

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Parsons had been listening to the conversation, with a supercilious sneer upon his face. "Oh, Mr. Jerome is quite right," he said, in his usual drawing manner. "She looked awfully frightened."

Stafford felt greatly inclined to dash his fist in the speaker's face. But the cold perspiration was starting from every pore, and he felt sick at heart as he asked the question, "Did you speak to her?"

"As I told you," continued Jerome, "I pressed forward as soon as I saw her, but the moment she set her eyes upon me, she hurried into the carriage, and the old man after her. The servant banged the door. I ran up to the window, but it was pulled down in my face, and the carriage started. Had I been a little more prepared for so suddenly meeting her, she would not have escaped me quite so easily."

"But what could you have done?" asked Stafford.

"Shows her up before all her servants."

"But if she be really the person you believe, I should suppose her friends would be quite willing to well remunerate you to hush the matter up."

"It is not money I want, but revenge," answered Jerome, savagely.

"Well, well; let us drop the subject," said Stafford, abruptly. "After all, it is nothing to me. But I wish to speak to you on a little matter of business alone for a few minutes. Can we not go into your bedroom?"

As soon as they were closeted alone, Stafford gave way to the agitation that over-mastered him. "Jerome," he said, with trembling voice and lips, "I did not wish those fellows to know that I had any interest in the affair, but I have—dearest Jerome, we have been friends now of some years standing, and I believe we have a sincere liking for each other—at least, I can speak for myself. Let me, then, conjure you, if you have the smallest particle of respect for me, do not molest this lady; leave the affair in my hands. You do not know how much my happiness or misery depends upon the issue."

"Why, my dear fellow, what ails you?" cried Jerome. "You don't mean to say that this woman has wound her coils round you? If so, the greatest favor I could do you would be to unmask her, and cure you of such an infatuation."

"Do not speak of her in that way; I cannot endure to hear it," exclaimed Stafford, passionately. "If you knew her as I do, a being so utterly opposed to the vile coquette by whom you were deceived, you would perceive, like myself, how impossible it is that she should be the same person. Now, listen to me. During the last two days I have been using every means to trace the woman whom you knew as Katie Doran."

"You!" ejaculated Jerome.

"My motive in doing so—I had intended to keep secret until, at least, I had obtained some clue; but what I have heard in your studio renders such secrecy impossible." Then Stafford went on to tell how he had discovered the picture of Circe to be in the possession of Sir Launce Penrhdydd; how he had made a sketch of it, and traced the picture dealer who had sold it.

Jerome listened to every word with the most profound astonishment, never once interrupting the speaker.

"This mystery I was determined to solve," Stafford continued. "Even now there is a strange, half-defined idea floating in my brain, at present too inexplicable to be spoken of; but it is a clue that I shall follow up. Trust to me, Jerome; you know I am not easily turned aside from any undertaking I once engage in; and I pledge you my honor that if she be the delinquent, which I will stake my soul she is not, you need not fear that I will shield her."

"There's my hand upon the bargain," cried Jerome. "I am heartily sorry that you should take any interest in this woman, who is Katie Doran as sure as you stand there. But since you wish it, the matter shall be put aside for a time; and now let us go back to the boys."

"No, not now," replied Stafford. "Who is that fellow, Parsons, you introduced me to? Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh, I have met him in different places, and, of late, he has taken to coming here."

Stafford left the house in a miserably depressed state of mind. There was something terrible in these ever-accumulating proofs. Bravely he fought against and cast out every doubt; but the struggle was a sore one.

CHAPTER XIX.

At eight o'clock that same evening Wylie was sitting with Mrs. Wylie. Dinner had just been removed, and they were alone. The gentleman wore an air of supreme content; but the lady looked gloomy and ill at ease.

"Hannah, my dear," said Mr. Wylie, after a pause, "I have made a great discovery to-day."

"Indeed!" she said, dreadingly, without lifting her gaze from the fire, whereon it had been fixed during the last ten minutes.

"Supposing I were to tell you that Constance is twenty next birthday, instead of nineteen, as everybody seems to suppose?"

"Impossible!" cried his wife, raising her eyes. "I have seen the date of her

birth over and over again in the family Bible."

"And I have seen the parish register," answered her husband, triumphantly. "She was born on the first day of December, 1875; consequently, on the first day of December, 1893, she will be twenty years of age."

"The Bible says she was born in 1876," persisted the lady.

