

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"In making my claim for this property," she said, "I shall have to prove my identity—would you have any objection to state all you know?"

"I'd much rather not have anything to do with it," he answered, bluntly. "But however, if it's necessary, I won't stand in your way; you shan't say I show you any malice. But what I know would be nothing in a lawyer's eyes. I find you, a child, lying, apparently dead, upon the seashore; but fancying I can see some symptoms of life, I carry you home. As you know, I was a Coastguardsman at the time. When you come round, you tell me that your name is Eleonore Soissons. I find 'Eleonore S.' marked on your petticoat. You tell me you have friends in Brittany. Eleonore is too Frenchified a name for my mouth, and I call you Ellen, and Soissons becomes Lawson; but after a time you are called by my name, and pass as Ellen Jenkins. That is all I know."

"And that would be most important evidence," she answered, quickly. "And have you that petticoat by you still?"

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly, as though ashamed to confess it.

"One more question, and I have done. A strange story has recently been told me by one who had no conception that I was an actor in it. Before you found me, I had been saved from the shipwreck by a gentleman—I and my mother. We were taken to a fisherman's hut, laid out for dead, and the gentleman was afterwards told that we were buried next morning. How came I, then, down by the sea again, where you found me?"

"I have lately heard the story myself," he answered. "The gentleman who saved you was Sir Launce Penrhuddyn. But as soon as he was gone, the fishermen carried the bodies back to the coast and put 'em where the tide would wash 'em back into the sea again. They've a superstition about drowned people, and don't like 'em in their houses."

"How horrible!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "But what had become of my mother's body? Did you not see that?"

"Just as I came up I saw what might have been a body washed away by a wave. Whatever it was, it sank directly. There was not light enough for me to see very distinctly. I was only just in time to save you."

"Would to heaven that you had been too late!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"And now have you anything more to say to me?" he asked, resuming his cold stern manner; "because my time is valuable, and is not my own to waste."

"Nothing more," she answered, sadly.

## CHAPTER XXII.

On the second morning after Mrs. Castleton's interview with Jenkins, Mr. Wylie was somewhat surprised to hear Mr. Fig announce that that lady was in the outward office.

"I have not come to draw any more money, or to ask you to lend me any," she said, pushing aside the clerk, and entering the room before Mr. Wylie had time to speak.

She threw herself into a chair, with her usual air of bantering insolence. Mr. Wylie turned green, which was his way of turning pale, and bit his nails. He both hated and feared his visitor, and with every succeeding interview these feelings increased. Her scornful, defiant bearing stung him to madness.

"If that is all you have come to tell me, the sooner our interview is ended the better," he answered.

"Have you the vanity to suppose that I have come here for the purpose of contemplating and criticising your ugly features? Oh, dear, no; I would not be so rude as to so annoy my dear relation! How surprised you look! I repeat, my dear relation! It is a melancholy fact, I have discovered that you are my dear relation!"

"What do you mean?" he snarled savagely. "Are you going to vamp up some lying story to extort money from me?"

"I try to extort money from you?" she cried, fiercely; "not if I were starving, although you have robbed me of many hundreds. Yes, strange as it may sound, I am your relation—a distant one, I am thankful to say. With all your cunning, James Wylie, and all your prying, you never found out one secret of my life—my real name is Eleonore Soissons."

"Soissons?" he echoed, looking aghast.

"Yes; of the Breton branch of the family. My father was Adolphe de Soissons—"

"Adolphe de Soissons had but one child—a girl—and she and her mother went down in the Genevieve off the coast of Cornwall. Every soul perished. I know the family history too well to be deceived by such a shallow, flimsy lie! I knew Adolphe well, and his widow, too! She came begging to me more than once while she was in London. What put this trump-up story into your head?"

She turned very pale at his last words, and bit her lips until the blood came, and there was a baleful light in her eyes as she spoke. "Take care what you say about my mother—she was a fond, dotting mother to me! When the occasion requires, I can produce ample proof of my identity. The only one I condescend to give you is this"—throwing a paper upon the table—"my marriage certificate, upon which you will see inscribed the name of Eleonore de Soissons. The Genevieve did go down off the Cornish coast, and every soul perished—except one. The man who saved

me still lives, and is ready to appear and give evidence. The clothes I wore, with my name marked on them, are also preserved."

Wylie eagerly examined the document cast at him. After a minute's silent reflection, his face slowly cleared. "I have no interest in denying your claim," he said, in his usual soft, hypocritical tone. "It will not take away one farthing from me. The claim of the Breton De Soissons is quite distinct from mine. But you must confess that your intelligence was somewhat startling. If I have said anything to annoy you, I apologize."

