DOOMED. By WILLARD MacKENZIE

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CHAPTER XXVL-(Continued.) She pressed her hands upon her head, and there was incipient madness in her eyes, as she muttered, "Oh, thou who hath fate in thy hands, spare my reason that I may have vengeance upon that wretch l'

"There was not a crime that the villalu did not lay to your charge." "And you could listen to it all?" she

said, sadly. "Not without twice striking him to the

ground

"Bless you-bless you for that!" she cried, fervently. "Oh, that you had kill-ed him! But no; I would not have had that, for then you would have robbed me of my vengeance."

Unhappy woman! Do not talk of "Programoe," he answered, reprovingly. "This man said that but for your machirengeauce, nations the mortgage money would have been forthcoming. Oh, Eleonore, this cannot be true !"

'I would have laid down my life to save Penrhyddyn," she cried. "Oh, do not think me such a wretch as that ! But I feel that he has woven such a m esh round me that I know not what I may have done unwittingly. The anonymous letter I gave you I obtained from him. I now see it was a snare-I saw it the Instant you told me he was interested in the mortgage; and it was that which threw me into the fits last night. I have been to his office this morning, trying to I can feel that he has made me see him. a tool in bringing about this ruin ; but I do not know how-but, oh, do not think me knowingly gullty !" "I do not," he answered, solemnly.

'I must make one more confession. child you saved from the wreck. But I did not know it until I heard the story from your lips; and it was the swful fatality that was eashrouding us that made me fly from you. I am Eleo-nore de Solasons, the namesake of that

"I have felt that it was so all along" as answered, sadly; "but' I never dared to ask of you a confirmation. Poor child. why should I blame you? You have been no free agent ; you have been but an instrument in the hands of a resistless des-When, in John Trevethick's cottage, we were plighted to each other, and I pronounced the words, 'Death alone can the patient was alone. The room was very separate us,' Death was at our side. As dim and shadowy, illumined as it was we left the altar. Death was the first object our eyes fell upon; and Death is about us now in this our last meeting. Before I go," he went on, "let me warn you that this Wylie has threatened to have you arrested upon some charge. You had better at ouce seek some other abode.

"Have me arrested !- for what?" she "But you are right, and I will cried. act upon this caution; for there is no extremity he would not go to take away my liberty.'

"Seek no revenge upon bim, for my make; avoid everything that muy lead to exposure. My lawyer, Mr. Briggs, will "Ah! great heavers, could it be that? instructions to pay over to you on application such sums as I can send you out of my earnings abroad; and here are four five pound notes."

"I shall never go to him for moneydo not leave me any !" she answered through her sobs,

But he placed the notes upon the table. and once more moved towards the door. "Let me kiss your hand," she said, entreatingly.

out his hand. She took He held

| try. Nothing has been heard of him, that can learn, since the day of his father's (uneral."

A stifled sob came from the bed. "And that vile wretch, Wylie, is the master of Penchyddyn, where I had once hoped to be queen.

"If ever a man sold himself to the Evil One to obtain all his wishes, that man is Wylie !" said Mrs. Freeman, emphatically. 'For every one of his vile schemes have turned up trumps."

"How about Constance's fortune?" "She has lost every penny of it."

"I am glad of that. I am glad that almost the same day that blighted my life blighted hers too !"

"Do not be so malicious, Eleonore ! Be-sides, you have no reason to be in this for Miss Grierson would have lent Sir Launce the money to pay off the mortgage if she had not been carried off just at the time. She had arranged it all with some lawyers. But as soon as she was out of the way, Wylle went them, and said that Miss Grierson had changed her mind, and the money was not to be paid."

"And it was 1-I who contrived her abduction-who was the means of preventing this; and he made me the tool to work my own destruction. From whom did you hear all this?"

"From Mr. Stafford. As soon as Miss Grierson was released and came home and told how your letter had led her into the ambuscade, he rushed down to Bromp ton in a terrible rage, and I happened to be in the house."

There was a long silence, and then Eleonore said, "I shall sell off my furniture everything at Brompton-turn it all into money ; and I want you to see to it at once for me."

She was naturally very exhausted after this conversation, and fell, soon after she had spoken those last words, into a deep alcept

"Where can the nurse be?" muttered Mrs. Freeman to herself. "She ought to have been back long ago. I must go out before the shops shut, and I shall have to go at once. She seems very sound asleep ; I think I might venture to leave her."

She had not left the room more than ten minutes when Eleonore awoke. All was still, the nurse had not returned, and only by a rushlight.