"But if you remember, dear," argued Mr. Wylie, in his softest tone, "the Bible now extant is not the original. When the fire broke out in Harley street the old Bible was among the things burned; and Tom Grierson did not replace it until some two or three years afterward. Constance was then between eleven and twelve years old. He himself inserted that and other dates in the new book from memory; and you know Tom had not much of a head for domestic matters. Some fancied coincidence probably misled him."

"And how came you to discover this?"

"Well, the other day I was running back in my memory to trace certain events, when an association of ideas suddenly obtruded the picture of Constance a baby in arms at a time that, according to received data, she could not have been born. Upon which, I traced back the date of Arabella's marriage, and the time that elapsed before the child's birth. Finding all my memories at fault with the afore-said data, I immediately adopted the simplest means of putting the question at rest by an examination of the registers, in which I found I was right."

"Do you think her uncle knows of this?"

"I do not think so, or he would have been certain to let it out in some indirect way—he never can keep anything. No, I hope to come down upon them with the news like an avalanche. Constance Grierson will certainly not be married to a man of family by the first of December, and as certainly will she forfeit her fortune if she is not. On the thirtieth of November, Penrhdydd will virtually be ours. On the first of December, the day afterwards, our share of old Tom Grierson's fortune will drop into our mouths. But you do not seem elated at this glorious news," he said, observing his wife's somber looks.

"Because I cannot reconcile myself to the villainous means by which it will be gained," she answered, moodily.

"The whole affair is a pure business transaction," he said, impatiently. "I am left by will ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of the mortgage money of certain estates; if the mortgage money is not paid, I have a fancy to buy up those estates. Where is the crime in that? Another sum of money is left to me on condition that a certain young lady does not marry by a certain age. Is it incumbent upon me to see that she does fulfill these conditions for the sake of not having the money? I did not make the provisions for the foreclose of the mortgage I did not tie the young lady down to marry such and such kind of person, with in such and such period. Then, why am I not entitled to seize upon the benefit which others have devised for me?"

"All this is mere sophistry," answered his wife. "It may satisfy you who have no time for thought, but it does not satisfy me, who sit brooding here the living day, with only my own dark thoughts for companions. During the last few days I have been depressed with a gloom I cannot shake off. I feel as though something terrible were about to happen. What has become of that woman—Mrs. Castleton?" she asked, suddenly.

"She was at the office yesterday, to draw the last shilling of her money."

"Beware of that woman," she said, earnestly. "Break with her, if you can, before she works you mischief. I have never seen her, and never wish to see her; but from what I have heard from your lips, I can well understand the dangerous woman she is. Let her go her ways while you are safe; above all, do not provoke her vindictiveness, for you can never tell the lengths to which a woman's revenge will carry her."

"Well, the idiotic folly of some people is past all understanding," he broke out, suddenly; "they are no more fit to be trusted with money than infants; indeed, I think it is meritorious to take it away from them before they do themselves a mischief with it. Would you believe it? That girl Constance, after refusing Arthur Penrhdydd, actually wrote, or caused to be written, an anonymous letter to him, saying that if all else failed, he could obtain the money to pay off the mortgage by applying to Groom and Fry, in Bedford Row."

"If that is the case, you are powerless," said his wife.

"Am I?" he exclaimed, snarling like a dog. "The letter is in my hands. Unfortunately, young Penrhdydd has read it. But whatever extremities I resort to, that money shall not be forthcoming."

CHAPTER XX.

There was illness at Penrhdydd Castle. Sir Launce, worn out, prostrated by anxieties, lay upon a sick bed and has now had been summoned to his side. The doctors said that there was no immediate danger, but he must be kept quiet, and his mind at ease.

The night was gathering in fast over the gray October sky, and the wind whistled drearily through the large rooms and corridors of the old castle, as Arthur

Penrhdydd sat alone, watching beside his father's bed.

That strange, sudden disappearance of Mrs. Castleton had been a terrible blow; it had driven him almost into a delirium; for never had he felt how omnipotent was her influence until now that she seemed lost to him forever. In vain he sought to trace her; in vain he sought to account for her disappearance. At times, a thought crossed his brain, too terrible to dwell upon. Was she one of that race, and did she fear that her love might work upon him only the fulfillment of a curse? He remembered the extraordinary emotion she manifested during the recital. And once or twice a yet wilder and more improbable idea rose up amidst the phantasmagoria of his mind, excited by a fancied resemblance that he traced in the pale, set features framed by the black hair. Such thoughts must be a symptom of madness; he thought the grave could not give back its dead, and she lay buried in Penrhdydd churchyard.

