

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER II.

Far away from the soft pure air, the bright blue sky, and glorious sunlight of Cornwall, in the close atmosphere of the gray, hazy heaven that canopies a low London neighborhood, on the same day, at the same hour, another child, a girl, sat in a squalid room; a strange, elf-like looking child, with dark hair and eyes.

She also was gazing upon a picture, but one of another kind to that which fascinated Arthur Penrhdyddyn. It was only a common photograph taken upon glass. It was a picture of herself; and never did a high-born beauty arrayed for a ball contemplate her reflected image in plate glass with more pleased attention than did this child of poverty that miserable inartistic sun-picture.

Now she held it straight before her, now obliquely, now in the full light, and now in the shadow; now she frowned and then she smiled. It was a Narcissa who had fallen in love with herself.

While she was thus engaged, humming a tune all the time, a stout, dirty-looking woman came into the room; but so absorbed was the child that she was unconscious of this presence until the intruder spoke.

"What have you got there, Eleonore?" "My picture," answered the child, without taking her eyes off the beloved object. "Mother had it taken yesterday."

"She had better ha' bought herself a bottle of cough medicine, or ha' kept her money towards her rent than have spent it in such rubbish," retorted the woman.

"But I wanted it, and I would have it!" cried the child, with the air of a duchess who had been reproved for extravagance.

"You're a nice young chit, you are!" exclaimed the woman. "I'd buy you like-nesses, if I was your mother; I'd buy a good cane for your back."

The girl answered, with a derisive laugh, "If any one was to beat me, I'd put poison in their tea—I'd smother them with the pillows when they were in bed—I'd put pins into their ears!"

"Why, you horrible little wretch!" cried the woman, shrinking back involuntarily.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the child, clapping her hands; "you see, you, great, big woman, are afraid of little me. But come here, Mrs. Drew," she went on, changing her tone to one of winning softness; "come and look at my picture; don't you think I'm very pretty?" and she looked up with an arch, coaxing smile. All the malice had died out of her face, which now wore an expression of baby-like innocence.

"What a witch it is!" muttered the woman, who approached her shrinkingly, as though she thought her a thing "uncanny."

"But am I not pretty, dear Mrs. Drew?" repeated Eleonore, still more coaxingly, and holding up the picture. "I shall be a fine lady some day, and ride in my carriage, and have such people as you to wait upon me."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a pale, consumptive looking, poorly dressed woman.

"Mamma," cried Eleonore, running to her, "Mrs. Drew won't tell me that I am pretty."

"That is because Mrs. Drew is afraid of making my little girl vain," answered her mother, stooping down and fondling her.

"Oh, you're as bad as she is," cried Eleonore, pushing her angrily away; "I wish you were dead!"

"I haven't patience with you, ma'am," cried the landlady; "you're ruining that girl. You'll have a heavy hand with her, and she so ungrateful for all your indulgence, too."

"Oh, the darling doesn't mean it; it is only her pettishness," murmured the mother.

"I'd soon beat the pettishness out of her if she was my girl," muttered the landlady, as she went out of the room.

"I have come back to you with good news, my darling," said the mother. "Your good aunt has sent us sufficient to take us away from this dreary place into France, where we shall find kind friends."

"And shall I have fine clothes, and gold rings, and necklaces, and silk dresses, and servants to wait upon me?"

"You may not have all these, darling; but you will have a comfortable home, and pure air."

"The rest, then, will come afterwards? If they do not, I hope I shall die. I would sooner be dead than poor. And we shall soon leave this house and Mrs. Drew."

"Hush, my darling! She has been very good to us. But for her we should often have been without food—and had she been harsh, as most landladies are, we should have been turned into the streets. My Eleonore must not be ungrateful."

"But all this is over—we want no more favors from her now. She said she would beat me if I was her child; and she would not tell me I was pretty; and I hate her!" cried the child, vindictively. Madame Soissons was the widow of a Frenchman, an artist; who, two years before, had died, after a lingering illness, in very straitened circumstances. The match, which had been distasteful to her friends, had utterly estranged them from her.

