

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Parsons had been listening to the conversation, with a supercilious sneer upon his face. "Oh, Mr. Jerome is quite right," he said, in his usual drawling manner. "She looked awfully frightened."

Stafford felt greatly inclined to dash his fist in the speaker's face. But the cold perspiration was starting from every pore, and he felt sick at heart as he asked the question, "Did you speak to her?"

"As I told you," continued Jerome, "I pressed forward as soon as I saw her, but the moment she set her eyes upon me, she hurried into the carriage, and the old man after her. The servant banged the door. I ran up to the window, but it was pulled down in my face, and the carriage started. Had I been a little more prepared for so suddenly meeting her, she would not have escaped me quite so easily."

"But what could you have done?" asked Stafford.

"Shown her up before all her servants."

"But if she be really the person you believe, I should suppose her friends would be quite willing to well remunerate you to hush the matter up."

"It is not money I want, but revenge," answered Jerome, savagely.

"Well, well; let us drop the subject," said Stafford, abruptly. "After all, it is nothing to me. But I wish to speak to you on a little matter of business alone for a few minutes. Can we not go into your bedroom?"

As soon as they were closeted alone, Stafford gave way to the agitation that over-mastered him. "Jerome," he said, with trembling voice and lips, "I did not wish those fellows to know that I had any interest in the affair, but I have—the deepest, Jerome, we have been friends now of some years standing, and I believe we have a sincere liking for each other—at least, I can speak for myself. Let me, then, conjure you, if you have the smallest particle of respect for me, do not molest this lady; leave the affair in my hands. You do not know how much my happiness or misery depends upon the issue."

"Why, my dear fellow, what ails you?" cried Jerome. "You don't mean to say that this woman has wound her toils round you? If so, the greatest favor I could do you would be to unmask her, and cure you of such an infatuation."

"Do not speak of her in that way; I cannot endure to hear it," exclaimed Stafford, passionately. "If you knew her as I do, a being so utterly opposed to the vile coquette by whom you were deceived, you would perceive, like myself, how impossible it is that she should be the same person. Now, listen to me. During the last two days I have been using every means to trace the woman whom you knew as Katie Doran."

"You!" ejaculated Jerome.

"My motive in doing so I had intended to keep secret until, at least, I had obtained some clue; but what I have heard in your studio renders such secrecy impossible." Then Stafford went on to tell how he had discovered the picture of Circe to be in the possession of Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn; how he had made a sketch of it, and traced the picture dealer who had sold it.

Jerome listened to every word with the most profound astonishment, never once interrupting the speaker.

"This mystery I was determined to solve," Stafford continued. "Even now there is a strange, half-defined idea floating in my brain, at present too inexplicable to be spoken of; but it is a clue that I shall follow up. Trust to me, Jerome; you know I am not easily turned aside from any undertaking I once engage in; and I pledge you my honor that if she be the delinquent, which I will stake my soul she is not, you need not fear that I will shield her."

"There's my hand upon the bargain," cried Jerome. "I am heartily sorry that you should take any interest in this woman, who is Katie Doran as sure as you stand there. But since you wish it, the matter shall be put aside for a time; and now let us go back to the boys."

"No, not now," replied Stafford. "Who is that fellow, Parsons, who introduced me to you? Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh, I have met him in different places, and, of late, he has taken to coming here."

Stafford left the house in a miserably depressed state of mind. There was something terrible in these ever-accumulating proofs. Bravely he fought against and cast out every doubt; but the struggle was a sore one.

CHAPTER XIX.

At eight o'clock that same evening Wylie was sitting with Mrs. Wylie. Dinner had just been removed, and they were alone. The gentleman wore an air of supreme content; but the lady looked gloomy and ill at ease.

"Hannah, my dear," said Mr. Wylie, after a pause, "I have made a great discovery to-day."

"Indeed!" she said, dreadingly, without lifting her gaze from the fire, whereon it had been fixed during the last ten minutes.

"Supposing I were to tell you that Constance is twenty next birthday, instead of nineteen, as everybody seems to suppose?"

"Impossible!" cried his wife, raising her eyes. "I have seen the date of her birth over and over again in the family Bible."

