

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

In music and pleasant conversation the evening passed quickly away. Arthur was rapidly falling in love, and Constance, too, could not help confessing to herself that had they met a twelvemonth before, she might have one day been the mistress of Penrhuddyn Castle.

While those thoughts were passing through her mind, Arthur, who was looking through some portfolios of music, came upon a number of French ballads, which, from their worn and discolored appearance, seemed to be very old.

"They were my mother's," said Constance; "she greatly valued them; they belonged to her grandmother, by whom they were brought from France during the Revolution."

"Was your mother, then, of French extraction?" inquired Arthur.

"Oh, yes; she was descended from a branch of one of the old nobles. Her grandfather and grandmother fled to England during the Reign of Terror, saving only their bare lives; they died soon after their arrival, and then their children settled down here, after making an unsuccessful attempt to recover something out of the property they had lost."

"What was the name of the family, might I inquire?" asked Arthur.

"You will find it upon the back of that song you have in your hand," answered Constance.

He turned over the sheet, and found inscribed in one corner, in stiff, angular characters, "Marguerite de Soissons."

"Was she a De Soissons?" asked Arthur, faintly, the memory of his own family legend rushing back upon his mind.

"Yes; and intensely proud she was of her lineage," answered Constance.

It was Arthur's turn to be cold now. The conversation flagged, he finding it impossible to support his share in it, and presently he rose to take his leave. The parting was equally cool on both sides.

Upon consulting a railway time table, Arthur discovered that he should be able to catch the last train.

In less than half an hour he was on his way back to London.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Wylie's place of business did not lie in the city, but some distance west of Temple Bar. In a retired street, against the door post of a tall, dingy brick house, was inscribed the legend, "James Wylie, General Agent, 1st Floor."

At 12 o'clock on the second morning after the ball, Mr. Wylie was seated at his desk, looking through his multifarious correspondence and making brief notes in a pocketbook. In the midst of this occupation he was interrupted by the entrance of a taciturn clerk, who stood silently just inside the doorway, until his master should address him.

"Well, Mr. Fig?" said Wylie, raising his head.

"Mrs. Castleton?" enunciated the clerk, in a dry, thin voice, that sounded like the crackling of parchment.

"Show her in."

The next moment a lady, all black velvet, sealskin and lace, entered the room. Her age could not have been more than twenty. Her figure was fragile as a sylph; purely black hair, drawn back from the face, falling in showers of ringlets at the back of the head, contrasted finely with a skin white as marble, and with the delicate flush upon the cheek, which owed something to art. The features were exquisitely delicate and perfect—low forehead, small nose, a mouth like a rosebud, and violet eyes that could glitter or blaze, laugh or languish. But it was the wonderful nobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as those of the atmosphere upon an April morning.

"Wheel me that easy chair to the window, Fig," she cried, in a languid tone.

"Do you ever ventilate this place? How you can endure such an atmosphere of must and dry rot I cannot imagine."

Mr. Fig's parchment face never moved a muscle, but Mr. Wylie grinned his hyena laugh, and tried to gnaw a fragment off his fore finger nail.

"We will see what can be done for you in the way of fresh air by the next time you come," he answered with a sneer.

"But had we not better defer this sanitary discussion to another day, as we have some business to talk over, and I am much engaged just now. Fig, we shall not require you just at present."

"Well, why have you sent for me? Tell me as briefly as possible, that I may get away from this poisonous hole before I am ill." She took a bottle of eau de cologne from her pocket, and sprinkled her dress, and threw it about her with an air of ineffable disgust.

"There was a time, Mrs. Castleton, that this place was not so unavory in your nostrils—that was before your taste became so exquisitely refined," said Wylie, with an unpleasant look.

"That was in my green days, when I thought you were a gentleman, and I was not so sensible of the moral atmosphere of the place," she answered, carelessly.

"Had we not better leave morality out of our discussion?" retorted Mr. Wylie.

"Decidedly; on the principle that it is ill bred to talk of the gallows to the relations of a man who has been hanged. But before we proceed farther in our interesting conversation, I may as well inform you that I want money."

"Then you must sell out more stock;

old Castleton's money will soon melt away at this rate. Lightly come, lightly go."

"What do you mean, James Wylie?" she said, starting up with eyes all aflame. "Beware how you insult me, or I will horsewhip you like a cur as you are. You may well say 'lightly go' when the money is in your hands. I know you are robbing me."

