DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Come inside the cottage," he said, handing her in. "No one is here, I think. But how came you here?"

"I had lost my way; I knocked at the door, but no one answered; then I walked in, with the hope of finding some one to make inquiries of; and just at that moment I heard your footsteps, and then your voice. Oh, what a blessed sound that was in my ears!"

"You have been wandering about here in the hope of seeing me—of meeting me accidentally? Was it not so?"

"Yes," she again answered, slowly, after another pause.

"But where are you staying?" he asked suddenly. "Are you provided with lodging?"

"Oh, yes, at Bodmin; I have been there two days."

"But that is some distance from here. How can you get there to-night? There is no kind of conveyance to be procured."

"Oh, I can walk. Your father is ill, is he not?" she asked, suddenly.

"He is—that is why I am here."

"What would he say did he know of our love? Would he sanction it? Would he receive me as his son's wife? He would not, and you know it!" she said, bitterly, and drawing away from him. "He would think his house disgraced by such a marriage. But were I a grand lady, and ugly as sin, and stupid as an owl, he would receive me with open arms!"

"You wrong my father, dearest—indeed you do! No man has a higher respect for beauty and intellect than he has," answered Arthur, mildly.

"Yes, as adjuncts to birth!" she cried, bitterly. "Oh, why did I ever seek this meeting? Why did I not leave you in peace, and fly from you and your love? Oh, no, no! it shall not be! Help me to struggle against myself! Drive me from you—let me fly from you! Do anything to save yourself from ruin!"

Her wild, passionate voice told of the struggle that raged within. She prayed for the self-control she had never practiced, and it would not come. The self-indulgence that from a child had warped her soul rendered her incapable of self-denying. She loved Arthur Penrhyddyn according to her nature. It was a selfish love, but it was too powerful for her to wrestle with—to trample upon.

"Why is this?" she went on, yet more wildly. "Until I met you, I knew nothing of such struggles; I thought only of my own happiness; but now, apart from you, I have no happiness—no life! I am like one under a spell. Ah, that is it! that is it!" and she shuddered in every limb.

"It is," he answered gloomily. "We are each other's fate! Struggle as we will, we are in the toils—we must fulfill our destiny!"

"And you will make me your wife, and I shall one day be Lady Penrhyddyn?" she murmured.

"Anything to make you mine; for I cannot exist without you," he answered, in a low, passionate voice.

"And if poverty comes," she said, "we will brave it together."

"Then the die is cast," he cried, "and only death shall part us!"

Again that long, low wail of the wind, as he had heard it in the gallery, and again he felt as though a supernatural presence were about him. And this time there mingled with the blast another sound—a strange, hoarse, rattling noise, and then a gasp, as from a human throat.

"What is that?" she whispered, clinging to him in mortal terror.

It was like the hoarse rattle in the throat of the dying. His hair bristled, and his flesh crept. Something was near them. What was it?

Arthur was determined to investigate the cause of these sounds. He remembered that he had a box of waxen matches in his pocket. He struck one, and by its light saw a lantern with a candle in it standing open upon a table. A puff of wind blew out his light; but he struck another, and succeeded this time in igniting the candle. Nothing was to be seen in the room in which they were. But this opened into the sleeping room, into which Arthur had never passed but once before; and that was on the night that, as a boy, he had seen a mother and child lying cold and motionless upon the bed. Into this room he now passed—she still clinging to him.

A cry of horror burst from her lips, and she fell senseless upon the ground, while Arthur stood transfixed. Huddled upon the bed, his limbs drawn up as if with pain, his face distorted with the agonies of death, was the old fisherman, John Trevethick. He had been seized with a fit, and died with no one by to help him.

Death had been the witness of their betrothal, and the death rattle had mingled with their vows of love—their only ratification.

CHAPTER XXI.

Recovering from his first stupor of terror, Arthur extinguished the light, and, taking Mrs. Castleton in his arms, bore her out into the open air. What was to be done? It was impossible for her to reach Bodmin that night. If he went into the village, there were a hundred chances to one against his procuring a conveyance. But one resource was left open to him—a startling one, but inevitable—he must take her to the Castle. He could tell the servants that she was a lady to whom, finding it impossible to procure her any conveyance to Bodmin, he had offered the hospitality of the Castle. That would be sufficient.

The cold air and the drizzling rain, which now began to fall, in a few moments revived her from the swoon. She raised her head and stared wildly around. "What is this? Where am I?" she cried.

"You are safe, dearest; come away from this place—it is raining, and you will get cold." And he began to lead her away.

"Oh, I have had such a terrible dream!" she murmured. "I have seen such an awful dead face! Was it a dream? Oh, no, no! It was in that hut where you promised to make me your wife. What a place for love, with that awful dead face close to us! Death and love—love and death! Let there be an end of it. Even from the grave we are warned against our union. Where are you taking me to?"