"And I have seen the parish register," answered her husband, triumphantly. "She was born on the first day of December, 1875; consequently, on the first day of December, 1895, she will be twenty years of age."

"The Bible says she was born in 1876," persisted the lady.

"But if you remember, dear," argued Mr. Wylie, in his softest tone, "the Bible now extant is not the original. When the fire broke out in Harley street the old Bible was among the things burned; and Tom Grierson did not replace it until

some two or three years afterward. Constance was then between eleven and twelve years old. He himself inserted that and other dates in the new book from memory; and you know Tom had not much of a head for domestic matters. Some fancied coincidence probably misled him."

"And how came you to discover this?"

"Well, the other day I was running back in my memory to trace certain events, when an association of ideas suddenly obtruded the picture of Constance a baby in arms at a time that, according to received data, she could not have been born. Upon which, I traced back the date of Arabella's marriage, and the time that elapsed before the child's birth. Finding all my memories at fault with the aforesaid data, I immediately adopted the simplest means of putting the question at rest by an examination of the registers, in which I found I was right."

"Do you think her uncle knows of this?"

"I do not think so, or he would have been certain to let it out in some indirect way—he never can keep anything. No, I hope to come down upon them with the news like an avalanche. Constance Grierson will certainly not be married to a man of family by the first of December, and as certainly will she forfeit her fortune if she is not. On the thirtieth of November, Penrhdyddyn will virtually be ours. On the first of December, the day afterwards, our share of old Tom Grierson's fortune will drop into our mouths. But you do not seem elated at this glorious news," he said, observing his wife's somber looks.

"Because I cannot reconcile myself to the villainous means by which it will be gained," she answered, moodily.

"The whole affair is a pure business transaction," he said, impatiently. "I am left by will ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of the mortgage money of certain estates; if the mortgage money is not paid, I have a fancy to buy up those estates. Where is the crime in that? Another sum of money is left to me on condition that a certain young lady does not marry by a certain age. Is it incumbent upon me to see that she does fulfill these conditions for the sake of not having the money? I did not make the provisions for the foreclosure of the mortgage I did not tie the young lady down to marry such and such kind of person, within such and such period. Then, why am I not entitled to seize upon the benefit which others have devised for me?"

"All this is mere sophistry," answered his wife. "It may satisfy you who have no time for thought, but it does not satisfy me, who sit brooding here the livelong day, with only my own dark thoughts for companions. During the last few days I have been depressed with a gloom I cannot shake off. I feel as though something terrible were about to happen. What has become of that woman—Mrs. Castleton?" she asked, suddenly.

"She was at the office yesterday, to draw the last shilling of her money."

"Beware of that woman," she said, earnestly. "Break with her, if you can, before she works you mischief. I have never seen her, and never wish to see her; but from what I have heard from your lips, I can well understand the dangerous woman she is. Let her go her ways while you are safe; above all, do not provoke her vindictiveness, for you can never tell the lengths to which a woman's revenge will carry her."

"Well, the idiotic folly of some people is past all understanding," he broke out, suddenly; "they are no more fit to be trusted with money than infants; indeed, I think it is meritorious to take it away from them before they do themselves a mischief with it. Would you believe it? That girl Constance, after refusing Arthur Penrhdyddyn, actually wrote, or caused to be written, an anonymous letter to him, saying that if all else failed, he could obtain the money to pay off the mortgage by applying to Groom and Fry, in Bedford Row."

"If that is the case, you are powerless," said his wife.

"Am I?" he exclaimed, snarling like a dog. "The letter is in my hands. Unfortunately, young Penrhdyddyn has read it. But whatever extremities I resort to, that money shall not be forthcoming."

CHAPTER XX.

There was illness at Penrhdyddyn Castle. Sir Laurence, worn out, prostrated by anxieties, lay upon a sick bed and has now been summoned to his side. The doctors said that there was no immediate danger, but he must be kept quiet, and his mind at ease.

The night was gathering in fast over the gray October sky, and the wind whistled drearily through the large rooms and corridors of the old castle, as Arthur Penrhdyddyn sat alone, watching beside his father's bed.

