

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Stafford," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "were my fortune free, I would share it with you only too gladly, for it would be my greatest happiness to enrich the man I love. But you know the conditions by which I am bound. My mother's ruling passion was family pride. Herself of an ancient family, she never ceased to regret that my father, who had sprung from the most humble origin, and gained his riches entirely by his own energy and good fortune, was not her equal in birth. As she grew older, this pride increased to a morbid extent. A little before her death, a something happened—here her voice faltered—"which estranged her from me, and decided her so to alter her will that I should forfeit the whole of my father's fortune, excepting an annuity of fifty pounds a year, to keep me from actual want," as she worded it, if I contracted a marriage with any but a man of ancient family, or failed to be united to such an one before my one-and-twentieth birthday."

"And the cause of this estrangement, that you say brought about this singular will?"

"Upon that subject my lips are sealed—for the present," she said, in a low, sad voice.

"And to whom would the fortune descend in the event of your forfeiture? To your uncle, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Were such the case, I should have nothing to fear; as were he to inherit it to-day he would give it back to me to-morrow. It would pass into the hands of more distant relatives, from whose forbearance I could hope nothing."

"Well, let them take it all!" cried Stafford. "My income is sufficient to keep you in comfort, although not in luxury. Every year adds to my professional fame and prosperity; and with you by my side, with the blessing of your love for my inspiration, what might I not achieve?"

"It is impossible, for the present," she answered; then, observing the cloud upon his face, she added, in a softer tone: "Do not think that it is because I cling to the luxuries of wealth that I could not forego them all for your sake—that I could not be happy in the home that could offer me. The motives of my refusal are far, very far removed from such causes. But be assured of one thing: my objections to being your wife hold equally to being the wife of any man, were he a duke. These objections may never be cleared away; therefore it is that I entreat you, for your own sake, not to waste your life in hopes that may never be realized. Ask me for no explanation, as I cannot give it. And now I must go. It is nearly sunset, and they will be growing uneasy about me at the Grange. I am afraid the poor drawing will not be completed this evening."

"Oh, yes; I shall have plenty of time; and, had I not, I should be able to draw it from memory. There is not a spot in the whole scene that will ever be forgotten by me." He watched her cross the bridge. She turned round once, waved her hand, and then gradually disappeared down the sloping path, and was lost to his eager eyes. With a sigh, he went back to his painting.

His thoughts, wandering into a hundred different channels, came suddenly upon that story of Circe, that he had told to Arthur Penrhdyddyn, and by a fantastic association of ideas, he began to compare the features he had described with those of Constance. The more he compared, the more wonderful did the similarity appear—the same figure, the same face and hair, but not the same manner. Strange it had never struck him before—that the story had slumbered in his mind, forgotten until it had been aroused by the conversation at Richmond. Such an association of ideas was so monstrously absurd, that he grew angry with himself for even allowing it to rise up in his mind; but there it was, and, spite of all his self-indignation, he could not thrust it away.

"What did she mean by saying that she was fettered by circumstances of which I had no conception," he muttered, pondering over the conversation that had passed between them.

A strange humor had fallen upon him since sunset—a humor of doubts and fears, and strange, unacknowledged suspicions, not confessed even to himself.

CHAPTER VI.

On the day after the meeting between Constance and Stafford, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a gentleman was seated before a table covered with papers, in a private apartment of an old-fashioned hotel, in the neighborhood of St. James street.

That man was Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn. He was busily engaged in writing letters. He looked anxious and careworn.

Presently the servant Daniel, after a preliminary knock, entered the room to announce "Master Arthur."

Ten years had wrought but little change upon the old servant's iron features; he was much the same man as we described him on the day that he found his young master gazing upon the portrait in the western turret.

Arthur followed upon the heels of his announcement, and going up to his father with a glow of pleasure upon his face, warmly grasped his hands. But for the expression of the tell-tale eyes, a looker on would have thought that Sir Laurence received his son but coldly. Requesting Daniel to leave the room, he motioned Arthur to take a seat opposite him.

"Father, you are looking anxious—un-

well," said the young man, feelingly; "what has happened? Let me know the worst: your letter has filled me with anxiety. I have not been able to rest since I received it."

"Arthur, you have now arrived at that age when it is necessary that you should understand mine and your own position in life. As the scion of an ancient family, and the heir of an hereditary estate, you have, doubtless, hitherto regarded yourself as the world does—that is to say, as the possessor of ample means. But such is not the case. Misfortune has followed our house, and each succeeding representative has left the estates more and more embarrassed."

Arthur thought of the picture that lay hidden away in that lonely chamber down in Cornwall, the story of which he had never forgotten. Was this decay of the family the mere natural course of events, or was it that terrible curse working its fulfillment?