She called "Freeman," and when no answer came, she raised herself upon her elbow, and looked round the room. Even that effort was too much for her.

She put How strange her face felt! She put her hand across it. A thrill shot through her. Was she in a dream, or had her sense of touch deceived her? The skin was no longer smooth and soft, but rugged and uneven. She looked at her hands they were reduced to skin and hone; and, by the dim light, ahe could just perceive some spots upon them. What sickness

Excitement gave her strength, and she struggled out of bed and staggered to the dressing table. There was no looking glass upon it-none to be seen anywhere. Trembling and nerveless, she sank upon a chair. She looked at her hands again. There was no mistaking the marks this time. Oh, for a mirror of some kind, that she might know the

The tollette glass must be hidden some here. Holding on to the walls and fur niture, she looks about the roots. Ar inst she finds it concealed beneath the She drags it out, and sets it upon bed. the table. With trembling hands, she swings the a horror more than human upon her quiv ering face-and shuddering from head to foot, she gazes upon her own reflection.

been put up to auction; but he gave so short a notice, and so little publicity, that there was scarcely a hidder, and he bought it in for himself at his own price. And just at this time the Griersons were too much occupied with their own diffi-culties to think of thwarting him. Before he had resided at the Castle

month, there was not a man upon the estate whom he had not made suffer by ome act of oppression or potty tyranny. Notices were served upon the tenantry that rents would be raised; laborers and fishermen were expelled from cottages that they and their ancestors had inhabited for scores of years. All was confusion and discontent.

Poor old Daniel, from the time of his expulsion from the Castle had gradually broken; but he still continued to haunt the precincts, and on the very day that it passed away from the old family, he was found lying dead in the shrubberymost probably he had fallen down in a fit, and no help being at hand, had thus ex-pired. From his childhood every thought and feeling had been devoted to the Penchyddyns, and he did not survive their downfall, even b ya day. About the end of February, just before

the time appointed by Mr. Wylie for the commancement of his improvement cheme, a strange female might have been seen loitering about the woods and grounds of Penchyddyn, and, as often as she could do so unobserved, reconnoiter ing the Castle upon all sides. It would have been difficult to guess her age by her face, it was so terribly pitted and seam ed. She might have been twenty or forty, but the glossy black hair, worn in the plain, old-fashioned pands, and the the observer in favor of her youth-more especially as her face was usually covered with a thick black vell.

This woman had arrived in Bodmin from London on the sixteenth of February, and had taken up her quarters at a small inn on the road between Bodmin and Penrhyddyn. She never rose until midday, and then, having partaken of a substantial breakfast, left the house and did not return until long after dark.

This went on without interruption of variation for upwards of a fortnight. One night-it was the first of March, and it had been rough and tempestuous throughout the day-she did not return at the usual hour. The landlady sat up until midnight, and still she did not return.

The next morning came-mid-day-and still no news. Weeks, months, years passed away, but Miss Freeman was. never seen again within the walls of the "Pilchard Inn," and to this day her mysterious disappearance is a subject of con versation over the winter fire.

The first of March. At about halfpast 5 on the evening of that day, one of the side doors of Penrhyddyn Castle stood wide open. It was an unusual circumstance for any ontward door to be open since Mr. Wylie had been master, bringing his cockney suspleions down to that remote district, he "feared in every bush a thief," and had visions of area aneaks stealing the skins and mats out of the hall as acutely as though he were living in Belgravia instead of Cornwall. It was the wind, however, and not a servant, who was to blame for the open door.

Through this entrance, after looking carefully around her, atole the woman of the "Pilchard Inn," and closed it after It was quite dark in the long stone passage in which she now stood. It was a disused part of the Castle, and there was little fear at present of her encountering any of the inhabitants. Pausing every moment to listen, she crept along until she came to a narrow window, Hy the dim light she perceived a little in advance of her on her left hand a winding staircase; she considered for a moment, and then crept up the stone steps in the same noiseless manner as before.

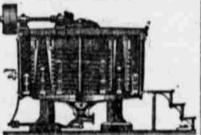
At the head of these steps was a spa clous corridor, lit, at the end at which of the soil. They are greatly reduced she stood, by a large window; there in yield should dry weather occur. The were doors on each side opening into different chambers.



Making Denatured Alcohol.

