

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Wylie, in the meanwhile, sat writing at his desk. Had he no thought, at that moment, of the dead man who had, through so many years of his life, sat day by day at that table, the man whom morally, if not legally, he had murdered? No such thoughts troubled his seared conscience. No atom of superstition or imagination entered into the composition of that scheming brain.

Had there been, would he not have felt the deadly presence that was about him? The white, ghastly face, with gleaming black eyes, that was looking in upon him through the half-opened door at his back? There was a double door to the library; it was in at the inner green banded one that swung noiselessly upon its hinges, that the face peered.

With her eyes fixed immovably on the one object, she closes it behind her; then advances, crouching like a tiger, towards her prey. Her steps are noiseless; the soft material of her dress makes no rustle; but if it did, the noise of the elements would drown it.

She is behind the chair; then she raises her right hand, armed with the short, thick stick, and strikes him a heavy blow upon the head. With a groan he falls from his chair, stunned. Quick as lightning she takes from her dress the two cords, each provided with a running noose; one she slips over his body and fastens his arms down to his sides, with the other she secures his legs; then she puts a gag in his mouth. This done, she dashes some water out of a carafe, that stands upon the table, into his face, raises his head, props it up by means of some big folio volumes from the shelves, takes a chair, and, sitting opposite to him, waits until she shall revive.

At last his eyes open, and fall upon the livid, vindictive face that fronts him. He does not recognize her; but there is murder in her looks! He shivers, and tries to rise, but he is helpless.

"I am much changed since last we met, James Wylie, am I not?" she says, after gloating for some moments over the agony of his silent terror.

At that voice he starts, and shudders more violently; he knows now that he is doomed. If ever a prayer is in his heart, it is there now.

"This meeting is an unexpected pleasure, is it not? You hugged yourself with the thought, doubtless, that you were rid of me! Do you remember the words I once spoke to you, in your office? I told you that if you played me false, I would hunt you down, if you fled to the furthest extremity of the world, and kill you! I have come to keep my word!" and she drew the long, glittering knife from her belt. "I could have killed you from behind, some minutes back, but I would not have you die ignorant of the hand that struck the blow, nor suddenly and unprepared. If I had you away from this place, I would kill you inch by inch. There is not a torture that the ingenuity of cruelty could invent, that I would not inflict upon you; and even then, I could not pay you back all that you have made me suffer! You tricked me well, did you not? But when you gloated over your cleverness, you forgot to calculate the retribution! They laugh best who laugh last! The last laugh shall be mine, evoked by your dying agonies!"

Mrs. Wylie awoke from her slumber with a start—a cry in her ears, and a horror upon her soul. She started up; the wind was still raging, the fire was burned down to ashes, and the candle all but extinguished. A feeling that something had happened to her husband seized upon her, and, taking up the flickering candle, she hurried out of the room, and, spite of her fears, ran trembling towards the library.

As she neared the spot she heard peals of horrible laughter that curdled her blood. She dared not proceed, but, almost dead with terror, ran and pulled the rope that rang the alarm bell, and which was situated not many yards from the library door. Holding on to the rope, she pulled with all the frantic power of terror, until the clang, clang reverberated through the Castle, and was heard, even above the roar of the wind and the water, in the village below—making men start from their beds, hurry on their clothes, and speed towards the Castle, expecting every moment to see jets of flame spring up from it, for what else but fire could send forth such a summons?

As two of the fishermen ran up the foot path through the woods, a something rushed past them, with a shriek of maniac laughter; but it was gone before they could tell what it was. They pursued the rest of their way with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, with the belief in their hearts that they had encountered an evil spirit from the other world.

It was an awful sight that awaited them upon the floor of the library, upon which the white-faced, shuddering servants looked down. A huddled mass of blood-saturated clothes, torn a rent as though by the talons of a wild beast, containing what had once been a human form, but which was now a shapeless mass of battered flesh and bone.

Eleonore's vengeance had been wolf-like; but the work of blood had rendered her delirious, and before her dreadful task was accomplished she had become a raving maniac.