"Father," he exclaimed, "do not let any thought of me add to your afflictions. I am young, educated; I can work my own way in life."

"That is not sufficient. As the representative of an ancient name, you have other duties to think of, besides mere personal success—the preservation and transmission of the name which has been handed down to you through so many centuries. But I am talking bombast," he added, suddenly checking himself; "and it is time I came to the end of my explanations. All the mortgages and debts were bought up, some ten years ago, by a rich parvenu, who is since dead. From his hands they have passed into those of his brother, who holds them, and the whole property of the deceased, in trust for the daughter. Some little time ago Mr. Grierson came down to Penrhdyddyn, to express his intention of foreclosing unless the sum could be repaid by a certain date. I told him that payment was impossible. He then suggested a most extraordinary compromise—that an alliance should be contracted between my son and his niece. By a strange will, the fortune had been bequeathed to the young lady under the condition that she should marry into none but a good family, and before her twentieth birthday. I requested a little time for consideration, and wrote to you immediately upon the subject. I leave the decision in your hands. The lady, I understand, is young, well bred and beautiful. It is not an alliance I should select, were I a free agent; but in it lies the only hope of Penrhdyddyn."

"I can make no possible objection to an alliance to which you are reconciled, sir," answered Arthur.

And so it was agreed between them; and the volunteer ball at Keldon, by Mr. Grierson's desire, was to be the scene of the first meeting between Arthur and Constance.

With a sad, sinking heart the young man left his father's presence, and repaired to his own chambers. The story of struggles and disappointments had produced a profound impression upon him—an impression rendered deeper by the dark sense of fatalism that to him was apparent through all. "Our race is doomed!" he murmured to himself. "Struggle as we will, I feel that it is useless. Eleonore de Soissons' vengeance will be consummated at last. Were it not for my father's sake I would let all go, and find an unknown grave in some foreign land."

The volunteer ball at Keldon was a great event. It was crowded with the elite of the neighborhood, as the local newspaper afterwards informed the world—playing at officers being then the favorite amusement of the idle young gentlemen of the county.

It was in anything rather than an exhilarated mood that Arthur, accompanied by his servant, arrived early in the evening at Keldon. He at once proceeded to the principal hotel, dressed, and then departed in a cab for the Town Hall.

Inwardly anathematizing the eccentricity of Mr. Grierson, for choosing so singular a place as a public ball room for a first introduction, and feeling somewhat awkward at the thought of mingling alone among a crowd, not one individual of whom was known to him, he entered the room.

Mr. Grierson, a rubicund faced, pleasant looking man of about sixty years of age, with a retired tradesman like appearance, was impatiently awaiting his com-

ing; and most cordial was the young man's reception.

In due time he was introduced to several people, who bowed very low to Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn's son, and, lastly, to Constance herself.

Arthur was greatly struck both by her beauty and her manner. She was indisputably the belle of the room, and was as conspicuous among the crowd of overdressed dowdies by the simple taste of her dress as by the refined beauty of her features.

Nor was Arthur Penrhdyddyn unworthy of so lovely a partner. Full dress is a crucial test of a man's appearance; it either imparts to him the look of a waiter or of a gentleman. Arthur's slight and graceful figure, and pale, almost effeminate face, never appeared to such advantage as when he was thus attired.

As they took their places in their first quadrille, they became the cynosure of every eye, and a buzz, not of admiration, but of envy, mingled with the first bars of the music.

Arthur began very soon to think that it would not be quite so difficult to obey his father's wishes as he had at first imagined. They danced together the first two dances. As soon as he was disengaged from his partner, Mr. Grierson beckoned him into an ante-room:

"Now, if you have had enough of dancing for a little time," he said, "you and I will have a little quiet chat together. Well, what do you think of my girl?"

"There cannot be two opinions as to her beauty," answered Arthur, warmly; "and I feel convinced that a closer acquaintance with the young lady will prove to me that her disposition is as charming as her person."

"Well, I am very glad to hear you say so, sir; and I heartily wish it may be a match, for both our sakes," replied the old man, much gratified by Arthur's praise. "If the girl had been left to do as she liked about the choice of a husband, it would have been all right, instead of being tied down by absurd conditions. The idea of a girl forfeiting all her money if she should take a fancy to some honest young fellow, who didn't happen to have a grand name; I tell you, sir, whenever I think of that, it makes me tremble; and if she was to do it, all her money would go; half of it to distant relations in England, and half to some foreign connections of her mother's."

"It was a strange will," remarked Arthur.