He told her that she must rest in the Castle that night, as it was impossible for her to reach Bodmin.

"In the Castle?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dearest; one day you shall rest there as its mistress, I hope."

There was nothing hopeful in his tone, however; his voice sounded hollow and dreary. The scene he had just witnessed had sunk deep into his soul; to him it was another link forged in the fatal chain that bound him.

Doubtless the servant thought it a strange circumstance that Mr. Arthur should so suddely bring a strange lady into the Castle. He requested them to serve her with refreshments, and all that she required, and ordered apartments to be prepared for her in the opposite wing of the building to that in which his own were situated. He would have taken leave of her for the night, with such courteous distance as he would have shown to a stranger; but she was not to be put off thus; and her manner, as she bade him "Good night" made the servants stare, and, doubtless, talk when they got below.

This done, Arthur directed two of the servants to go down to John Trevethick's cottage.

Mrs. Castleton sat before the fire that blazed cheerily upon the spacious hearth of her great old-fashioned bedroom, calling up visions of future grandeur. At times, the awful dead face thrust itself in among them, but, with a shiver, she wrenched her thoughts from dwelling upon its hideousness. Once in bed, weariness overpowered her and she did not awaken until the sun was shining brightly through the latticed windows.

She sprang out of bed and looked out upon the glorious landscape of wood and field, hill and dale, and bright blue sea. That invigorating atmosphere, flooded with golden light, quickly dissipated the superstitious fancies of the night.

"Shall I renounce the chance of being the mistress of this for the sake of a mere superstitious fancy? Perhaps I shall not come to him a beggar!" she mused. "But I will say nothing of my hopes of fortune; and at all events he will be proud of his wife's beauty!"—and she smiled at her image in the glass.

After breakfast, a servant brought her a message from Arthur, to ask if she could receive him.

"At once," was the reply. And five minutes afterwards he was holding her in his arms, and anxiously inquiring how she had rested.

"Oh, excellently!" was her reply. "But I fear that you cannot say as much."

He loked very worn and pale, as though he had not slept all night—which, indeed, he had not; but he did not tell her so.

He would have shown her through the Castle, but discretion prompted her to refuse. She did not wish Sir Launce to know anything of her presence there; it might lead to explanations—to a rupture. Better defer such until later. And further to avoid attention, she expressed her resolution to walk to Bodmin; and Arthur arranged to accompany her.

They parted about half a mile out of Bodmin.

"Do not let us be seen together any more," she said. She had more reasons than one for this caution. "I shall return to London to-morrow. Write and let me know when you are coming up."

"That will be as soon as my father is better," he answered.

"Till then, adieu, my love—my husband," she murmured, falling upon his neck.

And so they parted. Mrs. Castleton took her way to the principal hotel. "So late!" she muttered, looking up at the church clock as she passed. "I have only half an hour to spare before the time of my appointment. I would not have been late for that on any consideration."

In her sitting room was Mrs. Freeman, looking very worried and anxious.

"Good gracious, child, where have you been? I thought that something had happened to you!" she cried.

"Something has happened to me. Something that you could never guess. I have passed the night within the walls of Penrhyddyn Castle. But I cannot explain matters now. I expect an arrival every moment."

Ten minutes afterwards, a waiter announced that Mr. Jenkins, the postmaster at Penrhyddyn, was below and desired to see Mrs. Castleton.

She sat down in the darkest part of the room, and waited his coming, nervous and agitated. He was shown in, the door closed, and then she stepped into the light.

"Father," she said, "do you not know me?"

He started back at the sound of her voice with a look of intense surprise, which almost immediately changed to one of angry sternness.

"Is it you who have sent for me?" he said, harshly. "What do you want with me? Are you not ashamed to look me in the face?"

"I have sent for you to ask your forgiveness," she answered, humbly, in a soft, pleading voice, and with a piteous, tearful look in her melting eyes.

"My forgiveness can be of no use to you," he answered. "Our ways of life are separate—we can never again be anything but strangers to each other."

He was turning on his heel to go when she clutched him by the arm and, dropping upon her knees, held him fast. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her voice shook with genuine emotion.

"Do not go without hearing me," she cried, piteously. "I am not so bad as you imagine. Truly, I have forfeited all claims, not only to your love, but even to your forbearance, by the ungrateful return I have made for all your kindness to me."

"You have," he interrupted, sternly. "If you had been my own child I could not have been fonder of you than I was from the day I found you upon the sands, and carried you home with me. I was a childless, wifeless man—my home was a lonely one—and I thought a bright little prattler, like you were then, would be a joy and a comfort to me. The people about here say that the drowning bring a curse upon those who save them. I have found it true."

