

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Look there!" he said, in a whisper—
"there he is!"

"Who?" inquired Arthur, directing his
eyes to the spot indicated.

"Wylie and his wife!"

He was a tall, thin, bony man, with
saw-colored hair cut close to his head;
a low, narrow forehead, no eyebrows,
greenish-grey eyes, a long, thin nose, turned
upwards at the end, so as to disagree-
ably expose very wide red nostrils; a long
upper lip, over which the lower one pro-
truded; a wide mouth, like a slit; an iron
jaw, that looked as though the teeth were
always clenched; and a pallid, clammy
skin, with a carotid tinge in it, completed
the portrait.

While Arthur was surveying him, he
was handing a glass of lemonade to a
lady whom he had just brought in from
the ball room—a woman with black hair
dressed in plain bands, and screwed up
behind into a top-knot, secured with a
Spanish comb; heavy black brows, that
almost met over small, deeply sunken eyes,
a sharply cut nose, thin mouth, long chin,
lancet jaw, and a bilious complexion.
A more repulsive pair it would have been
difficult to find; and so thought Arthur,
upon whom they produced a most dis-
agreeable impression.

"I suppose," said Mr. Grierson doubt-
fully, "that I shall have to introduce you
to them; but, as I've told you, they are
violently opposed to your marriage with
Constance—not that he'll show it to your
face. Mr. Wylie," he said, advancing to
that gentleman, "this is Mr. Arthur Pen-
rhdydyn—Sir Laurence Penrhdydyn's son;
and as there seems to be some probability
that he may be one of the family be-
fore long, I think you ought to know him."

"Delighted to make the acquaintance of
Mr. Penrhdydyn," answered Mr. Wylie,
with a grin, that disclosed a row of
sharp, white teeth, which looked as though
they would devour him. "Allow me to
introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Wylie—
Mr. Arthur Penrhdydyn."

The bilious complexion turned yet yel-
lower, and the lips more bloodless, while
a look of undisguised hatred flashed from
underneath the heavy brows as she ac-
knowledged the introduction by an almost
imperceptible bend.

"I trust that you are enjoying your-
self, Mr. Penrhdydyn," he said. "Are you
a volunteer?"

Arthur replied that he was not.
"Ah, you should be. Every gentleman
should enroll himself in the movement.
If it were only to encourage the masses.
Depend upon it that it is the grandest
movement of modern times."

"Well, what do you think of him?" in-
quired Mr. Grierson, when Mr. Wylie and
his spouse left them alone.

"I think him the most horrible man I
ever encountered," answered Arthur. "He
seems to be great upon volunteer subjects.
What is he?"

"He cares no more about volunteers
than I do," answered the old man, con-
temptuously. "But whatever's going on,
he always pushes himself forward. As to
what he is, that's more than I can tell.
He's 'something in the city,' as the phrase
goes; but whether it's law, or stock job-
bing, or any other jobbing, he keeps to
himself."

Constance, by her own wish, retired
early from the ball. As Arthur conducted
her to the carriage, Mr. Grierson invited
him to dine at the Hall on the next day.
"And then we can have a quiet chat
together, and come to some understand-
ing about the future," he whispered cor-
dially pressing the young man's hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Con, what do you think of your
future husband?" inquired Mr. Grierson,
as they rolled homeward.

"I think Mr. Penrhdydyn an extremely
agreeable young man," she answered, eva-
sively. There was a pause for some min-
utes. Then Constance, laying her hand
upon his arm, said falteringly, "Uncle,
dear, must this be? This marriage?"

"Why, have you any objection to it?"
"I like Mr. Penrhdydyn too much to be-
come his wife without love," she answered,
in a low voice.

"Without love?" reiterated Mr. Grier-
son. "Well, I should have thought he
was a young fellow that any girl might
fall in love with."

"True—a young fellow whose heart was free,
Uncle," she said, drawing closer to him,
and clasping one of his hands in both her
own. "I should have told you all this be-
fore, but I had not the courage—not from
fear of your anger, but from the fear of
paining you; but the time has come when
it must be told."

"Why, you don't mean to say that
you've fallen in love with any of those
bewildered, swells or flippant ninny-
mags that's been after you—or, rather, your
money?" cried the old man.

"Oh, dear, no, uncle," she answered,
hastily; then, in a low, hesitating tone,
she added, "Do you remember Mr. Staf-
ford?"

"What, the painter? Oh, that's it, is
it?" he exclaimed. "Then my suspicions
were true, and there was something be-
tween you and him. Well, if I were a
woman, I know which would be my
choice, and it wouldn't be the painter."