"A strange will! It was a cruel, unnatural one!" cried the old man, hotly. "But her mother was an awful woman, with all sorts of grand notions. My brother would that, in case of his wife's death, I should be his daughter's guardian; so she was obliged to make me joint executor with her cousin, Mr. Wylie. Well, one day, when I was thinking the matter



SIR LAURENCE WELCOMES HIS SON.

over you suddenly came into my head; and there was another trouble that Madame Grierson had bequeathed to me. She had placed in her lawyer's hands written instructions that, unless the whole of the principal was paid up by the thirtieth of November, the mortgage upon Penrhdyddyn should be foreclosed; and to insure there being no delay or uncertainty, she would ten thousand pounds to her cousin Wylie—a man with no more mercy than a bailiff—which was to be paid out of that money, or out of the proceeds of the sale of the estate. If she had had her will, Penrhdyddyn would have been sold up years ago. But, fortunately, Sir Laurence had got Tom, before his marriage, to sign a bond that he should not be troubled for the principal until the end of twenty years; which time is up in November. She always had an awful spite against your father, and that bond made a good many words between her and Tom."

"A spite against my father!" cried Arthur. "For what reason?"

"Well, I certainly did once hear some cock-and-bull story. But I heard so many of them from her that they all got mixed up together in my head. So, if I was to pretend to tell you, it might be another story altogether. But it doesn't much matter, depend on't, for Madame Grierson's hates, like herself, had no reason in 'em. Well, as I was telling you, while I was weighing over in my mind the question of Constance's marriage, I suddenly thought to myself, there's Sir Laurence Penrhdyddyn, he's got a son; and if I could arrange a match there, I should get rid of both my difficulties at the same time, and turn the tables nicely upon Madame Grierson's revenge, by making her own tyrannical will the means of defeating it. I arranged that Constance and you should be introduced to each other at this ball, for I'm a great believer in first impressions, and girls always make the most of themselves and look their best at such times. But you should have seen the rage that Mr. Wylie fell into when he heard what I'd done. I don't know what he didn't threaten; but as far as the girl's concerned, he's no power. But—"

He stopped suddenly, nudged his companion, and pointed to the open window which led into the refreshment room.

(To be continued.)

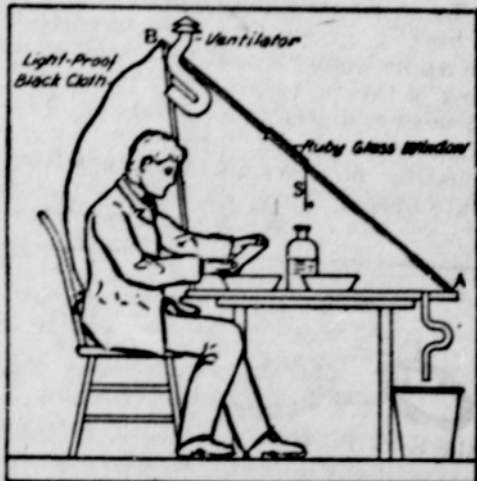


Many amateur photographers who cannot have a regular dark-room will find the device here illustrated very useful and convenient. If desired it may be constructed so as to allow folding up when not in use, by using hinges at A and B and making the sides flexible.

The bottom and frame are made of wood and the walls are constructed of light-proof cloth, formed by gluing black paper between two pieces of black cloth. The back should be full enough to allow plenty of room for the operator and the cloth should be tied securely around his waist to exclude every possible ray of light.

It is well to paint the whole interior a dull black, so that any small leakage of light will not be reflected. The ventilating tube and drain pipe should be bent as shown, to exclude the light, and the ruby glass should be carefully fitted for the same purpose. It is also desirable to have a hinged shutter, S, to cover the ruby glass while waiting for the plate to develop. This is to prevent any unnecessary exposure to

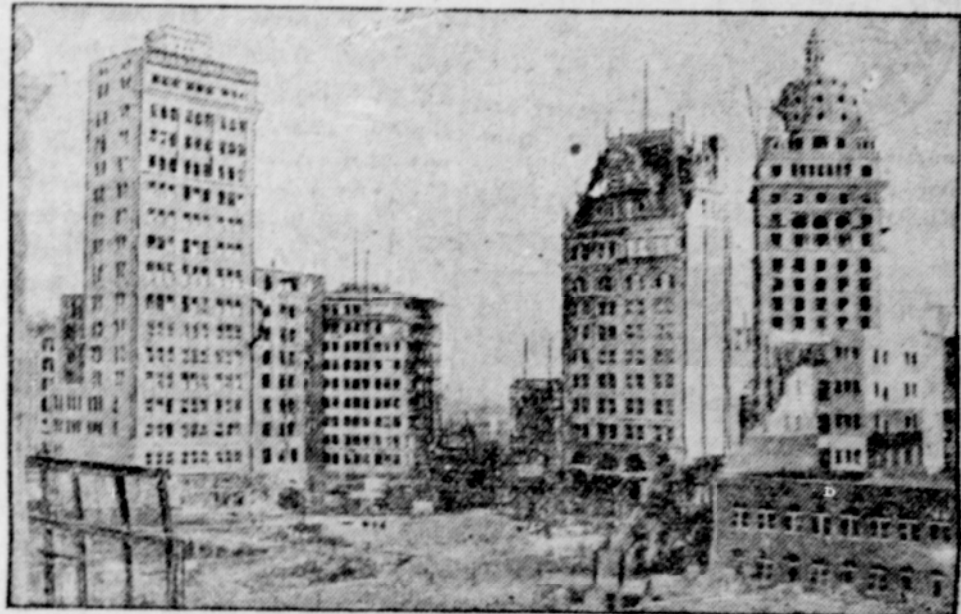
the ruby light, as any light, no matter how colored or subdued, has some effect on the sensitive plate or film. The drain pipe shown on this outfit may