"Robbing you?" he cried. "How dare you? You can employ a lawyer to examine into your accounts, or I will relinquish the care of your property into the hands of any person you may appoint. I shall only be too glad to wash my hands of it, but I will not be insulted!"

"A lawyer to examine into my accounts!" she cried, contemptuously. "They are too admirably kept for the acutest to find a flaw in them. You know that I have not a scrap of paper to show what I have, or what I have not, received; thanks to my carelessness and hatred of trouble. I want a hundred to-day, and I will have it!"

Wylie listened to her bitter words with downcast eyes, and a face of which the livid pallor was the only sign of the passion that raged within him.

"But for me," he said quietly, "you would never have been Mrs. Castleton."

"You served me to serve yourself!" she retorted. "What is the simple history of that transaction? A few years ago a certain incident placed me in your power, and you thought a young and beautiful girl might be a useful tool. The market was soon found. One of your clients became infatuated with me, and you managed affairs so cleverly that he

made me his wife. I loathed him, but I married him for the luxuries he could give me; but not before you had obtained a bond from me to pay you a large sum of money for the bargain. Then, upon his death, a twelvemonth ago, you managed to get all the property he left me into your own hands. A large debt of gratitude I owe you, certainly!"

"And, having helped you to one husband, suppose that I were to propose to you another?" said Mr. Wylie, after a pause, darting at her a keen look.

"No more horrible old men," she answered, with a shudder; "I cannot endure that again, not even for money!"

"Oh, it is no old man I speak of this time, but a young and handsome one, who will, some day, have a handle to his name. Think of being my lady!"

An eager look lighted up her face, as she listened. "Who is it? Do I know him? What is his name? How am I to become acquainted with him?"

"That, with a few suggestions, I must leave to your own wit. There is another woman in the way—an heiress—one to whom he is about to be engaged. Your task is a difficult one, but the prize is worth the trouble."

"Is she beautiful?" inquired Mrs. Castleton, eagerly.

"Very."

"You will find her a dangerous rival; it will cost you all your fascinations to conquer her," he said, purposely piquing her vanity to the contest.

"Give me a fair field, and I will win any man against a dozen!" she exclaimed, with a superb air of dauntless vanity. "But his name—I want to know his name?"

"His name is Arthur Penrhuddyn."

"What! the son of Sir Launce Penrhuddyn, of Cornwall?" she cried, with a strange look.

"The same—do you know him?" asked Wylie.

"No; but I have heard of him," she answered thoughtfully. "And what is your motive in all this?" she cried, suddenly turning upon him.

Mr. Wylie paused to consider a moment, and then replied, "I wish, for reasons of my own, to break off this engagement with the lady I have spoken of."

"Your interest in this must be very powerful," she said, suspiciously. "And how am I to obtain an introduction to him?"

"Well, you know Parsons? He has some acquaintance with Penrhuddyn, and I think he can manage it for us."

Having come to a certain understanding in regard to her designs upon Arthur, and having received a cheque for the hundred pounds she demanded, Mrs. Castleton bade Wylie good morning, and, descending the stairs, stepped into her brougham, that stood waiting outside the house.

"Now, the next thing to be done," murmured

tered Wylie, "is to bring Stafford and Constance together. Let me see"—referring to some notes in his pocketbook—"gone into Cornwall, on a sketching tour, and may visit Penrhuddyn, Cornwall! Let me see—let me see!" And biting his nails, he fell into deep thought.

CHAPTER X.

Sir Launce had returned to Cornwall on the day previous to the ball, and it was by his desire that his son remained in town. "You have worked hard at the university," he said; "now take your recreation. Of your future career in life nothing can be determined until after the 30th of November. If we tide over the difficulty, you will live as your ancestors have lived before you—upon the produce of your estate. If we are shipwrecked, you will have to make your way in the world by means of your education and talents, and such limited interest as I possess to back them. But do not return to Penrhuddyn; you have been so much absent from it that it is not at present endeared to you by many personal associations. If the blow must fall, spare yourself the shame and humiliation of seeing it fall."

Although, from his secluded life in so remote a district as Cornwall, Sir Launce knew but few people in the great world of London, yet his name would have been a passport sufficient to admit his son into the best society. But Arthur was reserved, and almost shy, and had but little relish for such. His family connections were extremely limited.

And thus it was that Arthur Penrhuddyn was an idler about town. His life was a strange, unsatisfactory one, and so he felt it. With a soul formed for friendship in its noblest meaning, he possessed only casual acquaintances; and with a heart yearning for love and sympathy, he was loveless.

