

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"But, my darling," he cried, despairingly, "by withholding from me such information, you render me powerless to clear away this terrible mystery. Can you think of no person who bears a striking resemblance to you?"

"Ah, yes, I have it," she cried, brightening up. "You say this girl was wonderfully like me?"

"You shall judge for yourself," he said, producing his copy of Circe, which he had brought with him.

She eagerly examined it, while he waited breathlessly for her next words.

"But for the color of the hair, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a girl who was at the same school with me," she said, musingly.

"Her name?" cried Stafford, trembling with excitement.

"Ellen Jenkins," was the reply.

"The very woman I suspected!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, but her hair was black."

"That verifies another conjecture; I know where this woman is to be found; I have the whole mystery in the palm of my hand."

"But the color of the hair?" objected Constance.

"Psha! what difficulty is there about that in these days? How many among your dark-haired female friends suddenly appear with golden locks? The clue you have given me will enable me to clear your reputation from all suspicion."

"Do that," she exclaimed, catching his enthusiasm, "and though I sacrifice every farthing of my fortune, I will be your wife. Such a consummation to me is worth a hundred fortunes; for it will remove the blight that has poisoned my whole life from girlhood."

"I fear Arthur Penrhiddyn has fallen into this Ellen Jenkins' toils," he said, as he walked up the lane with her.

"Do not say that!" she cried.

"Indeed, I fear so," he answered sorrowfully; "and I shall apply your information to rescue him from her hands."

"Do not lose a moment," cried Constance, entreatingly; "you cannot conceive the arts which that woman has at her command."

By ten o'clock the next morning he received a letter, a bulky one. He went into his bedroom, locked the door, broke the seal and read with trembling eagerness.

Instead of copying the contents of Constance's letter, the reader shall be presented with a more succinct and complete narrative than her knowledge of events could have supplied.

When about 12 years of age, Miss Grierson had been sent to a school of high reputation, some twenty miles from London, kept by one Mrs. Williamson. There had arrived, some time after, a young girl of her own age, a relative of the principal's, who, while receiving certain instruction, was to assist as tutor to the younger pupils. Ellen Jenkins was a strange girl, and it was not long before Miss Williamson began to repent of having undertaken such a charge. Ellen had from the first attached herself to Constance Grierson. Constance, a good-hearted, generous girl, who loved all who loved, or pretended to love, her, speedily succumbed to her arts, and became Ellen's firm friend.

By and by it began to be observed that, in features there was an extraordinary likeness between these two girls. Constance's beauty was of a melancholy cast. Ellen's was of a coquettish, foreign style, and with a mobility to which the other could not pretend. But when the two countenances were in repose, and Ellen was in a graver humor, the resemblance was marvellous.

The dark beauty very soon contrived to obtain a complete mastery over the mind of her friend. Constance's was a plastic mind, only too ready, at this time, to receive impressions from immediate associations.

At church and during their walks they frequently encountered a tall, handsome, aristocratic looking man, who made a point of staring at Constance, and, whenever the principal or the elder teachers were not looking, of raising his hat to her. In a little time the young ladies began to giggle and joke her about the handsome gentleman, and to be very envious of her distinction.

One day, when they were alone together, Ellen slipped a note into her friend's hand, saying that the handsome stranger had met her that morning in the street and begged her, in the most pathetic terms, to deliver it to the young lady with the golden hair. At first Constance was very much shocked, and refused to take the note; but her companion soon laughed and coaxed her out of such scruples. The letter was full of such extravagances of language as would delight a school girl's fancy.

After that, the man dogged the school more pertinaciously than ever, and the young lady became so confused, and blushed so much every time she encountered his looks, that more than once Miss Williamson was very nearly detecting her confusion. At last, after much coaxing and some scolding on Ellen's part, the foolish child consented to give him an interview at the bottom of the garden. The gentleman was soon kneeling at his innamorata's feet. Constance, however, was almost too frightened to speak. When he seized her hand and poured forth his rapturous vows of love, all she could an-

swer was to beg him to let her go and never see her any more.

At length she got back to her own room, almost dead with fright, and protested that if Ellen ever so much as mentioned his name to her again she would forfeit her friendship for ever. But Ellen had too deep an interest in the affair to let it drop. If Mr. Parsons succeeded in carrying off the heiress, she was to have a hundred pounds down, besides indefinite sums in the future. Nor was this her only motive for joining in the plot; in her heart she despised her victim as a poor, meek, spiritless creature; and she hated her because she was rich.

