

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

## CHAPTER XVII.

Arthur's visits to Mrs. Castleton were now of daily occurrence. He knew no rest nor happiness out of her presence. His soul became steeped in the delicious languor of sweet music.

It was about 6 o'clock when he arrived at the house. The ladies had just finished dinner. Mrs. Freeman was in the room with her niece; but after a little time that lady found an excuse to leave the lovers together.

"Now for the promise you made me last night. I have been longing all day to hear this mystery," said Mrs. Castleton.

For several reasons he felt a strong repugnance to tell her that story. But what secret can a man keep from a woman whom he loves, if that woman has once set her mind upon extracting it from him?

He told the story in an earnest, subdued tone, and with the air of a man thoroughly possessed by his subject. He had at first intended to relate to her a mere brief outline of the family legend, just sufficient to account for his superstitious repugnance to an alliance with Miss Grierson; but after the first few sentences he told it from beginning to end with the utmost minuteness of detail, largely intermixed with commentaries which the brooding thoughts of many years had engendered.

At the first mention of the name of De Soissons she started; a look of intense wonder came into her face; and she listened with a breathless interest that grew in intensity with every stage of the narrative, and rose into terror as he repeated the words of the curse. But her excitement reached its culmination when he went on to tell of that stormy night when the bodies of the woman and child were washed up at his and his father's feet as they stood upon the rocks; and how, by the dim light in the fisherman's hut, he had been struck by the resemblance of the dead child to the face in the picture, and how strangely this fancy had been seemingly confirmed by the name upon the linen.

To all this she listened with dilated eyes and parted lips. "And the woman and child—what became of them?" she cried, clutching his arm with trembling energy.

"Both were dead. They were buried the next morning in Penrhuddyn churchyard."

For a moment she stared at him with a vacant look, then passed her hand over her eyes, like one striving to focus the scattered thoughts of a wandering brain, and muttering to herself, "Am I mad or dreaming, or what can it mean?"

Then, suddenly turning her eyes upon him, she exclaimed, "Why, this child was cast at your feet just as the woman in the legend was at her husband's!"

"Precisely," answered Arthur, gloomily. "And I have often thought, had that child lived, upon her shoulders Fate would have cast the fulfillment of the curse."

"It is an awful story," she said, with a shiver. "But in what way is Miss Grierson connected with it?"

Arthur then proceeded to tell how he had discovered Constance to be a member of that ill-omened family, by seeing the name of De Soissons written upon the old French music.

"Constance Grierson a De Soissons! Great heavens; is it possible?" she almost shrieked, starting from the couch in the extremity of her wonder.

"Yes. What is the matter?" cried Arthur, staring at her in startled surprise.

"Nothing. But do you suppose I could listen to such a story of marvellous coincidences without amazement? How wonderful! How awfully strange!" she murmured, and that shiver of terror again passed through her frame.

"And I have not come to the end of these more than natural coincidences," he continued. "Miss Grierson's fortune is hampered by an extraordinary will, to the effect that if she is not married before the age of twenty, and to a man of pedigree, the whole of it, save a trifling annuity, falls into the hands of her mother's family, the De Soissons."

At those words Mrs. Castleton, who had sunk into deep thought, looked up with new wonder in her eyes. "Pardon me," she said, eagerly. "I did not hear the last sentence."

He repeated the words, imputing the strange intense interest of her look to sympathy with the story. "And to what members of the family?" she asked, in a voice trembling with eagerness.

"One-half goes to certain relatives in England, the chief of whom is one Mr. Wylie."

"And the other half?"

"Goes to another branch of the family in Brittany," he answered.

Mrs. Castleton covered her face with her hands, and sank back upon the couch, seemingly prostrated by intense excitement.

Arthur took his leave, much troubled in mind, and promising to visit her early the next morning. From the time that they had stood upon the footing of lovers she had never parted from him so strangely as on that night. As he pressed her lips he found them cold as ice. The white face and its rigid lips and wild eyes haunted him through the night, and seemed to strangely associate with some painful memory that he could not fix for a while.

Could it be a resemblance to the sor-

trait—to the dead child as he had seen it stretched out beneath the rough blanket in the fisherman's hut? The very thought made the cold dews of terror start out upon his brow. No, it was impossible; his morbid imagination would find resemblances where no shadow of such existed. A gloomy, terrible night was that to Arthur Penrhuddyn.

