

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as Stafford had completed his task, he summoned one of the servants to show him to Mr. Wylie's apartment. He was most eager to learn what his visit boded. Mr. Wylie was discussing an excellent cold collation. The evening was drawing in fast; but although the weather was very warm, a bright fire blazed upon the broad hearth.

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Stafford!" cried Wylie. "Surprised to see me here, no doubt. Very seldom I get away so far from town; indeed, I may say, that since I entered my profession, I have never been so far away before. Our business is so very confining—so unlike yours. Very delightful to be able to roam about all the lovely spots of the earth, and to combine profit with pleasure."

Here Stafford's impatience broke through all bounds. "Excuse me interrupting you, but you told me in the picture gallery that you desired to speak with me on very important matters. May I inquire what those matters are?" Unable to hold back the thought that lay upon his lips, he blurted out, "Do you know anything about that picture in the gallery, Mr. Wylie?"

"Which picture?" inquired Mr. Wylie. "The one of Circe."

"No; I told you so before. But you evidently know something of it, or want to know something of it." Mr. Wylie had been asked the very question he had been fishing for.

"Who, it?" stammered Stafford, who could have now bitten his tongue for giving utterance to his blundering impetuosity. He knew sufficient of the family affairs to be aware that Mr. Wylie was no friend to the Grersons; and he had, by his indiscretion, aroused in him suspicions of a mystery which might hereafter work mischief to Constance. "I was only thinking of the strange resemblance it bore to Miss Grerson."

"Very strange, and so like that, one might be almost tempted to suppose that she sat for it," answered Mr. Wylie, with marked emphasis. "And now to business; for I can perceive that you are growing very impatient. I have come down here to consult with Sir Launce about his son's marriage with my ward. Now, Mr. Stafford, I know that there have been certain love passages between you and that lady. Suppose, instead of her marrying Arthur Penrhdydyn, I could so bring matters about that she should marry Edward Stafford instead?"

"I do not understand you," said Stafford, bewildered.

"The explanation is simple enough," answered Wylie, in the same sharp, decisive tones. "First, answer me honestly and honorably, without disguise, is it Miss Constance Grerson you are in love with, or the heiress?"

"I do not consider myself at liberty to answer such a question," replied Stafford.

"Ah, then, it is the fortune, and not the lady!" sneered Mr. Wylie.

"How dare you speak such words to me?" cried Stafford, starting up, hot with passion. "Miss Grerson would be the same to me were she penniless."

"That is exactly what I want to get at," cried Mr. Wylie, rubbing his hands at the success of his ruse. "Then you would be equally ready to marry her with or without her fortune? We will take that for granted. Now, as you are, doubtless, aware, were Constance to become your wife, she would forfeit her entire fortune, with the exception of a small annuity; but as you are indifferent to the money, and only want the girl, that would not matter to you. Get her into the same way of thinking, and I will assist you to the utmost to forward the match, and give you a couple of thousands to start housekeeping. As to my motive in making this proposition, that is not your concern. Do not answer now; think over what I have said, and give me your reply in the morning."

But Stafford, who had sat motionless during this last speech, now rose from his chair, and gave way to the indignation that was boiling within him; and in a burst of passion that positively electrified Mr. Wylie, refused to be a party to the bargain proposed.

"If I cannot win her without fraud and treachery—without assisting her enemies to rob her of her fortune, let me never look upon her face again; and should you ever again dare to hint such a proposition to me, I will chastise you upon the spot!"

So saying he strode out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Mr. Wylie had encountered two astonishing phenomena that day—a servant who refused a bribe, and a lover who refused to marry for a scrap of conscience. In all his experience he had never encountered the like. He felt inclined to exclaim with Hamlet, "Is madness near?" He had committed two serious errors—shown his cards to two persons who had refused to play his game. But he trusted to the fertile resources of his scheming brain to quickly redeem these mistakes.

semblance, too! There's a mystery here that I must fathom." Thus, with the red firelight glowing upon his face, and the dark shadows of the night gathered round him, did he sit planning and revolving new schemes and combinations.

CHAPTER XIII.

Edward Stafford did not leave Penrhdydyn on the morning after his interview with Mr. Wylie, as he had arranged to do. Harassed by anxious doubts and fears, he had lain awake until daybreak; then, worn out with mental fatigue, he fell into a deep slumber, from which he did not awake until an hour after the time of the train starting. Upon reflection, he did not regret the circumstance. His immediate presence in London could effect nothing; he might be better employed in keeping an eye upon Mr. Wylie's motions.

