DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"By the bye," cried Stafford, "Penrhyddyn has never heard the story of Circe."

"Oftener than he cared for, at Eton and Oxford, I should fancy," said Jerome, sulkily.

"Oh, but the modern story is far more wonderful than the classic," cried Stafford, mischievously.

"Tell it to Penrhyddyn," shouted Leland.

"Well, go ahead—I don't care," said Jerome, throwing himself back in his chair.

"About five years ago," began Stafford, "Jerome planned one of those wonderful pictures before which the Magi of the Academy are always to fall in prostrate worship, and never do. The subject was to be Circe, but the difficulty was to find a model. After a long and vain search for the ideal of his mind's eye, he was about to give it up in despair, when, one evening, towards dusk, while strolling, he caught sight of a young girl with that half-bewildered look of curiosity which denotes the visitor from bucolic regions. His heart leaped up with a big thump. Golden hair, in showers of wavy ringlets; dark eyes, full of witchery; every feature exquisite—it was Circe herself! He stood spellbound. After a few seconds, the girl turned round and caught his glance. A slight blush mounted to her cheek, as she slowly moved away. Her figure was petite and exquisitely formed; her dress, though exceedingly plain, was graceful and elegant; her manner, as far as he could judge, although coquettish and enticing, had something in it that checked familiarity."

"Well," explained Jerome, "for weeks I had been so possessed by the idea of my picture, had so minutely impressed upon my mind the kind of model I required, that, having accidentally stumbled over the very thing, I was irresistibly impelled to follow her. Mr. Stafford, however, had better finish the story, now he has begun it."

"Circe finally paused for a moment, and looked about her with an expression of uncertainty. Jerome, who followed only a few paces behind, stopped too. You may imagine his delight upon seeing the girl come towards him, with the evident purpose of addressing him.

"'Pardon me, sir,' she said, in the most silvery of tones, and with a timid look in her eyes; 'but am I in the right direction for Oxford street?'

"'Yes; but it is a cross way, and difficult for a stranger to find. I am walking in that direction and if you will permit me, I will accompany you.' Jerome spoke eagerly but deferentially.

"She cast a quick glance from under her long, dark lashes, and then, with a sweet smile, said, very gently, 'I thank you very much, sir.'

"Jerome used to protest that that glance went through his heart like fire. As they walked along she told him something of her history. Her name was Katie Doran; she was a clergyman's daughter; her father was a hard, harsh man, and, unable to endure the iron rule of home, she had run away, and taken shelter at the house of a distant relation. 'She was trying to get pupils; she was a good musician, but, alas! what chance had an unknown country girl in this great world of London?'

"Jerome's hopes began to rise, but he hardly knew how to explain his wishes. So, screwing up his courage to the sticking place, he explained to her, in somewhat incoherent language, that he was an artist; that he had conceived a certain picture, but had sought in vain for a face lovely enough to embody it, until he had met her. Would she—might he—could he ask her to give him a sitting? She might be assured of being treated with every respect; might bring a relative with her.

"The reference to her beauty made her blush with pleasure, and, after a slight hesitation, she consented to visit his studio the next morning.

"The moment she found herself in Oxford street, she bade him good night, and would not hear of his accompanying her further; and so quickly did she disappear among the crowd that he almost instantly lost sight of her.

"The next morning, faithful to her promise, she came to Jerome's studio, and alone. One morning did not suffice our artist; a second, a third did not complete his sketch. Jerome was in love; and it was such a case of spoons that he actually proposed marriage to her.

"She certainly bewitched him. Well, gentlemen," continued Stafford, "affairs went on thus for about a month. The marriage day was fixed. One afternoon, Jerome left her in his studio while he went away to purchase some particular color he required. He was absent exactly half an hour. When he returned Circe had vanished—not only the living Circe, but the pictured Circe also, with every conveniently portable article of value that was at hand."

"And you have never seen her since?" inquired Arthur, who had listened to the story with great interest.

"Never," answered Jerome, replying for himself; "nor my picture either."

"But how about her relation near Oxford street? What part did she come from—what inquiries did you make?"

"She never would let me know where she lived; which, in my blind infatuation, I imputed to some family reason, poverty, or something of that kind. I set the police to work to endeavor to recover my picture, but they could not glean one scrap of information anywhere. If ever she crosses my path again, let her look out for squalls."

Jerome from that time sat in silence; and while his companions were engaged in an animated discussion upon art subjects, he took an opportunity of slipping out of the room unobserved; nor did he return again.

Half an hour afterwards Arthur and Stafford strolled out.

"What is the matter, Penrhyddyn? You certainly do not seem yourself today," said Stafford.