But far more terrible was the night passed by Mrs. Castleton. The moment Arthur had quitted her, she ran up to her bedroom, and cast herself upon her knees, and buried her face in the bed cover. The next moment she rose to her feet and paced the room like one distraught. Wild, incoherent ejaculations burst from her lips, and sobs and groans. Hour after hour passed away, and still this frenzied excitement, this exaggerated hysteria, was unabated, until exhausted nature could endure no more; and throwing herself upon the bed, she fell into a stupor of insensibility rather than a healthful sleep.

When Arthur came in the morning, she was too ill to receive him. She had not left her room; could not receive him until the next day. Such was the message delivered by Mrs. Freeman, which sent him away with a heavy heart.

Two hours afterward, however, she drove away in her phaeton to the city. Doctors' Commons was her destination—her object to examine a certain will.

When she returned to Mrs. Freeman, whom she had left in the carriage, her face wore a more composed look, and there was an expression of smiling satisfaction in her eyes. Most earnest was



AN UNWELCOME COMMUNICATION.

the conversation that passed between the two ladies on the road homewards.

During the whole of that day Arthur was like one upon the rack. The indisposition of Mrs. Castleton filled him with grief and dismay; and a vague sense of some overhanging evil plunged him into the deepest dejection.

By ten o'clock the next morning he was at Brompton. A sense of indescribable terror seized upon him as he perceived that every blind in the house was drawn down. He bounded up the steps, and knocked at the door with a trembling hand. His summons was answered by the elder of two servants. She held a letter in her hand, which she said her mistress had desired her to give it to him when he came.

He took it without a word, and broke open the envelope. It contained these words: "Dearest Love:

"When these lines meet your eyes I shall be far away. For your sake, it is better we should part. Do not doubt my love, for while I write these cruel words it is deeper than ever. Perhaps we shall never meet again. Forgive me—pardon me—I can write no more. Farewell."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The day after his visit to Curtain Road, Stafford made a call at the quarters of his old friend Jerome, which were situated in a dingy street.

Jerome was an artist of the true Bohemian class—working only when the want of money pressed him; spending one day with the most reckless extravagance, dining the next upon bread and cheese.

Jerome's studio was a garret lit by a skylight—a blank, dreary looking room, with yellow-ochred walls, broken away in places. Old canvases, old plaster casts, bits of mediæval armour, unfinished sketches, lumps of whiting, palettes, and all the litter of an artist's room, lay about in the wildest confusion.

As Stafford entered the room, he could but dimly discern the figures within through the dense cloud of tobacco smoke, which, combining with puffs from a smoky chimney, formed a most salubrious atmosphere. A shout of welcome hailed the new arrival.

The occupants of the room were Jerome, Leland and one or two other artists, and a well-dressed, aristocratic looking man to whom the reader has been already slightly introduced—Mr. Parsons.

"Welcome, wanderer, back again to the sweet shades of Soho," cried Jerome, theatrically, embracing his visitor.

"Yes, boys," said Stafford, "I have come back to the regions of fog and smoke once more, and none the worse for my journey."

"Oh, by the bye, I quite forgot to do the honors," said Jerome. "Allow me to introduce you, Mr. Parsons, to an esteemed friend of ours, Mr. Edward Stafford, a brother artist."

Mr. Parsons twirled his moustache, stared, and bowed slightly. Stafford haughtily acknowledged the introduction by a curt bow.

"And you have really managed to exist for one month without gazing upon the gaslit glories of the Strand. It is wonderful what human nature can go through," exclaimed Jerome.

Stafford called Jerome aside. "By the bye," he said, "I want you to give me an exact description of that girl who sat to you for Circe—"

"Oh, I have wonderful news to tell you about her," interrupted Jerome. "I have found out who she is. My lady turns out to be a great heiress—one Miss Grierson."

"No, no; you are mistaken," cried Stafford, turning pale; "it is not she—I mean it could not be; it—What proof have you of this?"

"Proof enough to convince any judge that ever sat upon the bench. Listen!" And he told him the adventure at the Haymarket.

"A most palpable mistake," exclaimed Stafford. "You were deceived by a resemblance; such things are of daily occurrence."

"Oh! of course you must start the resemblance theory," answered Jerome, mockingly. "You are another of those who believe an heiress can do no wrong. But I have not near finished yet. Listen to the sequel. I had made up my mind to look in the 'Court Guide' next morning for Miss Heiress' address, and pay her a visit, but I was fool enough to be talked over by Mr. Arthur Penrhuddyn, who was in a dreadful state of mind at the thought of one of his swell lads being shown up. He told me that he knew the young lady; that he was going to visit her the next morning; and that he would put the question to her point blank whether she knew me or not."

