

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Wylie, in the meanwhile, sat writing at his desk. Had he no thought, at that moment, of the dead man who had, through so many years of his life, sat day by day at that table, the man whom morally, if not legally, he had murdered? No such thoughts troubled his seared conscience. No atom of superstition or imagination entered into the composition of that scheming brain.

Had there been, would he not have felt the deadly presence that was about him? The white, ghastly face, with gleaming black eyes, that was looking in upon him through the half-opened door at his back? There was a double door to the library; it was in at the inner green balized one that swung noiselessly upon its hinges, that the face peered.

With her eyes fixed immovably on the one object, she closes it behind her; then advances, crouching like a tiger, towards her prey. Her steps are noiseless; the soft material of her dress makes no rustle; but if it did, the noise of the elements would drown it.

She is behind the chair; then she raises her right hand, armed with the short, thick stick, and strikes him a heavy blow upon the head. With a groan he falls from his chair, stunned. Quick as lightning she takes from her dress the two cords, each provided with a running noose; one she slips over his body and fastens his arms down to his sides, with the other she secures his legs; then she puts a gag in his mouth. This done, she dashes some water out of a carafe, that stands upon the table, into his face, raises his head, props it up by means of some big folio volumes from the shelves, takes a chair, and, sitting opposite to him, waits until she shall revive.

At last his eyes open, and fall upon the livid, vindictive face that fronts him. He does not recognize her; but there is murder in her looks! He shivers, and tries to rise, but he is helpless.

"I am much changed since last we met, James Wylie, am I not?" she says, after gloating for some moments over the agony of his silent terror.

At that voice he starts, and shudders more violently; he knows now that he is doomed. If ever a prayer is in his heart, it is there now.

"This meeting is an unexpected pleasure, is it not? You hugged yourself with the thought, doubtless, that you were rid of me! Do you remember the words I once spoke to you, in your office? I told you that if you played me false, I would hunt you down, if you fled to the furthest extremity of the world, and kill you! I have come to keep my word!" and she drew the long, glittering knife from her belt. "I could have killed you from behind, some minutes back, but I would not have you die ignorant of the hand that struck the blow, nor suddenly and untraced. If I had you away from this place, I would kill you inch by inch. There is not a torture that the ingenuity of cruelty could invent, that I would not inflict upon you; and even then, I could not pay you back all that you have made me suffer! You tricked me well, did you not? But when you gloated over your cleverness, you forgot to calculate the retribution! They laugh best who laugh last! The last laugh shall be mine, evoked by your dying agonies!"

Mrs. Wylie awoke from her slumber with a start—a cry in her ears, and a horror upon her soul. She started up; the wind was still raging, the fire was burned down to ashes, and the candle all but extinguished. A feeling that something had happened to her husband seized upon her, and, taking up the flickering candle, she hurried out of the room, and, spite of her fears, ran trembling towards the library.

As she neared the spot she heard peals of horrible laughter that curdled her blood. She dared not proceed, but, almost dead with terror, ran and pulled the rope that rang the alarm bell, and which was situated not many yards from the library door. Holding on to the rope, she pulled with all the frantic power of terror, until the clang, clang reverberated through the Castle, and was heard, even above the roar of the wind and the water, in the village below—making men start from their beds, hurry on their clothes, and speed towards the Castle, expecting every moment to see jets of flame spring up from it, for what else but fire could send forth such a summons?

As two of the fishermen ran up the foot path through the woods, a something rushed past them, with a shriek of maniac laughter; but it was gone before they could tell what it was. They pursued the rest of their way with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, with the belief in their hearts that they had encountered an evil spirit from the other world.

It was an awful sight that awaited them upon the floor of the library, upon which the white-faced, shuddering servants looked down. A huddled mass of blood-saturated clothes, torn as rent as though by the talons of a wild beast, containing what had once been a human form, but which was now a shapeless mass of battered flesh and bone. Eleonore's vengeance had been wolf-like; but the work of blood had rendered her delicious, and before her dreadful task was accomplished she had become a raving maniac.

All that night the wind raged fiercely, and down upon the coast the mighty waters dashed and boomed as though a bat-

tery were being fired beneath them. A fisherman who was out with the first gray dawn found, huddled among the rocks, a woman's body, that the waves had cast up during the night. An hour afterwards it was borne to what had once been John Trevelthick's hut—now an empty shed—and laid there until such time as it could be buried.