All that night the wind raged fiercely, and down upon the coast the mighty waters dashed and boomed as though a battery were being fired beneath them. A fisherman who was out with the first gray dawn found, huddled among the rocks, a woman's body, that the waves had cast up during the night. An hour afterwards it was borne to what had once been John Trevelthick's hut—now an empty shed—and laid there until such time as it could be buried.

Twice had the ocean rejected Eleonore de Solsons; and, by a strange fatality, that same roof beneath which she had lain for dead as a child—where Arthur Penryddyn had plighted his troth to her

—was thus destined to be the last that should cover her upon earth.

Constance regained one considerable portion of her fortune—that which Wylie had inherited, and which Mrs. Wylie refunded in her will, dying a month after her husband. The remainder, however, had passed away to other inheritors. Both the house in Harley street and Hillborough Hall were among Constance's recovered possessions.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a happy family group that sat round the blazing fire in the drawing room of Hillborough Hall towards dusk on Christmas Eve. Mr. Grierson snored in an easy chair upon one side, while Stafford, with his arm clasping his wife's waist, occupied the other.

"Why are you so thoughtful to-night, darling?" he asked, pressing her towards him.

"I was thinking of poor Arthur Penryddyn," she answered, thoughtfully. "How strange it is that no tidings have ever been received of him! I wonder if he is still living?"

"I fear not," answered her husband. "I am sometimes almost inclined to believe that, driven to despair, the poor fellow laid violent hands upon himself."

"Oh, do not say that, Edward; it is too dreadful to think of."

Just then a servant entered the room to announce that a gentleman desired to see Mr. Stafford.

"What name?"

"He would not give it, sir. He told me



THE THREAT FULFILLED.

that I was merely to say that he was an old friend."

"Tell him I cannot see any one this evening; he must call again."

"No, no, Edward; do not send such a message," interrupted Constance, rising hastily. "You do not know who it may be. Show the gentleman up, James; we will see him here."

The door again opened, and an athletic looking man, apparently of some thirty years of age, with a bronzed complexion, and dark blue eyes, entered the room. Constance turned away her eager face, with quite a disappointed look at the sight of him.

"May I inquire to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit, and whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" asked Stafford, somewhat curtly, for he was annoyed at being disturbed by a strange visitor at such a cozy time.

"Then you have forgotten me, Stafford?" said a voice, whose accents were still the same, however much the face and form were altered.

The next instant Stafford had seized one hand and Constance the other, and Uncle Robert, starting out of his doze, looked on in amazement.

"My dear Arthur, is it indeed you?"

"Arthur! What! you don't mean to say it's Arthur Penryddyn?" cried the old gentleman.

"But it is, Mr. Grierson," was the answer, with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Well, there isn't a man upon the face of the earth that I should be so rejoiced to see as I am you," answered Uncle Robert, cordially returning the pressure.

"I have only just arrived in England; you are the only friends I have here, and I came to see you first. How happy and cozy you look!"

He sighed as he spoke. Every eye was fixed upon him, with one thought—how changed! Unguided by the voice, it would have been impossible to have recognized in the determined face and stalwart figure before them the pale, melancholy looking, fragile figured Arthur Penryddyn of their memory.

"Have you not seen any of the advertisements that have for so long a time been inserted in the leading papers of almost all nations for you?" inquired Stafford.

"None. Why was I advertised for?" Stafford then briefly related to him the murder of Wylie, the death of his wife, and a will she had made in his favor.

"And Wylie, then, was murdered? He was a bad man. And was it never suspected who did the deed?"

"Never," answered Stafford, quickly, for he fancied that he detected an anxious look in Arthur's face. "So, you see, you have not returned to England for nothing. Penryddyn is only waiting for his own. Of course, you will at once assert your identity?"

He paused for a moment, thoughtfully, and then answered, "Yes, I shall. It is a duty I owe to my father's memory; but I could never take up my residence in the Castle. It has too many painful associations. The last of the Penryddyns will be the only one who has ever deserted its walls."

"Do not say the last," said Constance, gently. "I hope one day to see you as happy in a wife as I am in a husband, and with little children to lift the gloom off the old Castle."

