing Sing for election frauds at Gravesend, L. I.
- 1895—Ex-Queen of Hawaii sentenced to imprisonment for conspiring against the republic.
- 1896—The Confederate States' Museum at Richmond, Va., dedicated. Dynamite explosion in Johannesburg killed and injured 300 persons.
- 1897—Fleet of the powers bombarded the insurgents at Canes, Crete. The powers ordered Greece to withdraw from Crete.
- 1899—Russia curtailed Finland's rights in self-government.
- 1901—First territorial legislature of Hawaii convened. United States Steel Corporation incorporated.
- 1902—President Roosevelt refused to open the Sampson-Schley controversy. Miss Ellen M. Stone released by the Macedonian brigands.
- 1904—United States Senate ratified Panama canal treaty.
- 1906—Armstrong insurance investigating committee presented its report to the New York Legislature.

Before and After.

"After all," said the moralizer, "happiness is merely a mental condition."

"Yes, after all," rejoined the demoralizer, "but before that it is more of a financial condition."

Up to the Editor.
"Are you writing for publication?" asked the inquisitive caller.
"I don't know yet," answered the would-be humorist, as he jabbed his pen into the mucilage bottle.