"But, uncle dear, I've often heard you
say that although your wife was but
homely looking, you would not, even in
your youth, have given her up for the
brightest lady in the land," she said, win-
ningly.

"Confound it, Constance, it's no good
trying to twist round me in this way! I
burst out the old man. "Would you let
all that splendid property go out of your
hands for a mere fancy? Besides, if you
refuse young Penrhdydyn, it will be his
ruin—it is the only hope Sir Laurence has
left."

At that moment, the carriage halted be-
fore the door of Hilborough Hall; and the
conversation was not renewed, and soon
afterwards Constance and her uncle sepa-
rated for the night, each one a prey to
gloomy and uneasy reflections.

With the departure of the Griersons
the hall lost all its attractions for Ar-
thur Penrhdydyn, who left almost immedi-
ately afterwards for his hotel. Constance
had most agreeably impressed him; and
for upwards of an hour he lay back in his
easy chair, picturing her face, and recall-
ing every word that had passed between
them. With such visions was mingled a
strange idea that he had seen her some-
where before—at least, there was some-
thing in her features that seemed familiar
to him. He went to bed and dreamed of
her—a weird, strange dream, which awoke
him, and kept him awake with unpleas-
ant thoughts until daybreak.

Although they did not arrive home un-
til nearly four in the morning, Mr. and
Mrs. Wylie did not retire to bed, but sat
themselves down to an important discus-
sion.

"If we are not careful, this girl will
put an end to all our hopes by marrying
that boy," said Mrs. Wylie.

"Not yet—not yet," answered her hus-
band, viciously gnawing his nails. "I
believe that old idiot Grierson has
brought this about purposely to thwart
me; but he shall not succeed, do what
he will. In three months more Penrhdy-
dyn would have been ours. Ever since
Matilda's death I have been toiling and
scheming to scrape together money for
that purpose. Sir Laurence can do nothing
to save it, and do you think I will be
thrown over by an old idiot and a spongy
boy and girl?"

"He is struck with her; but I do not
believe she reciprocates the sentiment,"
remarked his better half. "If we could get
her out of the way, what could he do?"
"Get her out of the way. What do you
mean?"

"Supposing we could marry her to some
one else?"

"To whom?"
"You remember Stafford, the drawing
master; I firmly believe that she was in-
fatuated with him; and, judging from his
behavior to-night, I should say is so still;
for a girl of 18 would scarcely have treat-
ed the advances of so handsome a man as
young Penrhdydyn with such marked
coldness if she had not a fancy for some
other in her mind. Now, if such be the
case, and we could bring the match about,
not only would Penrhdydyn fall into our
hands, but Constance would forfeit her
fortune, which would be another clear
gain of ten thousand pounds to us."

"That is well thought of," answered
Wylie, meditatively. "Bah!" he went on
after a pause; "is it likely that she'll
forfeit a splendid fortune for the sake of
a beggarly portrait painter?"

"Women have done as stupid things as
that, for less attractive men than Staf-
ford," answered his wife.

"I have made my proposition; find
this man Stafford and use every means
of bringing him and the girl together
again. Sir Laurence is a proud, stiff-neck-
ed man, who is only half reconciled to
this match. Could but the slightest shad-
ow of suspicion be cast upon her, he
would break it off, were the act his in-
stant destruction."

"Then the old story would suffice for
that, and save the trouble of new compli-
cations."

"It might suffice as far as Penrhdydyn
is concerned, but it would do nothing to-
wards the forfeiture of Constance's for-
tune. We must manage to kill the two
birds with one stone. There are two
things to be done; first, to bring about a
meeting between the girl and this Staf-
ford, to compromise her in the eyes of
Arthur Penrhdydyn, and thus render him
averse to the match; and, secondly, to
bring about a marriage between her and
the painter."

"But it will not do for you or I to be
directly mixed up in such a plot. You
know that old Grierson has a long-stand-
ing grudge against us already; that he is
suspicious of us; and were he to discover
that we had been the concoctors and ex-
ecutors of such notable devices, he would
proceed against me for conspiracy, and
thus not only thwart all our schemes,
but ruin me in society."

"Well, if you do not care to act your-
self, surely, among your numerous shady
connections in the city, you can find some
tool to serve your purpose," said the
woman.

Wylie thought for a moment, biting his
finger nails fiercely. Suddenly his face
lit up with a peculiar smile.

