

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Stafford," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "were my fortune free, I would share it with you only too gladly, for it would be my greatest happiness to enrich the man I love. But you know the conditions by which I am bound. My mother's ruling passion was family pride. Herself of an ancient family, she never ceased to regret that my father, who had sprung from the most humble origin, and gained his riches entirely by his own energy and good fortune, was not her equal in birth. As she grew older, this pride increased to a morbid extent. A little before her death, a something happened—here her voice faltered—"which estranged her from me, and decided her so to alter her will that I should forfeit the whole of my father's fortune, excepting an annuity of fifty pounds a year, 'to keep me from actual want,' as she worded it, if I contracted a marriage with any but a man of ancient family, or failed to be united to such an one before my one-and-twentieth birthday."

"And the cause of this estrangement, that you say brought about this singular will?"

"Upon that subject my lips are sealed—for the present," she said, in a low, sad voice.

"And to whom would the fortune descend in the event of your forfeiture? To your uncle, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Were such the case, I should have nothing to fear; as were he to inherit it to-day he would give it back to me to-morrow. It would pass into the hands of more distant relatives, from whose forbearance I could hope nothing."

"Well, let them take it all!" cried Stafford. "My income is sufficient to keep you in comfort, although not in luxury. Every year adds to my professional fame and prosperity; and with you by my side, with the blessing of your love for my inspiration, what might I not achieve?"

"It is impossible, for the present," she answered; then, observing the cloud upon his face, she added, in a softer tone: "Do not think that it is because I cling to the luxuries of wealth that I could not forego them all for your sake—that I could not be happy in the home that you could offer me. The motives of my refusal are far, very far removed from such causes. But be assured of one thing: my objections to being your wife hold equally to being the wife of any man, were he a duke. These objections may never be cleared away; therefore it is that I entreat you, for your own sake, not to waste your life in hopes that may never be realized. Ask me for no explanation, as I cannot give it. And now I must go. It is nearly sunset, and they will be growing uneasy about me at the Grange. I am afraid the poor drawing will not be completed this evening."

"Oh, yes; I shall have plenty of time; and, had I not, I should be able to draw it from memory. There is not a spot in the whole scene that will ever be forgotten by me." He watched her cross the bridge. She turned round once, waved her hand, and then gradually disappeared down the sloping path, and was lost to his eager eyes. With a sigh, he went back to his painting.

His thoughts, wandering into a hundred different channels, came suddenly upon that story of Circé, that he had told to Arthur Penrhyn, and by a fantastic association of ideas, he began to compare the features he had described with those of Constance. The more he compared, the more wonderful did the similarity appear—the same figure, the same face and hair, but not the same manner. Strange it had never struck him before—that the story had slumbered in his mind, forgotten until it had been aroused by the conversation at Richmond. Such an association of ideas was so monstrously absurd, that he grew angry with himself for even allowing it to rise up in his mind; but there it was, and, spite of all his self-indignation, he could not thrust it away.

"What did she mean by saying that she was fettered by circumstances of which I had no conception," he muttered, pondering over the conversation that had passed between them.

A strange humor had fallen upon him since sunset—a humor of doubts and fears, and strange, unacknowledged suspicions, not confessed even to himself.

CHAPTER VI.

On the day after the meeting between Constance and Stafford, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a gentleman was seated before a table covered with papers, in a private apartment of an old-fashioned hotel, in the neighborhood of St. James street.

That man was Sir Launce Penrhyn. He was busily engaged in writing letters; he looked anxious and careworn.

Presently the servant Daniel, after a preliminary knock, entered the room to announce "Master Arthur."

Ten years had wrought but little change upon the old servant's iron features; he was much the same man as he described him on the day that he found his young master gazing upon the portrait in the western turret.

Arthur followed upon the heels of his announcement, and going up to his father with a glow of pleasure upon his face, warmly grasped his hand. But for the expression of the tell-tale eyes, a looker-on would have thought that Sir Launce received his son but coldly. Requesting Daniel to leave the room, he motioned Arthur to take a seat opposite him.

"Father, you are looking anxious—un-

well," said the young man, feelingly; "what has happened? Let me know the worst; your letter has filled me with anxiety. I have not been able to rest since I received it."

"Arthur, you have now arrived at that age when it is necessary that you should understand mine and your own position in life. As the son of an ancient family, you have, doubtless, hitherto regarded yourself as the world does—that is to say, as the possessor of ample means. But such is not the case. Misfortune has followed our house, and each succeeding representative has left the estates more and more embarrassed."