"Stop whining," she answered, impatiently. "Whenever you put on that tone, I fancy you mean mischief."

"What is it you want of me?" he asked.

"You have a paper which will secure Sir Launce Penrhuddyn the mortgage money when it falls due. I want that paper."

Mr. Wylie laughed, and slowly rubbed his hands together as though enjoying a joke. "A modest request, certainly," he said. "In the first place, how do you know that the letter is genuine?"

"That I have ascertained for myself. I called upon Messrs. Groom and Fry to ask whether they were instructed to pay over to Sir Launce a certain sum of money upon a certain date. Of course, as I expected, they declined to furnish me with positive information; but their manner convinced me that some such communication had passed. Hand me over that paper, and I will sign a bond making over to you one-half the sum that I may inherit under Mrs. Grierson's will."

"A sum that is more than probable you may never touch," he sneered.

"A sum which it is more than probable I shall touch before the bells ring this year out. Oh, I know everything; I know that Constance Grierson wants not a mouth to her twentieth birthday, and that there is not the slightest chance of her fulfilling the condition under which she is to inherit the property."

Mr. Wylie looked amazed; then bent his brows and gnawed his nails again. During the last few minutes he had been revolving in his mind a desperate plan, but as yet it was only half formed.

"If what you say be true," he said, slowly, "we are both equally interested in the girl's forfeiture of her fortune. Have you any love for Constance Grierson?"

"I hate her!" she cried, vehemently; "and more than ever since I heard Arthur praise her beauty, and say that he could have loved her had it not been for—"

"I suppose that it is quite a settled thing that you are to be the future Lady Penrhuddyn?" he said, observing her sudden break. "Help me, then, in a plan which, if successful, will be equally to your advantage as to mine; and that paper shall be yours within sufficient time to save Penrhuddyn."

"What is the plan?" she asked, looking steadily into his face.

"It has come to my knowledge that Constance, alarmed, doubtless, at the near approach of the fatal day, is about to draw a large sum of money—many thousands of pounds."

"But can she do so?" inquired Mrs. Castleton.

"Yes, with the concurrence of her guardian, who is so violently opposed to the will by which she is hampered that he would do anything to nullify its provisions. I find that there is no provision in the will against such a contingency. Unless I could prove that the principal of the fortune was being reduced, I am powerless to check such expenditure without the coalition of my fellow trustee. There are many people for the fortune to be divided among, and its diminution by some twenty or thirty thousand pounds will materially diminish your share and mine."

"And how do you propose to prevent this?"

"It can easily be done by our united efforts. And, remember, the price of your assistance is the salvation of the Penrhuddyn estates. Refuse, and they are lost, and you will never be Lady Penrhuddyn. Which is it to be? Draw close, and listen."

She drew close to him, and he, bending forward, began to speak in a low, earnest whisper, to which she listened with pale, anxious attention.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mrs. Castleton passed through the outer office, with a grave and preoccupied expression upon her face.

Could she, at that moment, have transported herself into the little closet in the private office and have watched the expression of Wylie's countenance, she might have considered twice before she committed herself to his proposals. He was leaning back in his chair, convulsed with inward laughter. "She herself will prevent Constance from saving Penrhuddyn! The twenty or thirty thousand that we have plotted against her having is the very sum she intends devoting to that purpose! This is delicious!"

Such were the thoughts then passing through his brain.

The die was cast, and Mrs. Castleton was Mrs. Arthur Penrhuddyn.

By advice of Sir Launce, whose health was greatly improving, Arthur had returned to London a few days after that lady. His course lay clearly before him,

and he pursued it without hesitation or one thought of retreat.

One dark, foggy November morning they were married by license, with only Mrs. Freeman for a witness. It was a cold, cheerless wedding, and the clergyman shivered in the raw atmosphere as he offered the usual good wishes.

As they came out, a funeral was slowly passing down the road.

"The poor young lady was married in this church only a month ago," said the sexton, with that love of garnishing happy events by opposite and doleful anecdotes which characterizes the vulgar.

Eleonore shuddered, as she could feel her husband press her arm more closely to his side as he hurried her into the brougham. Pacing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him, he said: "We must think no more of omens now, darling; let us leave all such dark shadows behind us at the altar. We are defying augury—let us now think only of love."

