

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"In making my claim for this property," she said, "I shall have to prove my identity—would you have any objection to state all you know?"

"I'd much rather not have anything to do with it," he answered, bluntly. "But however, if it's necessary, I won't stand in your way, you shan't say I show you any malice. But what I know would be nothing in a lawyer's eyes. I find you, a child, lying, apparently dead, upon the seashore; but fancying I can see some symptoms of life, I carry you home. As you know, I was a Coastguardman at the time. When you came round, you tell me that your name is Eleonore Soissons. I find 'Eleonore S.' marked on your pocketbook. You tell me you have friends in Brittany. Eleonore is too Frenchified a name for my mouth, and I call you Ellen, and Soissons becomes Lawson; but after a time you are called by my name, and pass as Ellen Jenkins. That is all I know."

"And that would be most important evidence," she answered, quickly. "And have you that pocketbook with you still?"

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly, as though ashamed to confess it.

"One more question, and I have done. A strange story has recently been told me by one who had no conception that I was an actor in it. Before you found me, I had been saved from the shipwreck by a gentleman—I and my mother. We were taken to a fisherman's hut, laid out for dead, and the gentleman was afterwards told that we were buried next morning. How came I, then, down by the sea again, where you found me?"

"I have lately heard the story myself," he answered. "The gentleman who saved you was Sir Laurence Penrhdydd. But as soon as he was gone, the fishermen carried the bodies back to the coast and put 'em where the tide would wash 'em back into the sea again. They've a superstition about drowned people, and don't like 'em in their houses."

"How horrible!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "But what had become of my mother's body? Did you not see that?"

"Just as I came up I saw what might have been a body washed away by a wave. Whatever it was, it sank directly. There was not light enough for me to see very distinctly. I was only just in time to save you."

"Would to heaven that you had been too late!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"And now have you anything more to say to me?" he asked, resuming his cold stern manner; "because my time is valuable, and is not my own to waste."

"Nothing more," she answered, sadly.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the second morning after Mrs. Castleton's interview with Jenkins, Mr. Wylie was somewhat surprised to hear Mr. Fig announce that that lady was in the outward office.

"I have not come to draw any more money, or to ask you to lend me any," she said, pushing aside the clerk, and entering the room before Mr. Wylie had time to speak.

She threw herself into a chair, with her usual air of bantering insolence. Mr. Wylie turned green, which was his way of turning pale, and bit his nails. He both hated and feared his visitor, and with every succeeding interview these feelings increased. Her scornful, defiant bearing stung him to madness.

"If that is all you have come to tell me, the sooner our interview is ended the better," he answered.

"Have you the vanity to suppose that I have come here for the purpose of contemplating and criticizing your ugly features? Oh, dear, no; I would not be so rude as to so annoy my dear relation! How surprised you look! I repeat, my dear relation! It is a melancholy fact, I have discovered that you are my dear relation!"

"What do you mean?" he snarled savagely. "Are you going to vamp up some lying story to extort money from me?"

"I try to extort money from you?" she cried, fiercely; "not if I were starving, although you have robbed me of many hundreds. Yes, strange as it may sound, I am your relation—a distant one, I am thankful to say. With all your cunning, James Wylie, and all your prying, you never found out one secret of my life—my real name is Eleonore Soissons."

"Soissons?" he echoed, looking aghast.

"Yes; of the Breton branch of the family. My father was Adolphe de Soissons."

"Adolphe de Soissons had but one child—a girl—and she and her mother went down in the Genevieve off the coast of Cornwall. Every soul perished. I know the family history too well to be deceived by such a shallow, flimsy lie! I knew Adolphe well, and his widow, too! She came begging to me more than once while she was in London. What put this trump-up story into your head?"

She turned very pale at his last words, and bit her lips until the blood came, and there was a baleful light in her eyes as she spoke. "Take care what you say about my mother—she was a fond, doting mother to me! When the occasion requires, I can produce ample proof of my identity. The only one I condescend to give you is this—throwing a paper upon the table—'my marriage certificate, upon which you will see inscribed the name of Eleonore de Soissons. The Genevieve did go down off the Cornish coast, and every soul per-

and he pursued it without hesitation or one thought of retreat.