That strange, sudden disappearance of Mrs. Castleton had been a terrible blow; it had driven him almost into a delirium; for never had he felt how omnipotent was her influence until now that she seemed lost to him forever. In vain he sought to trace her; in vain he sought to account for her disappearance. At times, a thought crossed his brain, too terrible to dwell upon. Was she one of that race, and did she fear that her love might work upon him only the fulfillment of a curse? He remembered the extraordinary emotion she manifested during the recital. And once or twice a yet wilder and more improbable idea rose up amidst the phantasms of his mind, excited by a fancied resemblance that he traced in the pale, set features framed by the black hair. Such thoughts must be a symptom of madness; he thought the grave could not give back its dead, and she lay buried in Penrhdyddyn churchyard.

These thoughts, for the hundredth time, were passing through his brain. And brooding thus, there came into his mind the thought to go and look at that strange picture, which he had not seen since the day on which old Daniel had

told him the legend. Casting a glance at the sleeper, he crept out of the room. He was not aware of the removal of the painting, but his way to the western turret lay through the picture gallery. And upon entering it, one of the first objects his eyes fell upon was the portrait of Elionore de Soissons.

It was a sudden shock to see that pale, dark face looking out from among the portraits of his ancestors. To his excited fancy, there was a look of triumph in his eyes that seemed to say, "At last."

Most ominous to his fatalistic creed was this circumstance. "For two hundred years," he thought, "it has lain amongst dust and rubbish, and now it is brought down and fixed here in the position that during all that time was its right. What can it portend, but the speedy destruction of the race upon whom she put her malediction?"

He had no difficulty in guessing whose hands had placed the picture there; no one but his father would have dared to thus brave Fate.

And now he fell to scrutinizing those features. Although they had been given upon his boyish memory in unfading lines, he tried to clear his mind of fancies, and then to endeavor to discover how true or how false was its supposed resemblance to Mrs. Castleton. In expression, save the last time he saw her, there was no resemblance; there was a stern melancholy upon the countenance of the portrait, which found no counterpart upon that of the living woman. But its contour, its dark eyes and hair, were like—so like, that it called up the dear image of his love with painful force.

"Oh, where art thou, my beloved?" he exclaimed, passionately. "Why hast thou fled from me? Come back—come back! Thou art my fate, my destiny, whether for good or evil, and I am thine; and were it the spirit of Elionore de Soissons herself, returned to this world of woe to avenge her wrongs, my love would be the same!"

A long, low wail swept through the gallery as he spoke those words. It was only the wind, but to his over-excited imagination it sounded like the cry of a departing spirit. He shuddered at the thought, and walked softly back to his father's room. Sir Laurence was still sleeping, and the nurse, whose place he had supplied for a short time, having returned, he was relieved of his watch.

He felt oppressed and feverish, and putting on his hat, went out into the open air. The cool, fresh breeze was invigorating, and the damp, leafy smell of the woods was grateful to him after the close atmosphere of the sick chamber.

Scarcely heeding what direction he took, he walked on, deep in thought, until he approached the coast. Right in front of him stood John Trevelthick's cottage. The sight of this spot recalled to his mind that he had not seen the old fisherman for some years. He would look in upon the old man; he would be sure to find him at home, as age prevented him now from leaving his cottage.

It was now nearly dark; the last dim twilight was fading fast out of the cold gray sky. The door of the cottage stood wide open, but there was no light within, nor any sign or sound of human life. He stood upon the threshold, and called "John Trevelthick!"

There was no answer. But he heard a slight rustle, as of a woman's dress, and the sound of breathing. Again he called "John Trevelthick, are you there?"

A low, terrified female voice answered, "Who is that?"

"It is I, Arthur Penrhdyddyn," he answered, quickly. "Who are you?"

A faint cry was his answer. He sprang into the hut, saw a moving body before him, stretched out his arms, and the next moment a woman's head was leaning upon his breast, and a soft voice whispering "Arthur."