Arthur thought of the picture that lay hidden away in that lonely chamber down in Cornwall, the story of which he had never forgotten. Was this decay of the family the mere natural course of events, or was it that terrible curse working its fulfillment?

"Father," he exclaimed, "do not let any thought of me add to your afflictions. I am young, educated; I can work my own way in life."

"That is not sufficient. As the representative of an ancient name, you have other duties to think of, besides mere personal success—the preservation and transmission of the name which has been handed down to you through so many centuries. But I am talking bombast," he added, suddenly checking himself; "and it is time I came to the end of my explanations. All the mortgages and debts were bought up, some ten years ago, by a rich parvenu, who is since dead. From his hands they have passed into those of his brother, who holds them, and the whole property of the deceased, in trust for the daughter. Some little time ago Mr. Grierson came down to Penrhyn, to express his intention of foreclosing unless the sum could be repaid by a certain date. I told him that payment was impossible. He then suggested a most extraordinary compromise—that an alliance should be contracted between my son and his niece. By a strange will, the fortune had been bequeathed to the young lady under the condition that she should marry into none but a good family, and before her twentieth birthday. I requested a little time for consideration, and wrote to you immediately upon the subject. I leave the decision in your hands. The lady, I understand, is young, well bred and beautiful. It is not an alliance I should select, were I a free agent; but in it lies the only hope of Penrhyn."

"I can make no possible objection to an alliance to which you are reconciled, sir," answered Arthur.

And so it was agreed between them; and the volunteer ball at Keldon, by Mr. Grierson's desire, was to be the scene of the first meeting between Arthur and Constance.

With a sad, sinking heart the young man left his father's presence, and repaired to his own chambers. The story of struggles and disappointments had produced a profound impression upon him—an impression rendered deeper by the dark sense of fatalism that to him was apparent through all. "Our race is doomed!" he murmured to himself. "Struggle as we will, I feel that it is useless. Eleonore de Soissons' vengeance will be consummated at last. Were it not for my father's sake I would let all go, and find an unknown grave in some foreign land."

The volunteer ball at Keldon was a great event. It was crowded with the elite of the neighborhood, as the local newspaper afterwards informed the world—playing at officers being then the favorite amusement of the idle young gentlemen of the county.

It was in anything rather than an exhilarated mood that Arthur, accompanied by his servant, arrived early in the evening at Keldon. He at once proceeded to the principal hotel, dined, dressed, and then departed in a cab for the Town Hall.

Inwardly anathematizing the eccentricity of Mr. Grierson, for choosing so singular a place as a public ball room for a first introduction, and feeling somewhat awkward at the thought of mingling alone among a crowd, not one individual of whom was known to him, he entered the room.

Mr. Grierson, a rubicund faced, pleasant looking man of about sixty years of age, with a retired tradesman like appearance, was impatiently awaiting his com-

ing; and most cordial was the young man's reception.

In due time he was introduced to several people, who bowed very low to Sir Launce Penrhyn's son, and, lastly, to Constance herself.

Arthur was greatly struck both by her beauty and her manner. She was indubitably the belle of the room, and was as conspicuous among the crowd of overdressed dowdies by the simple taste of her dress as by the refined beauty of her features.

Nor was Arthur Penrhyn unworthy of so lovely a partner. Full dress is a crucial test of a man's appearance; it either imparts to him the look of a waiter or of a gentleman. Arthur's slight and graceful figure, and pale, almost effeminate face, never appeared to such advantage as when he was thus attired.

As they took their places in their first quadrille, they became the cynosure of every eye, and a buzz, not of admiration, but of envy, mingled with the first bars of the music.

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Arthur began very soon to think that it would not be quite so difficult to obey his father's wishes as he had at first imagined. They danced together the first two dances. As soon as he was disengaged from his partner, Mr. Grierson beckoned him into an ante-room.

"Now, if you have had enough of dancing for a little time," he said, "you and I will have a little quiet chat together. Well, what do you think of my girl?"

"There cannot be two opinions as to her beauty," answered Arthur, warmly; "and I feel convinced that a closer acquaintance with the young lady will prove to me that her disposition is as charming as her person."

"Well, I am very glad to hear you say so, sir; and I heartily wish it may be a match, for both our sakes," replied the old man, much gratified by Arthur's praise. "If the girl had been left to do as she liked about the choice of a husband, it would have been all right, instead of being tied down by absurd conditions. The idea of a girl forfeiting all her money if she should take a fancy to some honest young fellow, who didn't happen to have a grand name; I tell you, sir, whenever I think of that, it makes me tremble; and if she was to do it, all her money would go; half of it to distant relations in England, and half to some foreign connections of her mother's."