When the farmer comes to make denatured alcohol on his own place he will find that the expense of fitting up his distillery will amount to something. The picture herewith shows the large vat in which the mash is prepared in a large distillery. The farmer can, of course, use very simple appliances, but denatured alcohol cannot be produced without the proper tanks, vats, pipes and other arrangements. In the large vats the stirring is done by machinery. which of course would be much too expensive for the average farmer. It has been suggested that farmers form small associations and establish a distillery at a central point, to which farmers can bring their material to be made into alcohol.

Farmers should not be too sanguine over the prospect for immedate profit in manufacturing denatured alcohol st home. It must be understood that farmlight, graceful figure, would have inclined, ers' stills would tend to curtail the business of the great whisky trust and reduce the profits. It is not reasonable, therefore, to believe that it will allow the farmers to make alcohol if it can prevent it by fair or unfair means. The trust in the last session of Congress sought to emasculate the farmers' alcohol bill by imposing restric tions that would render it impossible for farmers to engage in business. The



MASHING AND COOKING APPARATUS.

trust, through friendly senators, partially succeeded, and no alcohol will be fact, it is safe to say that it will be many long years before the laws are so framed as to carry out the intention of Secretary Wilson in the matter. There is, however, every prospect that the manufacturing of denatured alcohol will soon assume large proportions. and that farmers will profit by raising those crops that can be used in the business.

Lima Beaus as a Special Crop.

Lima beans are very profitable, if picked green and sold in the general market, or by commission merchants. They are then sold in the hulls, though some shell them. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expresse, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless," or dwarf, varieties, however, If sold dry they are flailed, the yield heing from 15 to 30 bushels per acre. according to the variety and fertility



Cost of Hauling Crops. The information contained in a bul

letin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture was secured from correspondents in 1,804 counties in different States. The statistics deal particularly with twenty-three of the staple agricultural products grown in the United States, and embrace the number of countles reporting, average miles of shipping, weight per load, cost per ton per mlie, etc.

In a summary of these data the author says: "The average costs per 100 ibs, for hauling products from farms to shipping points vary in a number of instances roughly with the relative values of the articles hauled, the more valuable product being hauled often at greater cost than the less valuable product. Corn, wheat, oats, hay and, potatoes were hauled at costs ranging from 7 to 9 cents per 100 lbs., cotton 16 cents, and wool cost only 10 cents per 100 lbs, to be hauled from farms.

The difference of cost in hauling be tween one product and another largely due to the relative distance traversed and the relative size of load taken."

Statistics are also presented and dis ussed regarding the farmers' longest hauls and methods of handing, with the effect of these factors on local and general prices. The quantity of farm produce hauled in 1905-06 is estimated at more than 40,000,000 tons, and the cost of hauling at about \$\$4,6\$4,000 for the most important crops mentioned. The value of better roads, quicker methods of loading and unloading, and other factors are also discussed in their bearing on the reduction in the cost of hauling.

Notes from correspondents, regarding the conditions of wagon transportation in different parts of the United States, are also appended.

Electric Ripening of Fruit.

Ripening fruit by electricity is one f the latest achievements of acleace. 'he experiment was tried by an English electrical expert, who found that he could reproduce the effect of the tropical sun's rays without the slightest difficulty. The riponing experiments made on farms this year or next. In have been tried for the most part with bamanus,

When hunches of the green fruit arive in England they are put in an sirtight case made entirely of glass. In side this case is supplied with a num her of electric lights which can be turned on and off to any number at will. It has been discovered that the baranas ripen according to the amount of rays shed on them. The expert has made tests so that now he can ripen hangmas at any time he wants just by regulating the lights. This is an imense advantage over the ordinary nethod of ripening.

Bananas are cut and shipped when quite green, but of full size. It is erroneously believed by those who have never been in banana raising lands that Lincoln never sat for an oil portrait. there the fruit is allowed to ripen on But this is by William Mathews, who the tree. This is not the case. Bananas. are picked green and hung up to ripen just as they are treated in the north.

Holds Bag.

CAN PHOTOGRAPH THOUGHT.

Pinte So Sensitive that It Registers the Mind Has Been Invented.

A photograph plate so scustitive it registers thought has been invented by Dr. H. Travers Cole, a Chicagoan.

This sensitized plate of mysterious composition will, when placed in utter darkness near the forehead of one man, register his thoughts by puisations of light, changes of color, and rhythmical vibrations, changing as his thoughts change, so that the rhythm and the changes are easily perceptible by another.