"You will never see that day, Mrs. Stafford," he answered, brusquely. "I shall never marry again."

When they were alone, he asked Stafford if he knew what had become of her. The answer was that nothing had ever been heard of her from the time of his departure. He did not speak for more than an hour afterwards, but lapsed into gloomy silence.

He was somewhat reticent in regard to his adventures since his departure from England, briefly stating that, immediately after his father's funeral, he had started for Australia, where he had made a living by bodily labor; that he had gone to the diggings, but had met with but moderate success. "I felt that hard work was the only way to restore the equilibrium of my brain," he said, "and so I did it with a will. Had it not been for that I should have died long ago."

He remained at the Hall until after the New Year. They found him much changed in mind as well as body. There was but little left of the gentle, dreamy youth whom they had known, but in his place was a stern and somewhat hard man, inclined to gloominess and taciturnity. But, as time wore on, and they knew him better, they discovered that this was only the outward crust, and that a kind, gentle heart still beat beneath.

Towards the end of January he put in his claim for Penryddyn, and, his identity being beyond all doubt, it was at once admitted.

"I do not believe I could settle down to the monotony of an English country gentleman's life, after the bustle of the last six years," he said; "besides, amidst the turmoil of London, one can always shake off black thoughts when they come."

One day, in the Strand, he met Jerome, who was most cordially rejoiced to see him. Fortune had recently smiled upon the gay artist; he had several pictures hung upon the Academy walls, which had found liberal purchasers, and he was rising into fame.

In the course of conversation the name of Parsons was mentioned, and Arthur learned that that gentleman, having been found out in a disgraceful betting transaction at the last Derby, had carried him-



self and his talents over to the Continent for the benefit of foreign nations.

It was the first of March. A glorious fresh, mild morning, the sky a bright, cloudless, sunny blue, the sea a mirror in which was reflected another heaven. At the window of the western turret of Penryddyn Castle, where we first saw him as a boy, sixteen years ago, sat Arthur Penryddyn, gazing thoughtfully upon the landscape. But his thoughts were not with the objects before him, but with the dark, melancholy past, with the shadows of the grave. He had in his hand a miniature of Eleonore, and his eyes were dim with tears. He knows nothing of the strange retributive disease that had disfigured her; nothing of her last awful crime; nothing of her death. Through the softening haze of time she appears to him, craving forgiveness for the sake of love. Deep down in the recesses of his heart lingers the passion of his youth, and no woman has ever yet superseded the image of the beautiful creature to whom he first gave his love.

Will it ever be otherwise? Will the portals of his heart ever open to the pure, ennobling affection of a true woman? Or is the ancient race of Penryddyn indeed "Doomed" to extinction? Deep in the bosom of the future lies that problem, which no mortal presence can foresee.

(THE END.)

## Evolution.

"Don't you believe in evolution?" asked the scientific man.

"Certainly," answered Miss Cayenne. "No change that centuries bring about in natural history can be more remarkable than that which a woman undergoes in a single day as she progresses from curl papers to evening gown."—Washington Star.

## What Did He Mean?

Doctor—You must be very careful. With her throat trouble your wife will not be able to speak above a whisper for two or three weeks.

Husband—Oh, doctor, is there any possibility of her disease becoming chronic?—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Il Mottio per Ridere.

## Nothing Serious.

"Then there's another thing, Miss Haybo. You know—what was that curious noise?"

"It was only the clock. It always makes a sound like that when the calendar hand moves to the next figure. What were you about to say, Mr. Lingerlong?"

## In Kansas.

Stranger—How's corn?  
Kansas Farmer—Say, the ears have grown so high above the ground that they have to use trumpets to hear what's going on.—New York Sun.