Even now he could not credit the evidence of his senses. It was so marvelous, so beyond all belief. Yet she lay upon his bosom, clinging around him, her breath upon his cheek. Ah! he saw it all! She had repented of her flight—she had followed him down to Cornwall. He bore her out into the open air, that by the dim light he might feast his eyes upon her face. There was still sufficient light in the sky to distinguish the beloved features. But how pale they looked in the gray shadows; and oh, how like the picture! But of that he thought nothing now; but one sensation possessed his soul—the ecstatic, intoxicating sensation of reunited love.

"Even now," he cried, fondly pressing her to his heart, "I can scarcely believe that it is you, I fear to loose you, lest you should fly away from me like some vision of the night. How came you here—was it to see me?"

"Yes," she murmured, after a pause; "to seek you. What else should bring me to this remote country? Do not question me; do not ask for explanations lest I should again fly from you."

A mist was rising from the sea. There was damp in the atmosphere, and the wind blew sharply, and moaned dismally. (To be continued.)

Translation Called For.

Downright Woman—Where did you come from?

Classic Tramp—Madam, I castigated my itinerary from the classic Athens of America.

D. W.—I asked ye where did you come from?

C. T.—I bent my way from Boston. —Baltimore American.

The Tender-Hearted Westerner. Visitor from Arizona in Art Museum—What do you call it?

The Guide—The "Venus of Milo."

The Visitor—Venus, eh? Well, it's a shame.

The Guide—What's a shame?

The Visitor—It's a shame to see a poor girl like that goin' round unarm'd.

A Life Preserver. By-Stander—You have certainly shown wonderful bravery in saving that man's life. Is he a relative of yours?

Hero—Relative? Oh, no. But he owes me \$400.—Somerville Journal.

Abused Into Success. "To what do you attribute your success?" asked the plain citizen.

"To the abuse I have received," answered the political boss.



Possibilities of Bee-Keeping.

Fifty years have witnessed wonderful changes in most industries, but none greater than have been made in modern bee culture. In our grandfathers' days bees were kept in straw "skeps," log "gams," and box hives. After toiling through the long summer to lay up a store of sweets, the cold days of autumn saw the bees consigned to the sulphur pit, while their combs of honey were washed up and hung in a muslin bag before the fire to drip "strained" honey was the result—and sometimes there was a decided flavor of bee-bread and brimstone.

The interior of a beehive was a sealed book until 1852, when the genius of Langstroth, by the invention of the movable comb-hive, broke the seal and allowed man to scan the wonderful pages. This was the first, the revolutionary step of modern bee-culture—the foundation of all subsequent improvements.

To-day bee culture is almost an exact science. There is money in the business and the question is often asked: "What are the profits of beekeeping?" They vary from less than nothing (when the bees must be fed, because the weather is such that no crop has been gathered) to amounts that are fabulous. One colony, and its increase, in Texas, stored 1,000 pounds of horse-



Italian Queen Bee. Italian Drone. Stingless Worker. Italian Worker.

mint honey in one season. But this is decidedly exceptional. Fifty pounds of comb honey or 100 of extracted would be considered a good average yield. The latter sells, at wholesale, from 7 cents a pound, and retails at about 10 cents. Comb honey wholesales from 10 to 13 cents a pound, and retails at about 16 cents a pound.

But apiculture does not live to itself alone. It has been proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that many crops of fruits, vegetables and grain are greatly improved, both in quantity and quality, by the agency of the bees in bringing about perfect fertilization of the blossoms. Some flowers remain absolutely sterile unless pollen is conveyed to them by some mechanical means from some other blossoms. In the sweet springtime when the wide-spreading branches of the apple trees are almost hidden by masses of pink and white promises of future fruitfulness, many of us do not realize that all of this beauty, this sweet perfume, the tiny drops of nectar nestling among the petals, are a part of nature's plan for securing the attendance of those marriage-priests—the bees.—Indianapolis News.

The Tobacco Crop.

That the United States has become the largest producer of tobacco in the world is shown by an official bulletin containing an estimate of the extent and value of the crop raised last year. In all about 796,099 acres of tobacco were grown, producing an average yield of 857.2 pounds to the acre, or a total of 682,428,530 pounds. The average value of the crop was 10 cents per pound, or a total of about \$68,232,647. While it is almost impossible to comprehend the magnitude of the value of the manufactured products of tobacco, a glance at the total figures may convey some idea of the development of this great and distinctive American industry.

