

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

The whole of that day she passed in a state of great anxiety and suspense. Not until past nine that night did Arthur return. The moment she saw his face she knew that the hope had failed. The question died upon her lips. He walked silently into their sitting room; she helped him off with his overcoat.

"It was as I suspected," he said at length. "My father called upon the lawyers, and their answer was that they had received instructions to take no further steps in the business. They could give no explanations whatever, as they were bound over to strict secrecy."

Eleonore sank almost fainting into a chair. Arthur also seemed to be completely prostrated by the destruction of this last hope. Unknowingly to himself, he had clung to it as a last resource; until this had failed, he had not realized despair.

"Then all hope of saving Penrhuddyn is gone?" she said at last, in a hollow voice.

"All!" he answered. "It will be my father's death blow!"

Wylie, then, had deceived her. Oh, what a torrent of evil rushed through her heart at that thought! But revenge could wait. Could she conceive any means to obtain delay?

"Who are the mortgagees?" she asked, suddenly struck by the thought that she herself would go to them and implore delay. Her powers of fascination had never failed yet; they could not, should not, now, in this the most momentous crisis of her life. The thought filled her with hope. She rose from her chair with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"In reality, it is Miss Grierson who holds the mortgage; but the affair is, of course, in the hands of the trustees—her uncle and Mr. Wylie."

"What—who?" shrieked Eleonore.

"Her uncle and Mr. Wylie! Great heavens! what is the matter?"

A ghastly look—a cry—and she drops upon the ground, in a fit. Arthur calls loudly for help. Mrs. Freeman and the servant rush in. Then a fearful scene ensues. This revelation coming upon the mental agonies of the last few days is too much for the overwrought brain. She sobs, shrieks, tears and beats herself. Wild, incoherent self-accusations burst from her lips. One moment she calls upon her husband in terms of passionate endearment; the next, shrieks forth the most awful threats of vengeance against Wylie.

Throughout the night she recovers from one fit only to fall into another. Towards morning the paroxysms gradually decline, and at last she sinks into a deep and motionless slumber.

Mrs. Freeman and Arthur sat by the bedside, and after a time he said, in a whisper, "What connection is there between Eleonore and this Wylie?"

"You must not ask me any questions, Mr. Penrhuddyn," she answered, quickly. "It is not my place to tell your wife's secrets."

Towards 11 o'clock Eleonore awoke, but in such a feeble, exhausted condition that she could scarcely move. At the sight of those dark, languid eyes resting upon him, Arthur forgot all but his love. She looked lost, vacant, at first; but gradually the revelation of last night seemed to break upon her mind, for she sobbed, and he in vain endeavored to pacify her.

He had an appointment with his father that morning which he must keep. When he told her that he was going, she said, in a low, faint voice, "Stoop down, dearest, and let me look at you." She took his face between her weak, trembling hands and looked into his eyes until the tears poured down her cheeks like rain; then she passionately kissed his lips. "Put your arms round me and hold me to your heart, and kiss me as you used in the old days."

His own tears flowed fast as he took her in his arms. Then came upon her a sudden revulsion of feeling. "No, no!" she cried, trying to push him away; "curse me—kill me rather—your kisses are fire! Oh, it is I who have destroyed you! Go from me, if you do not wish to drive me mad!"

And she fell into a paroxysm of sobbing, that made them fear lest another fit was coming on. But it subsided after a few moments into moans and sobs.

When he is gone, she gives way to an uncontrollable burst of tears. But it exhausts itself in time. Then her mood changes; all that is soft and gentle has flowed away, and her face grows set and rigid. "Good-bye to love," she mutters; "now for revenge!"

Mrs. Freeman brings her some roast chicken. She forces herself to eat. She feels stronger after that, and rises and dresses. The fierce fire in her soul revives her; she begins to attire herself for the street.

"You are surely not going out!" exclaims Mrs. Freeman.

"If I remained here another hour inactive, I should be carried out raving mad!" she answers. "Now do not expostulate with me; you ought to know by this time how useless it is to oppose my humor."

The day, although very cold, is wonderfully bright for the time of year, and she feels so much stronger that she walks on for nearly a mile. Then she calls the first cab she meets. The coachman stops

hesitatingly, and does not dismount from his box.

"I'd rather you got another cab, miss," he says.

"What do you mean, fellow?" she cries, imperiously; for, in the present overwrought condition of her nerves, she cannot endure to be opposed. "If you refuse to get down and open the door, I shall take your number and report you!"