It is a simple device, but it seems to prove conclusively that thought is an active force, like electricity ; that every thought has its own form, color and motion; and that the rhythm and color of thought sent out from the mind may be recorded upon a plate yet more highly sensitized, so that it may be read by another long, afterward,

Should Dr. Cole's discovery admit of further improvement, he believes that



PHOTOGRAPHIE THOUGHTS.

It will be possible to bring about mental correspondence without the ald of speaking or writing, through the fixed impressions upon a sensitized plate reproduced like a photograph of things material.

To gaze into this little dark chainber which Dr. Cole has improvined so that the sensitized plate he has invented may be in utter darkness and watch the small point of light, faint and soft as that of the glow worm, change from pale star color to red, then to pale blue, then to violet, growing larger and smaller with a rhythmical tide of its own, and to think that another being sitting several feet away with a small tube in his hand is producing those changes of rhythm and color by his thoughts, is to feel one's solf groping on the confines of the soul.

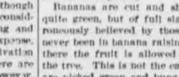
It is an ceric feeling. But it is scientific, and it may be that this modest investigator in Chicago has found a new path into a more lundnous field of life than has hitherto been traveled by the greatest of scientists .-- Chicago Inter Ocean,

OIL PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

Jefferson in a Kosciusco Cont and Other Relles in Pay Collection.

James Fay, an antiquarian among whose art objects collectors have been wont to delve and burrow, has placed his entire collection on exhibition in the former building of the Harmony Club in West Forty-second street, says the New York Herald.

Among the paintings the most conspicuous is a life-size portrait of Lincoin in oils. It is well known that was the choirmaster of the church that Lincoln attended, and it is assumed that he had opportunities for making sketches from which the portrait was painted. For years it hung in the Cor-Nobody but a person who has tried coran gallery. A marble bust of Lin-



it knows the difficulties encountered most profit is made by selling them in in filling a sack with potatoes, grain, Lazzerenini, and was presented by Linold paper or simi-

gazed upon it for a moment, kissed it passionately, and bedewed it with tears Even then, spits of all, so powerful was the old love within him, that he could scarcely refrain from raising and pressing her to his heart, in one last wild embrace. But he conquered the weakness.

His hand slides from her clasp-on lingering look-their eyes meet for the time on earth-and then he is gone and she lies senseless upon the floor!

.

"Freeman," said Eleonore, after she had revived, "I must not sleep in this bouse to-night. Wylie has threatened to have me arrested upon some trumped-up charge, and he dare not let me be loose if he can help it, after what has passed. We must go to our old home until morning, and then think of some better place concealment. The servants must be discharged, and this house shut up."

Wylle did take out a warranf, a he had threatened. The charge being the abduction of Miss Constance Grierson; the proof produced by him the very letter had been written in his office unwhich der his dictation. But the policeman who came to execute it found the bird had

3.0

CHAPTER XXVII.

In a dimiy lit bed chamber in a remote district of London, towards the close of dark December day, sits a woman at needlework-a middle-aged, placid-looking Upon a table near at hand are medicine bottles, cups, glasses and other paraphernalia of a sick chamber. After a time, there is a movement within the woman. donely drawn curtains of the bed, and Mrs. Freeman rises and pulls them aside. "Is that you, Freeman?" asks a faint

"Thank heaven, you are conscious once ore, Eleonore! I never thought I should oar you speak again.

hur-what of him ?"

"Arthur-what of him?"

The fell discase has concentrated all its ravages in her face, which is blotched, mamed, scarred and ploughed by it.

It cannot be her face-the face that was the god of her idolatry-the face whose fascination no man ever could resist-this hideous thing fills her soul with terror! She strikes at the fearful reflec-tion, and the glass falls shivered upon the floor.

After this she is seized with delirium has to be watched night and day, and held down forcibly, to prevent her dashing her head against the wall, or reading herself with her mails.

There is one name ever upon her lips Wylle. He is omnipresent to her madness-ever standing at the foot of the bed mocking her; and then she shricks, and struggles to seize upon him, until exhaustion paralyzes her ; but she still mut ters threats as she lies back upon her pillow

All this time her life hangs upon thread. The doctor says that it is imposalbie for her to recover. After a while the delirium exhausts itself, and then she Hes for upwards of a week in a state of coma.