One dark, foggy November morning they were married by license, with only Mrs. Freeman for a witness. It was a cold, cheerless wedding, and the clergyman shivered in the raw atmosphere as he offered the usual good wishes.

As they came out, a funeral was slowly passing down the road.

"The poor young lady was married in this church only a month ago," said the sexton, with that love of garnishing happy events by opposite and doleful anecdotes which characterizes the vulgar.

Eleonore shuddered, as she could feel her husband press her arm more closely to his side as he hurried her into the brougham. Posing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him, he said: "We must think no more of omens now, darling; let us leave all such dark shadows behind us at the altar. We are defying augury—let us now think only of love."

Never had her spirit been so softened. But the next moment came the blighting memory of how cruelly he was deceived in her; by what lies, and trickery, and deceit she had gained his love. She had not even confessed to him that she had once borne the fatal name of De Soissons. But that secret he knew inwardly, as clearly as though she had written it down.

"Shall I tell him now?" she thought. "No; let no other dark shadow come between us on this day."

The cheerful drawing room, with its blazing fire, and the table laid out daintily for the wedding breakfast, revived their flagging spirits. There was to be no honeymoon excursion; they were to remain at Brompton.

"Ours has, indeed, been a quiet wedding," she said, as they sat by the fire together.

"You know my reasons, dear; in the present state of my father's health and affairs, I could not break so important an event to him. But, hereafter, there shall be another wedding—one worthy of you, and of the future mistress of Penrhdydd."

What sweet music those last words sounded in her ears! "And it is I who will save Penrhdydd," she thought. But even with this feeling of triumph came a revulsion. "If Wylie should play me false!"

"You shiver—are you cold?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, no; but I fancied I saw a hideous face in the fire," she answered.

That evening a letter was forwarded to Arthur from his own lodgings. It announced that Sir Laurence would be in town on the next day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Not until a fortnight after his visit to Jerome could Stafford obtain his eagerly desired interview with Constance.

He had traveled to Guildford the next morning by the first train, and hung about the neighborhood of Linden Grange in the hope of accidentally meeting her. But the hope was not fulfilled. The next day, by dint of indirect inquiries, he learned that she was confined to her room by a severe cold. He contrived to get a letter conveyed to her and to receive a reply, making an appointment.

The day on which they met was Arthur's and Eleonore's wedding day. The place was the same which had witnessed their meeting some ten weeks back. Spite of himself, he could not prevent his first greeting being cold and restrained.

"What has happened, Edward?" she asked, anxiously. "Why have you written so urgently to me?"

"For your sake more than mine," he answered; "to clear your name from a blighting calumny."

She turned very pale, and asked faintly what he meant. He observed the look and tone, and it struck a pang of fear to his heart. But it brought him at once to the point, and made him speak plainly and concisely. So, without one word of preface or observation, he told the story, every incident of it, from Jerome's first meeting with the so-called Katie Doran on Westminster Bridge, to his, Stafford's, discovery of the picture in the gallery of Penrhdydd, and the conversation he had heard upon his last visit to Jerome's studio. Then he waited her reply.

During the course of his narrative the pale, pained look upon her face had gradually changed to one of puzzled inquiry.

"But I know nothing of all this," she said, when he had finished. "I never heard of this Jerome or of his painting."

"Thank heaven!" he cried, seizing her hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"There is only one circumstance in the whole story that I have any knowledge of, I perfectly remember some men staring rudely at me in Harley street one day as I was stepping into my carriage; and that they afterwards came up to the window, which my uncle drew up in their faces."

"But Jerome told me that you turned quite pale at the sight of him, and in this assertion he was corroborated by a second party."

"I could not be disturbed at the sight of Mr. Jerome, considering that I had never before seen nor even heard of the gentleman," she answered, flushing.

"There was, certainly, one person in the group the sight of whom might have produced such an effect."

"And that was—"

"A man whom I once knew under the name of Parsons," she answered, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes; "a man who once cruelly wronged me."

"In what way?" eagerly inquired Stafford.

She was silent for a moment, then answered, quietly. "I cannot tell you now." (To be continued.)

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Enpeck—There's no use talking, Henry. I—

Enpeck (interrupting)—Then why do you do it, my dear?

The die was cast, and Mrs. Castleton was Mrs. Arthur Penrhdydd. By advice of Sir Laurence, whose health was greatly improving, Arthur had returned to London a few days after that lady. His course lay clearly before him.