"It was a strange will," remarked Arthur.

"A strange will! It was a cruel, unnatural one!" cried the old man, hotly. "But her mother was an awful woman, with all sorts of grand notions. My brother would that, in case of his wife's death, I should be his daughter's guardian; so she was obliged to make me joint executor with her cousin, Mr. Wylie. Well, one day, when I was thinking the matter

over you suddenly came into my head; and there was another trouble that Madame Grierson had bequeathed to me. She had placed in her lawyer's hands written instructions that, unless the whole of the principal was paid up by the thirtieth of November, the mortgage upon Penrhyn should be foreclosed; and to insure there being no delay or uncertainty, she willed ten thousand pounds to her cousin Wylie—a man with no more mercy than a bailiff—which was to be paid out of that money, or out of the proceeds of the sale of the estate. If she had had her will, Penrhyn would have been sold up years ago. But, fortunately, Sir Launce had got Tom, before his marriage, to sign a bond that he should not be troubled for the principal until the end of twenty years; which time is up in November. She always had an awful spite against your father, and that bond made a good many words between her and Tom."

"A spite against my father!" cried Arthur. "For what reason?"

"Well, I certainly did once hear some cock-and-bull story. But I heard so many of them from her that they all got mixed up together in my head. So, if I was to pretend to tell you, it might be another story altogether. But it doesn't much matter, depend on't, for Madame Grierson's hates, like herself, had no reason in 'em. Well, as I was telling you, while I was weighing over in my mind the question of Constance's marriage, I suddenly thought to myself, there's Sir Launce Penrhyn, he's got a son; and if I could arrange a match there, I should get rid of both my difficulties at the same time, and turn the tables nicely upon Madame Grierson's revenge, by making her own tyrannical will the means of defeating it. I arranged that Constance and you should be introduced to each other at this ball, for I'm a great believer in first impressions, and girls always make the most of themselves and look their best at such times. But you should have seen the rage that Mr. Wylie fell into when he heard what I'd done. I don't know what he didn't threaten; but as far as the girl's concerned, he's no power. But—"

He stopped suddenly, nudged his companion, and pointed to the open window which led into the refreshment room.

(To be continued.)

POEMS WE ALL REMEMBER

"TWENTY YEARS AGO."



I wandered to the village, Tom,
I sat beneath the tree;
But things were sadly different from
The way they used to be:
The advertisement signs were out
To such a great degree,
It took me nearly half the day
To find the dog-gone tree!

HAS HANDLED BILLIONS.

And Without the Loss of One Cent to the Government.

One of the most admirable records ever made by a public official stands to the credit of Maj. George W. Evans,

chief of the division of finance and disbursements of the Department of the Interior at Washington. Maj. Evans' accounts have lately been examined by a committee of experts whose report pays him a high compliment on the efficiency and accuracy of his service. The major has been at the head of the division named for over twenty-three years. During that time the disbursements of the office have aggregated \$100,000,000, and there never has been found the slightest error in the accounts. The major has also in the period named superintended advances of funds to other officers, settled claims, and allowed payments, amounting in all to \$1,700,000,000, without the loss of one cent to the government. The directions in which disbursements are made under his charge are numerous, and only great ability and vigilance could prevent complications and losses. Maj. Evans began his active career as a newsboy with the Army of the Potomac. He entered the Department of the Interior in 1864 at the age of 16 as a messenger. He was present at Ford's Theater on the night of Lincoln's assassination, was an interested spectator at the trial of the conspirators and witnessed their execution.

Maj. G. W. Evans.

One of the closing acts of the Fifty-ninth Congress was the passage of a bill granting Mrs. Jackson, widow of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, the famous Confederate battle hero, a pension of \$30 a month. She will draw that

amount from the government as the widow of a Mexican war officer.

Senator Overman, of North Carolina, introduced the bill. It passed the Senate and was hung up in the House committee. The President was unofficially informed that Congress might adjourn without action on the bill. He sent Representative Longworth, his son-in-law, to see Representative Loudenslager, of New Jersey, chairman of the House committee. Prompt action followed. The above picture of Mrs. Jackson is from a war time photograph and the last one she had sat for.

No Room for Doubt. Candidate—You have not any doubts as to my character, have you? Voter—Oh, no! Of course not. Candidate—Then why don't you vote for me? Voter—Because I have no doubt as to your character.—Boston Post.

