

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Arthur drew back in astonishment at the sight of her flashing eyes, her quivering lips. But in an instant the mood passed away, the eyes melted again into dove-like softness, and the lips wreathed themselves into smiles.

"What will you think of me for such words as those?" she cried. "When you know thoroughly the strange, capricious creature I am, never in the same mood for two hours together, you will cease to love me."

"Perhaps it will make me love you the more," he said, smilingly. "And is your hatred, your dread of poverty so very insurmountable? Suppose that I were ever to become poor: would you cease to love me?"

"You ever become poor!" she echoed, opening her eyes very wide; "you, who have a great estate, and who will one day be Sir Arthur? How can you ever be poor?"

"Such things have been," he said, smiling. "Great lords have been reduced to beggary, much less simple sirs."

"Why do you wish to torture me by such thoughts?" she cried, petulantly. "Have I not told you that the name of poverty makes me shudder?"

"There was a cloud of sadness upon his face, but the shadows of night were too deep for her to perceive it.

Arthur was greatly astonished at this sudden outburst, but he attached no weight to it, imputing it to morbid petulance. So he spoke to her soothing words, and caressed her out of her sullen humor, and she began to repeat of having spoken so freely.

"You must not notice my foolish words," she said; "at times, I do not know what I say, and to hear me talk, you would fancy that I was a perfect monster; but promise that you will never heed such humors."

Hours after Arthur had departed, and after all else in the house was asleep, she sat in the solitude of her own chamber, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, a prey to conflicting emotions.

"What could possess me to speak such words?" she murmured. "In a less generous man I might have aroused suspicions that I should never again be able to set at rest. But he is too noble, too frank, to suspect where he loves. I would that I were more worthy of him," she went on, with a sigh; "he is the very soul of honor—so different from all other men that I have met. I wish he did not love me half so well, or that I did not love him at all. I spoke truly when I told him that I never knew I had a heart until he crossed my path. What made him harp so strangely upon poverty to-night? Surely there is nothing wrong; things do go wrong, even with dukes occasionally—as he himself said—and great people are sometimes even sold up like little ones. I shall pay Mr. Wylie a visit in the morning and question him about Arthur's affairs."

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Wylie had returned from his Cornish trip, and had resumed business as usual. He had been more than satisfied with the survey of the estate that he already grasped in imagination. He had given Mrs. Wylie a most glowing description of its picturesque grandeur, and of the fine old Castle; and he told her of the strange legend that was so near upon being verified.

"I have heard something of it before from Arabella," said that lady, "but never the name of the family. It is certainly very strange."

In only one plot had he received a check—that for the marriage of Stafford and Constance; but he felt pretty well assured of its ultimate success. "The beggarly upstart!" was his thought. "I would give a thousand pounds to foil him in that quarter; but I never allow private feelings to interfere with business. It suits my purpose that he should marry her, and so I shall do all that lies in my power to promote the match."

Such were some of the thoughts that passed through Mr. Wylie's mind as he sat at his desk. In the midst of his cogitations, Mrs. Castleton was announced. He rose to receive her with his usual adulatory politeness, and handed her a chair.

"So you have returned from your Cornish expedition," she said; "and the marriage is broken off?"

"And how does the little love-making progress?" he asked, with a sardonic grin. "Has the bait taken? Is the fish hooked? Is it to be Lady Penrhuddyn?"

"Wylie," she said, in a quiet, grave tone, "we have connected between us a vile, despicable scheme to entrap this young man. If I had strength of mind enough to sacrifice my own selfish ambition for another's happiness, he should never see me again; but I have not, and therefore I go on. But you will not jeer and sneer—at least, to my face. Let me say and forget the part I am playing, and deceive myself into the belief that I am all that I pretend to be."

Mr. Wylie regarded her for a moment in unfeigned amazement. "What!" he cried, after a pause; "do you mean to say that it is a real case of spoons upon both sides?"

"Never mind what it is!" she cried, fiercely. "If it be, so much the better for your plots and plans. All I ask of you is to answer me one or two questions. The first is this—Is Mr. Penrhuddyn, or, rather, his father, a sick or a poor man?"