Practical Corn Harvester.

This machine used at the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Stations consists of two driving wheels, between which is mounted the frame for the driving mechanism and platform. It is drawn by one horse, which walks between the two rows that are cut at the same time. The dividers pick up the lodged corn, except such as lies in the row of corn away from the machine, and guide it to the cutting apparatus, which consists of two stationary side blades above which is a movable sickle, which cuts the corn and deposits it horizontally on a platform which is elevated about six inches from the cutting apparatus. On the inner side is a guide chain, which assists in directing the stalks of corn to the knife and the platform. The rear part of the machine is provided with a small wheel, above which is a tilting lever, by means of which the dividers in front can be raised or lowered to gather up the lodged corn until it comes in contact with the endless chain, which carries it backward until it is cut and deposited on the platform.

When there is enough to start a shock the horse is stopped and the two men who follow the machine gather the corn from the platform and set it up around the shock pole and tie it. They then start the horse again, and when returning across the field the horse is



GOOD CORN HARVESTER.

stopped opposite the shock, to which more corn is added, and this is continued until the shock is of the desired size. When the shock row has been started the shock pole is pushed in so as to be out of the way (see cut) while the balance of the corn is being cut.

Horse Breeding in Wisconsin.

The present condition of the horse-breeding industry in Wisconsin is discussed in a bulletin by the station as well as the effects and defects of the Wisconsin stallion law. The State law is quoted, with recommendations for new legislation. A directory is included of owners of licensed stallions, and a list of American and foreign stud books, as well as samples of the score cards used in the department of horse breeding at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

The State breeding-stock law, in the author's opinion, should be revised and should demand, among other things, the annual or biennial renewal of a license fee, and the adoption of a list of diseases to be considered "hereditary, transmissible, or communicable" and which would subject a stallion to rejection as unsound. Specific authority should be given for the department of horse breeding to refuse license to stallions known to be unsound and to revoke licenses granted to stallions since found to be unsound. There should also be authority to revoke the license of "scrub" stallions of "unknown breeding" and to refuse licenses to such horses in the future. The law should provide for State veterinary inspectors to inspect public-service stallions and require State veterinary inspection of all stallions already granted licenses on the affidavit of the owner.

Soapsuds for Plants.

Soaps are made mostly from soda lye, instead of potash, the soda soaps being hard and the potash soaps soft. Soapsuds, therefore, contain but little, if any, potash, but serve to prevent insect attacks to a certain extent. Some plants, like celery and asparagus, seem to thrive when drenched occasionally with soapsuds, which is probably due to the fact that soda is beneficial to such crops.

Bedding for Animals.

Do not utilize straw as bedding by drying it to be used over again. Pass all feeding material through the feed cutter, so as to render it more serviceable in the manure heap. The cost of cutting the material is an item, but absorption of the liquids in the heap will be more complete and the gain in the value of the manure will be larger. As the manure will then always be fine and easily handled, it can be forked over with but little labor, so as to more thoroughly decompose all portions.

Williamson Plan of Corn Culture.

A bulletin by the South Carolina station contains a detailed description of the Williamson method of corn culture and reports observations made on a number of farms on which the plan was followed. "Where the plan was strictly adhered to the yield was double or more than double that secured from nearby fields of equal soil characters and where the usual methods of corn culture were practiced."

Three different varieties of corn were found to have been used on these fields. One variety, called Williamson corn, was grown on all fields except two, one of which was planted to Marlboro Prolific and the other to a variety similar to the Williamson corn. It was noticed that with the Marlboro Prolific the size of ears and their number per stalk were apparently uninfluenced by the method of culture.

The peculiar or essential features of the Williamson plan are summarized as follows: Deep and thorough preparation of seed bed, deep planting, infrequent and partial cultivation in the early stages of growth, an increase of 200 per cent or more in the number of stalks per acre, postponing application of fertilizers until corn is given its second cultivation, intentional retardation of early growth of the stalk until its size is reduced one-half or one-quarter its normal development, and following this augmented development of the ear by cultivation and heavy application of fertilizers made at appropriate intervals. The corn is planted four to six inches below the soil surface and laid by four to six inches above the level, leaving the lower eight to twelve inches of the stalk below ground. It is suggested that the brace roots under these conditions are probably better able to perform their nutritive functions than when partly exposed.

