

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

## CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning did bring a letter from Arthur, in which he expressed great surprise and uneasiness at the miscarriage of his previous one, more especially on account of the important communication which it had contained, of which he repeated the substance, and, as far as he could remember, the language, and again asked Sir Launce what steps had better be taken in regard to it. The epistle then went on to state that he had proposed to Miss Grierson, but that lady, having confessed to a prior attachment, and, having thrown herself upon his generosity, he had at once withdrawn his own pretensions.

Despite the vital interest thus impelled, Sir Launce did fully approve of the course his son had taken, and his heart swelled with pride at this instance of the young man's chivalrous nobility of feeling.

Sir Launce at once communicated to Stafford the news—which was no news to him—of Arthur's rupture with the Griersons, and the relief he felt at being thus secured from any further visitations from Mr. Wylie.

He had taken a great fancy to the young artist, and was more free and social in his manner towards him than he had been to any person since many years. The weather was glorious; and what with sketching the most lovely scenery by day, and engaging in pleasant and intellectual conversation by night, Stafford found time glide on with the most delightful rapidity.

About a week after his arrival, however, a circumstance occurred which cast a gloom over Penrhdydyn and all its inhabitants. The September gales had just begun to rage with great ferocity, and the southwest wind, so terrible upon this coast, strewn the rocks with wrecks.

One clear, bright morning, while the wind blew furiously, and the sea ran mountains high, Sir Launce and Stafford had walked down upon the shore. While contemplating the sublime horror of the spectacle, they caught sight of a small craft, which appeared to be not more than three or four miles out, rising and falling upon the waves, and driving towards the shore with frightful rapidity. Sir Launce took his glass out of his pocket, and by its aid described her to be a fishing smack belonging to Penrhdydyn.

Others had seen her also; and in a few moments the two gentlemen were joined by several curious watchers, among whom was Jenkins, the postmaster.

"It's Ralph Trevelthick's boat," he said; "it has been out days beyond its time. They must be mad to think of putting in during such a gale, and the attempt will cost them their lives. Look at her—they can no more keep her off the rocks than they can hold back the waves with their arms!"

Onwards came the frail bark—now tumbling into a gulf, now rising like a cork upon a mountain of water, and darting forward like an arrow before the blast of the wind.

At last came the crash! The boat was seen to reel, eddy and sink—and then three men were battling with the waters. So excited and pity-stricken was Stafford with the scene, that had it not been for Sir Launce, he would have cast himself into the boiling surf in the vain hope of saving them.

There were some ropes thrown out, but all three sank. The next moment, however, one of the bodies rose again, and, borne by a huge wave, was hurled into a kind of natural basin, hollowed out of the granite flooring of the beach. In an instant both Sir Launce and Stafford had plunged knee-deep into the basin, and, regardless of another great wave that dashed over them, and threatened to drag them away to the sea, rescued the body of the drowning man, and, amidst the cheers of the spectators, brought it safe to dry land.

He was immediately recognized as Ralph Trevelthick, the son of old John Trevelthick. He was insensible, and the blood flowed freely from a deep gash in the head. Sir Launce sent off to Bodinus for a doctor, and gave orders to those who took charge of the body to send to the Castle for anything they might require in the shape of restoratives or comforts for the poor fellow.

While they were sitting over their dinner a messenger arrived at the Castle from Ralph Trevelthick, who had slightly rallied, begging Sir Launce to come down to him, as he had a confession to make which lay heavy upon his conscience.

Wrapping himself up, for the evening was chilly, Sir Launce, accompanied by Stafford, started off on the two miles' walk to Ralph's cottage.

It was the same habitation to which the bodies of a certain woman and child had been conveyed some ten years back, and upon the same bed upon which they had lain was stretched the form of the dying fisherman.

"I am sorry to see you so ill, Ralph," said Sir Launce, kindly. "Have you anything that you require; if not, do not fear to ask for it, and if it can be got, you shall have it."

"Before the night's over I shall want nothing but a few planks and a few feet of earth!" said the fisherman, feebly. "But thank you all the same, Sir Launce. Come closer. I don't want father to hear what I have got to say."

Sir Launce sat down upon the bedside

at the dying man's head, and moistened his lips with a little brandy.

"Do you remember," began Ralph, in an almost inaudible voice, "a storm some ten years back, when a woman and child was washed up and brought to this very spot? Well, you was told they were buried in Penrhdydyn churchyard, but no earth covers 'em. After you had gone, father fell into one of his mad, wild humors, and said the sea would take vengeance on us for robbing it of its dead—that the bodies shouldn't stay here, but should be cast back again to the waters we stole 'em from. So I and Bill carried 'em away a couple of miles down the coast, for fear of their being washed up again and found by any of your people, and laid 'em down in Sandy Cove for the rising tide to wash away. And—though the woman was dead enough, I believe there was some life left in the child. I've often thought about it since with a feeling that it was wrong; but when they told me to-night that it was you who pulled me out of the water, I knew how wicked I had been, and I felt I couldn't die till I had eased my mind by telling you this."