In 1900 the total value of the manufactured products of tobacco was \$283,076,546. In the manufacture 142,177 people were employed, who earned a total wage of \$49,852,484.

Russian Farmers Coming.

A crowd of Russian farmers, the first of this class of immigrants to arrive at Philadelphia in any considerable numbers, reached there recently on the American liner Friesland, from Liverpool. There were many who had fought for their country against Japan and who still wore the military uniforms in which they had been discharged.

There were in all 850 of these much-sought-after farmhands, nearly all of whom are members of the Greek orthodox church. Most of the immigrants left last night for Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Though illiterate, they are industrious and thrifty. The leader of the party stated that, owing to the political and economic crisis, 800,000 farmhands will leave Russia this year for the United States, coming principally from the Dnieper and Don districts, the richest farming districts of the country.

Weeds in Pasture.

Weeds in the pastures should not be allowed. Cattle consume certain kinds when the young plants are appearing, and assist in destroying them, but other kinds will be rejected and go to seed. Sheep destroy many weeds, but where weeds are uneaten by animals they should be removed by hand.

Fertilizing for Fruit.

The growing of fruit demands labor at the proper time, and considerable work is done before spring opens. Where growers have combined to keep insects and parasites in check the result has been beneficial. If the labor and cost of fertilizers must be considered it is safe to assert that fruit-growers derive larger profits from raspberries and blackberries than many of them deserve, as it is only when picking and harvesting the crop that the real labor is performed. After such crops are harvested some fields receive but little care and cultivation, and it is seldom that manures or fertilizers are applied, though the strawberry is treated differently. Enterprising fruit-growers maintain that it pays to give blackberry and raspberry canes good cultivation, and to apply fertilizers liberally, as the increased crop of berries and vigorous vines more than pay the expense. During periods of drought the grassy rows of canes must compete for moisture with intruders, and it often happens that a dry period sets in just at the time the berries are ripening, and when moisture is greatly needed. When the soil is clear of grass and weeds, and the surface of the ground loose, the loss from lack of moisture is greatly reduced.

Poultry in Pennsylvania.

On the basis of personal experience the author of a Pennsylvania bulletin discusses the feeding and care of poultry, artificial incubation, the raising of ducks, turkeys and geese on the farm, poultry diseases, and related questions. A combination of fruit growing and poultry raising is especially recommended. "Locate your poultry-houses if possible so that the runs will be in an orchard. The fowls will destroy thousands of harmful insects, thus

greatly benefiting the trees and increasing the prospects for fruit, and the fowls will gain great comfort and benefit by the protecting shade of the trees. Plum trees and cherry trees are especially benefited by the presence of the fowls about their roots. Peach trees will grow most rapidly and soonest give an abundant shade."

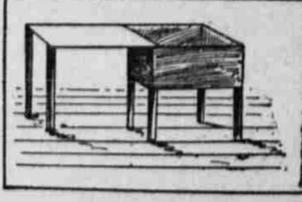
When to Haul Manure.

Several of the State experiment stations have shown by their tests loss of fertility in barn and stable manure by the old methods of handling it, which suggest the importance of daily or weekly hauling and spreading on the fields. The latest experiments made by the Ohio station prove that when manure was thrown into the open barnyard and permitted to lie there for five months before being hauled to the field it had a value of \$2.40 per ton. When drawn directly to the field as fast as it was made the value was \$3.25 per ton. When the manure was sprinkled with ground phosphate rock as fast as it was made in the stable, thus preventing some loss of ammonia, the value was \$5.18 per ton.

The claim is made that at least one-third of the value of the manure is lost as it is usually put on the land with a fork and that ten loads put on with a manure spreader go as far and do as much good as fifteen loads put on in the old-fashioned, careless way.

Wash Tank and Table.