Never had her spirit been so softened. But the next moment came the blighting memory of how cruelly he was deceived in her; by what lies, and trickery, and deceit she had gained his love. She had not even confessed to him that she had once borne the fatal name of De Soissons. But that secret he knew inwardly, as clearly as though she had written it down.

"Shall I tell him now?" she thought. "No; let no other dark shadow come between us on this day."

The cheerful drawing room, with its blazing fire, and the table laid out daintily for the wedding breakfast, revived their flagging spirits. There was to be no honeymoon excursion; they were to remain at Brompton.

"Ours has, indeed, been a quiet wedding," she said, as they sat by the fire together.

"You know my reasons, dearest; in the present state of my father's health and affairs, I could not break so important an event to him. But, hereafter, there shall be another wedding—no worthy of you, and of the future mistress of Penrhuddyn."

What sweet music those last words sounded in her ears! "And it is I who will save Penrhuddyn," she thought. "But even with this feeling of triumph came a revulsion. 'If Wylie should play me false!'"

"You shiver—are you cold?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, no; but I fancied I saw a hideous face in the fire," she answered.

That evening a letter was forwarded to Arthur from his own lodgings. It announced that Sir Launce would be in town on the next day.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Not until a fortnight after his visit to Jerome could Stafford obtain his eagerly desired interview with Constance.

He had traveled to Guildford the next morning by the first train, and hung about the neighborhood of Linden Grange in the hope of accidentally meeting her. But the hope was not fulfilled. The next day, by dint of indirect inquiries, he learned that she was confined to her room by a severe cold. He contrived to get a letter conveyed to her and to receive a reply, making an appointment.

The day on which they met was Arthur's and Eleonore's wedding day. The place was the same which had witnessed their meeting some ten weeks back. Spits of himself, he could not prevent his first greeting being cold and restrained.

"What has happened, Edward?" she asked, anxiously. "Why have you written so urgently to me?"

"For your sake more than mine," he answered; "to clear your name from a blighting calumny."

She turned very pale, and asked faintly what he meant. He observed the look and tone, and it struck a pang of fear to his heart. But it brought him at once to the point, and made him speak plainly and concisely. So, without one word of preface or observation, he told the story, every incident of it, from Jerome's first meeting with the so-called Katie Doran on Westminster Bridge, to his, Stafford's, discovery of the picture in the gallery of Penrhuddyn, and the conversation he had heard upon his last visit to Jerome's studio. Then he waited her reply.

During the course of his narrative the pale, pained look upon her face had gradually changed to one of puzzled inquiry.

"But I know nothing of all this," she said, when he had finished. "I never heard of this Jerome or of his painting."

"Thank heaven!" he cried, seizing her hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"There is only one circumstance in the whole story that I have any knowledge of. I perfectly remember some men staring rudely at me in Harley street one day as I was stepping into my carriage; and that they afterwards came up to the window, which my uncle drew up in their faces."

"But Jerome told me that you turned quite pale at the sight of him, and in this assertion he was corroborated by a second party."

"I could not be disturbed at the sight of Mr. Jerome, considering that I had never before seen nor even heard of the gentleman," she answered, flushing. "There was, certainly, one person in the group the sight of whom might have produced such an effect."

"And that was—"

"A man whom I once knew under the name of Parsons," she answered, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes; "a man who once cruelly wronged me."

"In what way?" eagerly inquired Stafford.

She was silent for a moment, then answered, quietly, "I cannot tell you now."

(To be continued.)

## Information Wanted.

Mrs. Enpeck—There's no use talking, Henry, I—

Enpeck (interrupting)—Then why do you do it, my dear?



One of the most important lessons for a beginner to learn is to hold the camera in the proper position during exposure. Whenever there are corners of buildings or other objects which give vertical lines the camera must be held absolutely level. If this is not done the building in the picture will appear to be falling either backward or forward, according to the way in which the camera was tilted.

There are times, however, when the camera may be tilted to advantage—in some cases it is an absolute necessity. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward, while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward. Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was held upside down. It makes no difference in the negative whether the camera is right side up or not. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while other who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures. Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward one may secure pictures of children at play and of older people in natural poses without the knowledge of any members of the groups.

Another warning to beginners is necessary. Do not try to take a time exposure while holding the camera in the hand. Even if the camera is held against the breast and respiration stopped the action of the heart is sufficient to cause the box to vibrate and spoil the picture.—The Circle.



As a result of the coal shortage on the Pacific coast, many steamers formerly burning coal have been fitted with oil burners, and the change is contemplated for many more.