These thoughts, for the hundredth time, were passing through his brain. And brooding thus, there came into his mind the thought to go and look at that strange picture, which he had not seen since the day on which old Daniel had told him the legend. Casting a glance at the sleeper, he crept out of the room. He was not aware of the removal of the painting, but his way to the western turret lay through the picture gallery. And upon entering it, one of the first objects his eyes fell upon was the portrait of Eleonore de Soissons.

It was a sudden shock to see that pale, dark face looking out from among the portraits of his ancestors. To his excited fancy, there was a look of triumph in his eyes that seemed to say, "At last!"

Most ominous to his fatalistic creed was this circumstance. "For two hundred years," he thought, "it has lain amongst dust and rubbish, and now it is brought down and fixed here in the position that during all that time was its right. What can it portend, but the speedy destruction of the race upon whom she put her malediction?"

He had no difficulty in guessing whose hands had placed the picture there; no one but his father would have dared to thus brave Fate.

And now he fell to scrutinizing those features. Although they had been given upon his boyish memory in unfading lines, he tried to clear his mind of fancies, and then to endeavor to discover how true or how false was its supposed resemblance to Mrs. Castleton. In expression, save the last time he saw her, there was no resemblance; there was a stern melancholy upon the countenance of the portrait, which found no counterpart upon that of the living woman. But its contour, its dark eyes and hair, were like—so like, that it called up the dear image of his love with painful force.

"Oh, where art thou, my beloved?" he exclaimed, passionately. "Why hast thou fled from me? Come back—come back! Thou art my fate, my destiny, whether for good or evil, and I am thine; and were it the spirit of Eleonore de Soissons herself, returned to this world of woe to avenge her wrongs, my love would be 'the same!'"

A long, low wail swept through the gallery as he spoke those words. It was only the wind, but to his over-excited imagination it sounded like the cry of a departing spirit. He shuddered at the thought, and walked softly back to his father's room. Sir Launce was still sleeping, and the nurse, whose place he had supplied for a short time, having returned, he was relieved of his watch.

He felt oppressed and feverish, and putting on his hat, went out into the open air. The cool, fresh breeze was invigorating, and the damp, leafy smell of the woods was grateful to him after the close atmosphere of the sick chamber.

Scarcely heeding what direction he took, he walked on, deep in thought, until he approached the coast. Right in front of him stood John Trevelthick's cottage.

The sight of this spot recalled to his mind that he had not seen the old fisherman for some years. He would look in upon the old man; he would be sure to find him at home, as age prevented him now from leaving his cottage.

It was now nearly dark; the last dim twilight was fading fast out of the cold gray sky. The door of the cottage stood wide open, but there was no light within, nor any sign or sound of human life. He stood upon the threshold, and called "John Trevelthick!"

There was no answer. But he heard a slight rustle, as of a woman's dress, and the sound of breathing. Again he called "John Trevelthick, are you there?"

A low, terrified female voice answered, "Who is that?"

"It is I, Arthur Penrhdydd," he answered, quickly. "Who are you?"

A faint cry was his answer. He sprang into the hut, saw a moving body before him, stretched out his arms, and the next moment a woman's head was leaning upon his breast, and a soft voice whispering "Arthur."

Even now he could not credit the evidence of his senses, it was so marvelous, so beyond all belief. Yet she lay upon his bosom, clinging around him, her breath upon his cheek. Ah! he saw it all! She had repented of her flight—she had followed him down to Cornwall. He bore her out into the open air, that by the dim light he might feast his eyes upon her face. There was still sufficient light

"Even now," he cried, fondly pressing her to his heart, "I can scarcely believe that it is you. I fear to lose you, lest you should fly away from me like some vision of the night. How came you here—was it to see me?"

"Yes," she murmured, after a pause; "to seek you. What else should bring me to this remote country? Do not question me; do not ask for explanations lest I should again fly from you."

A mist was rising from the sea. There was damp in the atmosphere, and the wind blew sharply, and moaned dully.

(To be continued.)



Possibilities of Bee-Keeping.

Fifty years have witnessed wonderful changes in most industries, but none greater than have been made in modern bee culture. In our grandfathers' days bees were kept in straw skeps, log "gums," and box hives. After toiling through the long summer to lay up a store of sweets, the cold days of autumn saw the bees consigned to the sulphur pit, while their combs of honey were mashed up and hung in a muslin bag before the fire to drip "strained" honey was the result—and sometimes there was a decided flavor of bee-bread and brimstone.

The interior of a beehive was a sealed book until 1852, when the genius of Langstroth, by the invention of the movable comb-hive, broke the seal and allowed man to scan the wonderful pages. This was the first, the revolutionary step of modern bee-culture—the foundation of all subsequent improvements.