After this she slowly begins to rally; the crisis is past. She will live. But no shadow of her former self remains. She is gloomy, morose, seldom speaks, never looks in a glass, seem to be ever brood-'ng upon some one thing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Wylie had attained the summit of all his hopes; he had inherited his por-tion of Constance's fortune, and he was Lord of Penrhyddyn. The estate had

After a little consideration and hesitation, she entered a chamber on the right be cleared, but \$100 is above the aver hand. There in the great, old-fashlound armchair, in which she had brooded over the fire scarcely more than three months back, in all her youth and glorious beauty, she ant herself down, with her scarred and hideous face ; her life a wreck, shattered and hopeless ; not to decam of love, but to brood over one awful purpose, for which alone she consented to live,

The Castle clock struck sleven. That

was the hour, she had ascertained, at which the servants and all, save Wylie, retired to rest. She lit a dark lantern which she took from about her person After which she divested herself of bonnet and cloak and boots. From large pockets in her cloak she produced, first, short, thick, heavy looking stick; see ondly, two small colls of thin but strong cord, a gag, and, lastly, a long, glittering knife. All these various objects she transferred to other large pockets about her dress; except the knife, which she stuck in her waist belt.

She stole along the corridor, and, at certain point, branched into a narrower passage, that led into the picture gallery. She threw the rays of the lantern upor the pictures, until they fell upon the stern beauty of Eleonore de Solssons, Before that she paused, and gazed for a int in deep thought, then again pursund her way with redoubled caution. (To be continued.)

Charm of Uncertainty.

"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," said the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or

the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as \$200 per acre can age for an acre of green beans. Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds nitrate of soda, 200 pounds acidulated phosphate rock and 350 pounds sulphate of potash per scre would be a proper application on many solls.

Rough Feeds.

usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what both in saving time and labor. A simand how much will produce the de ple device of this nature has recently sired results. Much rough feed is been patented by a Minnesota man, and wasted in careless feeding. The 'ow is shown in the accompanying illustrawill eat the best of her menu first and tion. The sack or bag holder comif given too much will pick the most prises a suitable platform, on which desirable morsels, leaving what might are mounted inclined standards, by be called passably good, which too fre- which the bag is braced. At the top is quently is treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No more hay should be given an animal than it will eat up clean. This refers to first-class quali- the bag being clamped within them. ty, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of lever supporting the rings, thus suphay.-Exchange.

Grading Prunes.

A horticultural society in Oregon has begun a vigorous agitation for the adoption of a new system for grading prunes, and it has expressed itself strongly in favor of a change in the present method of grading, alleging that it is arbitrary and is the cause of

constant loss to the growers. The soclety believes the two largest sizes of

any season's output as at present graded should be known as first or fancy sizes, the two succeeding sizes as see ond or medium, and the smaller sizes as third grade or small prunes.



which will obvints RAG HOLDER. Rough feeds, including pasture, are the necessity of employing a second person would be of immense advantage. a lever which is hinged to one of the uprights. At the end of the lover are two rings, one fitting within the other.

> A spring at the rear serves to hold the porting the bag in an upright position.

Cow Gives Birth to Triplets.

The unusual occurrence of a cow giving birth to three calves, two males and one female, has occurred on the farm of Mrs. Caleb Willin, near Bridgeville, Dela. The calves are perfectly formed and all three marked allke. The mother is a full-bred Jersey cow. It is estimated that 500 people viewed mother and calves in one day.

Keep the crust broken up around young plants to destroy small weeds and conserve moisture. A tooth harrow is the thing for this.

coln to his friend, Morris Ketchum, lar articles. Gen- There is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson wearing the fur-lined coat given required to by Konciusko.

From the Jumel mansion is a high, curious combination of secretary and sideboard of mahogany, with a falling shelf and drawers and cupboards of different sizes above and below. From the Tuckerman house, in Washington, is a colonial couch, which is vouched for as the couch the pleasant duty of which it was once to give casual repose to the father of his country. An unusual variant of the Empire chair, but called the "Washington chair," is seen here. Its mark is the glided head of Washington, almost haif life-size, which finishes each of the arms of the chair. Large square Jacobean and Flemish clothes presses, oak chairs with the crest of Henry Clay and many similar objects of curious and historic interest complete the collection.

Suggestive.

"Mabel," said the girl's mother, "that young man has been calling upon you every evening this month."

"Yes, mother," replied Mabel. "And I'd like to know what his in-

tentions are." "Well-er-mamma," replied Mabel,

blushing, 'we're both very much in the dark."-Philadelphia Ledger.

A Poke at Her.

Miss Knox-I don't like her. She's forever talking about herself.

Miss Wise (pointedly)-Well, that's better than talking about some one else .- Philadelphia Ledger.

About all that some men are good for is to pose as horrible examples.