After a few days she again broached the subject of the lover; but Constance again peremptorily forbade it. On the third, about mid-day, a brougham drove up to the school, and the coachman presented a note, purporting to be from Mrs. Grierson to her daughter. Its purport was that Constance must return home immediately; her father was dangerously ill. Constance, looking very pale and agitated, had got into the carriage and was driven away.

After pursuing the London road for a mile or two, the carriage suddenly took an opposite direction. The sequel may be guessed; the note was a desperate ruse, suggested and, as far as the writing of the note was concerned, carried out by Ellen, to place the heiress in the hands of her employer, Parsons. The young lady was conveyed to a solitary house, the abode of a friend of the abductor, where the first person who greeted her was her treacherous friend. Every effort was made to coax and then to force her into a marriage, but she resisted with a power of will that no one would have given her credit for. Instead of the hundred pounds he had promised her upon the day the heiress was placed in his power, Parsons gave Ellen but twenty, and, when she remonstrated, coolly informed her that it was all he intended to give, and that if she did not take it quietly he would inform against her as the forger of the letter summoning Constance home.

Ellen took the twenty pounds, and then sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Grierson, informing him of his daughter's disappearance from the school and of her whereabouts. Having thus revenged herself, she made her way to London. In a few hours after the receipt of the news, Mr. Grierson was upon the spot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Parsons and the owner of the house succeeded in making their escape. In her letter Ellen had insinuated that it was a voluntary elopement; and as such Mrs. Grierson, to her dying hour, believed it to be. It entirely turned her heart against her daughter; and, being worked upon by her cousin Wylie, was the immediate cause of that strange, harsh will, which was framed to guard against the young girl forming any hasty or unworthy alliance.

"This is my secret," wrote Constance, in the concluding paragraph of her letter. "It has given me many a bitter hour, many a tearful, sleepless night."

Little did Mrs. Grierson suspect that her cousin Wylie was the concocter of the whole plot; that he it was who first proposed to Parsons to try and make a runaway match with the heiress, and who afterwards supplied him with the means of carrying her off. Knowing the stern disposition of the mother, Wylie well knew that if his plan succeeded, she would surely disinherit the daughter, and that in such a case a portion of the large fortune must accrue to him.

Of Ellen Jenkins, Constance neither saw nor heard any more. Weary of the restrictions and the monotony of her life, and longing to plunge into the great world, Ellen had been a most willing instrument in the hands of a desperate adventurer like Parsons. To return to the school was impossible; and so, at 15, she resolved to seek her fortune in a world of which she knew nothing, save from books. Wandering and wondering for the first time through the streets of the great metropolis, her eye presently fell upon a large placard in a fashionable hairdresser's window, which told of the wonderful effect of "The Auricoid Fluid," which was warranted to change the darkest hair to a beautiful golden color.

Here was the opportunity; and she seized it. When the dyeing process was complete and her hair arranged in little careless curls about her face, she was herself quite thrilled by the marvellous resemblance she bore to her quondam friend. At first, she endeavored to think of some means by which she might turn this accident to account; but, upon further reflection, it struck her that having already committed forgery, she had better leave well alone. It was soon after her transfiguration that she met Jerome. Upon the first opportunity she, having come to the end of her cash, appropriated as much of his property, including the picture she had sat for, as she could conveniently carry away with her, and bade him a silent adieu.

She next appears upon the scene as a ballet girl at the opera. Here she encountered Parsons. They became friends again. He introduced her to Mr. Wylie, who already knew her, from the report of the former gentleman, as a clever plotter. By and by came her marriage with Castleton. In the meantime she allowed her hair to resume its proper color, having gained too much confidence in the power of her natural charms to desire any such aid from art.

From Jenkins' own lips Stafford had heard the story of his step-daughter up to her disappearance from Mrs. Williamson's school. The reader will probably remember that having been a listener to the dying fisherman's confession, the postmaster had next morning repaired to the Castle and was for some time closeted with Sir Laurence. He told how strangely the shipwrecked child had been preserved; how he had reared and educated her, and how ungratefully she had behaved; but how, spite of all, he still cherished in his heart an interest in her fate. And he asked whether he, Sir Laurence, or the London gentleman, could give him any suggestions as to any way in which he might trace her.