A weak-minded, nerveless woman, after her husband's death she gradually fell into great poverty. A few weeks back, the clergyman of the parish in which she was lodging, who had taken a great interest in her, wrote to M. Soissons' friends, who resided in Brittany, to solicit their assistance in her behalf. The re-

sult of the application was the offer of a home for herself and child; and a sufficient sum of money was sent to defray their expenses to France.

"Kiss me, Eleonore, before you go," said Mrs. Drew; who, although by no means a refined, was a kind-hearted woman.

But the child, with a disdainful gesture, swept past without answering, and jumped into the cab that was standing at the door, to convey them to the docks.

"Pray do not feel hurt at her rudeness," Mrs. Drew, said Madame Soissons, in a distressed tone; "she's only a pettish, spoiled child. God bless you! I shall never forget your kindness to me—indeed, indeed I shall not!"

"Poor soul!" muttered the landlady, as she watched the cab roll away; "she won't want kindness from anybody much longer. But heaven help them that undertake the charge of that child!—I wouldn't have her to be crowned queen. What will she be if ever she lives to grow up?"

CHAPTER III.

Wildly shrieks the wind round the granite walls of Penrhdyddyn, and the woods below sigh and groan. Out of the gulf-like heavens dart streams of forked flames, and the thunder rolls and crashes with a frightful din; and above the atmospheric war rises the boom and the roar of the angry waters.

It is a terrible night at sea; heaven help the ship that is near that iron-bound coast. Groups of men are upon the cliffs, and among the rocks; some with flaring torches; others with lanterns that dot the darkness with spots of light. All eyes are turned seawards.

"There is a ship out yonder, I caught sight of her by the last flash, and you must all have heard the minute guns." The speaker was Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn, and his son Arthur stood beside him. "Get out the lifeboat; ten pounds to the man who is the first to volunteer."

"We must think of our own wives and children at home, Master Penrhdyddyn," answered an old fisherman. "No boat could live for ten minutes upon that sea; there's not a man here would venture if you gave him ten times ten pounds."

Another glare of lightning. The small black object is nearer, larger this time, sunk into a gaping pit, and rising high above, a tottering wall of wave threatens it with instant annihilation. Again the guns boom faintly, and the blackness closes over all.

Suddenly a cry arises from the hitherto silent group. By the flash of the lightning all eyes behold the ship drifting with terrible speed towards the shore; above the voice of the winds and waters sounds a crash, and then a long, wailing cry of many voices.

By the orders of Sir Laurence, rockets are lighted. Upwards they rush, leaving a fiery trail behind, and fall into the sea; the ropes are hauled backwards, but no one is found clinging to them. Rendered fearless by strong excitement, master and servants venture down among the breakers.

With a blanched cheek, but a fearless heart, young Arthur stands beside his father, the water streaming off his fair hair, the salt spray almost blinding him. "Quick! bring here a torch or a lantern," suddenly exclaimed Sir Laurence; something had struck against his feet more solid than the waves, and rested there.

In an instant two lanterns and a torch were upon the spot. It was something human-looking; that was all they could distinguish before a dash of spray struck the lanterns out of the men's hands, and washed out the light of the torch.

"Bear a hand, and let us carry it up on the cliffs," cried Sir Laurence, and, assisted by one of the servants, lifted up the body and scrambled with it up the rocks.

Out of the reach of the waters they laid it down and discovered two bodies instead of one—a woman, holding a child against her breast. In both, life seemed to be utterly extinct.

The woman's face seemed cut and bruised, and crimson marks still rested there; but the child was apparently untouched. When the black hair that clung round her features, was brushed aside, the skin was white and spotless as marble. They tried to take her out of the woman's arms, but they could not release her from that convulsive death-grasp; and so two servants laid the bodies upon a litter and carried them away to the nearest fisherman's hut.

Down the rocks again went Sir Laurence and his son, and the remaining servants, to seek for other poor wretches that the waves might drift upon the shore. But their labor was in vain; the sea disgorged no more of its victims. Before returning to the castle they stopped at the fisherman's hut whether the woman and child had been conveyed. The woman had evidently been killed upon the rocks before drowning had taken place; her arms had so stiffened that they had difficulty in releasing the child. To restore the latter every known means had been used.