It's easier for some men to make love than it is for them to make a living.

Spring Medicine

The best is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best because it does the most good. While it makes the blood pure, fresh and lively, it tones the stomach to better digestion, creates an appetite, stimulates the kidneys and liver, gives new brain, nerve and digestive strength.

An unequalled list of cures—40,366 testimonials in two years—proves its merit.

Sarsaparilla—For those who prefer medicine in liquid form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now put up in the usual liquid form. Sarsaparilla has identically the same curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy, —there being no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. F. Ose, 50 Third Street, Boston, Mass., says: "In 23 years experience, I have never known Hood's Sarsaparilla to fail for curing humors and as a general blood purifier; it cures scrofula, eczema, —has no equal as a general spring medicine. It gives me genuine satisfaction to say this."

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Newspaper Nicknames in London.

Judge Rentoul's reference on the bench to the Times as the "Thunderer" reminds us how remarkably this nickname has persisted. The Morning Post is no longer "Jeames"; the Standard has not been "Mrs. Gamp" since the decease of the Morning Herald—the "Mrs. Harris" to whom it would allude as an independent authority. But the Times is still the "Thunderer." It owes that name to Capt. Edward Sterling, who is said to have begun a Times' article with the words: "We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of social and political reform."—London Daily Chronicle.

Lizards' Tails.

Certain lizards are remarkable for the fragility of their tails, although this weakness is not always the drawback that may be imagined. The diamond tailed gecko, for instance, frequently owes its existence to the readiness with which its caudal appendage can be snapped off. This reptile, which will perch upon a rock head downward and tail in the air, is liable to be preyed upon by hawks. One of these formidable birds will swoop down upon a lizard and seize what it takes to be the head, but is really the tail. The brittle tail snaps off, and the gecko wriggles away, not much the worse, to grow another.

Precautionary Ventilation.

The man who entered the smoking car of the elevated train at Forty-third street strode to the rear end and opened the doors.

Then he went half way back, sat down and lighted a cigar.

An icy gale blew through the car, and two or three men started for the rear doors for the purpose of closing them.

"Wait a few moments, gentlemen," said the passenger sitting next to the newcomer. "This man knew what kind of a cigar he was going to smoke a great deal better than we did."—Chicago Tribune.

The Limit.

Jim—Gruet is terribly absent-minded. Jack—I should say so. I've known him to telephone to his office and ask if he was in.

Absolutely Necessary.

Chicago Judge—Wait a minute.

Where is the court interpreter?

Attorney—The witness is an American, your Honor. Why is it necessary to have the interpreter?

Chicago Judge—Because the witness is from Boston.

Cross Purposes.

Marshall Wilder tells of an elderly lady in Cohoes, who, besides her deafness, experienced much trouble with false teeth. Consequently she was disposed to regard this world as a vale of tears. A neighbor, passing her house one day, beheld the lady sitting at the window, wearing an expression of more than usual gloom. Thinking to cheer the unfortunate one, the good-hearted neighbor screamed at the top of her voice:

"Good morning, Mrs. Blank. Fine weather we're having."

"Yes," replied the elderly lady, "but I can't eat with 'em yit."

Experience as a Teacher.

"The way to get a thing done properly," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "is to do it yourself."

"That's where you go lame," rejoined the man with the absent hair. "The proper way is to let your wife do it—then she can't say 'I told you so.'"

Remedy for Excess in Eating.

A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draft of cold water acidulated with lemon juice will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.

CURED OF GRAVEL.

Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. D. Daughtrey, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or

three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2½ pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine.

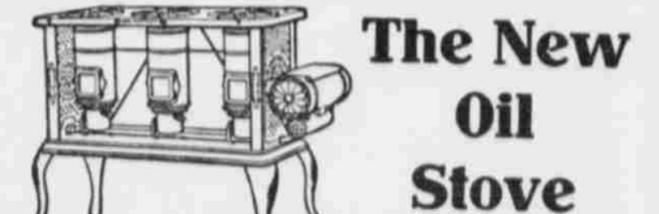
I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I used to suffer the most acute agony during a

gravel attack, and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble—lamitude, headache, pain in the back, urinary disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed, but that is not one-quarter of the whole number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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The New Oil Stove

Different from other oil stoves. Superior because of its economy, cleanliness, and easy operation. The

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

saves fuel expense and lessens the work. Produces a strong working flame instantly. Flame always under immediate control. Gives quick results without overheating the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE Rayo Lamp

is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickelled. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