When Stafford was introduced to Mrs. Castleton, in the Strand, her face struck him as one that he had seen before. Upon looking at the sketches which he had brought from the Castle, he at once perceived her great resemblance to Eleonore de Soissons, as well as to the picture of Circe. This set him thinking; and by a complex chain of ideas, he began to weave a fancy in which Ellen Jenkins, Mrs. Castleton and the mysterious Circe became one personage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before he had finished the perusal of the letter, Stafford had made up his mind to his course of action. He would proceed to London at once, seek out Arthur, tell him of the discovery he had made respecting Mrs. Castleton, procure from him that lady's address, and at once, without any hesitation, accuse her of being Ellen Jenkins, and the Circe of Jerome's picture.

By 2 o'clock that same day he was knocking at the door of Arthur's old lodgings in Arundel street, Strand. Mr. Arthur Penrhiddyn was not within, the servant replied to his inquiries; did not know when he would be; he had left word that all letters should be forwarded to an address at Brompton.

Stafford's heart sank at those words; he remembered that Mrs. Castleton lived at Brompton. Agitated and anxious, he hurried away. Just as he was turning into the Strand, he ran full against the very man he was seeking—Arthur himself.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you," he cried, eagerly grasping both his hands; "I have just come from your lodgings. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate to you—something concerning that lady to whom you introduced me the other day—Mrs. Castleton."

Full of only the one thought, Stafford was plunging ahead when Arthur stopped him.

"Mrs. Castleton no longer," he said, hastily, "but Mrs. Arthur Penrhiddyn, my wife."

"Heavens! Your wife!" ejaculated Stafford, staggering as though he had received a heavy blow.

"Yes; until a certain crisis in our affairs is over, I wish the marriage to be kept secret from my father. But what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Stafford's scared and pallid face, which was attracting the attention of every passer by, might well evoke such a question. "Yes, a sudden sickness," he muttered, trying to rally; "a little faintness—I am subject to it; but I can't stop talking now, I have some important business. I will drop you a line. Good morning."

And he hurried away, leaving Arthur standing amazed upon the pavement. Much as he tried to shake off such an impression, the manner in which Stafford had received the news of his marriage made him sick at heart.

In the meantime the artist jumped into a cab and bade the driver proceed to Brompton. Arthur's words had stunned him. What was to be done now he could not in any way foresee, beyond that he determined to take advantage of Arthur's absence and at once to clear up all doubts one way or the other.

Mrs. Castleton was at home and would see him, the servant brought word, and he was shown into a little boudoir. He sat down, and with a beating heart awaited her coming.

At length she entered, looking very radiant and charming, as became so young a bride. But her face was no index to her mind; the sight of Stafford had filled her with evil bodements; she had conceived a dislike to him at first sight, and felt convinced that his sudden visit meant mischief.

"I am delighted to see so great a friend of Arthur's," she said, advancing. "I did not expect to receive your congratulations so soon."

"The object of my visit here is not to offer congratulations," he answered, coldly. "My business is to make inquiries concerning Ellen Jenkins and Katie Doran. And I perceive I have the honor of addressing both those personages in you, madam."

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you—"

But she could proceed no further; she felt that she was conquered at the first blow—that she was at the mercy of a pitiless man, and she sank into a seat, pale and trembling.

(To be continued.)

Practical Advice.

"Can you, as an old and experienced public man, give me some good advice as to how a young man starting in office can preserve a high standard of integrity before the public?"

"Sure, Mike! Always demand cash and don't be fool enough ever to take checks."—Baltimore American.

A Problem.

Mrs. Gushley—Oh, George, if I should die, would you love me still?

Mr. Gushley—Yes, darling; that's the only thing that could make me love you more than I do now.

Mrs. G. is still pondering over that reply.—Toledo Blade.



The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British museum brought home 9,000 specimens.

The hands of female mummies found in the tombs of Egypt are literally covered with rings, in many instances there being from two to six on every finger.

The Lafoden Railroad, which crosses the Arctic circle in Scandinavia, enjoys the reputation at the present time of being the northernmost line of rails, but this is soon to be eclipsed by the construction of a line to Spitzbergen, 10 degrees farther north. The principal object of the new line is to reach the coal deposits which have been recently discovered in this vicinity.