Sir Launce appeared much moved at the confession, and a stern, hard look gathered upon his countenance.

"Say you forgive me, Sir Launce!" gasped Ralph. "I have many more sins upon my mind that I would like to tell, but—"

"Being a dying man, I freely forgive you, Ralph Trevelthick," answered Sir Launce. "But it was a cruel, barbarous deed, that even savages would shrink

from, so brutalizing is the effect of these vile superstitions."

Ralph turned his eyes with an appealing look towards his father and his son. Sir Launce understood the appeal, and answered, "They shall not suffer from your confession. But let this be a warning to them, and to all here. If ever I hear of any more such acts, those who commit them shall not remain on my lands another hour!"

The grandfather, whose half-crazed brain seemed to have wholly collapsed under the dreadful calamity that had fallen upon him, turned his wild eyes upon the speaker, and muttered vacantly, "Don't rob the sea of its dead, or 'twill take vengeance upon you and yours. The clasp of a drowning hand will be a curse to you through life."

There was another attentive listener to the fisherman besides Sir Launce. This was John Jenkins.

"Did you say you laid the bodies in Sandy Cove?" he asked after a pause.

Ralph made a slight movement of affirmation; speech was gone. After this, Jenkins sat himself down upon a barrel, which served the purpose of a seat in the scantily furnished hut, and fell into meditation.

Upon returning to the Castle, the two gentlemen separated for the night, Stafford retiring to his own apartment, Sir Launce to the library. He rang the bell, and ordered Daniel to be sent to him immediately. Hard and cold as marble was his face, when the old man stood before him.

"Daniel," he said, "you have been my servant since I can first remember, and served my father before me, but we must now part. To-morrow morning you must leave the Castle, and never cross its threshold again. You have led to me, disobeyed me, and yielded up every feeling of humanity to a wild superstition. Ralph Trevelthick has just confessed, on his dying bed, that the bodies of the two unfortunate creatures whom I rescued from a wreck ten years ago were thrown into the sea again as soon as I had left the hut. I left you to guard them, and the next day you brought me word that all efforts at restoration had proved abortive, and that on that morning they had been buried in Penrhdydyn churchyard. You were therefore cognizant of and an accomplice in the inhuman act; and for this you leave my house."

Daniel knew Sir Launce Penrhdydyn's inexorable nature too well to utter a single word of expostulation—a fiat once gone forth was never repealed by him; and with a crushed look, he tottered out of the room.

By sunrise the next morning, sobbing and heart-broken, he had turned his back upon Penrhdydyn Castle, and slowly and feebly wended his way down the foot path through the dwarf woods.

A few hours later, Jenkins might have

been seen ascending the same path. Upon arriving at the Castle, he requested to see Sir Launce, and was ushered into his presence. He was closeted in the library during the greater part of an hour. After he had departed, Sir Launce sent a polite message to request a few moments' conversation with Stafford.

Long and interesting was the conference between the two gentlemen, and fraught with future results of vital importance to more than one personage of this story.

CHAPTER XV.

A fortnight has passed away. It is now the latter end of September. A fine, balmy evening, with no touch of autumnal chill to warn us of the passing away of summer. Through the open French windows that lead into the garden in the rear of the little Swiss chalet at Hampton are stealing in the first faint shadows of evening. Half reclining upon a couch is Mrs. Castleton; at her feet, her small, white jeweled fingers nestling among his hair, her hand clasped in his, is Arthur.

"But, after all," she murmured, "I am only your second love, and I cannot endure the thought that any woman should have ever lived in a corner of your heart before I filled it all."

"My darling," he cried, kissing the hand that he clasped, "no woman ever has lived in the smallest corner of my heart but you."

"Not Miss Grierson?"

"No," he answered, emphatically; "to that I can truly pledge myself now, although I might have hesitated at the question a fortnight back. There were ever too many obstacles. There was reason which rendered such a match impossible upon my side."

"And what was that?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, a mere family reason—nothing that you would understand," he answered, evasively.

"Oh! but you must tell me," she cried, coaxingly. "If you do not, I shall think you are concealing something from me, and it will make me wretched. You will tell me, won't you?"

"Another time, dearest—not now. It

will be the next time I come."

"Do you think Miss Grierson beautiful?" she asked, after gaining this point.

"I think her very amiable and very beautiful," he answered, warmly.