A vegetable gardener who prepares a good many vegetables for market by first washing and then drying has



VEGETABLE WASHER.

devised the plan illustrated for removing the soil and then draining. The tank is little more than a water-tight box with a plug in the bottom for drainage. The shelf is attached to the box with a hinge, likewise the legs, so that folding in smaller space is possible.—Prairie Farmer.

To Root Shippers.

Authorities say in order to comply with the pure drug and food law, roots can be bought, sold or handled only when the package in which they are placed is branded with its exact contents; in other words, contents of the package must be strictly what is named by the brand. Roots of all kinds (excepting ginseng, perhaps) must be cleansed and washed of all dirt before drying, and all tops, stems, etc., removed.

Fallow Crops.

Fallow crops do not pay. Naked soils are more exhausting of the nitrogen of the soil than a summer crop. A crop of ragweed on a stubble soil may be a nuisance in one respect, but it protects the soil from the heating rays of the sun in summer, at a time when the process of nitrification is at the greatest activity. A green crop, to be plowed under, is an excellent protection to the soil at all times.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1429—Siege of Orleans relieved.
- 1547—Charles V. defeated the Protestants at Muhlberg.
- 1626—Wallenstein defeated Mansfeld at Dessau.
- 1629—Peace treaty signed at Susa, ending war between France and England.
- 1682—Connecticut's famous charter granted.
- 1685—Great plague of London began.
- 1704—First issue of the Boston Newsletter, first American newspaper.
- 1707—French and Spanish defeated English, Dutch and Portuguese forces at the battle of Alamo, Spain.
- 1716—British Parliament passed Septennial act.
- 1763—Wilkes committed to the Tower of London.
- 1792—Pelletier, a highway robber, executed by the guillotine.
- 1849—Political riots in Toronto and Montreal over the rebellion bill.
- 1851—Postage stamps first issued in Canada.
- 1854—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, married to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.
- 1862—Confederate forces withdrew from New Orleans.
- 187—War began between Russia and Turkey.
- 1879—Prince Alexander Joseph of Bulgaria elected Prince of Bulgaria.
- 1884—Fire destroyed the great mercantile establishment of Messrs. Whiteley in London.
- 1889—New York City began a three day celebration of the centennial of President Washington's inauguration.
- 1891—Dr. Talmage's new tabernacle in Brooklyn formally opened.
- 1892—Hurricane at Mauritius destroyed 1,000 lives.
- 1894—Coxey's army arrived at Washington, D. C. Earthquake near Athens, Greece; 227 lives lost.
- 1895—Russian, German and French governments protested against the acquisition of Chinese territory in Japan. The Alliance affair in Spain settled by the latter giving ample satisfaction.
- 1897—Princess Victoria, daughter of Prince and Princess of Wales, married to the American ambassador at London.
- 1898—Miners' riots at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.
- 1900—United States Senate denied mission to Matthew Quay, who had been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania. Hull and a part of Ottawa, Canada, destroyed by fire.
- 1901—President McKinley received Cuban commissioners.
- 1903—Andrew Carnegie donated \$500,000 to Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
- 1904—Labor party came into power in Australia.
- 1906—International exhibition opened in Milan, Italy.

The Real Rooter.



As a Little Child. Bellevue hospital, New York City, reports a most interesting patient in the person of Timothy Kane, whose trouble dates three years ago, when a blow on the head produced a lesion of the brain. At that time he has suffered intensely from epilepsy, paralysis, motor aphasia and speech, with progressive impairment of the intellectual perceptions. Several delicate and unusual operations were performed, consisting of a removal of portions of the skull and portions of the brain. He is now on the road to recovery, but while retaining some knowledge of things has absolutely lost the power to transmute his power into words. The educative process has commenced, the same as with a child, the training being similar to that employed in kindergarten, with alphabetical picture books, etc.

Measuring Railroad Water. The Sundberg committee has reported to the Minnesota Senate that property in that State has a real value of \$215,000,000, or about \$27,000,000 more than it is capitalized at. But this property is capitalized at \$180,000,000, or an average of \$50,000 a mile. The net earnings last year on the committee's valuation averaged 18 per cent. In making their estimate, the committee considered the original cost of construction, cost of equipment and all improvements, expense of operating under lag rates, etc.