Sir Launce was surprised to see the guest whom he had taken leave of the night before, and whom he thought was by this time whirling along the iron road to London, enter the library next morning.

"Sir Launce," said Stafford, "I am about to trespass upon your hospitality for another day or two."

"If you are at leisure for a moment, Mr. Stafford, there is a subject upon which I would speak to you. Pray be seated."

Stafford took a chair, wondering what was coming.

"You are, no doubt, aware of the proposed alliance between Arthur and Miss Constance Grerson. Perhaps you know the lady?"

"Very well," answered the artist; "I painted her portrait, and gave her some instructions in water color painting."

"And is the very high praise I have heard of her deserved?"

"It would be impossible, sir, to praise her beyond her deserts," answered Stafford, warmly.

"To the young lady I can form no possible objection. I would that I could say as much for her family—more particularly of that member who is at present honoring me with a visit. Have you ever met him before?"

"Once or twice during my visits to Harley street. The man is an unscrupulous schemer; be on your guard against him."

"You have expressed my own opinion, Mr. Stafford. I am on my guard; and before I permit the matter to proceed any further, I shall make a journey to London. I am but half reconciled to an union that would ally me to such a man."

Just then a servant entered with the letter bag.

"Where is Daniel this morning?" inquired Sir Launce.

"He had an attack of rheumatism the night, and couldn't get out of bed this morning," answered the man.

"Poor Daniel! I must go to see him. Who went for the letters this morning?"

"His grandson, Jim Starkie, Sir Launce," replied the man, hesitatingly.

"And why was that careless boy sent upon such an errand? See here! There is a cut in the bag, quite large enough to allow of a letter passing through," exclaimed Sir Launce, who had been emptying it of its contents; "and the letters are crumpled and battered. Here is one for you, Mr. Stafford. Send Jim Starkie to me, immediately."

In a few moments a shock-headed, mischievous looking boy, dressed in a fisherman's blue guernsey, sidled into the room, with a most guilty expression of face.

"What have you been doing with this bag? It is cut and probably some of the letters lost," said Sir Launce.

"You have knocked it about in some way. Run back all the way you came, and look well over the ground. If a letter has been dropped, I have no doubt you will find it."

In the meantime, Stafford had read his epistle with the most delightful feeling of satisfaction. It was from Constance; and although it was the briefest, it was the pleasantest he had yet received from her. It ran thus:

"All is broken off between me and Arthur Penrhdydyn. I told him that my heart was already engaged; and in the most noble manner he at once relinquished his suit."

"Yours ever,
"CONSTANCE."

"God bless him for a noble, generous fellow!" murmured Stafford; "and if ever I can repay him by any sacrifice in the world, I will do it!"

Mr. Wylie had risen at sunrise that morning. He walked down the narrow footpath, beneath the foliage of the dwarf oak and beech, through which glanced the red sunbeams. He passed into the village, and thence down upon the rocky coast. As he returned he thought that he would wait for the arrival of the mail before going back to breakfast. So he called in at the postoffice.

Presently the mail cart drove up with its epistolary burden. There were several letters for him, among others were one from his wife, and one from Fig, the confidential clerk, which he attended to first.

Jim Starkie soon overtook Mr. Wylie, and strode along, whistling, and swinging the letter bag from side to side. The pace at which that gentleman was walking kept a little in the rear of the boy the whole way through the walk.

Master Jim indulged in various eccentricities during his progress, such as toss-

ing the bag up in the air and catching it, whirling it round his head by the string, and knocking it against the trunks of the trees. When about half way up the path that led to the Castle, spying a bird upon one of the lower branches of a tree, he gathered up the unfortunate bag into a ball, and hurled it at the bird. The bag lodged upon a branch just above his reach, and obliged him to climb the tree to recover it, which he only achieved by much stretching and pulling. After this, he performed the rest of his walk somewhat more sedately.

Mr. Wylie had been a witness of all this. As he reached the top of the path he caught sight of something white upon the pathway. It was a letter. He picked it up and read the address: "Sir Launce Penrhdydyn, Penrhdydyn Castle, near Bodmin, Cornwall."