"Oh, very well, miss; if you insist, there's nothing more to be said. But if anything happens, it ain't my fault; I wash my hands of it. You'd better keep the winders down."

But she is too much absorbed in her own thoughts to heed or even hear his words.

"If people cuts up rough, and gives their selves such airs, let 'em take the consequences," mutters the driver, as he remounts the box. "After all, why should I care? When I puts her down she'll never set eyes on me again."

He puts her down at the corner of the street in which Mr. Wylie's office stands. She pays the fare, then walks the rest of the way, goes up the stairs, and into the outer office. Mr. Fig and the junior clerk are there. Mr. Wylie is not in. Mr. Fig informs her—will not be there again this week.

She takes another cab, and is driven home. When she arrives there she has



ARTHUR CHASTISES MR. WYLIE.

scarcely sufficient strength to walk up the steps. She lies down upon the couch, dressed as she is, and falls into a state of semi-consciousness, until she is aroused by a knock at the door.

"It is Arthur!" she cries, starting up.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When Arthur arrived at the hotel at which Sir Launce was staying, a waiter informed him that a gentleman of the name of Mr. Wylie had just been shown up to his father's room. This news set his heart beating as he hastened up the stairs.

"I am delighted that your son has arrived," said Mr. Wylie, with a malicious grin, as the young man entered the room; "as I have certain things to say which concern him. So, Sir Launce, you have no hope of having the mortgage money by the thirtieth?"

"None whatever, sir," answered Sir Launce coldly; "but I think common decency might have delayed your visit until that day. Besides, my lawyers are the proper persons for you to treat with."

"I always like to take time by the forelock, and deal with principals, Sir Launce," sneered Wylie; "and, after all, forty-eight hours do not make much difference."

"If I were to ask you for forty-eight hours' grace, you would think they made a great difference."

"Quite right, Sir Launce; I should," answered Wylie, with an insolent laugh; "and you would not get them if you did ask."

"My father is not likely to ask any grace of you, and if your business is ended, I command you to leave the room!" cried Arthur, passionately.

"Before I retire, allow me to ask how Mrs. Penrhuddyn is this morning?" said Wylie, turning upon him with a hideous grin.

Arthur staggered back as though he had been shot, and Sir Launce looked up wondering.

"Oh, I perceive," went on the wretch; "I have been indiscreet—I have betrayed a secret. Sir Launce, I presume, has not been introduced to his daughter-in-law—a pleasure to come."

"Arthur, what does this mean?" said Sir Launce, wondering.

"I cannot speak before this man," answered the son, in a low voice.

"Oh, you need not fear speaking before me," cried Wylie, ironically. "Your wife was my client for some years before she inveigled that battered old reprobate Castleton into marrying her. I knew her when she was a ballet girl."

"Leave the room, sir!" Sir Launce said, firmly.

"Not till you have heard all!" cried Wylie, exultingly. "That woman is a forger, and a thief; and, before to-morrow morning I'll lodge her in a goal as a felon!"

A blow from Arthur, who had loosed himself from his father's hold, laid the calumniator prostrate upon the floor. With a yell of passion, Wylie sprang up

again, and grappled with him; but Arthur had learned to use his fists too well at Eton to be in danger from such an opponent, and a heavy blow in the face again felled him.

Sir Launce threw his arms round his son and withheld him from repeating the attack. Dizzy, and half stunned, Wylie rose to his feet, wiping his livid face.

"This is a pitiful, paltry revenge," he said, lowly and quietly, but with a look of intense hatred in his eyes; "this is all the revenge you can wreak upon me. I do not begrudge it you. Everything you have in the world will, in a few days, pass into my hands, and I, whom your father did not think worthy to sit at his table, will be master of Penrhuddyn. Not only have you lost all your worldly possessions, but you have disgraced your ancient name by your alliance. And, as a parting consolation to you, know that the money would have been forthcoming at Groom and Fry's had not she, your wife, contrived the abduction of the party who had arranged to pay it in. Now, having afforded you so much pleasant information, I will leave you to settle accounts with your father."

So saying, the wretch, with a glance of bitter triumph, glided out of the room. The moment he had gone, Arthur, who had stood boldly confronting him unto the last, sank into a chair, utterly overcome by his emotions.

Sir Launce had gone back to his seat. Suddenly he gave a sharp cry, sprang up from his chair, pressed his hand upon his heart, staggered for an instant, and then fell forward across the table. Arthur heard the cry, looked up, and perceiving his father's condition, ran to him and raised him in his arms. A glance at the face made him frantically pull the bell and shout for help. One of the waiters ran for a doctor. When the doctor arrived the countenance was of an ashen gray hue, the jaw had dropped, and the eyes were glazed. He raised the nerveless hand and felt for the pulse—there was

none; he shook his head, and let it fall again.