"Well?" cried Stafford, eagerly.

"Well, it turned out just as I might have expected. He appointed to meet me at the 'Bedford' that same night, and in-

stead of coming sent a note of apology, saying that he had quite forgotten to speak to the lady upon the subject; was very sorry he could not see me, but was unwell, and so on. All a parcel of prevarications; and I have never set eyes upon him since."

"But what motive do you suppose Mr. Penrhuddyn should have for purposely avoiding the meeting?" asked Stafford, whose face had fallen during Jerome's last speech.

"What motive? Why, he had spoken to Miss Grierson, and the result was too favorable to my opinion to be reported to me."

"Mr. Arthur Penrhuddyn is utterly incapable of subterfuge," cried Stafford, warmly; but for all his warmth, he felt but ill at ease.

"Oh, of course—because he's an aristocrat!" sneered Jerome. "But I have not done yet. Now comes the grand tableau. Behold the group ready arranged, Leland, these other two fellows and our aristocratic friend here"—pointing to Parsons—"behold my witnesses, listen to my testimony, and then doubt if you can. Having, about a fortnight ago, run out of cash, I was seized with an inclination for work. Consequently, I had no leisure to devote to the pursuit of my ex-inamorata; but being, two days ago, the happy possessor of certain coins of the realm, the fever suddenly seized upon me. So I immediately consulted the pages of the 'Court Guide'; discovered that a Miss Grierson resided in Harley street; made inquiries in the region of flunkeydom, and discovered that it was a lady with golden hair; and yesterday morning, in the company of the gentlemen present, strolled down Harley street. Just as we got within two doors of the house, who should issue forth from it, to step into the carriage that was waiting at the curb, but my lady herself, accompanied by the very old fellow I saw her with at the theater. I pressed forward—she turned her head in my direction, and you should have seen the expression of her face; here's my aristocratic friend, here, was standing close at my elbow—ask him."

(To be continued.)

## Didn't Suit.

"Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Reginald?" asked Mr. Stiles.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Stiles, "but she wouldn't do. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue, you know, is only for girl babies. Pink's for boys."

## Dark Town.

Pearl—And the novel says they "lived happily ever after."

Ruby—I don't see how that was possible when they lived in Pittsburg.



## Sleep.

Although the phenomenon has been observed since man has existed, the true nature of sleep and what causes it are practically mysteries to-day. All recognize the necessity of sleep and know that it is the sovereign remedy for fatigue—"tired nature's sweet restorer."

This fact has led to the theory that sleep is induced by the poisons which are known to be formed and passed into the blood stream during wearying exercise of mind or body. The theory is that these poisons benumb the nerve-center controlling the circulation in the brain, with a consequent reduction in the blood supply; this "anæmia" of the brain produces unconsciousness, or sleep, during which the activities of body and mind are repressed, the formation of "fatigue poisons" is arrested, and those already formed and circulating in the blood are eliminated.

When this has taken place the purified blood again nourishes and stimulates the circulation center, an increased volume of blood flows to the brain, and the subject awakes, renewed in spirit and flesh, and ready for the labors of the day.

This explanation is only a theoretical one, but it is plausible. Whatever may produce it and whether it is a cause or an accompaniment, we know that a lessened blood supply in the brain is associated with healthy sleep, and that cerebral excitement and congestion must be overcome before normal sleep can take place.

The relation of the circulation to sleep is seen in the alternate drowsiness and insomnia of the very aged. While sitting up they are drowsy and cannot keep their eyes open, but the minute they lie down the power to sleep forsakes them. This is probably due to the fact that the arteries have lost their tone. While the subject sits up the blood sinks away from the brain because the weakened heart is unable to overcome the pull of gravity; but when he lies down the blood trickles into the vessels of the brain and the smaller arteries are passively dilated by its pressure. Of course the process is not quite so purely mechanical as this, for no one could live with such flabby arteries, but the force of gravity does act in a measure.

The treatment of this form of insomnia of the aged is not in the giving of hypnotics, but of something that will tone up the blood-vessels, such as a cup of hot beef tea, of not too strong tea, or even of weak coffee—a paradox, since these things are usually supposed to be inimical to sleep.—Youth's Companion.