"That was dropped out of the bag," he muttered, turning it over. "I wonder who it is from? What is this 'A. P.' in the corner? That is Arthur Penrhdydyn; and in the further corner, 'Immediate.' I wonder, now, what that letter contains?" And Mr. Wylie scanned it with his lynx eye. He put the letter in his pocket, and walked slowly towards the Castle, in deep thought.

Two hours afterwards, he again issued from the Castle to take another stroll. Down among the rocks he came upon a lonely fisherman's hut. At the door, basking in the warm sunshine, was an aged man, over whose withered face was spread a network of wrinkles. There was a wild, half-insane look in his eyes, as he sat vacantly staring at the waves, and muttering to himself.

Mr. Wylie regarded him for a moment, mentally observing to himself, "Here is an old seer, now, who must know plenty about Penrhdydyn, if he has got the brains left to tell it. We'll see."

So, by way of a beginning, he wished the old man good-day and found him quite inclined to talk. By and by a hale looking man, about sixty, and another of about forty, who saluted the old man respectfully as father and grandfather, came up and touched their sou'westers to the gentlemen, and then they fell into the conversation.

After about an hour and a half spent thus, during which he sucked the three men dry of all the information they could give, Mr. Wylie put half a sovereign into the grandfather's hand and wished them all good afternoon.

"Rather fortunate I came this way," he muttered to himself as he walked back. "So, Master Daniel, I've learned a great deal more than I should have bargained with you for, and for just ten shillings less than I offered you. A very strange story that. It almost makes one believe that curses may be realized—at least, there is every probability that this one will. Pah! absurd! A mere coincidence."

Early next morning Mr. Wylie sent a servant to Bodmin for a chaise to convey him to the station; and when it arrived, took his departure. But before taking his way to the station he desired the coachman to drive him over different parts of the estate, especially where the mines were situated. "I will take a survey of my property that is to be before I leave," he said to himself.

Stafford remained Sir Launce's guest. Constance's letter he regarded as having removed those scruples of honor which had at first determined him to leave the Castle; it had also removed the necessity of his immediate return to town.

He did not give Sir Launce the slightest intimation of the contents of the letter he had received. "Of course Arthur himself will immediately acquaint his father with the state of affairs. Strange he has not done so before!" he thought.

Sir Launce wondered greatly when another day passed away without bringing a letter from his son. He had written to him, however, on the previous evening. A reply to that letter must arrive by the morning mail.

(To be continued.)

Where Mahogany Grows.

The tree which produces that beautiful and well-known wood, mahogany, is one of the most elegant, if not the largest, of the country in which it is found, and frequently grows in the crevices of rocks. The appearance of so large a vegetable production in such a situation is extremely curious and picturesque, and it is to be accounted for from the construction of the seed, which is like that of the thistle, winged, or capable of being blown along by the action of the air and in that manner deposited in holes and fissures in the rocks, where it speedily vegetates and springs up. As long as the plant remains young the place in which it is found is sufficiently large for its growth, but as it increases in size the roots gradually but irresistibly force asunder the walls of their rocky prisons and throw off large portions of stone.

It is not always, however, found in these situations, the largest timber being produced in some of the flat and marshy spots on the coast of America. Such is the Honduras mahogany, which is much looser in texture and of less value than that from the mountainous districts of Cuba and Hayti.

Dust Protectors.

Gunner—That is a very polite porter they have on this train.

Guyer—So?

Gunner—Yes; before he begins to brush you down he hands you a pair of automobile goggles.

Out of the Ordinary.

Gyer—Higgins is a remarkable man.

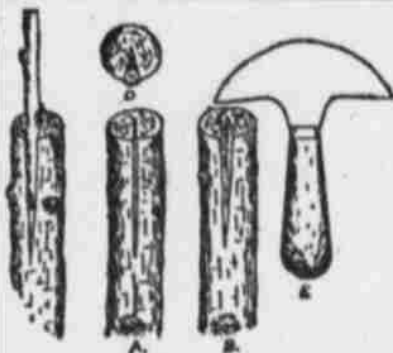
Myer—In what way?

Gyer—Why, he can wait at the telephone without making pencil marks on the desk pad.



New Method of Grafting.