"Have you found any articles upon them that might lead to their identity?" inquired Sir Laurence.

"Nothing whatever," replied one of the servants. "Only this purse containing a sovereign, and a mark on the child's linen."

"What mark?"

"The word 'Eleonore.'"

Arthur started at that name, and

drew closer to the bed upon which the body lay. In the contour of that young face, framed by its jet black hair, he believed that he could trace a strong resemblance to the portrait hidden away in the turret chamber.

"Take 'em away! I won't have 'em here!" cried a shrill, querulous voice behind him.

The speaker was an extremely old man, with long white hair, wild-looking eyes, and a face covered with a network of wrinkles. At his advance the two young fishermen who had assisted to bring the bodies, drew back from the bed.

"Take 'em away!" reiterated the old man yet more shrilly. "If you rob the sea of its dead, it will pay itself back at your cost."

"Shame upon your idle superstition!" exclaimed Sir Laurence, sternly. "Would you commit an act of barbarity that would disgrace savages, for the sake of the wandering words of a madman?"

"I am no madman," answered the old man, turning his face full upon Sir Laurence. "Because you are book-learned, you think you know all things; but I tell you, and I've proved it, the drowned and the drowning always bring a curse on the land that saves them. Take care you don't learn that lesson one day, Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn!"

"Were there any signs of life in either of the bodies, I would have them removed to the castle," said Sir Laurence. Then, turning threateningly to the young fishermen, who stood listening to the dialogue with sullen looks, he said, "Remember, if any irreverence is shown to the corpses, you do not remain another day upon my land. Daniel, you remain here, and see that my orders are respected, and that tomorrow morning the bodies have Christian burial."

"They shan't rest here—they shan't rest here, for a hundred Penrhdyddyns!" muttered the old man. "Let the curse fall on him, not on this roof. The sea shall have its own back again, if I give it back with my own hands!"

Towards morning the rage of the tempest had exhausted itself; the wind sobbed and moaned as though remorseful for the deeds it had done; but the thunder still growled threateningly, like some satiated monster, and the lightning flashed fitfully over the turbid but subsiding waves.

In the east, the first faint streak of dawn touched with a livid gray the black volumes of cloud that were gradually drifting away, and its cold, ghastly light fell upon two bodies—those of a woman and a girl—that lay stark and stiff in a narrow cove about a mile from Penrhdyddyn. The tide was rising; in a few minutes it would lift them in its embrace, and carry them back again to the depths beyond.

Out of the piled-up masses of clouds dart the first rays of the rising sun. And the dead are hidden from its face, and the foaming waters dance in wild rejoicing over the spot upon which they lay.

The old fisherman had worked his will, and given back to the sea its own again.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years have passed away since the night of the shipwreck, and the curtain rises upon the drama. It opens upon the 16th of August. The scene, the "Star and Garter," Richmond. The dramatis personae, a party of young men, sitting over their dinner.

They are five in number; four are unmistakably of the artist class, light-hearted, jovial fellows, with flowing locks, shaggy moustaches, turn-down collars, and somewhat fantastic dress. There is one of the four, however, who has but little of the Bohemian in his appearance; he is the eldest of the party, a tall, handsome man of some eight-and-twenty years, with dark-brown chestnut hair curling closely to his head, a pale complexion, and an open, generous countenance.

The fifth member of the party is a young man in appearance, totally distinct from his associates. He is of slight figure and dressed with a scrupulous neatness. He is extremely fair, with a color in his cheek as delicate as that in a woman's, deep violet eyes, wavy, light hair, worn rather long. There is a shadow upon his face—a suffusion of melancholy almost boding in its depth; but, over all, an air of rare refinement, that denotes the gentleman by feeling and by birth. It is Arthur Penrhdyddyn.

He is the host of the small party. He left Oxford at the end of the last term, and this little entertainment is in some sort a celebration of the event. His guests are three young art students, Walter Brand, Peter Jerome and George Leland; the fourth, the eldest, is Edward Stafford, a portrait painter of some fame. Arthur has made their acquaintance in town during the college vacations.