To-day bee culture is almost an exact science. There is money in the business and the question is often asked: "What are the profits of beekeeping?" They vary from less than nothing (when the bees must be fed, because the weather is such that no crop has been gathered) to amounts that are fabulous. One colony, and its increase,



Italian Queen Bee. Italian Drone. Stingless Worker. Italian Worker.

in Texas, stored 1,000 pounds of horse-mint honey in one season. But this is decidedly exceptional. Fifty pounds of comb honey or 100 of extracted would be considered a good average yield. The latter sells, at wholesale, from 4 to 7 cents a pound, and retails at about 10 cents. Comb honey wholesales from 10 to 13 cents a pound, and retails at about 16 cents a pound.

But apiculture does not live to itself alone. It has been proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that many crops of fruits, vegetables and grain are greatly improved, both in quantity and quality, by the agency of the bees in bringing about perfect fertilization of the blossoms. Some flowers remain absolutely sterile unless pollen is conveyed to them by some mechanical means from some other blossoms. In the sweet springtime when the wide-spreading branches of the apple trees are almost hidden by masses of pink and white promises of future fruitfulness, many of us do not realize that all of this beauty, this sweet perfume, the tiny drops of nectar nestling among the petals, are a part of nature's plan for securing the attendance of those marriage-priests—the bees.—Indianapolis News.

When to Haul Manure.

Several of the State experiment stations have shown by their tests loss of fertility in barn and stable manure by the old methods of handling it, which suggest the importance of daily or weekly hauling and spreading on the fields. The latest experiments made by the Ohio station prove that when manure was thrown into the open barnyard and permitted to lie there for five months before being hauled to the field it had a value of \$2.40 per ton. When drawn directly to the field as fast as it was made the value was \$3.25 per ton. When the manure was sprinkled with ground phosphate rock as fast as it was made in the stable, thus preventing some loss of ammonia, the value was \$5.18 per ton.

The claim is made that at least one-third of the value of the manure is lost as it is usually put on the land with a fork and that ten loads put on with a manure spreader go as far and do as much good as fifteen loads put on in the old-fashioned, careless way.

Clean Milk.

The slightest degree of filth in a milk can will injure the milk, and it is possible to have portions of the former milk contained in the cans to be left over, despite the greatest care. First wash the cans in tepid water, to which a little powdered borax has been added, and then scald them with boiling water, adding borax again. Rinse with clean cold water, and place them where dust cannot reach them. Borax may be used freely with advantage in all water used for milk pans.

Fertilizing for Fruit.

The growing of fruit demands labor at the proper time, and considerable work is done before spring opens. Where growers have combined to keep insects and parasites in check the result has been beneficial. If the labor and cost of fertilizers must be considered it is safe to assert that fruit-growers derive larger profits from raspberries and blackberries than many of them deserve, as it is only when picking and harvesting the crop that the real labor is performed. After such crops are harvested some fields receive but little care and cultivation, and it is seldom that manures or fertilizers are applied, though the strawberry is treated differently. Enterprising fruit growers maintain that it pays to give blackberry and raspberry cane good cultivation, and to apply fertilizers liberally, as the increased crop of berries and vigorous vines more than pay the expense. During periods of drought the grassy rows of canes must compete for moisture with intruders, and it often happens that a dry period sets in just at the time the berries are ripening, and when moisture is greatly needed. When the soil is clear of grass and weeds, and the surface of the ground loose, the loss from lack of moisture is greatly reduced.

Poultry in Pennsylvania.

On the basis of personal experience the author of a Pennsylvania bulletin discusses the feeding and care of poultry, artificial incubation, the raising of ducks, turkeys and geese on the farm, poultry diseases, and related questions.

A combination of fruit growing and poultry raising is especially recommended. "Locate your poultry-houses if possible so that the runs will be in an orchard. The fowls will destroy

thousands of harmful insects, thus greatly benefiting the trees and increasing the prospects for fruit, and the fowls will gain great comfort and benefit by the protecting shade of the trees. Plum trees and cherry trees are especially benefited by the presence of the fowls about their roots. Peach trees will grow most rapidly and soonest give an abundant shade."

Russian Farmers Coming.

A crowd of Russian farmers, the first of this class of immigrants to arrive at Philadelphia in any considerable numbers, reached recently on the American liner Friesland, from Liverpool. There were many who had fought for their country against Japan and who still wore the military uniforms in which they had been discharged.