"Well, Stafford," answered Arthur, after a momentary pause. "I have received a communication to-day that has disconcerted me. I cannot fully explain its nature to you, for family reasons; but there is one part of the communication that I wish to impart to you—and that is that my father wishes me to marry; nay, more, has found a wife for me."

"One with money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; a large fortune, I believe."

"Not very young and not very handsome, I presume?"

"Oh, quite the contrary; young and beautiful."

"Well, I cannot see aything very terrible in such a prospect," cried Stafford, laughingly. "I know it would make me feel very jolly if it were my case."

"But suppose I could not love her—suppose she could not love me?—how terrible would such an union be!"

"Ah, you take the romantic view of the case," said Stafford. "What is the lady's name, if it be not rude to inquire?"

"Miss Grierson."

"Miss Grierson, of Hillborough Hall?" cried Stafford, quickly. "She sat to me for her portrait some little time back."

"Is she handsome?"

"The most beautiful creature you ever beheld! When are you to be introduced to her?"

"At the volunteer ball, next week."

"You will not find the matrimonial pill very bitter, even were it denuded of the gold coating, in this case," answered Stafford, with something of bitterness, however, in his own tone.

Arthur walked on in silence, and his companion made no effort to disturb his reverie, but fell into gloomy thoughtfulness.

A PASSIONATE APPEAL.

CHAPTER V.

The London season was over; all its patrons had departed to the four points of the compass; and two days after the little dinner at Richmond, Stafford set out upon a sketching tour. Simply provided with as much clothing as a light knapsack would contain, besides his drawing materials, he took a ticket on a brilliant August morning for Guildford, intending to proceed thence to the extremity of Cornwall.

A celebrated landscape, about two miles from Guildford, occupied him the whole of the first day. He had taken up his lodging for the night at a village inn hard by, and, returning thither towards evening, the sight of a pretty wooded lane induced him to turn aside from the road he had been pursuing. The path suddenly terminated in an abrupt slope, descending into a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which ran a shallow stream, half concealed by ferns and shadowed by overhanging trees. A broad plank was thrown across the chasm. Crossing the bridge and seating himself upon the opposite rising ground, Stafford brought forth his pencils and water colors, and set himself eagerly to work.

So absorbed did he become in his occupation that he was unconscious of the approach of a second person until, raising his eyes in a new direction, he perceived a lady with a book in her hand, standing upon the bridge, looking contemplatively down the valley. The pencil dropped from his hand, and he could not repress a slight cry of surprise.

The lady was about twenty years of age, and lightly dressed in white muslin, relieved by a trimming of bright blue ribbon. From beneath her Leghorn hat her hair hung down in a shower of golden ringlets; her eyes were dark, her complexion pale, her features exquisitely regular and refined.

Absorbed in the contemplation of this beautiful vision, the loveliness of the landscape was wholly forgotten, and Stafford continued to gaze upon her with the most wondering interest. After a few moments she resumed the perusal of the book, and slowly advanced to the very spot upon which he was seated. Nervously, and with a heightened color, he rose to his feet.

She was utterly unconscious of his presence until he announced it by a slight cough. She started back with a terrified look, which, upon recognition, changed instantly to a scarlet blush.

"Pardon me, Miss Grierson," he said, in a low, agitated tone. "I fear that I have terrified you."

"Mr. Stafford," she murmured, casting down her eyes.

"I can scarcely believe my senses! Is it indeed you? What a strange meeting—in such a place!"

"I am staying with Mrs. Butler, at Lindon Grange. This is on the estate. I often stroll here; the spot is so solitary and so very beautiful," replied the lady. "But it is yet stranger to meet you so far away from London."

"Oh, I left town with the rest of the fashionable people," answered Stafford. "I am on a sketching tour—going right down into Cornwall." He spoke the last word with marked emphasis, and a glance to watch the effect.

A shadow crossed her face for a moment, but quickly disappeared. "I see you are making a water color sketch of this place; may I look at it?"

Miss Grierson was herself a clever amateur artist, and expressed great admiration of what were really very charming drawings. Both endeavored to assume an easiness of demeanor which neither felt.

"Are you staying in this neighborhood for any length of time?" inquired Stafford.

"No; I return home to-morrow."

"You are going to the volunteer ball, are you not?"

"Yes," she answered, the shadow again crossing her face; "where did you hear of it?"

"From a gentleman—Mr. Arthur Penrhyddyn. Do you know him?" he asked, looking fixedly at her. "I am to visit his father soon."

This time the shadow deepened into a blush. "I have heard the name, but I have not yet been introduced to the the gentleman."

"But you will be at this ball," he said, in a low, earnest voice; "introduced to him as your future husband."