Sir Launce Penrhuddyn was dead.

At the sound of Arthur's knock Eleonore sprang up from the couch upon which she had been lying, and ran to the door. It was a bitter night without; the whole air was filled with the falling snow, which lay like a white pall over the earth. She would have thrown her arms round his neck; but he shrank from her, and by the light of the lamp that hung in the passage, she saw that in his face which made her draw back and let him pass. He went into the parlor and she followed him.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter?" she cried, timidly approaching him. "You have seen Stafford?"—her suspicions immediately taking that direction.

"I have seen no Stafford!" he answered, sternly. "I have seen a man who—do you know a wretch called Wylie?"

At that name, a cry broke from her lips, and she fell cowering into a chair. She knew now that she was lost—that all was over between them.

"I need not ask for an answer in words, Eleonore; your face has told me all," he said, mournfully; "but I would not condemn you unheard, and in being here now, I am neglecting the most sacred and solemn duties. Oh, woman, woman!" he burst out, in a sterner voice; "For your sake, I forgot father, everything! I knew nothing of you; I trusted you implicitly, and I married you, and this is my return!"

"I loved you so passionately," she said, "that I could not lose you. You know that I fled once, intending never to look upon your face again; but a strange fate brought us together once more. Do not believe that I yielded passively to my selfish love. I struggled with it many a weary hour, but it was too strong for my weak will to conquer."

"You are now my wife, and as such, can claim my protection. After what has occurred, I shall leave England, and never return to it again. I will send you such means of support as I can earn, but we can never meet again. Farewell! and heaven forgive you all the evil you have wrought upon me and upon others."

"Stay!" she cried, stretching out her arms imploringly, but not daring to move towards him.

"I cannot," he answered, sternly. "I have done my duty to the living; I must now perform what I owe to the dead. The discovery has cost my dear father his life."

(To be continued.)

A Foolish Question.

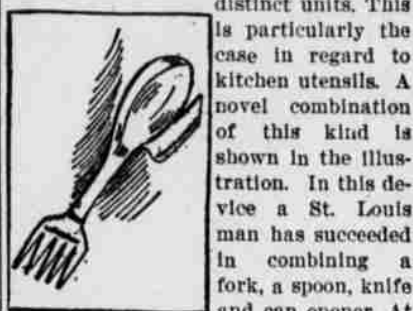
Dreamer—Do you think environment has much of an effect on a person? Blunt—Thunderation! Were you ever surrounded by a swarm of bees?—Detroit Free Press.

In the spider's web it is the glutinous beads that catch the victims.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Kitchen Utensils.

Apparently inventors are continually endeavoring to combine in one articles which were formerly made in several



HAS MANY USES.

distinct units. This is particularly the case in regard to kitchen utensils. A novel combination of this kind is shown in the illustration. In this device a St. Louis man has succeeded in combining a fork, a spoon, knife and can opener. At one end is the fork, at the other end the spoon, knife and can opener. By thus combining these four articles in one the economical housewife can save expenses, obtaining the four articles for the cost of one. It also means less silverware to wash—the one combined utensil requiring less cleaning than the four.

Cream Puff.

Put four tablespoonfuls of butter and a cup of water together in a saucepan and place over a slow fire. Have already measured one cup of flour and, as soon as the water and butter reach the boiling point, add the flour all at once and stir vigorously. When thoroughly mixed remove from the fire and add four unbeaten eggs, beating the mixture between the times that each egg is added. Drop by the spoonful on buttered pans, having a space of one and one-half inches between each puff. Bake in a slow oven for half an hour. When done and cool cut a slit in the side of each puff and fill with sweetened whipped cream. Use to a cup of cream four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. This recipe makes eight puffs.

Giblet Pie.

This is a nice change occasionally. Two sets of giblets will be required, and half a pound of beefsteak. Prepare and thoroughly clean the giblets, and throw into a saucepan, cover with water and bring to the boil. Skin them well, add salt, and simmer very slowly for an hour and a half. Cut the giblets into pieces of regular size, dip into seasoned flour, and mix with half a pound of beefsteak cut into thin slices, also thickly flavored. Pour in sufficient thoroughly seasoned stock to cover. Cover the pie with a nice, short crust, pierce a hole in it, decorate with pastry leaves, and bake slowly for one hour.

Neapolitans.