Twice had the ocean rejected Eleonore de Solsons; and, by a strange fatality, that same roof beneath which she had lain for dead as a child—where Arthur Penrhuddyn had plighted his troth to her—was thus destined to be the last that should cover her upon earth.

Constance regained one considerable portion of her fortune—that which Wylie had inherited, and which Mrs. Wylie refunded in her will, dying a month after her husband. The remainder, however, had passed away to other inheritors. Both the house in Harley street and Hillborough Hall were among Constance's recovered possessions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a happy family group that sat round the blazing fire in the drawing room of Hillborough Hall towards dusk on Christmas eve. Mr. Grierson snoozed in an easy chair upon one side, while Stafford, with his arm clasping his wife's waist, occupied the other.

"Why are you so thoughtful to-night, darling?" he asked, pressing her towards him.

"I was thinking of poor Arthur Penrhuddyn," she answered, thoughtfully.



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"How strange it is that no tidings have ever been received of him! I wonder if he is still living?"

"I fear not," answered her husband. "I am sometimes almost inclined to believe that, driven to despair, the poor fellow laid violent hands upon himself."

"Oh, do not say that, Edward; it is too dreadful to think of."

Just then a servant entered the room to announce that a gentleman desired to see Mr. Stafford.

"What name?"

"He would not give it, sir. He told me that I was merely to say that he was an old friend."

"Tell him I cannot see any one this evening; he must call again."

"No, no, Edward; do not send such a message," interrupted Constance, rising hastily. "You do not know who it may be. Show the gentleman up, James; we will see him here."

The door again opened, and an athletic looking man, apparently of some thirty years of age, with a bronzed complexion, and dark blue eyes, entered the room. Constance turned away her eager face, with quite a disappointed look at the sight of him.

"May I inquire to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit, and whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" asked Stafford, somewhat curtly, for he was annoyed at being disturbed by a strange visitor at such a cozy time.

"Then you have forgotten me, Stafford?" said a voice, whose accents were still the same, however much the face and form were altered.

The next instant Stafford had seized one hand and Constance the other, and Uncle Robert, starting out of his doze, looked on in amazement.

"My dear Arthur, is it indeed you?" was the cry from both.

"Arthur! What! you don't mean to say it's Arthur Penrhuddyn?" cried the old gentleman.

"But it is, Mr. Grierson," was the answer, with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Well, there isn't a man upon the face of the earth that I should be so rejoiced to see as I am you," answered Uncle Robert, cordially returning the pressure.

"I have only just arrived in England; you are the only friends I have here, and I came to see you first. How happy and cozy you look!"

He sighed as he spoke. Every eye was fixed upon him, with one thought—how changed! Unguided by the voice, it would have been impossible to have recognized in the determined face and stalwart figure before them the pale, melancholy looking, fragile figured Arthur Penrhuddyn of their memory.

"Have you not seen any of the advertisements that have for so long a time been inserted in the leading papers of

almost all nations for you?" inquired Stafford.

"None. Why was I advertised for?"

Stafford then briefly related to him the murder of Wylie, the death of his wife, and a will she had made in his favor.

"And Wylie, then, was murdered? He was a bad man. And was it never suspected who did the deed?"

"Never," answered Stafford, quickly, for he fancied that he detected an anxious look in Arthur's face. "So, you see, you have not returned to England for nothing. Penrhuddyn is only waiting for its owner. Of course, you will at once assert your identity?"

He paused for a moment, thoughtfully, and then answered, "Yes, I shall. It is a duty I owe to my father's memory; but I could never take up my residence in the Castle. It has too many painful associations. The last of the Penrhuddyns will be the only one who has ever deserted its walls."

"Do not say the last," said Constance, gently. "I hope one day to see you as happy in a wife as I am in a husband, and with little children to lift the gloom off the old Castle."

"You will never see that day, Mrs. Stafford," he answered, brusquely. "I shall never marry again."

When they were alone, he asked Stafford if he knew what had become of her. The answer was that nothing had ever been heard of her from the time of his departure. He did not speak for more than an hour afterwards, but lapsed into gloomy silence.