"You think her more beautiful than me, perhaps," she murmured, her head still turned away from him.

"My darling, what could put such thoughts into that silly little head?"

And clasping her face between his hands, he drew it towards him and kissed the pouting lips and the swelling eyes, in which the tears of wounded vanity were beginning to gather.

"Like all men, you are fascinated by golden locks," she said petulantly.

"I am fascinated by no locks but thine," he murmured, kissing her hair. "I can see no beauty in aught but what reminds me of thee. You, whom hundreds must have adored—for who could see you without adoring you?"

"Never, never!" she answered, "Until I met you, I never met the man who could even touch my heart. Everybody said I had no heart; but you have found one, have you not? At sixteen, my friends married me to an old man—one old enough to be my grandfather. Oh, it was hideous, horrible!" and she shuddered at the memory.

"But why did you consent to such a sacrifice?" he asked.

"Ah! that was because in those days I had not found out that I had a heart," she answered, smiling. "I was poor—an orphan; he, the old man, was rich; and so—"

"You sold your young life to hideous old age," added Arthur sadly.

"You are not the first who has thus reproached me," she answered, in a tone of inexorable sadness. "But, remember, I was little more than a child—a vain, and ambitious one. I had known poverty—it was more than I could bear."

"Have you still a dread of poverty?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, yes; that I never could endure. I suffered from it when a child, and the horror of its memory still clings to me. The world shows us that money is the one great good of life, without which existence is a curse; and if we grasp it out of the beaten path, it calls us sordid, and cries out that we have sold ourselves."

(To be continued.)

Chinese on the Right Track.



## FARM AND GARDEN

### Small Fruits.

Frequently two crops may be had on the same plot during the year, such as early peas followed by late cabbage, or turnips may follow onions; but the soil should be rich and well supplied with manure or fertilizer. One advantage with a small garden is that during the dry season some of the crops can be watered by the use of the hose or sprinkler. Inexperienced persons should not expect complete success the first year, but there is nothing too difficult to learn, and the second year should prove satisfactory if the season does not become too dry. The principal small fruits are blackberries, strawberries and raspberries, but gooseberries, currants and grapes are also included. The most profitable fruits are those that receive attention during the entire year. The strawberry will thrive and bear well with but little cultivation on some soils, and often receives no care after the plants have been set out, other than to run the cultivator down the rows once or twice, but it will pay well for any extra labor that may be applied, however. The largest berries are grown from plants in single stools, but the largest yields are obtained from the matted row system. The first essential is to get the young plants in the ground as soon as possible, so as to afford them an opportunity to grow and make headway before the dry season comes on. High winds and a dry soil will make quick work of young plants. The rows should be just wide enough apart to admit of the use of the horse hoe, and the ground should be kept very loose around the plants in order to guard against drought as much as possible.

Cultivating the Garden.

The majority of farmers give but little attention to gardening. They regard the spade, hoe and rake as implements which involve too much time and labor. If a farmer desires to grow a crop of any kind he prefers to do the work with a plow and cultivator, and in a wholesale manner. This repugnance to using the small tools, in order to grow a supply of vegetables, has been the cause of depriving hundreds of farmers of luxuries that would have cost but little if they had considered the value of the crops from a garden, and also the real cost compared with a crop of grain or potatoes. But there are, however, some farmers and their wives who know how a garden helps to make a farm enjoyable, and they are the ones who will now enjoy the work of planting the seeds of the many different kinds of vegetables, for there is no portion of farm life so agreeable as that of preparing the ground in the spring for the garden. There has been an advance in the system of gardening. While the hoe, rake and spade still hold a place in the list of garden tools, yet they have been superseded mainly by the single and double wheeled hoes and seed drills, which save time and labor and which can be used for doing good work.

Fruit Tree Planting.

For fruit tree planting, when the sub-soil is clay and apt to be water-logged, not only should it be well drained first, but the bottoms of the holes in which the trees are planted should have placed in them some coarse rubble, to act as drainage also. Apart from such material helping to keep the roots out of the clay below, it serves also to keep them fairly dry and aerated, and that is very important for the future health of the trees. In making holes on such ground, throw out to fully three feet wide and twelve inches deep. Into each hole then put four inches of old brick and mortar material, or clinker, or other hard, coarse material, well trodden and leveled. Upon that put, if obtainable, pieces of turf, upside down, then three inches of soil, and plant the trees. In that way not only will the roots be kept near the surface and be healthy, but because the trees are on slight mounds, they can be fed each summer, with a mulch of manure. Too much trouble can not be taken in planting trees on stiff soil, to keep the roots near the surface.

Economizing Garden Space.