A quick glance shot from beneath his eyelids; but he spoke in the same tone of voice that he had used throughout the conversation.

"How should I know? I am not his banker. A man of his estate cannot be very poor. His lawyer, if he would give it, would be the best person to go to for such information."

She could endure this bantering sarcasm no longer; and with flashing eyes, and face all aglow, she sprang up like a beautiful tigress, as though she would leap upon him and rend him with her nails.

Mr. Wylie drew back and turned a shade paler, for he feared this woman when she was in these tigerish moods. And she spoke in a low, hissing tone, more deadly than would have been a shriek of passion.

"Cease this mocking, or I will clutch you by the neck, and never loose my hold until I have strangled the miserable life out of your body! Don't let me think of all the debt of hatred I owe you—don't make me think of it, or there will be murder! I have served you in many schemes, and do not try to cast me off the instant I have become useless to you, or to play me false; for if you do I'll have your life, if you fly to the furthest extremity of the world!"

Mr. Wylie was more frightened than he would have cared to admit, even to himself. Ebulitions of passion were frequent occurrences; indeed, an interview between these two seldom passed off without such; but he had never before witnessed in her such appalling ferocity.

"Well," he said, trying to laugh off his palpable uneasiness, "perhaps we shall be able to talk more reasonably. You are like a barrel of gunpowder. I was only joking. You wish to know whether Sir Laurence Penrhuddyn is a rich man; he is not. But his son will inherit enough to keep you like a lady. What made you suppose him to be poor?"

"Because last night he kept harping upon poverty; asked me if I could love him as much if he were poor."

"A mere lover's ruse to try you, depend upon it; and if you fall into the trap, you have lost him. It is true that the estates of Penrhuddyn are heavily mortgaged, and that the principal will be called in within a few weeks, but Sir Laurence will be able to meet the demand. I can show you indisputable proof of the truth of my words," he cried, taking a paper out of the inner lining of his pocketbook.

"Come here and read this."

She came to the table, and looking over his shoulder, read these words: "To Arthur Penrhuddyn, Esq.:

"Sir—Should all other means fail, your father, Sir Laurence, may obtain the sum required by him on a certain date, by showing this letter to Messrs. Groom and Fry, Solicitors, Bedford Row."

She requested to see one of the principals, and was shown into a private room where Mr. Fry received her. She had come, she said, with her most fascinating smile, to make inquiries respecting a certain sum which she understood they were instructed to pay over to Sir Laurence Penrhuddyn upon a certain date.

The lawyer was very cautious in his reply. He had received certain instructions, but he was not at liberty to divulge them to any person except Sir Laurence Penrhuddyn.

Mrs. Castleton having learned all that she wished to know, made some trivial excuse and took her leave.

"It is all right, then," she thought; "they have instructions, and of course they must be those mentioned in the paper."

On that same morning, as Arthur was turning the corner of Arundel street into the Strand, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard a familiar voice pronounce his name. Upon looking round he recognized Stafford.

"When did you arrive in town?" inquired Arthur.

"Only the day before yesterday," answered the artist.

"And how did you leave my father?"

"Very unwell. Had his health permitted, he would have been in London some days back. There is no danger. I have to thank you very much for your introduction, old fellow; the kindness I met at Penrhuddyn Castle was more than I can describe. Your father is the truest, noblest gentleman I ever met."

Arthur pressed his friend's hand gratefully, and added, "How did he take the news of the break with the Griersons?"

"Very philosophically; indeed, I may say, with much satisfaction. Mr. Wylie's visit put him out of all conceit with the connection. By-the-by, I have a secret to tell you about Constance Grierson. You remember that she spoke of a prior attachment to some one else? Well, I am that some one else."

"But why did you not tell me so when I first spoke to you upon the subject?" cried Arthur. "Under such circumstances I should never have thought of paying my addresses to the lady."

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by a light pony carriage drawing up close to the pavement on which they were walking, and by a lady's voice pronouncing the name of "Mr. Penrhuddyn."