He was somewhat reticent in regard to his adventures since his departure from England, briefly stating that, immediately after his father's funeral he had started for Australia, where he had made a living by bodily labor; that he had gone to the diggings, but had met with moderate success. "I felt that hard work was the only way to restore the equilibrium of my brain," he said, "and so I did it with a will. Had it not been for that I should have died long ago."

He remained at the Hall until after the New Year. They found him much changed in mind as well as body. There was but little left of the gentle, dreamy youth



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whom they had known, but in his place was a stern and somewhat hard man, inclined to gloominess and taciturnity. But, as time wore on, and they knew him better, they discovered that this was only the outward crust, and that a kind, gentle heart still beat beneath.

Towards the end of January he put in his claim for Penrhuddyn, and his identity being beyond all doubt, it was at once admitted.

"I do not believe I could settle down to the monotony of an English country gentleman's life, after the bustle of the last six years," he said; "besides, amidst the turmoil of London, one can always shake off black thoughts when they come."

One day, in the Strand, he met Jerome, who was most cordially rejoiced to see him. Fortune had recently smiled upon the gay artist; he had had several pictures hung upon the Academy walls, which had found liberal purchasers, and he was rising into fame.

In the course of conversation the name of Parsons was mentioned, and Arthur learned that that gentleman, having been found out in a disgraceful betting transaction at the last Derby, had carried himself and his talents over to the Continent for the benefit of foreign nations.

It was the first of March. A glorious fresh, mild morning, the sky a bright, cloudless, sunny blue, the sea a mirror in which was reflected another heaven. At the window of the western turret of Penrhuddyn Castle, where we first saw him as a boy, sixteen years ago, sat Arthur Penrhuddyn, gazing thoughtfully upon the landscape. But his thoughts were not with the objects before him, but with the dark, melancholy past, with the shadows of the grave. He had in his hand a miniature of Eleonore, and his eyes were dim with tears. He knows nothing of the strange retributive disease that had disfigured her; nothing of her last awful crime; nothing of her death. Through the softening haze of time she appears to him, craving forgiveness for the sake of love. Deep down in the recesses of his heart lingers the passion of his youth, and no woman has ever superseded the image of the beautiful creature to whom he first gave his love.

Will it ever be otherwise? Will the portals of his heart ever open to the pure, ennobling affection of a true woman? Or is the ancient race of Penrhuddyn indeed "doomed" to extinction? Deep in the bosom of the future lies that problem, which no mortal prescience can foresee.

(THE END.)

We ought to lead our child to the right path, not by severity, but by persuasion.—Menander.

TO PREDICT THE WEATHER.

Watch Animals, Birds and Fishes as Very Reliable Forecasters.

Before a rainstorm the cat nearly always washes her face. Why? Some claim that the atmosphere excites the electricity in the cat's fur, irritating her, and to overcome the tingling sensations she sets to washing herself.

Or if there is no cat in the house a maiden lady next door may possess a loquacious parrot. If the bird sits and makes a sort of hissing noise you may be sure there will be rain before night.

If you have an aquarium of goldfish you may observe that they will become unusually active some sunny afternoon. They will dart about in the water and flap their little tails. This is a sign of rain. One seldom need fear getting wet if he lives in the country. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, dogs, peacocks—all evince certain peculiarities before a storm.

Suppose you are a master of a squire terrier or any other dog. No doubt you have often seen him burying bones; yet you never took notice of the fact that he did this shortly before it rained.

In the days when man wandered through the forests a savage creature, clothed principally with sunshine and smiles, he took little care of the dog. It required all the efforts of the tribal ancestor to take care of himself. So the dog had to be on the lookout for a "rainy day."

Dogs in those days lived mostly on fowls. Now, in rainy weather, fowls are hard to catch. So the early pet of man caught game before the rain began and buried it, so he should not die of hunger in case the storm continued. This instinct still remains with the dogs.

Horses become uneasy as a storm approaches. They fidget and neigh impatiently in their stalls.

As the sky becomes overcast asses bray and show their asinine defiance of the inevitable. Before a storm cows lie down.

Some day you may walk into a field and see a flock of sheep in a corner with their backs turned to the northwest. If you wait long enough you will see a wind blow up from that direction.

At other times the sheep run and bound over the fields, rearing on their hind feet as if they were fighting imaginary foes. This indicates a disturbance of the atmosphere and the approach of a brisk storm.

Hogs, as would be typical of them, grunt before it rains.