## Expensive Charitable Work.

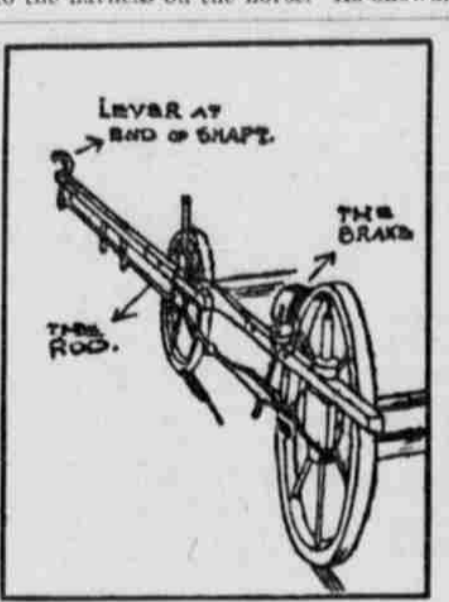
It is stated that the distribution of \$32,235 among the unemployed of London was done at an expense of \$74,750.

We ought to lead our child to the right path, not by severity, but by persuasion.—Menander.



## Automatic Wagon Brake.

A wagon brake which operates automatically has been recently patented by a Mississippi man. The ordinary arrangement of attaching a foot lever beneath the driver's seat, connecting with the brake, is entirely dispensed with. The driver is not required to handle the brake in any way, the simple halting of the horses only being necessary. As shown in the illustration, the brake is pivoted so as to come in contact with the rim of the rear wheel. On the extreme outer end of the shafts is a vertical pivoted lever, one end of which connects with a rod extending to the brake. The upper end of this lever is connected by a strap or chain to the harness on the horse. As shown,



THROWS A BRAKE AUTOMATICALLY.

the top of this lever is normally in advance of the lever end. Obviously a pulling pressure exerted by a backward movement of the horses in stopping will force the brake against the rear wheel. The driver in stopping his horses in this way automatically throws on the brake.

## Effect of Meat-Inspection Law.

In an address delivered before the New York State Breeders' Association, at Syracuse, G. P. McCabe, of the United States Department of Agriculture, discussed the principal provisions of the United States meat-inspection law, the manner in which the provisions are enforced, and the bearing of the law upon the production and handling of meats.

"To secure the best results, the breeders and feeders of every State in the Union should take up vigorously the question of the extension of markets and should back the Department of Agriculture in an insistent demand for an absolutely efficient, vigilant, fair and square meat inspection. \* \* \* If a due regard be had for cleanliness, decency and honesty in the preparation and marketing of our meat products, the United States will continue to lead the world in the livestock and meat trade."

## Cost of Hauling Crops.

The bureau of statistics recently sent out a special inquiry circular to ascertain the cost of hauling farm crops to shipping points, and the compiled results representing replies from nearly 2,000 counties in different parts of the United States indicate that the quantity of farm produce annually hauled amounts to 49,000,000 tons. The cost of hauling the same is estimated at approximately \$85,000,000, which is an average of 8 1/2 cents per hundred weight.

In general, the hauling cost is to a large extent dependent upon the value of the articles hauled, the more valuable products taken to market oftener and in smaller loads, and therefore at a greater cost. Corn, wheat, hay and potatoes are hauled at from 7 to 9 cents per 100 pounds; tobacco and hogs at 10 cents per 100 pounds; cotton, 16 cents, and wool, 44 cents.

## Disease in Manure.

Manure heaps are responsible for many diseases that appear on farms. Even the well water may become contaminated, though the heap may be some distance from it. Typhoid fever and diphtheria have appeared in families living a mile or more from neighbors, and where it was apparently impossible for the families to be attacked. A French scientist, who investigated diseases on farms in France, found that there was some relation between manure heaps and epidemics of diphtheria. Statistics in Scotland and Prussia show that the rate of mortality from diphtheria is higher in rural districts. It is suggested that all manure should be kept in closed locations, having cement sides and bottoms.

## Bounty on Insects.

In some parts of Germany, where the common European beetle, known as *Melolontha vulgaris*, or cockchafer, occurs in great numbers, and is a considerable pest, especially in the larvae state, the school children are paid a bounty for the collection of these insects, and enormous quantities of them have been gotten together in some localities in this manner. It is now proposed to find a commercial use for these beetles, such as the manufacture of fertilizer, as a foodstuff, and in the preparation of axle greases, for all of which purposes they have been used to some extent in the past.

