

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

She pressed her hands upon her head, and there was incipient madness in her eyes, as she muttered, "Oh, thou who hath my fate in thy hands, spare my reason, that I may have vengeance upon that wretch!"

"There was not a crime that the villain 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 killed 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 vengeance," he answered, reprovingly. "This man said that but for your machinations the mortgage money would have been forthcoming. Oh, Eleonore, this cannot be true!"

"I would have laid down my life to save Penrhuddyn," she cried. "Oh, do not think me such a wretch as that! But I feel that he has woven such a mesh 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 see him. I can feel that he has made me a tool in bringing about this ruin; but I do not know how—but, oh, do not think me knowingly guilty!"

"I do not," he answered, solemnly.

"I must make one more confession. I am the child you saved from the wreck. But I did not know it until I heard the story from your lips; and it was the awful fatality that was enshrouding us that made me fly from you. I am Eleonore de Soissons, the namesake of that picture."

"I have felt that it was so all along," he 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 destiny. When, in John Trevelick's cottage, we were pledged to each other, and I pronounced the words, 'Death alone can separate us,' Death was at our side. As 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, let me warn you, let me warn you that this Wylie has threatened to have you arrested upon some charge. You had better at once seek some other abode."

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

"Seek no revenge upon him, for my sake; avoid everything that may lead to exposure. My lawyer, Mr. Briggs, will have 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 money—do 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.

He held out his hand. She took it, gazed upon it for a moment, kissed it passionately, and bedewed it with tears.

Even then, spite 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—one lingering look—their eyes meet for the last 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 house 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 of concealment. The servants must be discharged, and this house shut up."

Mr. Wylie did take out a warrant, as he had threatened. The charge being the abduction of Miss Constance Grierson; the proof produced by him the very letter which had been written in his office under his dictation. But the policeman who came to execute it found the bird had flown.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In a dimly lit bed chamber in a remote district of London, towards the close of a dark December day, sits a woman at needlework—a middle-aged, placid-looking woman. 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 closely drawn curtains of the bed, and Mrs. Freeman rises and pulls them aside.

"Is that you, Freeman?" asks a faint voice.

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

"Arthur—what of him?"

"He is supposed to have left the coun-

been put up to auction; but he gave so short a notice, and so little publicity, that there was scarcely a bidder, 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 difficulties to think of thwarting him.

Before he had resided at the Castle a month, there was not a man upon the estate whom he had not made suffer by some act of oppression or petty tyranny. Notices were served upon the tenants 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 shrubbery—most probably he had fallen down in a fit, and no help being at hand, had thus expired. From his childhood every thought and feeling had been devoted to the Penrhuddyns, and he did not survive their downfall, even by a day.

About the end of February, just before the time appointed by Mr. Wylie for the commencement of his improvement scheme, a strange female might have been seen loitering about the woods and grounds of Penrhuddyn, and, as often as she could do so unobserved, reconnoitering the Castle upon all sides. It would have been difficult to guess her age by her face, it was so terribly pitted and seamed. She might have been twenty or forty, but the glossy black hair, worn in the plain, old-fashioned bands, and the light, graceful figure, would have inclined the observer in favor of her youth—more especially as her face was usually covered with a thick black veil.

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 Penrhuddyn. 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 or 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 conversation over the winter fire.

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The first of March. At about half-past five on the evening of that day, one of the side doors of Penrhuddyn Castle stood wide open. It was an unusual circumstance for any outward door to be open since Mr. Wylie had been master, for bringing his cockney suspicions down to that remote district, he "feared in every bush a thief," and had visions of areas sneaking 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, stole the woman of the "Pilchard Inn," and closed it after her. 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. By 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 spacious corridor, lit, at the end at which she stood, by a large window; there were doors on each side opening into different chambers.

After a little consideration and hesitation, she entered a chamber on the right hand. There in the great, old-fashioned armchair, in which she had brooded over the fire scarcely more than three months back, in all her youth and glorious beauty, she sat herself down, with her seamed and hideous face; her life a wreck, shattered and hopeless; not to dream of love, but to brood over one awful purpose, for which alone she consented to live.

The Castle clock struck eleven. 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, a short, thick, heavy looking stick; secondly, two small coils 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 a certain point, branched into a narrower passage, that led into the picture gallery. She threw the rays of the lantern upon the pictures, until they fell upon the stern beauty of Eleonore de Soissons. Before that she paused, and gazed for a moment in deep thought, then again pursued 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.

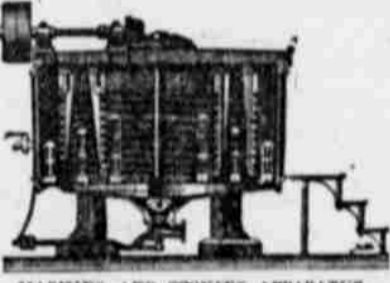
"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline. "It gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.



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 immediate profit in manufacturing denatured alcohol at home. It must be understood that farmers' 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 restrictions 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 made on farms this year or next. In 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 Beans 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 expense, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless" or dwarf varieties, however, if sold dry they are failed, the yield being from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in yield should dry weather occur. The most profit is made by selling them in the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as \$200 per acre can be cleared, but \$100 is above the average for an acre of green beans. Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds nitrate of soda, 300 pounds acidulated phosphate rock and 350 pounds sulphate of potash per acre would be a proper application on many soils.

Rough Feeds.

Rough feeds, including pasture, are usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what and how much will produce the desired results. Much rough feed is wasted in careless feeding. The cow will eat the best of her menu first and if given too much will pick the most desirable morsels, leaving what might be called passably good, which too frequently 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 quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.—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 society 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 second or medium, and the smaller sizes as third grade or small prunes.

CAN PHOTOGRAPH THOUGHT.

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

A photograph plate so sensitive 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 pulsations of light, changes of color, and rhythmic 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



PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHTS.

It will be possible to bring about mental correspondence without the aid 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 chamber which Dr. Cole has improvised 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 rhythmic 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 self groping on the confines of the soul.

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

OIL PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

Jefferson in a Kociusko Coat and Other Relics in Fay 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 Lincoln in oils. It is well known that Lincoln never sat for an oil portrait. But this is by William Mathews, who 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 Corcoran gallery. A marble bust of Lincoln was his own commission to G. Lazzarini, and was presented by Lincoln to his friend, Morris Ketchum. There is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson wearing the fur-lined coat given by Kociusko.

From the Jamel 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 gilded head of Washington, almost half 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 intentions 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.