One evening he strolled into the stalls of the Haymarket theater. He had not been seated many minutes before he felt a tap upon the shoulder; and upon turning round, recognized in a tall, aristocratic looking man of some forty years, an acquaintance he had made some time back in Stafford's studio.



THE INTRODUCTION AT THE THEATRE.

After the first greetings, and some general remarks upon the performance, were exchanged, the gentleman said suddenly, "By the way, Penrhuddyn, I must introduce you to a lady friend of mine—the loveliest woman you ever saw. She is in that private box yonder," pointing to one upon the first tier. "She is the young widow of a man of good family, from whom she inherited a handsome little fortune."

Unable, without rudeness, to decline the introduction, Arthur followed his conductor upstairs to the private box. Upon the door being opened, he saw a lady, attired in superb evening costume, and enveloped in a cloud of costly lace, sitting just behind the left-hand curtains. As the door closed behind them, she gave a slight start, and turned her head. A thrill of admiration went through the heart of Penrhuddyn at the lovely face that was thus disclosed to his view.

"Oh, Parsons, how you frightened me!" she cried, with the most bewitchingly startled look.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing in a friend of mine, whom I wish to introduce to you," said Mr. Parsons. "Mr. Arthur Penrhuddyn—Mrs. Castleton."

With hat in hand, and face all aglow, Arthur bowed lowly, in acknowledgment of the introduction. As he raised his eyes, he encountered her lovely violet orbs gazing upon him; but they were as instantly dropped, with the prettiest confusion, as she invited him to take a seat beside her.

"Pardon my not conversing with you until the act-drop descends; I am so much interested in the play," she said.

She knew how well that look of childlike interest she turned upon the stage became her face; into what a graceful position it enabled her to throw herself; how admirably it displayed the contour of her head, and of the beautiful arm and hand that supported it.

Mr. Parsons endeavored to engage Arthur in conversation, but he had no eyes, no ears for anything but the lovely vision thus revealed to him.

At length the act terminated, and then she again turned upon him those violet eyes suffused with moisture. "You will think me very stupid to shed tears over the mimic woes of the stage, will you not?" she said.

Arthur hastened to assure her that he had himself frequently been guilty of the same folly, if folly it were.

(To be continued.)

A Probable Diagnosis.

"How about that engagement between Cholly Oldtree and Miss Smart?"

"That's died a natural death."

"What's the matter?"

"Heart failure, I believe."—Balt. more American.

BEAUTY OF GROWING FLAX.

Fields Are Blue With Flowers Where Linen Is to Be Made.

There is nothing prettier than a field of Irish flax in full bloom. The stems are about thirty inches high. They are slender and of a pale green.

On each stem is a flower in an exquisite tone of blue; something between a cornflower and a forget-me-not. The little flower is not of a robust constitution. The petals soon fall and then a seed pod forms which, when given time to do so, produces quantities of what is called linned ("lin") is the Celtic name for flax). But when the flax is grown for the manufacture of linen it is pulled up before the seed has had time to mature.

After having been exposed to the air for a few days the flax is laid in water and during the fortnight that this process lasts the odious smell which it fills the offending air is of a remarkably powerful character.

As the local guide says: "Shure, it's just the flax fermentin'. It's a powerful smell intirely, but there's no danger in it, glory be to God."

The soaking makes it easy to separate the straw from the fiber by bruising it between rollers and then suspending it through an opening in the top of a machine in which a horizontal shaft with wooden blades revolves at the rate of 250 times a minute. Parted forever are the fiber, flax and the straw, now torn.

Next comes the spinning into yarn, done in immense mills, and after that the yarn is woven into the fabric itself. Finally comes the bleaching, when the linen is laid out on the green field to be whitened by rain and sun and wind.

These long strips of snowy whiteness on the green turf surprise the stranger. He thinks it some sort of top dressing, spread upon the land to fertilize it. Belfast is the center of the linen trade.

ALIMONY PAID IN PENNIES.

Trick Sometimes Resorted To in Order to Cause a Creditor Trouble.

As a rule nobody will refuse any kind of good money in payment of a debt, though there are some kinds more convenient than others. Pennies are legal tender, but it would take a quart of them to pay a bill of any considerable size. It sometimes happens that just to be disobliging and to cause the creditor inconvenience the debtor pays in pennies.