She did not answer, but her lips quivered, and she stooped her head over a leaf she was dissecting, to conceal the tears that were welling up into her eyes.

"Would to heaven we had never met!" he exclaimed passionately.

"I would, at least, for your sake, we never had," she murmured.

"How easy it is to utter such platitudes!" he went on, in the same bitter voice. "Why has our dream been so mad—so impossible? Why should my love be a mad dream—a thing to pray to heaven to recall—a thing to hide and run away from; while that of Arthur Penrhyddyn is a thing to be realized—to be thankful for, and to be openly proclaimed as a thing to be proud of? I have no musty genealogical tree to show; but I am as much a gentleman as he is in heart and soul; but what is heart, or soul, or intellect without money? Love and beauty are only to be obtained by gold—they are bartered like bags of cotton or acres of land."

"And do you think I am bartering myself for gold?" she said, looking reproachfully, yet proudly, through her tears.

The sight of these tears, and of her pained face, melted his hard mood; he threw himself upon his knees, and seizing both her hands in his, passionately implored her forgiveness. "No, no! I did not mean what I said," he cried. "My love for you makes me selfish, cruel, unreasonable; but I cannot endure the thought of your being snatched from me by one who looks forward to this union with reluctance."

"What do you mean?" she cried, coloring.

"I mean that you are both—you and Arthur Penrhyddyn—to be thrust upon each other to suit the plans and to forward the selfish interests of your friends. Penrhyddyn, who is a friend of mine, confessed to me as much."

"Mr. Penrhyddyn need not fear that I shall be thrust upon him," she said, proudly.

"Promise me that," he cried, eagerly; "promise me that you will not be forced into this union against your own inclination—that you will not suffer yourself to be sacrificed to the cold-blooded policy of relations."

"Do not exact any promise from me," she said, in a distressed voice.

"You do not love me, or you would not refuse me such a promise as I ask," he said, gloomily. "I do not ask that you shall not marry, but only that you will not suffer yourshelf to be forced against your inclination."

(To be continued.)

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—Bruyere.

AGRICULTURAL

Handling Vicious Horses.

A balky horse can be cured, when under the saddle, by a very simple method. Turn him around in his tracks a few times and then suddenly straighten his head and he will willingly, and even gladly, go forward. This was the method of the celebrated John S. Rarey and has never been known to fail.

The "jibbler" differs from the balker inasmuch as his so-called vice is caused by congestion of the brain. The horse thus affected is liable to bolt or run away after one of the attacks and is a dangerous animal.

Rearing, although commonly termed a vice, is often caused by too severe a curb. Sometimes the rearing horse loses his balance and falls backward. It is needless to say that the rider is lucky if he or she escapes without serious, if not fatal, injury. When the horse rears, loosen the reins and speak to him in a soothing tone; but if he persists, give him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt of the whip. This will bring him down an all fours with amazing quickness.

Kicking is certainly a vice. Sometimes, however, it is caused by fear, in which case much can be accomplished by gentle management. Exactly the opposite treatment of the rearing animal should be applied to the kicker. Hold his head up with might and main, for the horse cannot throw out both legs at once when his head is elevated. Kicking straps are what the name implies. A strap fastened to the shafts over the horse's crup prevents kicking, but this is only serviceable when driven in single harness. Shying is a dangerous fault. It cannot properly be termed a vice; it is generally the result of defective vision. Gentle treatment, soothing words and patient persistence in accustooming the animal to the dreaded object will often effect a cure. To lash a horse because he shies or is frightened only aggravates the evil. He will associate the punishment with the frightful object and will fear it more and more each time he encounters it.—Country Life in America.

Flax for Stock Feed.

The prevailing price of concentrated foodstuffs is arousing the interest of farmers in the question of growing more flesh-forming foods. Many stockmen who have used oil meal extensively in the past are considering the proposition of growing their own flax, so that it can be fed without first having the oil extracted. This is a practice that I cannot recommend too highly. I have found from practical experience that an acre or two of flax will produce one of the most profitable crops that can be grown. On ordinary soil there will be a yield of about twenty bushels per acre. This may be used in feeding calves, young stock and any other class of animals which may for any reason be out of condition. Flax is not only a food, but is one of the very best tonics that are available.—W. J. Kennedy in Iowa Homestead.

Short Rotation of Crops.

Every farmer realizes the value of a short rotation of crops in maintaining the fertility of the soil. Yet it is not at all uncommon to seed to timothy and clover and mow the field for three or four consecutive years till every vestige of clover has disappeared and nearly all the value of the clover plant as a renovator of the soil is lost, says a writer in Ohio Farmer. I believe sowing timothy with the clover is all right. I always practice it. Then I am quite sure of a catch, and I get more and better hay. There are also other advantages which space forbids I should enumerate here. I believe, though, that the meadow should be mowed but once and never more than twice before plowing.