When lions eat reverently circus trainers know there is going to be bad weather. Then they take particular precautions in fastening the poles and ropes of circus tents.

Birds also evince feelings of discomfort before inclement weather. Swallows fly low, rooks caw discordantly, and peacocks and guinea hens cry constantly. Water fowls before a rain make a bee line for a lake or river.

The weather has a noticeable effect on fish of all kinds. Fishermen will tell you that trout become electrified with energy before a storm. As if in joyful anticipation of a feast, sharks disport playfully about ships before a hurricane rises.

Persons living near rivers or streams can gauge the weather by the croak of frogs. As the weather becomes warm and dry or wet and disagreeable the frog's croak varies, ascending and descending in the scale of sound like a barometer.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Will Give Fiancee Proof.

There is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as refitted the room gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular rouser. There are racks of long pipes, photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney wall, a shelf of beer steins runs all the way around the room and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs and fans are scattered about.

"Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this outfit and why?"

"Bought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"—Harper's Weekly.

Answering a Fool Question.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered.

"Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired.

"Want to!" he snorted. "Want to! What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to!"—Ann Arbor Chaparral.

He Did Not Need It.

Buskin—I can't go on. I haven't any makeup. Manager—What are you playing to-night? Buskin—The fool in—Manager—Go right on. Never mind the makeup.



Attachment for Pans.

So many housewives have suffered burned fingers while examining the contents of a boiling pot that it is small wonder that they are anxious to procure some utensil which would obviate this disagreeable feature of housekeeping. An Ohio inventor seems to have attained the coveted utensil in the very simple attachment



LEVER LIFTS COVER, shown in the illustration. As here shown the cooking pot is provided with a handle of more than the average length. In connection with the handle, in close reach of the user's hand is a small lever. By grasping the latter and forcing it down a connecting rod raises the lid of the pot, the lid being hinged to the edge of the post close to the handle. There is absolutely no danger of burning the fingers or hand. Another advantage is the fact that any liquid in the pot can also be drained off quickly and with ease.

A Simple Steamed Pudding.

Sift together one cup of entire wheat flour, half a cup of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, mace and cloves mixed together. Beat one egg. Add half a cup each of molasses and milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and three-fourths of a cup of fruit (currants, sultana raisins, citron, candied peel, chopped figs, dates or prunes), either a variety or a combination of two or more. Steam two and one-half hours. Serve with hard sauce. The dry ingredients might be sifted into a mixing bowl and the fruit gotten ready beforehand, but the liquid should not be added until time of cooking.

Marble Spice Cake.

Cream three-quarters of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, then divide into equal parts. Into one part put the beaten yolks of four eggs and the stiffened whites into the other half. Into the light part stir three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk and two small cups of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Into the dark part put a teaspoonful of allspice, one-half teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Stir the two parts lightly together, not enough to blend them, but just enough to give the batter a "marbled" effect. Bake in a loaf tin.

Seasoning Apple Pies.

For the average-sized pie take three-quarters cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, two level tablespoonfuls of flour to absorb the juice, and one-half level teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix all the seasoning together, then sprinkle a part of it over the under crust before putting in any of the apple. Put the apples in three layers, with seasoning between; then moisten in the edges of the crust and press together well. Now cut several gashes in the top crust, for the steam to escape; the juice will be taken up by the flour and none of the pie will be lost.

Cabbage and Pepper Salad.

Use a crisp, tender white cabbage; remove the wilted leaves, divide into quarters and cut off most of the core. Let stand in cold, salted water for one hour. Drain and slice as fine as possible. Drain it well and pour over a sour cream dressing. Mix two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice with one cup of sour cream, add a saltspoon of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sweet green peppers minced fine. This dressing may be used on sliced tomatoes or cucumbers.

Ping-Pong Balls.

Two teaspoonfuls melted butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two and one-half cups rolled oats, one teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, beat eggs and add vanilla and salt and mix all together; then add rolled oats and baking powder. Stir well and drop by spoonful into pan, pinching up into shape with fingers. Bake ten minutes in quite a hot oven. Do not brown too much.

To Clean Knives.

An easy way to clean knives is to use a small piece of old Brussels carpet, sprinkled well with either bath brick or emery powder and slightly moistened with menthylated spirit. Double over and rub the knives backward and forward, using the left hand to steady the carpet.