Such a case happened in Flatbush, L. I., the other day, where a husband had been directed by the court to pay \$4 a week for the support of his wife and to pay it to the clerk of the court. In order to make both as much trouble as possible he brought in the \$4 in pennies and they were accepted, though as a matter of fact pennies are not legal tender to that amount. The minor coins of the United States are determined by statute to be a 5-cent piece. A United States statute says: "The minor coins of the United States shall be of legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding 25 cents in any one payment."

The creditor can take them by the carload if he wishes, but refusing to take them in sums over 25 cents at a time will not enable the creditor to set up the claim of a tender, nor will it invalidate the creditor's right to collect. These tactics are seldom resorted to and only to create inconvenience. The United States statutes are not much studied by laymen, and so this point is not generally understood. Of the minor coins only the 5-cent piece, or nickel, as it is commonly called, and the penny, are in any considerable circulation. The 3-cent piece has gone out of use, is seldom seen and is not much missed. It has gone the way of the 2-cent piece and the copper penny.

Demonstrated.

That baggage-handlers on the railroads are justly called "baggage-smashers" is the obvious inference from a story printed in the Washington Star. In Washington one day a distinguished French visitor to this country pointed out to one of these men a rather frail gripsack.

"Is that strong enough," he asked, "to go in the baggage car?"

"I'll see," said the man. He lifted the grip high above his head and threw it on the platform with all his might.

"That," he said, "is what she'll get in Philadelphia."

He took it up again and banged it against the side of a car four or five times.

"That is what she'll get in Chicago," he went on.

He tossed it high in the air, and on its descent jumped on it. This broke the lock open, so that the contents were scattered over the platform.

"And that's what she'll get in Sioux City," he concluded.

"You'd better take her in the Pullman with you, boss," he added, graciously, "if you're going further than Sioux City."

The average woman seems to think she is responsible for all her husband's joys, but that all his sorrows are due to his own foolish actions.

Substitute for Celluloid.

The many uses and inflammable character of celluloid have led to an active search for substitutes. The new material of C. Trocquet, a French inventor of celluloid, asbestos and the organic matter contained in oyster shells. The cellulose is obtained by treating seaweed successively with acid and alkali, and washing. The asbestos is ground with petroleum oil, while the ground oyster shells are treated with hydrochloric acid and the insoluble residue is boiled with water, washed with weak alkaline solution and collected on a filter. The mixtures contain from 25 to 65 parts of the cellulose, 2 to 12 parts of the oiled asbestos, and 20 to 45 parts of the oyster shell substance. The mass is treated with formaldehyde, suitably colored, and then pressed into any form or object for which celluloid can be used.

Life is such a constant rush to a well-known physician that to secure a little recreation he has recourse to ruses. A visitor called one night and began a speech to the servant.

"I want the doctor to come as quickly as he can."

"He can't do it," the servant answered. "He left orders that he was so busy that, unless it was absolutely a matter of life and death, he couldn't go out at all this evening."

"But," said the caller, "it isn't illness at all."

"What then?"

"We want him to come over and take a hand in a game of whist."

"Oh, that's different."

The servant disappeared, and reappeared a moment later.

"The doctor says he'll be over in ten minutes, sir," he announced.—Tit-Bits.

Snow and Rain.

The first man to whom it ever occurred to find out how much rain was represented by a given fall of snow was Alexander Brice of Kirkcubright, who in March, 1765, made a simple experiment with the contents of a stone jug driven face downward into over six inches of snow. What he learned was that a greater or less degree of cold, or of wind, when the snow falls, and its "lying a longer or shorter time on the ground," will occasion a difference in the weight and in the quantity of water produced; "but if," he added, "I may trust to the above trials, which I endeavored to perform with care, snow, newly fallen, with a moderate gale of wind, freezing cold, will produce a quantity of water equal to one-tenth part of its bulk." So that a fall of snow of ten inches represents a rainfall of one inch.—London Chronicle.

Made on His Own Specifications. Mrs. Jones—Mr. Jones sent these trousers back. He says they are not anywhere near long enough.

Salp (tailor)—That's funny. When I went to collect my bill from him he told me he was shorter than he ever was in his life and I made these trousers accordingly.—Toledo Blade.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE. How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural, and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills.

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"Better try tunneling, old man," advised his friend.

"Tunneling?"

"Yes, I heard her say that you were a great bore."

Great Blow. "What makes your uncle look so seedy, Harker?"

"Why, he blew in ten thousand last year."

"How in ten thousand? Why, I never knew your uncle to be dissipated."

"Oh, this wasn't dissipation. You see, he invented a patent bellows that turned out a failure."

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