The lady was Mrs. Castleton, just returning home from her visit to Bedford

Row, by way of the Strand. With a heightened color, Arthur raised his hat and hastened to the side of the carriage. After a few words with her and Mrs. Grierson, he introduced Stafford, who had been regarding Mrs. Castleton with the most curious interest. With a fascinating smile, she extended her hand, which Stafford, with a low bow, just touched. "I do not like that man," was her thought. It was a case of mutual distrust.

"Who is that lady?" inquired Stafford, following her with his eyes until she was out of sight.

"Oh, a widow lady, to whom I have recently been introduced," replied Arthur, somewhat confusedly.

"A widow! Take care of the widows, Penrhuddyn. I should say that she was a very Syren of widows, and with a temper of her own, too." He spoke half seriously, half jestingly, watching, meanwhile, the effect of his words.

"Your estimate of that lady is utterly mistaken," answered Arthur, coldly; "a more frank and artless creature does not exist."

Stafford could perceive that to dilate further upon his view of the lady, would be to offend his friend. "Well, I am going eastward," he said, coming to a halt, "to the aristocratic neighborhood of the Curzon Road. I shall go to work again on Monday morning, so you will be sure to find me at the studio any day next week. Now be sure to give me an early call."

Stafford jumped into a hansom, and desired the driver to set him down at the foot of the Curzon Road. He benned the tedium of the way by opening the portfolio he carried, and taking out the two portrait sketches he had made in the gallery at Penrhuddyn. As he examined them, a new idea seemed to suddenly strike him. He scrutinized and compared the sketches with the most eager interest, and fell into a deep train of thought, from which he was only aroused by the stopping of the cab at its destination.

Stafford's object in visiting such a remote neighborhood was to endeavor to find the shop at which Sir Laurence had bought the picture of Circe. The circumstance happened in this wise. The last time Sir Laurence visited London business took him into Essex. While standing upon the platform of the Great Eastern Railway terminus, his pocket was picked. The thief was caught, and Sir Laurence was bound over to appear next morning at the police court. He did so; and upon leaving the court took a turning which led him into the Curzon Road. Passing a broker's shop, he was attracted by the picture so often mentioned, which was standing just inside the door, and he stepped in and bought it.

The direction Stafford had received was pretty exact—a broker's shop, about half way up the road on the left-hand side, going northward. About that situation he discovered the kind of shop he had pictured to himself—a grimy shop, upon whose small-paned windows the dirt hung in flakes.

"This must be the place," thought Stafford, as he entered the shop. His knock upon the counter brought forth from an inner den a sharp, weathered-face old man. Stafford came to the point at once by showing the sketch he had made, and asking him if he remembered selling such a picture a few weeks ago to a middle-aged gentleman.

"Well, I had it by me so long that I scarcely remember how I got it," answered the old man.

"If five shillings would assist your memory, it is at your disposal," said Stafford.

The old man grinned and held out his dirty hand. And the silver key unlocked the rusty portals of his memory.

Some time back, he said, he couldn't exactly remember how long, it might be four, or it might be five years, one evening, after dark, a young girl brought it into the shop and asked him to buy it. It had been painted, she said, by a young artist who used to live in her mother's house. It was her own portrait, and he had given it to her; but her mother had met with misfortunes, and they were very poor, and she wanted to sell the picture for bread. "Well, I saw that it was a decent painting, so I gave her fifteen shillings for it. My son took a fancy to it, so I gave it to him, and when he died a few months ago it came back into my hands, and one day the gentleman you spoke of came in and bought it."

"And did you buy the picture upon the simple faith of the girl's story?" inquired Stafford, "without endeavoring to learn her name or address?"

"Well, you see, it doesn't do to be over particular in our business," replied the old man, with a knowing grin. She was the prettiest little creature you ever saw, the very image of the picture, and she had her story so glib that I didn't put much faith in it. So I got her to give me a receipt for the money, and put her name and address upon it."

"Have you that receipt still?" inquired Stafford, eagerly.