Before a meeting of the American Pomological Society the following method of grafting was described by a gentleman from Colorado, who stated that it was the most successful method that he had employed in top-working old orchards, and that it could be used on branches as large as four inches in diameter with great success. It imposes one as being possibly better than ordinary cleft grafting for large stocks, from the fact that the surfaces of the union were all smooth and the setons held more firmly. The method of procedure is as follows: After determining where the graft had better go the stock is cut off with a fine saw and the cut made in the side of the stock, as shown at "A." This is then cleaned out with a knife, as shown at "B;" a saddler's knife is used for this purpose, outline of which is shown at "E." The scion is cut as is usual in cleft grafting and is driven with some little force into the groove of the stock as shown at "C" and in



METHOD OF GRAFTING.

cross section at "D." It will be found that after this graft has been driven in it can only be pulled out by using considerable force and it is held much more firmly than in the ordinary cleft graft. All wounds should be covered with wax as in ordinary cleft grafting.

Feeding Animals.

It is economical to feed only as much as may be required. If too much carbonaceous material be fed to an animal the excess will be a loss for the reason that the animal will assimilate and appropriate only the actual amount necessary for the purpose required by the system; and even when the farmer feeds liberally of carbonaceous material he may starve his animals if they do not receive nitrogenous food, for which reason it may be noticed that on some farms, where the stock is liberally provided with certain kinds of food, the animals are not thrifty, the young ones do not grow, and the farmer is annoyed at the unsatisfactory results of what he supposes is good management, when the cause is a lack of perhaps only a single element, which, in connection with a less quantity of one of the kinds of food given, would produce a radical change. It is important then, in order to derive the best results from feeding animals, that the farmer thoroughly understands the quality of the materials used. Its feeding value depends upon the proportions of those elements best adapted to the purposes in view, for unless a perfect knowledge of the composition of feeding stuffs is gained by the farmer he may feed at a loss and derive but little benefit from his stock.

Advertise Your Poultry.

There was a farmer who had been breeding pure-blood chickens for some years, and he always sold what he had in poultry and eggs, without any trouble to his neighbors and little market town, but he had never thought about pushing this little by-business of his regular vocation of farming.

Finally it was suggested to him that he ought to advertise the poultry branch of his business and extend it somewhat, but he was timid about sinking a few dollars already in hand in printer's ink with the view of getting uncertain dollars. Finally, however, after talking the matter over with his wife, he invested a few dollars. He now advertises extensively and does a big business.

Rival of Beeswax.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the raft palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of heating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonograph cylinders, etc.

Pedigree Seeds.

The achievements of the plant breeders in the development of pedigree seeds are quite wonderful, considering the difficulties of fixing permanently characteristics resulting from hybridization. For instance, when species of rye with different types of heads are crossed it is found that the female parent is neither alone nor most prominent when exerting its influence on the product and its progeny. In about one-half of the plants of the first generation of rye crosses the type of head and form of seed of the male parent were prevalent, while in the other half the same characteristics of the female predominated. In the second generation the individuals split up into groups of either one type or the other. One-fourth of the number of individuals showed the spike characteristics of the female parent, one-fourth those of the male parent and one-half intermediate forms.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Feeding the Dairy Cow.

What is the proper amount of food for a cow? Such an inquiry cannot be satisfactorily answered, as each cow is an individual, having peculiarities of disposition. There are preferences among animals for certain foods, as they have their likes and dislikes. A cow may have an excellent appetite to-day and refuse to eat but little of her food to-morrow. Of the various foods, however, a cow will eat from 40 to 60 pounds of mature corn ensilage, with from 5 to 10 pounds of grain with the ensilage, which may be given in place of the bran. Of clover hay, a cow may be allowed to eat as much as she wishes. The ensilage may be reduced and more grain given, ground, if preferred, but there is no rule to govern the feeding of a cow. Each cow must be studied and her wants satisfied. Those yielding milk should be fed more liberally than those that are dry, or nearly so.

Cutting Potatoes for Planting.

In regard to cutting potatoes a very large number of experiments have proved that whole potatoes are best for warm, high land, and for very early potatoes they will not only yield enough more to pay the cost of the seed, but will produce a crop from a week to ten days earlier than cut potatoes, which will sometimes make a difference in price of from 50 cents to \$1 per bushel. But on rich, moist lands the difference between whole and cut potatoes is not so great. In the first place, on a rich, moist soil, it is not so important to secure an early vigorous growth as it is on a warm, dry soil, and in the second place, not being planted too deep below the surrounding land, there is a tendency to the production of a larger number of stalks than on dry land, but even as a rule it will be better to plant a whole medium-sized potato.

Possibilities of Tomato.