"You have thought of some one?" said
his wife, who had been watching his face.
"Who is it?"

"A woman, and a clever one, too; one
who would wheedle his Satanic Majesty
himself," was the reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hilborough Hall was an old-fashioned
mansion, embowered in evergreens, ap-
proached by a winding carriage drive, and
surrounded by a parklike lawn. It had
formerly belonged to a good old country
family, but its last descendant fell upon

evil days. The Hall was put up for sale,
and Constance's father, being on the look-
out, just then, for a handsome country
residence, at the earnest persuasion of
his wife, bought it.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon upon the
day after the ball, Uncle Robert was
enjoying a nap in a snug little room upon
the ground floor, which being plainly fur-
nished, he had taken a fancy to; and it
was here that he took his dose, and read
his newspaper. Presently he was inter-
rupted by the entrance of Constance, with
an anxious look upon her countenance.

"Am I disturbing you, uncle dear?" she
cried, with the door in her hand.

"No, my dear; come in, come in," an-
swered the old gentleman, rousing himself
with a shake. "What is the time? Four
o'clock, eh? Mr. Penrhdydyn will be
here soon."

"It is about him that I have come to
speak to you. I am more and more con-
vinced that the union you propose is im-
possible," she answered, gently, but firmly.

"For goodness sake, child, don't say
that!" he cried. "You know the worry
I had through so many months, until I
hit upon what I thought such a capital
plan. Oh, dear! oh, dear! who would
have the care of women? You never know
how to take 'em, or what will please 'em,
or what to do with 'em. But what am I
to do about Sir Laurence? What will he
think of me after proposing the match?"

"But, uncle dear, it will be no fault of
yours; it is not you who have promised
to marry his son," she said, with a smile.
"And Sir Laurence will know enough of
the world to be aware that it is very difficult
to be responsible for a woman's actions."

"And so the poor gentleman is to lose
his property?"

"Suppose we were to offer to lend the
money to pay off the mortgage, upon the
security of the estate?"

"I never thought of that," answered the
old man. "But, no, that is out of the
question. The estate is mortgaged for
double its value; and as one of the trust-
ees of your fortune I could not consent
to such a large expenditure of money. If
you won't marry young Arthur, Penrhdy-
dyn must go to the hammer, and there's
an end of it."

Uncle Robert, although in domestic life
an easy, good-natured man, was sharp
and positive in all business transactions;
and Constance knew that it was useless
to argue with him, at least at the present
time; and, with a sigh, she let the sub-
ject drop.

A few words of explanation relative to
the connection between Constance and
Stafford are here necessary. When he
first met with her, it was in his capacity
of portrait painter; she sat to him for
her likeness. Being a man of free and
engaging manners, Uncle Robert took a
fancy to him, and when Constance's por-
trait was finished, he sat for his own.
He then proposed that Stafford should
give him some finishing lessons in
painting. Thus these two were thrown
much together.

Stafford was handsome, fascinating and
thoroughly a gentleman. Constance was
young, beautiful and romantic. They
fell in love with each other.

After a time, Uncle Robert began to
suspect how matters stood, and, roused to
a sense of the dangerous position of
his niece, at once dispensed with Staf-
ford's services, and as politely as he could,
intimated that all connection between
them must end at once.

Her position in regard to Arthur was
most delicate and difficult. That it was
in the character of a suitor for her hand
that he visited the Hall was so perfectly
understood that the mere act of receiving
those visits was at least a tacit encour-
agement of hopes which the promise she
had given to Stafford and the state of her
own heart rendered it dishonorable to
foster.

These and a hundred other thoughts
coursed in rapid and painful succession
through Constance's mind as she was
dressing for dinner. And it was with an
aching heart and an embarrassed manner
that she obeyed the summons of the din-
ner bell, and descended to the drawing
room.

Arthur had arrived, and stepped for-
ward eagerly to salute her. But her man-
ner was cold and distant. He conducted
her to dinner—he endeavored to en-
gage her in conversation, but could only
obtain monosyllabic replies.

After dinner Constance gave them
some music in the drawing room, or, rather,
him, for Mr. Grierson fell asleep in an
easy chair, and snored lustily all the
time. Constance was an excellent pianist,
had a sweet voice and sang with charm-
ing taste.

(To be continued.)

All Sleepers.

The old colored person arose in his
pulpit and addressed his flock.

"Brudhahs en sistahs, come on en-
git on de train foh Paradise. It lebes
right away."

Then he glanced over his snoring
congregation and shook his head sor-
rowfully.