(To be continued.)

Safe.

"You seem worried," ventured the caller in the yellow editorial sanctum.

"Yes, very much so," replied the editor. "You see, we published a somewhat exaggerated account of that new woman's club and now the president says she is coming up into this office to uall the lie."

"Oh, I wouldn't be worried."

"Why not?"

"Because a woman doesn't know how to nail."

Captured a Prize.

Gunner—The gridiron hero is all smiles.

Guyer—Yes, he has captured a gridiron heroine.

Gunner—A gridiron heroine?

Guyer—Yes, a college girl who really knows how to broil a beefsteak.

His Impression.

"Of course, you believe that polygamy is wrong," said the man, who was discussing the Mormon question.

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meek-ton, "it is not only wrong. It's fool-hardy."—Washington Star.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Continuous Corn Culture.

In the spring of 1894 the Rhode Island Experiment Station decided to devote an acre of land to the continuous culture of corn.

The soil was partly a silt loam and partly a light sandy loam. The first two years only chemical fertilizers were used, the maintenance of soil humus being placed upon the corn stubble remaining upon the field. The following two years half of the area was sown with crimson clover at the time of the last cultivation of corn and half to rye, in order to compare the merits of a leguminous and nonleguminous crop as a means of maintaining soil humus. Beginning with 1898, after the experiment had been in progress four years, the first quarter of the acre plat was sown to crimson clover and the third quarter to winter rye at the time of the last cultivation of the corn, while the second and fourth quarters received no cover crop. In 1899 the land was limed to insure the success of clover. The history of the land is given and the fertilizer treatment and the results secured in each year are recorded.

A summary of the results during the twelve years the experiment has been conducted shows that the gain from using clover as a cover crop, after deducting the cost of the seed, was \$50.24, or an average of \$4.19 per acre annually, as compared with \$4.28, or an average of 36 cents an acre annually from using rye.

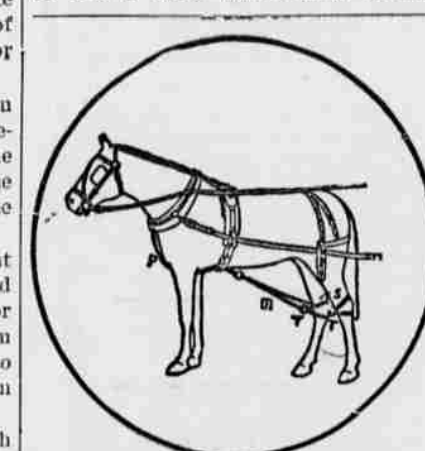
Grazing Hogs.

Cowpeas without grain have so far given better results, it is stated, than any of the other crops tested at the Mississippi station. In 1903 the cowpeas were grown on thin hill land and an acre produced 350 pounds of pork. In 1904 the crop was grown on good valley land and produced 483 pounds of pork per acre. The pigs were turned on the pasturage when the cowpeas were ripe and were fed no grain in addition to the pasturage.

Alfalfa without grain has been found "to be little more than a maintenance ration for hogs." The pigs used in the test, which covered two years, ranged from three to twenty-four months in age.

Curing a Kicker.

An arrangement such as shown in the cut has been suggested as effective to cure a horse which kicks in harness.



ness. A heavy strap (P) is attached to the collar and extends back under the surcingle, where it is attached to a heavy ring.

Through this ring is passed a rope or strap (M), which is attached to straps on the hind hocks at S. This is made loose enough so that the animal may walk comfortably, but too tight to allow the animal to kick. After wearing this harness a while the horse will cease to try to kick in harness and may be driven without difficulty. —Farm and Home.

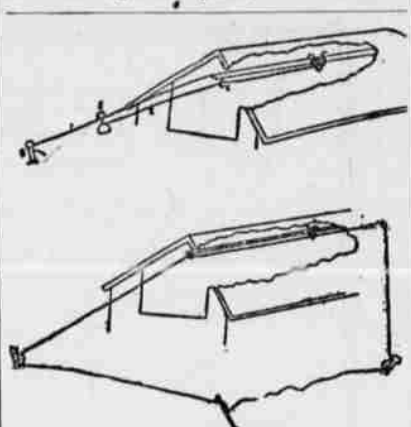
Black Teeth in Pigs.