The Early Garden.

After all danger of frost is over, which is usually about the time the apple trees are in blossom, tomato plants may be put out, as they are tender and will not endure the frost if sooner transplanted. Peas for a later crop, Lima beans, string beans, squash, eggplants and late cabbage, as well as sweet corn and melons, may then be planted. The garden crops that do not need much room on which to grow may be planted in rows of sufficient distance apart to permit of using a wheel hoe or hand hoe (about 18 inches), but corn, tomatoes, eggplants and Lima beans require from one yard to four feet between the rows. To have a large garden on a farm is to extend the bill of fare, and it can be arranged to permit of working with a horse hoe, but the suburban garden work must be done with a hand hoe or a wheel hoe. There is more pleasure in working a garden than may be supposed, and it will promote the health of any one who engages in such occupation. As there are many details in gardening, and several varieties of each of the different vegetables, the beginner should procure books on gardening, which can be had of any seedsman, and also permit the seedsman to select for him the varieties most suitable for his location, as an inexperienced person can easily make mistakes in his selections. The seed catalogues describe methods of planting, but some varieties of vegetables are better for stock feeding than for the table, while some are early in maturing and others are late.

Valuable Weeds.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, says the Technical World Magazine, that some of the weeds "infesting" the land will produce the crude drugs which to-day, in large part, are obtained by importation from abroad. Altee Henkel, an assistant of the government's plant industry bureau, says that the roots, leaves and flowers of several of the weed species regarded as plagues in the United States are gathered, prepared and cured in Europe, and not only for useful commodities there, but supply to a considerable extent the demands of foreign lands. There are weeds in this country against which extermination laws have been passed which hold in their leaves, stems or roots medicinal properties which have a value in the work of preserving the health of the nation. It is possible, in ridding land of weeds in order that crops may be grown, to make of the uprooted "pests" a source of income. Moreover, it is possible to maintain upon land given over as worthless for crop-growing purposes a weed plantation, which, after the harvest, will prove itself to be not less profitable than some of the tilled fields.

Got Six Geese Out of Eight.

Fred Soxman and Mr. Gannon, a traveling man, went out to Will Green's place, near Lawrence, to look for ducks. They were joined at the farm by W. H. Atter, who proceeded to the pond. On the way over a bunch of eight geese got up from the wheat field, and left the country before the hunters could get a shot at them.

The decoys were put out, and while the men were lying in the blind waiting for the ducks the eight geese swooped down overhead and into the water. The three men had nothing but No. 5 shot, but they let go into the bunch and when the smoke of battle cleared away there were six dead geese on the water, each of the men getting two, and permitting two to get away. They claim another goose fell over into a field where they could not get it.—Topeka Capital.

The Model Dad.

Lives there a dad with soul so dead Who never to his son hath said: "When I was your age I would run To do the things I had to do; I never till my work was done Found any pleasure to pursue; My parents never had to scold, And every rule they ever made For me was honestly obeyed; I never frowned and never told A falsehood when I was a boy; I gave my parents daily joy By doing well and being kind, By being truthful and polite; My speech was proper and refined, My heart contained no room for spite!" If such there be, go mark him well, For he's a bird! But none such dwell Upon this earth—unknown, unused, Such wonders all die very young.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tossing Back a Hat.

Smartley—Brown's wife makes all of her own hats.

Mrs. Smartley—Well, I don't care as long as I don't have to wear them.—Detroit Free Press.

Finding the Difference.

Some people are going to be mighty surprised when they find out that there is a difference between real goodness and a receipt for pew rent.—Florida Times-Union.

OLD AND NEW UNCROWNED KINGS OF EGYPT



LORD CROMER.



SIR ELDON GORST.

Lord Cromer, British Agent and Consul General in Egypt, in other words ruler, has resigned his office after more than twenty years of service, which has resulted in no less good to the country than fame to himself. Sir Eldon Gorst is his successor. Lady Cromer, Lord Cromer's second wife, whom he married in 1901, is the daughter of the Marquis of Bath. They have three sons. The wife of Sir Eldon Gorst is of Scotch parentage, and was married in 1903. The new agent is 46 years old, and has spent most of his life in the Egyptian service.

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