One cup of powdered sugar, one-half cup of butter; two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, three eggs, yolks and whites, and three egg yolks, beaten separately; three cups of sifted flour. Mix all the above ingredients, add a half-teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk. If too stiff to roll out, add a little more milk. Roll into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick and cut into small rounds. Place in a slightly greased baking pan, brush the tops with beaten egg and milk and sprinkle finely chopped almonds over all.

Corn Souffle.

Heat one pint of milk; stir into it three-fourths of a cup of corn meal and cook until thick and smooth. Add salt and a little butter; beat into this the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and then the whites, which have been beaten separately. Pour into a baking dish and cook twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once.

Maple Sugar Candy.

Break into very small bits one pound maple sugar and stir into it one cup of cream and one cup of milk, mixing; turn into the blazer and boil, stirring all the time to prevent scorching, until a little hardens in cold water, then beat into it as many hickory nuts (kernels) as it will take; then turn out to cool.

Clam Bouillon.

Chop fine two cupfuls clams and put in a saucepan over the fire in their own liquor. Scald and skim, then add two cupfuls of boiling water, one tablespoonful chopped celery, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf and pepper to season. Bring to a boil, skim, strain through a cheesecloth and serve in cups with whipped cream on top.

Maple Sugar Cookies.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of crushed maple sugar, one cupful of butter, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to roll out. Do not have the dough too stiff. Cut with a small cookie-cutter and bake in a hot oven.

JOLLY JOKER

The husband who never goes out deserves a wife who never stays in.—The Cynic.

"Is Wylie still paying attention to Tittle?" "No." "Did he jilt her?" "No, he married her!"—Punch.

"Anna, you wished to buy a dictionary?" "I have married a professor instead."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Look, Arthur, that is our baby." "How do you know?" "I recognize the back of our nurse."—Der Wahre Jacob.

Madge—Has she a good memory? Marjorie—So-so. She's always remembering things she's forgotten.—Town Topics.

She—You can always tell a Harvard man. He (from New Haven)—Yes; but you can't tell him much.—Harper's Weekly.

Mater—What is it, pa? Has Henry been expelled? Pater—Worse! He writes that he's going to take a female part in the college play.—Puck.

"Is her husband so unendurably stupid?" "Oh, dreadful. The only time he brightens up is when she talks of divorce!"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Harker—Slowboy is all right, when it comes to looking ahead. Parker—Yes; but he's all wrong when it comes to going ahead.—Chicago Daily News.

The society reporters always speak of a bride being "led to the altar," just as though a bride couldn't find her way there blindfold.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I hear you are having trouble in meeting your creditors." "Trouble in meeting 'em? Great Scott! My trouble is dodging 'em."—Cleveland Leader.

Politician—Before you send in your report of this interview I want to see it. Reporter—Impossible! I sent it in half an hour before I interviewed you!—Life.

Sapleigh—I'm learning to play the—aw—harp, doncher know. Miss Cautique—Indeed! Has your physician given up all hopes?—Chicago Daily News.

"Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?" Artist—Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints.—The Model.

"My mistress isn't at home, ma'am." "Please tell her when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up, I felt so afraid she was."—Baltimore American.

Judge—Prisoner, have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced? Prisoner—I beg the court to consider the youth of my attorney.—White and Black.

"When your mother-in-law fell into the water, why didn't you help to get her out?" "My dear madam, you must know that nothing I've ever done has pleased her."—Judy.

Mabel (shocked with the recollection of it)—Isn't Edith's new hat just a horrid fright? Ethel (as if receiving congratulations)—Isn't it? I helped her select it.—Browning's Magazine.

First Reporter—I see by the last edition that our old schoolmate, Jones, has committed suicide. Second Reporter—Hurry down and you may be in time to prevent his doing it.—Smart Set.

"Money doesn't always bring happiness and peace of mind." "You are right there," answered the man with an anxious look. "Sometimes it tempts you to buy automobiles."—Washington Star.

There are nervous women; there are hyper-nervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!—Flegende Blaetter.

Man (to a friend)—I am done with doctors henceforth! One of them advised me to sleep with my windows open. I did so, and the very next morning my gold watch was gone from the bureau.—Flegende Blaetter.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without permission?" Father (a grocer)—But they were ruining him; I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Il Motto per Ridere.

Imagination.

Bacon—The author of that new novel has a wonderful imagination. Egbert—Why, have you read the book?

"No, but he said that 10,000 copies of the volume had been sold."—Yonkers Statesman.

Find out the secret hope of any man past middle age, and it is that he may be allowed at the last to go quickly.

It's nice not to be at home when some people call.