This condition is frequently brought to your attention, but as yet we have no satisfactory explanation to offer for their presence. They are also found in health, as we have observed in heads at the slaughter houses. Undoubtedly too much stress has been laid upon this condition. In young pigs, where this condition is most frequently seen, long sharp teeth may be present which it would be better to cut off. Dentition may also be taking place and the black tooth may be a shell, and there may be irritation of the gums, causing the pig to hold the mouth open, to salivate and to refuse to eat.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The principal test of whether the sow is a good milker or not is the condition of her pigs, and her condition while suckling them. If they do well and she eats liberally, keeps up good health and digestion, and at the same time gets a little thin while nursing them, it is pretty good evidence that she is a good milker, and will do to keep as long as her usefulness lasts. But look out for the sow that fattens between farrowing and weaning time. Her pigs either die or become runts, for she is not making good use of her feed that a good sow should.

Hayfork Returns.

The illustrations show two devices for carrying back the hay fork when putting hay in the barn. In the first illustration the rope marked 1 is fastened to the end of the track and to the stake B. Rope 2 is about ten feet longer than the track and is attached to the pulley E and a weight below. When the fork is set free inside the barn the weight below E carries it out to the end of the track. The other device shown is for performing the same operation by means of the horse. An extra rope is attached to the fork and runs through the pulley at outer end



THE HAYFORK RETURN.

of the track. From there it extends to a stake fixed in the ground and continues so as to connect with the hitching point. The stakes shown at the right and left should of course be fitted with pulleys.—Montreal Star.

Systems of Creaming.

Following extensive experiments in the effects of hand separator and gravity systems of creaming, the author of an Indiana bulletin draws these conclusions:

1. The use of the hand separator in the place of the gravity systems of creaming will effect a saving of \$3.50 to \$7 worth of butter fat from one cow in one year. With the hand separator a richer cream and a better quality of cream and skim milk can be produced than with the gravity systems.

2. Of the gravity methods the deep-setting system is the least objectionable. It produces a more complete separation and a better quality of cream than either the shallow pan or the water-dilution systems.

3. Any neglect to thoroughly clean the separator after each separation reduces the skimming efficiency of the machine and lowers the quality of the cream and butter produced. Wash the separator after each separation.

4. A trembling machine, insufficient speed, sour, curdled, slimy or cold milk, and over-feeding the separator caused a loss of butter fat in the skim milk amounting to from eight to twelve pounds of butter per cow in one year.

5. Other things being equal, high speed and a small rate of inflow tend to produce a thick cream. Insufficient speed, a trembling machine and a large rate of inflow result in a thinner cream.

Iowa's Pop Corn Belt.

Nearly half the pop corn consumed in the United States is raised in the small county of Sac, in the northwestern portion of Iowa. There it has been found that the soil is particularly adapted to its cultivation. Before the shows and the street corner merchants took it up the hot buttered pop corn wasn't very much in demand. Its cultivation was restricted to a few stalks on the farm that met the home demand. A small quantity might be bought at the store, but it was high in price and the sales were few.

The breakfast food manufacturers are now the largest consumers of pop corn in the market. Nearly half of the ready-to-serve foods have a considerable percentage of pop corn. One brand is practically all pop corn.

Barb-Wire Wounds.

An excellent remedy for a cut is white lotion made by dissolving one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a quart of water. Shake before using.

Booming the Egg Output.

That chickens have a great deal of intelligence is being demonstrated every day on the farm of Levi Van Eten and other farms near the place, where there is considerable blasting being done for the Erie's third track up the mountain, near Port Jervis, N. Y. So accustomed have the fowls become to the blasting and the warnings that precede them, that now, whenever they hear the men yell, they hurry to cover. It is good exercise for the hens, and the egg product is on the increase.