The newest mosquito screens are what is called invisible. They are buried in the lower part of the window casing on a spring roller. They follow the sash as it is raised and lowered.

Tokio is to have a twenty-five mile subway, which will be built at a cost of \$25,000 per mile, a figure which is astonishingly low, but this is probably accounted for by the fact that the cost of labor in Japan is very low.

The proprietors of an Austrian carpet factory at Maffersdorf are stated to have acquired German patents which embody a method of manufacturing carpets or floor coverings from paper. The new material can be made in all colors, is washable and will probably prove itself a rival to linoleum.

It may surprise many readers to learn that naphtha, illuminating oil, gas oil and lubricating oil are obtained in considerable quantities from certain varieties of shale rock. "Oil shales" abound in the Scotch Lothians. A recent memoir of the British geological survey records the discovery of an important new field of shale near Duddingston. In the year 1904 2,332,000 tons of oil shale were mined in Scotland, and yielded 62,932,000 gallons of crude oil. The Scotch oil shales were first made generally known to geologists in 1885.

The American Ethnological society announces that it is about to begin a series of publications of authentic material collected among native American tribes. It is pointed out that hitherto little has been collected, in their own language, concerning the customs, beliefs and ideas of the natives. Yet authentic records of information given by the Indians are regarded as of prime importance for a thorough study of the ethnology and early history of the American continent. The Indians are believed to possess much valuable knowledge not yet recorded.

The results of recent exploration show more and more clearly that if America has received much from the old world it has in return given much. The American origin of early types of the horse, the camel, the rhinoceros and other animals, which eventually attained a circumpolar distribution, says Dr. J. A. Allen, is well established, but that the same fact is true of some forms of existing mammalia does not seem to have been hitherto recognized. Doctor Allen thinks that eastern Siberia has derived some of its present mammalian life from boreal America within a comparatively recent period.

## FARMING IN ALASKA.

Four Agricultural Stations Carried on by the Government.

The government maintains four agricultural experiment stations in Alaska at Sitka, Copper Center, Rampart and Kenal, and reservation for another has been recommended; a point midway between Chena and Fairbanks, and adjoining the Tanana mine railway which connects the two towns being selected

as a suitable location, says the Boston Alaskan.

The experiments at the Sitka station are now devoted chiefly to horticulture, and the work carried on there may be grouped into two classes: First, the introduction, propagation and testing of fruit trees and fruit bushes, with a view to ascertaining which sorts can be successfully cultivated in Alaska; and second, the testing of varieties of vegetables best suited to the climate and soil in various parts of the district. Among the fruit trees the apple has been the subject of closest study at the station, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to determine what the result will be. Interesting experiments are being made with the native fruit bushes, and new varieties of raspberries, currants and gooseberries will doubtless be the outcome of the work which is now being successfully carried forward. All the hardy vegetables are grown at the Sitka station, particular attention being paid to the potato, cabbage and cauliflower. The people of the vicinity co-operate with the government experimenters, and aid the work by supplying reports of the behavior of the seeds supplied by the station for the use of residents.

At Copper Center station the work is devoted chiefly to grain growing, though experiments in the production of grasses and vegetables are also conducted. Wheat, rye and oats, clover, peas, beans, turnips and rutabagas comprise the list commented upon in the report of Special Agent C. C. Georgeron who has charge of the work in Alaska.

At the station located at Rampart, one degree south of the arctic circle, the principal experiments conducted during last season were directed toward the production of early varieties of grains, those which mature before the winter season sets in. The results are being reached by selection. Seeds are planted and those first maturing are selected and planted the next year. It sometimes occurs that an unusually early winter destroys the grains in process of selection and the work has to be begun again. The hardy varieties of Russia and England grain are used as seed. Wheat from Karhoff, Russia and Finnish black oats are crops which seldom fail, even so far north as Rampart. String beans and peas have been successfully raised at Rampart station and all of the hardy vegetables, parsnips, carrots, potatoes and rutabagas have also matured there; thus far the potatoes have shown the best results. As at Sitka seeds are distributed, the people coming many miles to obtain them.

The station at Kenal, where formerly experiments in grain growing were conducted, is now given over to dairying and the growing of feed. A herd of Galloway cattle was introduced last spring, and from this station interesting reports may be expected concerning the raising of cattle in Alaska, as the Galloways are said to be particularly adapted to the climate of the district.

## Judging by a Sure Sign.

Wise—He's very wealthy.  
Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean.

Wise—Come, now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes.

Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

Perhaps the new woman is a failure because there is no new man to play second fiddle.