If you have early peas, sow them in a block rather than in long drills. As soon as they are harvested, plant squash. Hubbard does well after early peas if water is ample. If sweet peas are grown, a row of onions may be grown on each side of the peas without detriment to either. The evergreen onion is particularly well adapted to this. On rich soil it matures long before the peas bloom and may be harvested. Late cabbage may be set in the rows of early onions and make their growth after the onion harvest.

### Feeding Animals.

In the feeding of animals the farmer, by his knowledge of the difference between flesh-forming foods and those that form fat, is enabled to so combine the different foods as to provide for all their wants. Knowing that the "albuminoids" (nitrogenous foods) produce muscle (lean meat) and milk, he should, in order to allow for heat and fat "balance" the foods for the purpose of avoiding too much of the one kind and not enough of the other. On an average, the proportion of nitrogenous foods to the carbonaceous is as one to six (though the proportion may vary, according to circumstances), or, rather, he should add six times as much of the carbonaceous as he does of the nitrogenous. The conditions, however, affect the proportions, as less carbon is required in summer than in winter, hence during the warm season the nitrogen may be increased and the carbon diminished; but, if the weather is very cold, the proportion of carbonaceous matter, on the contrary, should be increased.

Predicting Frosts.

One of the most important fruits of the establishment of the Mount Rose weather observatory in the Sierra Nevada near Reno, Nev., at an elevation of 10,800 feet, is the discovery of a rule by which the appearance of frost in the Truckee and Carson valleys below may be predicted with positive assurance from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance.

By comparing relative meteorological data for San Francisco and Reno at 6,300 feet elevation, and Mount Rose, 10,800 feet elevation, a constant correspondence is observed between fall in pressure and fall in temperature, enabling frost prognostications to be made with certainty. The station was established originally with the idea of gathering information which would be available in predicting the weather conditions for the districts farther east.

Sowing Corn for Fodder.

The silo has opened advantages to dairymen in other countries where corn does not mature. In England, where the conditions are unfavorable for the production of matured crops of corn, the farmers sow corn for fodder, store it in the silo, then grow a crop of turnips on the land, from which they took the fodder. The same system can be practiced in this country, but our farmers are content with one crop, and thus do not derive as much from the land as is possible to be obtained. The land in England is high, and farmers pay high rents, but they do not hesitate to use manures and fertilizers freely, securing large crops in return.

Lime for Fungus.

There is a fungus which sometimes attacks carrots and turnips, causing decay at the roots, or a misshapen growth, or a withering of the leaves. This may be prevented by a liberal sowing of air-slaked lime upon the soil, thirty or forty bushels per acre, and harrowing it in before the seed is sown, as the fungus lives in the soil. But it is usually better and cheaper to put the root crops on new land where this fungus has never appeared.

Gleanings.

When farmers are busy in the spring they are liable to neglect many matters which should command their attention. Get the implements in readiness and sharpen the tools. The grindstone is a valuable adjunct to good farming, if through work is desired.

It is no easier to keep poultry than any other stock, as labor and proper management must be used to meet success. Less capital may be required with poultry, but it must be judiciously expended, or a loss can result as easily as from any other source. Experience is of more value than capital in poultry raising.

The food left over on the ground ferments and decomposes in a very short time on a warm day, and it therefore becomes one of the main sources of gapes in chickens and cholera in fowls. Filth in the summer season should never be allowed. It is well to do away with troughs entirely, feeding only whole grains and scattering the food as much as possible.

It is, perhaps, the proper system to water the animals at regular periods, especially horses; but animals differ, and may desire water at times when they do not receive it. To give all animals free access to water is not contrary to the natural law, as they are sometimes better judges of eating and drinking, so far as they are concerned, than their owners.

Ensilage should not cost the farmer over \$1 a ton, and fifty pounds a day is a large ration for a cow. This is forty rations per ton, at 2½ cents a ration, and hence will provide for one cow for forty days. There is no food that can be produced at a lower cost. The ensilage is not of itself a complete food, as the best results are derived when hay and grain are also allowed; but it cheapens the cost of the whole and provides succulent food in winter, when change occurs from grasses to the regular dry rations of that season.

### More Prejudice.

Confidential Friend—Didn't the idea ever occur to you that you ought to use a part of your wealth in endowing a school for journalism?

Wealthy Politician (with exeeding bitterness)—No! The idea has occurred to me a thousand times that I'd like to endow a school for the suppression of journalism!—Chicago Tribune.

Persuasive.

Musical Critic—That new star of yours has a good enough voice, but she doesn't know how to use it.

Comic Opera Manager—That only shows how little you know about her voice. You ought to hear her magnificently she can use it when the box office is a little late in paying her weekly salary.

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