## For Stacking Wheat.

To stack wheat before threshing so that it will be dry when that time comes, is the desire of every farmer who raises that cereal. Mr. C. T. Pritchard, of Randolph, Clay county, Mo., has a system that he has used for a generation, and he never lost a bit of wheat by dampness in the stack. He has a great reputation in his home for this class of work, and he spends a large part of his time in showing others how to do it. He gives a description of his method as follows:

"To stack wheat or oats so stack will not take water. Commence the stack or rick any way you wish. But when you have the stack five or six feet high, just reverse the usual way of stacking, and do it from the center to the outer edge, instead of from the outer edge to the center. When you begin at the center to stack out, lay two or three bundles so as to keep the center highest, with a good slant toward the outer edge. If at any time the outer edge gets too high, stop before you get there, and go back to the center and commence again. Be sure to keep the center highest, with a good slant to the outside.

"This way is just about the same as one shock on top of the other, only more slant to the bundles. There is no slip or slide. It is fast and easy, and sure keeps the stack dry. If you are stacking the usual way, and the stack should begin to slip, just go to the center and work out, and see how quickly you stop the slipping. Mix it up a little—work from the center part of the time. Try it."

## Prey of the Sparrow Hawk.

The sparrow hawk almost invariably catches a flying bird for its meal, even striking down birds as large as the wood pigeon, though usually going no higher than a black bird. It does not exactly swoop like the larger hawks, yet it must have conditions of chase of its own choosing. That is why the small birds usually mob it with impunity when they are numerous enough to bewilder it. Once, however, I saw a sparrow hawk that had been molested for some minutes by a perfect cloud of green finches, dart among them and secure a victim.

The other day I had one of these birds pointed out as the one which, a few days earlier, had come close to the house toward dusk and caught a bat on the wing. That, however, is a very unusual meal.—London News.

## The Egg and the Chick.

That immutable law of physics that matter cannot be annihilated, or vice versa, created out of nothing, appears to have some doubters even in this day of general education. The old query, which weighs the most, the egg or the chicken that is hatched from the egg, is a very good example of this lack of faith. To settle the matter for the hundredth time, experiments were recently undertaken at one of the agricultural stations engaged in poultry studies. It was found that a fertile egg during the process of incubation lost a little over 20 per cent in weight, while the chick hatched from such an egg weighed 30 per cent less than the egg before incubation. A sterile egg receiving similar treatment lost not quite 10 per cent in weight.

## The Carson Apple.

The original tree of the Carson apple was obtained from an apple seedling nursery in Ohio, owned by a family named Carson. Its excellent record for productivity, beauty and quality in northern Ohio for half a century renders it worthy of experimental planting throughout the lake region and the New England States, both for the home orchard and as a commercial variety.

In commending this variety William A. Taylor, bureau of plant industry, gives the following description: Form oblate, sometimes slightly conical; size large; surface smooth, with occasional russet knobs and patches; color pale yellow, washed splashed and narrowly striped with bright crimson; dots rather large, conspicuous and protruding; cavity medium, regular, deep, russeted; stem of medium length and rather slender; basin very large, deep, abrupt, furrowed and sometimes russeted; calyx segments converging; eye large, closed; skin thin, tough; flesh yellowish, with satiny luster when fresh cut; texture fine, tender, juicy; core small, broad, oval, clasping, nearly closed; seeds few, plump, medium brown; flavor subacid, pleasant; quality very good. Season November to March in northern Ohio. Tree vigorous and upright in habit, very productive.

## The Cow as a Machine.

As an illustration of the efficiency of a good cow, as a machine for the manufacture of milk and butter from grain, the record is given of a Holstein cow at the age of 3 years, which, during one year produced milk amounting to 18,573 pounds, or over nine tons of milk containing 620 pounds of butter. The net profit figured in maintaining such a cow is stated to be about \$156 per annum.