"I reckon we bethed sidetrack dat
train, deacon," he sighed.

"Why so, parson?" asked the deacon
in surprise.

"Kase deh's altogeddeh too many
sleepers foh one train heah."

The Queen.

"I'd like to speak to the boss," said
the blind man at the door.

"Really," replied Mr. Hiram Offen,
"she's out to-day. This is Thursday,
you know. Anything my wife or I can
do for you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unkind.

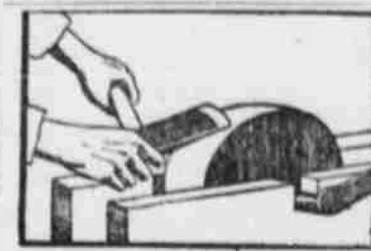
"So you wouldn't take me to be 26?"
giggled the fair widow.

"No, indeed," rejoined the inconsiderate
old bachelor. "But if you had a
daughter I might take her to be that
old."



How to Grind an Ax.

To get the best results in grinding
an ax we must have a long, thin bevel,
says a correspondent of the American
Cultivator. To have this bevel usable
the tool must be of the best steel, prop-
erly tempered. Now to the second point.
We say that our bevel must vary ac-
cording to the hardness or softness of
the wood to be worked. Why? Be-
cause in an ax the cutting edge simply

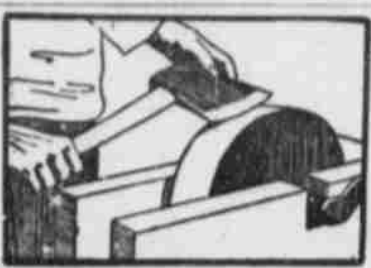


WRONG WAY.

consists of the middle layer of fibers
in the blade; next to them is the next
layer, a little farther back, and so on
right through.

Thus we can see that the edge only
keeps sharp because the layer of fibers
lying next to it overrules it and prevents
it from breaking away by lending it
part of its elasticity. The third layer
does so to the second, and so on right
through. The harder the timber the
shorter the bevel, the softer the timber
the longer, in reason. Hold the ax as
shown in the second cut and keep the
edge at right angles to the stone; travel
the blade up or down a little when
grinding the corners. Always turn the
stone toward the edge; this applies to
all edge tools, for two reasons: Turn-
ing from the edge will always grind a
round, coarse bevel; the points of the
fibers are left much more loose and
open, thus giving much less elasticity
than when compacted together as they
are by the stone turning to them. Never
grind dry; it heats the steel there-
by, as shown by taking the temper out
of it. Never grind in the center of the
stone, as so many do, with the edge
parallel to the stone, as it spoils the
stone for grinding and twists the fibers
of the steel at right angles to their
proper cutting angle. Always give the
blade (not the eye) a dip in clean wa-
ter after grinding.

The blade clean, now take a slip, oil
stone or ax stone and gently rub
straight across the bevel and then up
and down, to rub off any wire edge
and to lock the edge fibers. Make
the first rub the hardest and the last
the lightest. The practice so common
of giving the edge a few light turns
on the grindstone, parallel to the stone,



RIGHT WAY.

to rub off the wire edge and save rub-
bing on the finer stone is a bad one
even when the stone is a very fine grit,
as it disturbs the edge fibers and
roughens them up into little saw teeth
which soon chew off in use.

Plants for Honey Bees.

The plants that serve as forage for
honey bees are: For March, the wil-
lows, soft maple, elm, alder and dog-
tooth violets; for April, the above and
the June berry, crimson clover, dande-
lion, gooseberry, currant, apple, pear,
peach, cherry, plum and rhododendron,
although some years they may not
bloom until May, much depending upon
the section and climate. During May
those mentioned will be re-enforced by
the holly, tulip tree, raspberry, persim-
mon, grape vine, blackberry, alake, clo-
ver, strawberry and white clover. Along
in the summer, beginning the latter
part of May and the first part of June,
the magnolia, cow pea, catnip, daisy,
alfalfa, milk weed, cucumber, melon,
sweet clover, corn, buckwheat and
numerous flowers keep up the supply un-
til late in the season.

Remedy for Calf Scours.

According to experiments made at
the Maryland experiment station, for-
malin can be used to check scouring in
calves. The method of using it is to mix
one-half ounce of formalin with 15
ounces of water for a stock solution.
From this stock solution one teaspoon-
ful is added to each pint of milk. Of
twelve calves treated in this way, eleven
recovered without any further treat-
ment. Further experiments will be
conducted to find out whether forma-
lin is injurious to the calves in any
way.