"Well, I believe I have it somewhere," he was a long search before the required document could be found. Upon a dirty scrap of paper was written, in a peculiarly small, neat lady's hand a receipt for the fifteen shillings. The signature was "M. Millicent, 19, Great Titchfield street."

Stafford took possession of the paper and left the shop. He resolved to go to No. 19 Titchfield street, and make inquiries. Hailing a cab, he drove there at once. But, as he expected, his journey was useless; the people of the house knew nothing of such a person.

The one important result of the investigation was to dismiss from his mind every suspicion of Constance Grierson being implicated in the mystery. And away he went to Harley street, quite indifferent to the reception he might meet at the hands of his guardian.

Balked again, Miss Grierson had left town that morning on a visit, and would not return for a fortnight.

(To be continued.)

FARMS AND FARMERS

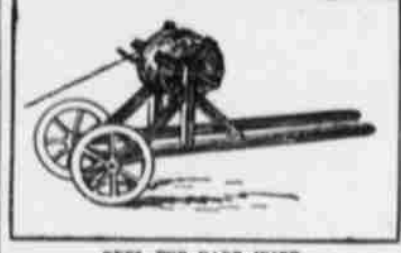


The Melon Aphid.

The melon aphid (*Aphis gossypii*) is generally distributed throughout the United States, but is especially injurious in the Southwest, according to a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It attacks a great variety of economic plants belonging to different families. The natural enemies of the pest are ordinarily not sufficient to hold it in control. It may be destroyed by fumigation with carbon bisulphid or by the use of pyrethrum, tobacco fumes, or kerosene emulsion. Treatment with kerosene emulsion has the advantage that it is also destructive to a considerable variety of other insects which attack cultivated plants in conjunction with the melon aphid.

A Barb Wire Reel.

Here is a barb wire reel that one can wind barb wire on instead of an old barrel, which is slow work. We present a little drawing of one that



REEL FOR BARB WIRE.

can be easily made by an ingenious farmer. It is mounted on wheels, and can be drawn along by a man, while a boy steadies the handle to keep the wire from unwinding too rapidly and kinking. For winding up wire that is taken off of a fence, the machine can either be pushed or pulled, going just fast enough to keep up with the wire as it is being wound on the reel. A little rack like this, says The Farmer, would be of considerable value to any one who has any amount of barb wire fencing to wind.

Do Bees Think?

Maurice Materlock, the Belgian writer, adduces a number of interesting facts, in an article in Harper's Magazine, to show that bees have the power of thinking. Transported to California, he says, our black bee completely alters her habits. After one or two years, finding that summer is perpetual and flowers forever abundant, she will live from day to day, content to gather the honey and pollen indispensable for the day's consumption; and her recent and thoughtful observation triumphing over hereditary experience, she will cease to make provision for her winter. Buchner mentions an analogous fact: In Barbados, the bee whose hives are in the midst of the refectories, where they find sugar during the whole year, entirely abandon their visits to the flowers.

A Pine Shade Tree.

The tulip tree, one of the most ornamental of our shade trees, succeeds well when transplanted, after the leaf buds begin to appear, but it is pretty sure to fail if removed earlier. Such, at least, is the reported experience of one who planted a row of them a mile long, of which hardly one in a hundred was lost. Possibly, however, there was something in the soil or situation which gave him success, and the rule may not work in all cases. The tulip is well worth experimenting with, for when grown it is a handsome, symmetrical tree, with a peculiar leaf and a beautiful blossom.

Care of Bees.

Bees should be kept at a temperature ranging from 42 to 45 degrees above zero during cold weather, and the hives should be dry. The light should be excluded as much as possible, and the hives should not be exposed to sudden changes of temperature. An ample supply of honey should be left at the end of the season for the support of the bees during the winter. It is not necessary to put the hive under shelter until winter approaches, but it should be in a cool location in summer. If the colony in each hive is not strong it will be of but little service until it increases in number. Too much warmth in winter is not conducive to success.