## Peaches and Plums.

The peach will not thrive in low ground, but prefers an elevated situation; plums prefer a soil to a light one. There are stocks are often used for an orchard of peaches where the latter are to be planted in low ground.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



We are to thank the backward spirit for the destruction of the locusts, which were about to hatch out in uncounted numbers. The same frost that laid the frigid fingers on the apple blossoms at the Illinois also gave a tweak to the locust eggs. At least this is what rural personages who are posted on such things say. But the locusts probably would have hatched out, anyway. There are two things that never happen when people say they will; one is the coming of the end of the world and the other is the appearance of the locusts. We have long given up the end of the world as practically hopeless and have resigned ourselves to being deprived of that matchless spectacle which some more favored generation may possibly witness; and we have been so often disappointed in the locust prognostications that we now rank the along with weather bureau indications. We have heard stories by our grandfathers that once the "17-year" locusts filled the woods with roaring like the sound of Niagara and that the bark of the trees was split asunder by the insects, and the surface of the earth was made to look like a pepper box by the holes which they had issued. And we have waited expectantly for a repetition of this wonder of nature; but, like the end of the world, it is always being postponed. Locusts appear to be great procrastinators or else their human prophets are great prevaricators.

It may be, of course, that the locusts are mixed up in their calendar and are being able to decide whether the seven years' or the "hibernation" has expired have decided to remain in seclusion until the matter is straightened out, rather than appear at a time that would ruin their arithmetical reputation. It is persons to be premature, to arrive on the scene before the curtain is up or the audience seated, especially when your performance is so rarely given that the only thing that ranks with it is the Oberammergau passion play which is presented only once in ten years. One can understand that deep mortification a seventeen-year locust would feel in appearing at the end of thirteen years or ten years, or any number of years except exactly seventeen. A miscalculation never could be forgiven. It would be as humiliating as Mr. Twain's experience in Switzerland who wrapped in a blanket he sought to witness the glorious spectacle of the rising sun and did not realize until he saw the smiles of promenading ladies and gentlemen in afternoon costume that the sun was setting. Punctuality is of the utmost importance. Every properly raised locust knows this. If the time set for the periodical conclave is very serious years, then let it be observed to the instant. Tardiness is not to be extenuated. If they prove false to their name and appear any old year, they should be assigned to the ranks of the locusts which appear annually and have no sacred ancestry or traditions.

## COCOA OUSTING TEA AND COFFEE

### Importations of Two Latter Show Decline in Last Ten Years.

According to a report issued by the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, cocoa importations into the United States are now averaged more than a million dollars a year, against an average of a quarter of a million dollars a month a decade ago. Meantime importations of both coffee and tea show a decline, especially during the last two years.

The total quantity of cocoa imported the crude state in the eight months ending with February, 1907, is 61,200,000 pounds, valued at \$8,344,428, against 2,780,000 pounds, valued at \$1,500,831, the corresponding months of 1897.

The total quantity of coffee imported in the eight months of the fiscal year 1907 is 647,200,151 pounds, valued at \$51,860,152, against 405,204,372 pounds, valued at \$53,320,608, in the eight months of 1897.

The quantity of tea imported in eight months of 1907 is 72,475,440, valued at \$11,006,058, against \$1,220,822, pounds, valued at \$10,247,500 in the corresponding months of 1897.

Taking the value alone there has been an increase of about \$6,500,000 in importations of cocoa, a decline of \$500,000 in the importations of coffee and an increase of \$1,333,333 in tea importations.

The average valuation of the cocoa imported in the eight months ending with February, 1907, is 13.6 cents per pound, against 9.3 cents in the corresponding period of 1897, that of tea, 16 cents against 12.6 cents a decade ago, while coffee shows a fall averaging 8 cents a pound in the eight months of 1907, against 11.4 cents in the corresponding months of 1897.

**Odds and Ends.**  
There are 234,000 telephones in New York City.  
Light-haired people live longer than dark-haired ones.  
The largest vineyard in the world is near San Gabriel, Cal.  
The Baptist women of the world supporting 300 missionaries.  
The government runs the pavement of Italy, and no interest is required on loans.