"I have been most ungrateful," she moaned. "I cannot find one word to excuse my conduct—you were only too good to me."

"Everybody could see your failings but me," he went on in the same tone; "but I was blinded, infatuated by your syren face and ways, and always had an excuse upon my lips and in my heart for your willful vanity. And you so twisted yourself about my heart that I had not even the courage to set any inquiries on foot about your friends, for fear I should lose you. I placed you with my niece, who kept a grand school in my native place, in Surrey. She, too, wrote me of your disobedience and idleness, and of your vile temper; but I still went on hoping and believing that you would mend, and be a bright woman one day. But my dream was nearly at an end now. One morning I got a letter to say that you had run away from the school, and from that hour you never wrote me a line, but left the poor old doting fool to break his heart, perhaps you thought."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried; "I am not all heartless. Many and many an hour I have sat and thought of you with an aching heart, of all your love and tenderness; and whenever a prayer passed my lips, it was for your happiness. I would have given the world to have written to you, to have implored your forgiveness, and I dared not. Not long after I left the school I was married to a gentleman of fortune. I am his widow. More than that, I am, probably, on the eve of coming into a fortune through my father's family; and when I have it, if there is anything I can do to add comfort to your——"

"Silence!" he interrupted sternly. "If I wanted bread, I would not accept a crust from you; but I want nothing—I have more than enough for my needs. Had you kept true to me, you would not have found yourself a beggar at my death. Perhaps you might have been as well off as you are now. Have you anything more to say before I go?"

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE REUNION.

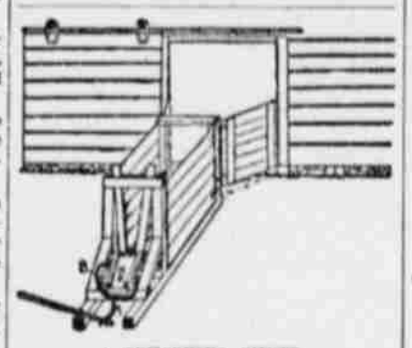
The good or evil we confer on others often recoils on ourselves.—Fielding.

FARMS AND FARMERS

A Dehorning Chute.

While there are a great many cattle that lose their horns by dehorning fluids and preparations of this kind in calfhood, there are a great many that come to maturity with an ugly pair of horns that create a great deal of trouble in the feed yard. We have received quite a number of inquiries of late requesting a plan for a good dehorning chute. Accordingly we have here reproduced a most convenient and satisfactory chute.

One of the good points about this chute is the hinged doors on the rear end which make it possible to adjust the chute to any sized barn door. Where the width of the rear end of the chute is satisfactory and cannot be adjusted to the door as shown in the illustration, there is often a foot or two of space to be divided between the two sides. As our readers who have had experience in dehorning know, an animal will always choose to pass through this small opening rather than into the chute and thereby cause a constant aggravation. The chute proper is mounted on two heavy timbers which may be 4x4's or 4x6's, while the uprights are generally 4x4's. The stanchion is made to open and close and secured in any way that suits. The convenient part of the chute is the trough shaped part marked H. This is made of two-inch stuff and securely fastened to bottom crosspieces. After the animal is secured in the stanchion a halter is thrown over its head and the halter rope is passed through the hole just below the letter H. The letter A shows a continuation of this rope to the pole which is used as a lever to bring the animal's head into position on the trough.



A DEHORNING CHUTE.

As soon as this is accomplished the rope B is thrown over the neck of the animal and secures the head firmly to the trough, when the dehorning operation may be performed. As soon as the operation is concluded the animal is unstanchioned and one of the sides of the chute is hinged so that it may be opened for the animal to escape from the chute, after which is closed and another animal is driven in.—Montreal Star.

Improving Dairy Stock.

A 2-year-old heifer, fresh in milk, will sell for more than a fatted steer and she will cost only half as much to produce. These grade cows are not hard to produce. Purchase a pure sire of one of the standard breeds, cross him upon the mixed stock now on the farm and the young will, in all useful characteristics, be far more than half of that pure breed. When we remember the years, even centuries, of pure breeding in these animals, and remember also that the purer the blood in any stock, the stronger will be that blood, $100 or $150 for a male of breeding age will not seem an extravagant price. Every neighborhood where there is any co-operative spirit should prepare to supply this demand for fairly well bred cows. Every male purchased should be of the same breed, so that new animals will not have to be purchased every two or three years. By exchanging these animals about the neighborhood, a farmer will then be paying $100 or $150, not for two years, but for six or ten years of service. The cows thus produced will find a more ready market, because there are a sufficient number to attract purchasers. Higher priced males may also be purchased with economy because of the much longer period of usefulness.

Avoid Deep Dead-Furrows.