The Ohio station has continued its work with proprietary preparations of soluble oils with the result that these materials appear to compare favorably with lime sulphur wash in effectiveness as remedies for scale insects. In general they may be diluted in water so as to form 5 per cent solutions. It is suggested, however, that the variable results obtained with soluble oils indicate a variation in composition, and when safety, cost and efficiency are considered, the author recommends lime sulphur as the best remedy.

Simple Test for Small Seeds.

The gravity method of seed separation here illustrated is the old time practice of "brining" wheat, barley, oats, etc., before sowing, but applied to seeds of much smaller size, such as tomato and eggplant seeds. As used at the New Jersey experiment station, the bottle at A in the cut contains pure water, upon which many seeds are seen as floating and a larger number at the bottom. These light, floating seeds are to be rejected. In the bottle at B is a 20 per cent solution of common salt (a very thin sirup would have done as well), in which eggplant seeds



SEED SEPARATION.

that sank in pure water were placed, with the result that many remain at the top and thereby may be easily separated and thrown away.

Value of Ensilage.

Ensilage is valuable as a means of dieting stock in winter, affording them green, succulent food at that season, when nothing but the dry material can be had. For that reason, if for no other, it is a valuable adjunct to the crops used for food. The farmer who has no ensilage, but who stores in a crop of sugar beets, mangels, turnips, carrots or potatoes, will find himself fortunate in having a variety. There is no difficulty in feeding roots if they are properly stored. Roots are injured more by heat than by cold. Freezing is not injurious if roots are not thawed out too suddenly. By keeping them at an even temperature they will last until the summer opens.

Melons in the Corn Shock.

If, when cutting corn, you will place in one of your largest shocks about a dozen of your choicest watermelons, at Christmas, when the snow is on the ground and the frost is on the plane, you can sit by the roaring fire and eat one of your melons, which has kept all that time in the shock of corn.—Farm Journal.

Manure From the Stalls.

Manure that is allowed to remain in the yard does not give as good results as that taken from the stalls, as this fact has been shown by using both kinds of manure on growing crops. It is not expected that farmers should keep their manure in stalls, but it is now in order to prepare for the storage of manure to prevent leaching by rains. All foods should be fine and also the bedding, which will permit of better absorption of liquids and greater facility of storage under shelter.

Crowded.
Secretary Taft was, on one occasion, in consultation with Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. The Secretary is gigantic, and the Senator is taller and weighs more than any member of the Senate.

While these two statesmen were in earnest conversation, an aggressive politician endeavored to enter the room, but an alert secretary politely interfered.

"What are they doing in there?" asked the politician, inquisitively.

This impertinent question nettled the secretary, and he answered, tersely: "Holding a mass meeting, I presume."
—Harper's Weekly.

Speaking of Thaws.

"Thaw—" began Mrs. Stubb the other morning.

"Thaw!" snapped Mr. Stubb, irritably. "Now, look here, Maria, if you begin to talk about the Thaw trial I will leave the house. I am sick of hearing about it and—"

"Thaw—"

"Didn't I tell you to stop? This Thaw argument is a nuisance and—"

But Mrs. Stubb was rapping on the kitchen table with the rolling pin. "Ignoramus!" she hissed. "Will you give a poor, weak woman a chance to get in a word? I am not talking about the Thaw trial. I was merely telling you to go out and thaw the pipes. Of all the—"

But Mr. Stubb had fled with the kettle of hot water.

Awful Break.

The man of the house had shown the caller the leaky roof, the insecure foundation, the unfinished upper rooms, and the generally wretched condition of the premises.

"Now," he said, "I think you ought to make the assessment about half what it was last year."

"You must have misunderstood me, Mr. Gimpewitch," remarked the caller. "I didn't say I was the assessor. What I said was that my name is Elsenor. I am thinking of buying some property in this neighborhood."
—Chicago Tribune.

His Chance.

Young Prof. McGoonis was calling on Miss Gorgie.

"Duckie," said her younger brother, who happened in, "you don't get your hair all tousled up now like you used to do when Mr. Klengawn was comin' here."

"You impudent boy!" exclaimed his sister, indignantly, but retaining her self-possession. "You go right back to the sitting room, and stay there!"

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