"If you could keep the frost away from a tomato vine for a couple of years it would get to be a fair-sized tree," says the Texas Farmer. "This occurs sometimes in Florida—in years when the frost king leaves that State alone. By the same sign, you can plant tomatoes in the winter in Florida and have them grow all the spring and summer and fall, and under the right conditions they become very large. The midrib of the leaf of such a tomato plant will grow to be eighteen inches long, a veritable tree limb. * * * Six feet is the height to which the tomatoes should be trained, and pruned to a single stem. They can be made to grow ten or fifteen feet as well, but this is an inconvenient height."

Strawberries.

There is one advantage in growing strawberries in preference to other fruits, which is that less capital is required and the crops come sooner. Plants set out this spring will send out runners and form matted rows full of berries next year. If kept clean the rows will give two or three crops, with a partial crop after the bed is old. The proper mode, however, is to make a new bed each year, as the cost is but little comparatively.

Demand for Horses.

Horses are in greater demand than a year or two ago, despite the fact that electricity is displacing their use. The horse is indispensable on farms and in drawing loads in cities. The automobile and traction engines are too costly to take the place of one horse. Good horses are bringing fair prices, and the scarcity of heavy animals is sure to increase the demand for both roadsters and general farm purpose horses.

A Good Fertilizer.

Chicken manure and wood ashes will make good fertilizer for all crops. They should never be mixed together except at the time of applying, as the wood ashes have a chemical effect upon the hen manure and set free the nitrogen in form of ammonia, which is thereby lost. Coal ashes may be safely mixed with hen manure. Land plaster, rock or even dry earth make good absorbents to use with it.

Ostrich farming in South Africa continues a most profitable business.

Fortune in a Boy's Dirty Feet.

Because John Hermann, a small boy in Lincoln, Neb., forgot his mother's command to be sure and wash his feet before going to bed, several Lincoln men seem to owe him the chance to make a fortune. An antiphlogistine factory is to be started in consequence, the antiseptic application to be manufactured from clay banks in the southern part of the city. The boy, who had gone barefooted for the first time this year, awoke the next morning to find that his clay-covered feet were blistered. "Dr. Winnett, after examining the clay with which the youngster's feet were coated, declared that all that it needed to obtain a very good quality of antiphlogistine, or Denver mud, was the addition of glycerin and an antiseptic. The doctors and the owners of the land through which the clay banks run at once made plans for a factory.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What is Destroying Negroes.

The police officers of Greenville are doing a good work in ferreting out the dispensers of cocaine in this section. A prominent levee contractor said recently to the writer that the use of cocaine was doing more to destroy the colored people of the Delta than any other agency. He said a man or woman under the influence of cocaine was everything that is bad, and besides the use of the drug seems to destroy the user both mentally and physically. The penalty for selling cocaine except on a physician's prescription is severe, and the courts should all make a special effort to secure the punishment of those guilty of violating the law in this respect.—Greenville (Miss.) Democrat.

A Woman's High-mindedness.

A noteworthy example of high-mindedness and unselfishness was recently met by a Southern woman bearing an honored name. A resolution was introduced in the State Senate of North Carolina providing a pension of \$100 per month for the by-no-means-rich widow of the famous General "Stonewall" Jackson. Of its passage there would have been little doubt had Mrs. Jackson herself not interposed. But she promptly wrote a letter to the Senate, saying that the present State laws limit all pensions to persons who have not \$500 of personal property, and as she possessed more than that she requested that the bill be withdrawn and the money it was proposed to give her be appropriated for the relief of the destitute widows of Confederate veterans. Mrs. Jackson's plea was heeded, and now she is held in even higher general esteem than ever before.

First of All.

The excitable individual came in late and when the man in the coatroom took longer than usual to check his coat his temper knew no bounds.

"Hurry up," he exploded, "and check my coat! Can't you see I have been standing here an hour?"

"My dear man," replied the other, calmly, "it is not your coat you want checked."

"Then what is it, blockhead?"

"Why, your temper, sir."

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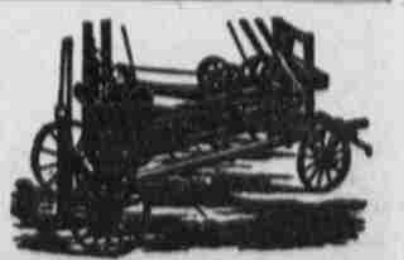
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