Do not plow your land round and round the same way, year after year, unless you want a deep dead-furrow in the middle that will bear nothing and be a hard place to cross. When plowing for seeding begin at the dead-furrow, throw the first furrow into the ditch, wheel the horses about to the right and drive back to the starting point, turning a furrow up against the one just plowed. This plan, followed to the end, will leave the land all smooth and in good shape.

Points in Spraying.

R. A. Emerson, of the Nebraska experiment station, in a recent bulletin, gives the following recommendations for this year's spraying based on the results secured last year.

1. Spray with Bordeaux mixture after the cluster buds open, but before the individual flower buds open.

2. Spray with Bordeaux and some poison, such as arsenate of lead, paris green, etc., as soon as possible after the blossoms fall, and at any rate before the calyx lobes of the apple close.

3. Spray with Bordeaux and poison three or four weeks after the flowers fall.

4. Spray with arsenate of lead about July 20.

5. Spray with arsenate of lead about August 10.

Use paris green at the rate of one-fourth to one-third pound per barrel of Bordeaux. Use arsenate of lead at the rate of two pounds per barrel of Bordeaux or water.

Make Bordeaux as follows: Bluestone, four pounds; quicklime, six pounds; water, fifty gallons.

Slake the lime, dissolve the bluestone, dilute each with half the required quantity of water, and mix thoroughly.

Use good nozzles and maintain a high pressure as uniformly as possible in order to distribute the liquid in a mist-like spray. Take care to reach all parts of the trees and to avoid drenching any part. Careless spraying should not be tolerated.

Wagon Box Device.

There are various ways of removing a wagon box from the trucks, and one of these is described in Iowa Homestead. The upright pole is 4 by 4 by 14 feet and is set several feet in the ground, so that it will be firm enough in its position to stand the strain which is required of it. The platform on which the rear end of the wagon box rests when it is to be raised from the wagon may be made any height so as to suit the height of the trucks. Two guy wires should be attached to the pole a foot or so from its top and be secured eight or ten feet in the rear of the platform. The rope which is used to do the lifting is attached at one end of the upright pole near its upper end. From there it continues on to a pulley hooked in a rope which passes around the front end of the wagon box, then back over a pulley in the top of the pole and down to a windlass at the rear end of the platform. When the wagon box is in its final position on the platform, it should stand upright and should be left attached to the rope, so that it cannot be blown down in case of winds.

REMOVING THE WAGON BOX.

The Family Cow.

Families that keep only one cow should endeavor to have the best animal that can be procured. More labor is required to care for a single cow, proportionately, than for a herd. A cow for the family should give a large flow of milk for at least ten months of the year, and the milk should contain not less than 4 per cent of butter fat, as cream is one of the essentials. It is better to have a cow that gives even richer milk, but the majority of family cows are selected without regard to merits in that respect. It is difficult to rear the calves in such cases, hence in purchasing the family cow it will be profitable to pay a high price for a superior animal.

Looking After the Sheep.

The large and constantly growing sheep shipments of the northwest are giving the railroad officials some concern to provide means for taking care of the business. One means of relief has been made in the suggestion of triple-decked cars for the accommodation of the animals in transit.

Planting Garden Seeds.

It is time lost, and broken backs, to undertake the planting of garden seeds by hand. Use a drill, which puts the seeds in regularly and evenly, marks the rows and covers them at the right depth. There are many handy little implements suitable for the garden that are not in frequent use. Even a trowel does excellent service in transplanting, and a weeder will tear out the weeds much quicker than can be done by hand.

He Could Fill the Bill.

A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"—"Success Magazine."

Totally Different Characters.

"He must be a good fellow."

"Nonsense! Where did you get that idea? He never goes to a club and——"

"But his wife says he's a very good fellow and when a man's wife——"

"Oh! That's another thing. There's a big difference between a 'very good fellow' and a 'good fellow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Seeking Something Easier.

"Why did that great financier want to get into political life?" asked one Wall street man.

"Well," answered the other, "conditions are becoming peculiar. It's harder for a man to stay at the head of a railway system than it is to hold a big government office."—Washington Star.

A copy of Correggio's celebrated painting, "The Repentant Magdalen," has been seized by the police of Cassel, Germany, and confiscated.

In 1830 John Jacob Astor was the only man in New York who was worth $1,000,000. Now the entire Astor estate is approaching the $1,000,000,000 mark.

A Dublin porter picked up a purse containing £200 at a street corner a day or two ago, and on finding the owner was presented with a shilling.

The custom of burying without coffins was formerly very prevalent on the continent. A sheet was the only covering used.

A French torpedo-boat has been sent out to engage in battle with the porpoise along the coast of Brittany. It is said they are spoiling the sardine fishing.