## Knew No State's Rights.

No criminal could ever get away from "Big Sim" by the cross-country method. He is familiar with every foot of ground in eastern Nevada and can outrail a ki-yo-te. As deputy sheriff of Eureka he engaged in several long chases, always with success. His capture of a horse thief known as "Spanish Abe" was the toast of Eureka for many a day.

This "Spanish Abe" was a bad actor who made it a business to appropriate stray cattle and the blooded mares of the neighborhood. With a companion he was finally rounded up and incarcerated in the Eureka jail. The next night, however, the criminals forced the window of their cell and took to the brush, mounted on the fleetest animals they could steal. "Big Sim" hours later "hit the trail" in pursuit. "Spanish Abe" turned toward Utah and was changing horses along the road.

"Big Sim," renewing his mount likewise and cutting cross country, gained on the fugitives in the desert. Pursued and pursuer had been riding continuously and the horses were giving way under the strain. But "Big Sim" kept on, and they say he was well into Utah—near Fillmore, to be specific—when he brought "Spanish Abe" and his companion upon a level with his gun and clapped on the handcuffs.

"You ain't got no right to take us, Sim," the Spaniard whined. "We're in Utah."

"Rats!" "Big Sim" replied. "I'm no surveyor. Come on."—White Pine, Nev., News.

## Not Home Grown.

"He planted some mint in his back yard."

"Any come up?"

"Some came up yesterday, but it came up with the spring lamb from the market."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Probably more men would join the church if some initiatory work were put on when a new member is added.

## JAMES H. ECKELS.

### Sudden Death of Former Comptroller of Currency.

The death in Chicago of James H. Eckels, president of the Commercial National Bank of that city, and a former comptroller of the currency, removed a figure of national interest. Mr. Eckels' end came suddenly and was due to heart disease.

James Herron Eckels was born at Princeton, Ill., November 22, 1858, and most of his life had been spent in Illinois. He was graduated from the Albany (N. Y.) Law School in 1880. He practiced law at Ottawa, Ill., until appointed by President Cleveland comptroller of the currency in 1893. This act of Cleveland's early in his second term, when the great battle for free silver was almost at its height, set the gray heads in the United States Senate wagging with distrust and they held up Mr. Eckels' appointment. They declared that a stripling lawyer from the backwoods of Illinois, one who did not even know the A. B. C.'s of finance, could not administer the duties and pilot the treasury ship through the tem-



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pest then raging. In six months these same Senators who had opposed, criticized and ridiculed Eckels' nomination were praising him, for he had succeeded from the start.

Mr. Eckels was long an admirer and an ardent supporter of President Cleveland. Mr. Eckels' friends in Illinois had asked the President to name him United States District Attorney for the Northern District of that State, and that was the place he expected to get. But Mr. Cleveland saw in him qualities which he thought could be put to use in a better cause. They were strong common sense, aggressive honesty, intrepid courage and untiring industry, and he determined on the masterstroke.

Mr. Eckels made an enviable record in aiding tottering banks during the dark days of 1893. It has been said of him that he was "unstampedable, coolest and most courageous in the hour of greatest danger, and with all his powers constantly at full command." Time and again he saved banks, and even business communities, from disaster by his timely, tactful and sensible action. When he retired from office in 1897 it was to accept, almost at once, the presidency of the Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, a place now made vacant by his early death. He became one of the foremost financial advisers of the country, rising from an obscure lawyer, little known outside of Ottawa, Ill., his home.

## Some Temperature.

The Quaker's habit of calm sometimes deceives onlookers as to his real feelings. There was an occasion on which Mrs. Abigail Gray's peaceful countenance aroused resentment in the heart of her niece, one of "the world's people."

"I don't see how you could sit there, Aunt Abigail, and hear that man talk and never look as if you cared," she said, tearfully, referring to a late interview with an unprincipled shopkeeper. "There I was boiling, and not even so much as one of your cap ruffles stirred."

"If thee could have seen far enough below the cap ruffles," replied Mrs. Gray, sedately, "thee would have seen that I was boiling, also, but without steam, my child."

## A Waste of Good English.

Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech, all the more because his reports from school were always so good.

"Bobby," she said, plaintively, one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?"

"Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered, hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."

## Perfume Worth \$8 a Drop.

The Chinese have a perfume made of water lilies that costs \$8 a drop.

A man is always at least as old as he confesses to being.