

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 drawing 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 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 Penrhuddyn; 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? 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 Wyllie was sitting with Mrs. Wyllie. 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. Wyllie, after a pause, "I have made a great discovery to-day."

"Indeed!" she said, drearily, 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. Wyllie, 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, Penrhuddyn will virtually be ours. On the first of December, the year afterwards, our share of old Tom Grierson's fortune will drop into our mouths. 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 foreclose 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 live-long 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 Penrhuddyn, 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 Penrhuddyn has read it. But whatever extremities I resort to, that money shall not be forthcoming."

CHAPTER XX.

There was illness at Penrhuddyn Castle. Sir Laurence, worn out, prostrated by anxieties, lay upon a sick bed and has son had 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

Penrhuddyn 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 phantasmagoria 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 Penrhuddyn 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 graven 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 wall 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 Penrhuddyn," 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 "Even now," he cried, fondly believing 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 dully. (To be continued.)

FIFTY YEARS A PUBLIC SINGER.



CHARLES SANTLEY.

Fifty years a public singer is the record of Charles Santley, the most celebrated of English barytones whose jubilee recently was marked by congratulations and presents from musicians and music lovers all over the world.

Santley is in his 74th year, and still retains a remarkably vigorous voice. In an interview with a London correspondent he said that he had no thought of retiring. Whatever time is not spent in rehearsal and performance in concerts is devoted to the teaching of his art to students in London. He is a complete master of his art, and he has succeeded perhaps more than any other Briton in spreading a love for it in his country. Though his actual debut took place in his birthplace, Liverpool, in 1853, he does not count his consecutive career to begin before his London debut, in 1857, when he sang off the same score with the great Julius Stockhausen. His inspiring barytone at once fascinated the public, and in both hemispheres he has been acclaimed as the equal, if not the superior, in some respects to Edouard de Reszke.

At Pavia, Italy, in the beginning of 1857, he stepped the boards for the first time as the doctor in "La Traviata." He was an impecunious youth then, and in Milan later he felt the pinch of poverty keenly till he met the famous impresario, Henry F. Chorley, who sent him back to London, when he entered the concert tours under the late Manuel Garcia, who recognized his wonderful talent. Since then he gained world-wide fame in oratorio and opera.



A financial genius is a man who can have a family and money at the same time.—New York Press.

Either a man is fool enough to speculate in the stock market or to try to have a vegetable garden.—New York Press.

Most people's idea of a good cook is one that can fix up a thing that you eat without guessing what it is.—New York Press.

A woman can never understand how a man who is careless about parting his hair can be successful in business.—New York Press.

It's a funny thing how so many widows think they ought to wear yellow hair for mourning the second year.—New York Press.

When a girl pretends she doesn't like candy it's a sign she is trying to grow thin.—New York Press.

Cloth to Stop Bullets.

"A new protective principle for soldiers has been discovered by an Italian, Sig. Benedetti," says the Technical World Magazine. "Experimentation shows that great resistance is offered by substances that have air within their cells. The principle may be illustrated in this manner: Fire under precisely the same conditions in both cases, a bullet at each of two calendars, one of which consists of thick sheets of paper, the other of thinner sheets. The ball will penetrate farther into the calendar of heavier material. This difference is due to the elasticity of the layer of air that is imprisoned between the successive sheets. The thinner the cushion of air, the more elastic it is, and the more sharply it reacts.

"Benedetti, adopting this principle, has constructed a cuirass of a kind of felt. It is not rough, however, like ordinary felt. The special features of this new device for stopping bullets the inventor has not as yet disclosed in any detail."

Wise Man.

Wise—He doesn't feel that he's eligible for membership in your Browning society.

Woody—You mean because he does not know anything about poetry?

Wise—Not at all. I mean because he's sensible enough to admit it.—Philadelphia Press.

PASTOR QUITS THE PULPIT.

Because Parishioners Turn from Church to Worldly Pleasures.

Disgusted with society's people's abandonment of church-going for the pleasures of automobiling, golfing and other kinds of country outings on Sunday, Rev. Thaddeus A. Snively has resigned the rectorship of St. Chrysostom's Episcopal Church in Chicago. The church is one of the most fashionable in the city, but of late it has been only at rare intervals that its pews have contained at any one service more than a few dozen representatives of the 300 wealthy persons on the communicant list of 375. These left the problem of filling the church to visitors and "floaters," while they hied away to spend the day in the country, either on automobile trips, playing golf or enjoying some of the sports and pastimes in which the "house party" sets are accustomed to drive dull care away on Sunday.

Instead of donating to the building fund of the church, they invested their superfluous cash in creations of the automobile maker's art and left a half-finished church on the pastor's hands. For



REV. THADDEUS A. SNIVELY.

fifteen years Rev. Mr. Snively has labored in St. Chrysostom's parish. He found it an abandoned mission in 1891. Within five years he had erected the present church building, which is only a portion—about one-half—of the structure that had been planned. His religious enthusiasm and the charm of his personality attracted to him a devoted band of church workers, with whose aid he accomplished marvels. Then came the automobile craze and other schemes of Sunday diversion and he found himself deserted by his wealthy parishioners. For ten years, according to the pastor, the church has made no progress and he now steps out, to permit some other man to assume the burden. Rev. Mr. Snively says that there is a steady decline all along the line in church-going and in enthusiasm for church work. "It seems that the whole world is pleasure-mad. Where or when it will end nobody knows."

TELLS ALL ABOUT SCALPING.

Exhaustive Treatise on Pastimes of North American Aborigines.

A very learned German, Dr. Georg Friederich, has written a monumental treatise on scalping. Not the scalping that is done by the ticket brokers, but the amusing pastime of our North American aborigines. After an excessively careful study of sources of information Dr. Friederich presents to the world all that is to be known on the subject.

He shows how the practice was first confined to very limited areas and how in time it spread to all parts of the continent. He gives some study to kindred practices (such, for instance, as the extraction of human teeth for necklaces).

He even retails some unpleasant facts about our revered Pilgrim fathers and other white folk who helped along the good cause of civilization by offering generous bounties for human scalps. All in all, it is a very hair-raising narrative.

Of course the book is the fruition of years of labor. It is complete and, in its way, a masterpiece. Humanity knows so much already that the savant must indeed look into out-of-the-way channels of research for anything at all new.

This achievement of Dr. Friederich's deserves to stand with those great works of the learned men in Owen Wister's little book, such as "Pecan Nuts, the Fuel of the Future," "Nostalgia in the Lobster" and "The Uses of Mustard Plasters Among the Ancient Egyptians." Each adds equally to the benefit of the world and the betterment of humanity.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wheat from Grass.

Fabre in 1855 ended a series of experiments by which he concluded that by careful cultivation for twelve years he had produced a species of perfect wheat from a common grass growing in southern France.

The average man's love for the Old Flag is about as much talk as his other love affairs.