How it makes our hearts glad when a neighbor brings home a borrowed implement or tool all broken up, saying "get it fixed and I'll make it all right with you." It takes some dealers about a month to get repairs after they are ordered, hence the man who waits until the last minute will be apt to have to tarry several days after wanting to use the article before he has the needed repairs made. The man who depends upon the snail has to allow it plenty of time to arrive with the goods.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smoke in Handling Bees.

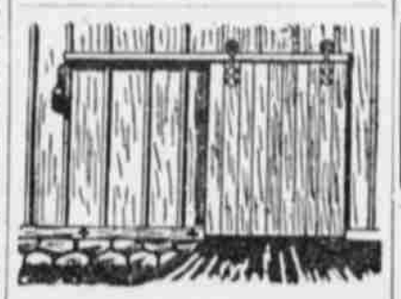
How differently men use or misuse smoke when handling bees. Some men even ask me if I ever "smoke in the entrance." As a rule, such men will jar the hives in taking off the cover, they pry or pull off the super with a snap, says an exchange. About this time the bees, angry bees, begin pouring out at the entrance and from the top of the hive and then the bee-keeper begins using the smoker; but the bees are mad now, and no amount of smoke will pacify them.

The most important place to use smoke is at the entrance, and it should be used there as the first step in opening the hive. Subdue the bees first, then all the jarring will only make their subjection the more complete. So many times has some man cautioned me about attempting to handle some colony, saying that those bees were perfect tigers and that I would be stung to death. I always say: "Give me the smoker." I give them a good, thorough smoking at the entrance before attempting to open the hive. I then open the hive carefully, using a little smoke if there is any sign of obstreperousness.

As a rule I pass the ordeal without a sting, while the owner looks on with amazement. The whole secret lies in subduing the bees before opening the hives. Smoke the bees first, and then you can usually handle them in peace and comfort.

Self-Opening Door.

The arrangement for opening this door consists of a half-inch rope attached to a staple driven into the upper edge of the door and passing parallel with the track beyond the boundary of the door when open. The rope passes over a small pulley and a weight is attached at the end. It is better if the weight and pulleys are fixed inside the building. By attaching the rope to the opposite side of the door a self-closing arrangement will be obtained.



THE SELF-OPENING DOOR.

Butter in the South.

A skilled Northern dairyman who went to Georgia some years ago once wrote that he found that he could make as good butter there as he made in Vermont, could make it at a lower cost and could get a better price for it. When once the live-stock industry is well established in the South in connection with cotton growing, we will soon hear less of its taking four or five acres to make a bale of cotton, for the men who rotate their crops and feed stock and make manure will soon put a bale as the minimum per acre. More pea hay, more corn and more cattle will do more for the cotton farmer than anything else, when they cease to look on everything but cotton merely as "supplies" to enable them to plant more cotton, for they will find that the "supplies" will soon be as profitable a part of their farming as the cotton.

Hog Cholera.

For fourteen years we lived in a sandy portion of northern Nebraska. At that time we all confidently congratulated ourselves on the fact that hog cholera would never gain much headway on that kind of soil. All the time we lived there we never lost a hog with cholera. This year reports from there indicate the loss of a large per cent of the crop raised, with the disease still unchecked. It seems, after all, that hog cholera is no respecter of soil or climate. No one had better brag on his herd having been free from the disease or the first thing he knows he will lose about nine-tenths of them.—H. H., in Iowa Homestead.

Sawdust for Bedding.

Sawdust is one of the best substances that can be used in the pig pen, and it is also excellent in the stalls. While sawdust does not quickly decompose, yet it is an excellent absorbent, and in time is reduced to its original elements. It is clean, easily handled and is not bulky, while its odor is not disagreeable. It also serves to keep the manure in a finely divided condition.

In France a method of seasoning wood by electricity is reported successful.

Influence.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

Most Costly Wood.

"French walnut is the finest wood we have," said the cabinet maker. "It comes from Persia, but it is prepared in France. I have seen French walnut worth $8 a pound, and it is a common thing to pay $2 a pound for it. Of course it is used principally for veneering. Only millionaires could have chairs and tables of solid French walnut.

"Mahogany, wonderful as it is, rarely fetches such good prices. From $2 to $3 is a good price per pound for this wood.

"Ebony, if it is in a particularly large piece, so that it will cut well, will often bring $5 a pound in the wood market."—Philadelphia Bulletin.