THE PORTABLE DARK ROOM.

be omitted if desired, although it is convenient at times and gives a better circulation of air.—Stewart H. Leland, in Popular Mechanics.

RESTORED SKYSCRAPERS REPLACE FRISCO RUINS.



JUNCTION OF MARKET, KEARNEY AND GEARY STREETS.

The picture shows the new and the old San Francisco Chronicle buildings, the Monadnock Block, the Mutual Bank and the Call buildings. These are all situated near the junction of Market, Kearney and Geary streets. San Francisco has not seen fit to abandon the skyscraper, in spite of the lesson of the great earthquake. The huge structures are again towering to heaven. Around Jefferson Square, which is planted with palm trees, buildings of the most diverse types are already erected, and, indeed, are almost completed. The photograph of Jefferson Square gives an excellent idea of how the steel-frame building is constructed. The great skeleton is erected first and it is then filled in with brick and cement. This plan is really a great saving of time, for the tiers are filled in simultaneously, so that one sees, as it were, a series of buildings rising at one time from many aerial foundations.

HOW LOEB GOT HIS START.

Roosevelt Picked Him Up Accidentally While at Albany.

William B. Loeb, secretary to President Roosevelt, and by reason of that position one of the most influential men



W. B. LOEB, JR.

in Washington, began to fight life's battle seriously in Albany, N. Y., where he was an unassuming, rather timid court stenographer when Roosevelt was made Governor. His salary might have been larger, and, with several others of his calling, he used to frequent the crumbling State capitol after his regular daily stunt was over, hoping to get an occasional job of typewriting for some one of the newspaper correspondents. One day in 1890, directly after Roosevelt's inauguration as Governor, when such work seemed uncommonly scarce, the Governor himself stepped out of the little private office into the "big room," where is received everybody, politicians and ordinary worms of the dust, impartially, and asked that a good stenographer and typewriter be sent in.

"You go in, Loeb," some one said. Loeb "went in" and made pothooks to the tune of Roosevelt's dictation for an hour or two. Some time later he delivered the typewritten copy. It must have been up to the Roosevelt standard, for, next day, when the Governor repeated his request for a stenographer, he said, "Send in the man I had yesterday; he's all right."

From that day on the young court stenographer was busy, for Roosevelt made him his private secretary. Later he took him to Washington and made him his secretary, while Vice President. Then elevated to the Presidency, Roosevelt put Loeb in as assistant to Cortelyou, then serving the President

as secretary. Cortelyou's promotion to a cabinet place lifted Loeb to the proud level of secretary to the President, with attendance at cabinet meetings a part of his duties.

Dogs Are Enrolled on Force.

Among the additions which will be made to the police force of Lexington, Ky., soon will be two famous bloodhounds. They are Nick Carter and Ivy, the two man-hunting dogs owned by Captain V. G. Mulliken, who recently moved to this city from Wilmore.

The dogs are known all over the State for their success in running down criminals. It is proposed to add six mounted policemen, who will be used to patrol the newly annexed suburbs.

When Captain Mulliken heard of this proposition he asked that he be made one of the new patrolmen, and as the result of a consultation between him and the city officials it was agreed that Captain Mulliken should receive a position as mounted patrolman, and that the dogs should also be attached to the force, the city paying for their care and maintenance.—Indianapolis Star.

Shopping Politeness.

"Never point, my dear," said the mother gently.

"But, mamma," objected the little girl, "suppose I don't know the name of the thing?"

"Then let the salesman show you all he has in stock until he comes to the article that is desired."—New York Press.

Too Late.

Mamma—That little Ivan swears most dreadfully; I won't let you play with him any more.

Little Basil—All right, mamma; he's taught me all he knows anyway.—Strana.

Cholly—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling. Ethel—Did he recommend any special course of study?—Cincinnati Tribune.