Fertilizing Problems.

Without manure or fertilizer there is
no farm capable of producing crops year
after year, for all soils must be sup-
plied with that which should take the
place of the substances removed during
the growth of crops. Plants, like ani-
mals, have life, are possessed of organs
and vessels in which circulates a fluid,
and which, aided by an appropriate
nourishment, develop an organic mass
in a given time. The most fruitful soil
will be that which in the same time
will have produced the most considera-
ble weight of organic matter reduced to
a dry state. All manure put into the
earth should be in a state of humus
and as soluble in water as possible, so
that the plants can seize upon it and
appropriate it to themselves. Manure
consists of all the elements of vegeta-
ble matter. As soon as it is soluble the
roots absorb it and communicate it to
the interior organs of the plant, which
secrete it in the parts in which it has
need to develop itself; hence the more
a piece of land is mixed with soluble
manure, the more it produces plants
and vegetable qualifications, only the
consumption of the manure is not the
same in all. In order to derive crops
from the soil, therefore, the weight of
the plant foods added to the soil, either
in the forms of manure or fertilizer,
should be equal to the plant foods of
the crop to be obtained; in other terms,
when one wishes to obtain from a field
which has no trace of manure a pro-
duction of given weight it is necessary
to carry and place in this field other
organic matters produced elsewhere and
of an equal weight, or the soil will lose
in fertility.

The Hogs' Bath Tub.

Dipping hogs is at best nasty work,
and by providing a properly constructed
bath tub much, if not all, of this work
may be avoided, says the Prairie Far-
mer. Construct a tank of any width
and length you please, just so it is large
enough, but be careful not to get it



BATH TUB FOR THE HOGS.

more than 15 inches deep. A good size
to make is 5 feet wide by 10 feet long
and 15 inches deep, using lumber 2
inches thick and 15 inches wide for
the sides and ends, and flooring of
galvanized iron for the bottom. Set
this in the ground under a shed near
where the hogs are fed and fill to a
depth of about 10 inches with water
and on top of this place half an inch
of crude oil.

During summer and fall, and even on
real warm days in winter, hogs will
gladly use this to wallow in if shut
away from mudholes, and it is sure
death to lice and skin diseases. The
advantage of this tub over pouring the
crude oil into mudholes as has been
suggested, is that it is more economical
and is cleaner, besides being more ef-
fective.

Pop Corn.

Pop corn is a good crop to grow, espe-
cially if the grower is able to keep it a
season or two in case of low prices.
Only the white varieties are suitable for
market, as most of the corn goes into
pop-corn bails, and the nearer white
the better, colored varieties being sure
to spoil the effect and sale of the
popped article. In culture some read-
ily-available fertilizer should be plant-
ed with the seed, as the young plants
are not so sturdy as the sprouts of other
corn. A good start does wonders for
the corn. Too much hoeing can hardly
be given. The drill system is the
easiest and most profitable, and three
feet between the rows is sufficient.
Rice corn, which is the most desirable
for any planting, can stand thirteen
to sixteen inches apart in the drill, and
do well if the soil is good. Buyers'
demands are imperative and must be
met. They are that the corn must be
at least one year old, to pop well, and
entirely free from mold, staining by
mice, or mice odors, free from silk and
husks, and in every way sweet and
bright.

Wheels of Vehicles.

To preserve the wheels of vehicles,
and also to prevent shrinking of any
of the parts, put some boiling linseed
oil into a can or other vessel, and raise
the wheel so that the rim will pass
through the oil. Revolve the wheel
and let the felloes be well soaked for
about three minutes, and the wheel
will then be more durable.

In feeding sheep for market avoid
feeding corn in excess. I think that is
one of the great faults of our sheep
feeders; they feed too much of the car-
bonaceous ration. It is perhaps true
that one can put a flock of sheep into
the barn and make a greater gain per
day for a reasonable time with corn
than with any other kind of food, but
one is not making lean meat, simply
mutton tallow. A much better food will
be oats, bran, oil cake—something of
that kind which will produce a better
quality of meat.—F. D. Ward, in Or-
ange Judd Farmer.

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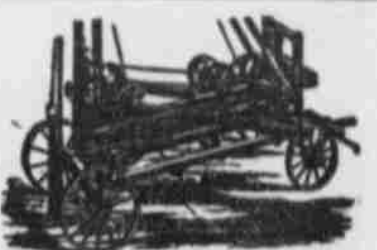
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