There were in all 850 of these much-sought-after farmhands, nearly all of whom are members of the Greek orthodox church. Most of the immigrants left last night for Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Though illiterate, they are industrious and thrifty. The leader of the party stated that, owing to the political and economic crisis, 300,000 farmhands will leave Russia this year for the United States, coming principally from the Dnieper and Don districts, the richest farming districts of the country.

Wash Tank and Table.

A vegetable gardener who prepares a good many vegetables for market by first washing and then drying has



VEGETABLE WASHER.

devised the plan illustrated for removing the soil and then draining. The tank is little more than a water-tight box with a plug in the bottom for drainage. The shelf is attached to the box with a hinge, likewise the legs, so that folding in smaller space is possible.—Prairie Farmer.

Scales on the Farm.

Scales should be used in every house and barn. There is more money in knowing than in guessing. The following proverb should be heeded: "Deliver all things by measure and weight." Weigh the stock and grain and hay, as well as fertilizers, so as to deal justly and be fairly dealt with. In selling live stock the weight is usually estimated by the drover or butcher who comes to buy, and long practice on their part gives them a decided advantage over the seller.



Among the peculiar products of Manchuria, which are becoming better known to the outside world since the opening of that country, is "wild silk," produced by an insect named *Antheraea pernyi*, which lives upon the Mongolian oak leaves in southeastern Manchuria. The annual production for a few years past is estimated at 15,000,000 cocoons. In Shantung this silk is manufactured into pongee.

In human history a great river has sometimes formed a dividing line between peoples possessing quite different characteristics. Dr. W. M. Lyons, Jr., has discovered a similar phenomenon affecting squirrels in Borneo. He found eight different forms of squirrels inhabiting the northern and western parts of the great island, and observed that a large river proved an effective barrier in separating two distinct races.

Dip a thick piece of white absorbent (blotting) paper into a solution of 100 parts of oxalic acid in 400 parts of alcohol; keep the paper in the liquid until it is thoroughly saturated, and then dry by suspending in the air. Aniline ink spots cannot be removed by this paper. Since, however, ink containing iron is much more commonly used than aniline ink, this paper will be found indispensable for the office when once introduced.

Engineers are harnessing many of the waters of the world to the use of man. A great project is under way to catch the floods which rush down the Western Ghats, near Bombay, and to use the water power in cotton mills and other factories. The valleys are of rocky formation, and, with dams at the lower ends, can be made into tight reservoirs. Three valleys will be closed in by dams respectively half a mile, a mile and a mile and a half long.

The automobile omnibus has brought about a great change in inter-village communication in western France. Until very recently there was no such communication except by horse-drawn vehicles, trolley lines existing only in the larger cities. Now a movement is rapidly spreading for the introduction of automobiles, running from town to town, and these vehicles are proving to be very popular, and a great extension of the system is anticipated, the population being dense.

In the desert of Islay, near La Joys, Peru, there are thousands of crescent-shaped sand dunes, formed by the winds, and slowly advancing across the level surface. Professor Solon I. Bailey, the astronomer, measured one dune, the points of whose crescents were 160 feet apart, while the length round the convex side was 477 feet. The width at the widest part of the crescent was more than 100 feet. The weight of the sand composing the dune was estimated at 8,000 tons, yet it moved 125 feet in a year. All the dunes have the same form, and all have their convex side toward the prevailing south winds.

Huge Forests of Islands.

There are many millions of cubic feet in the forests of the Philippines that should be cut in order to properly thin out the dense growth; for instance, where there are three or four trees growing on a space required for one, that one so freed would put on more wood each year than the four together. The question as to whether 300 or 3,000 trees should remain on an acre is where the real value of scientific forestry is shown. Then, too, there are many more millions of cubic feet which reach maturity and pass off to decay, never thrilling to the woodman's ax. There are, however, very few companies in the Philippines properly equipped to handle large logs, and without master mechanics, expert gang bosses—in fact, all the skilled labor required—and without a full stock of the best supply material, it would be hazardous to move the large logs which must be cut and brought to market if the forests are to be properly exploited. A good price is paid in Hong Kong for every stick of timber from the Philippines, and the American lumbermen with modern methods can solve the problem, and in so doing they will not only help to educate the adaptable Filipino as to practical things, but will insure him cash wages, something unusual in Spanish days.

Campaign B's and V's.

"Is it true," asked the interviewer, "that you have the political bee in your hat?"

"No," said the prominent man sagely; "but I have the campaign V in my pocket."

For the prominent man knew well that the fond hopes of his friends were as nothing to the fund dopes of his party.—Judge.

If a boy earns ten cents, he wants it; he isn't willing to trust the best man alive.