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 difficulty now found in bonding together new and old concrete has been obviated by a recent patent. This bond consists of an extract of coal tar, used instead of water, as the mixing agent for neat Portland cement. The mixture is laid in one-eighth inch to one-quarter inch layers on the old concrete surface, and immediately followed by new concrete or mortar. The inventor claims the compound to be entirely insoluble, and to form a complete and monolithic bond between the old and new works. It is furnished to customers free, they paying the freight and cost of barrels, the cost being covered by a certain royalty per square foot paid to the patentee of the process.

Reports gathered by the Japanese since the war with Russia indicate that northern Manchuria possesses large stores of valuable minerals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead and iron. Under the operation partly of Chinese officials and partly of native companies and small capitalists the average annual output has been about \$10,000,000. But a large part of the deposits have not even been touched. Gold is found both in quartz and in placers. The country drained by the Hulufah River is reported to be rich in gold, silver, copper, lead and coal. The mineral regions are accessible by means of the Yalu, the Hulufah, the Sungari, the Liao and other rivers and their tributaries.

As everybody knows, the famous comet of Halley, the brightest of all comets known to pay periodical visits to the neighborhood of the sun, is expected to reappear in the sky within a few years. Astronomers all over the world are now interested in the problem of predicting the precise time of its perihelion passage, or nearest approach to the sun. Several predictions have already been published. The latest is that made by Messrs. Crommelin and Cowell, before the Royal Astronomical Society in January. Calculating the probable effects of the interference of the various planets with the comet's progress in its orbit, they think that the date of the next perihelion will fall before the middle of May, 1910. The last previous perihelion passage of the comet was in November, 1835.

They Love the Empress.

It is doubtful if any royal consort is more loved by her people than is the empress of Japan. Educated according to feudal ideas and skilled in all the accomplishments befitting one of her social eminence, her majesty strongly favors the broadness of the new education for woman, and from her private purse gives large sums toward the maintenance of women's schools and universities. During the war with Russia the empress visited the hospitals many times and every day passed hours making bandages. The effect of these bandages upon the wounded soldiers has been of deep interest to medical and scientific men, for the soldiers honored by them seemed to rally under a peculiar mental influence. All other bandages were destroyed after their first use; those made by the empress were sterilized and used again for the simple reason of their effect on the recovery of the soldiers.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Little Candle.

The candle still holds its own, notwithstanding petroleum, gas and electric light. The production of candles in the United States during the fiscal year of 1906 amounted to \$3,880,392.

ETIQUETTE OF THE MOSLEM.

One Must Always Be in Good Humor and Talk Pleasant Things.

Here are some interesting Mussulman injunctions of conviviality. The honor of being served first belongs to the invited guest who is in the possession of any high title or who has in any way or sphere distinguished himself. If the host himself is the oldest in the company or has any high decoration of merit he must first begin the meal without delay in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be in a melancholy mood at table or to speak of disagreeable things or to engage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious plety. Foremost of all, one must always be in good humor and talk of pleasant things, as did the prophet himself.

You must always help yourself from the side of the dish nearest to you and never try to find out the best bits, which ought to be left for other guests. If one of the invited has not much appetite you must ask him up to three times with some kind chosen words to partake of the meals. A longer insistence would cause ennui and would be most inappropriate. You must never stop eating before others, because in doing so you will embarrass them and cause them to finish quickly in imitation of you.

Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to conceal your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as possible, encouraging the timid and shy. It is contrary to good taste to address and to fix the attention of a guest when he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much he must always try not to finish before others. Should any dish be forbidden to him by his medical attendant he certainly must not partake of it, but must, at the same time, excuse himself before his guests.

It is absolutely necessary to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.—London Lancet.

DIAMOND DOGGEREL.



Who is the gent with open face,
Of sense or reason not a trace,
Who weeps or cheers, as goes the game,
And dreams of naught but pennant race?
The fan.



Who is it bawls, and bawls, and bawls,
And yowls, and whoops, and madly squalls
In language like a brakeman's tongue,
Which yet the rooting mob entralls?
The coacher.

Long Sight.

The longest distance ever compassed by human vision is 183 miles, being the distance between the Uncompaggre park, in Colorado, and Mount Ellen, in Utah. This feat was accomplished by the surveyors of the United States coast and geodetic survey, who were engaged, in conjunction with representatives of other nations, in making a new measurement of the earth.

You may know some men a lifetime without learning their first name. Perhaps it is Hezekiah, and they are keeping it quiet.