

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Parsons had been listening to the conversation, with a supercilious sneer upon his face. "Oh, Mr. Jerome is quite right," he said, in his usual drawing manner. "She looked awfully frightened." Stafford felt greatly inclined to dash his fist in the speaker's face. But the cold perspiration was starting from every pore, and he felt sick at heart as he asked the question, "Did you speak to her?"

"As I told you," continued Jerome, "I pressed forward as soon as I saw her, but the moment she set her eyes upon me, she hurried into the carriage, and the old man after her. The servant banged the door. I ran up to the window, but it was pulled down in my face, and the carriage started. Had I been a little more prepared for so suddenly meeting her, she would not have escaped me quite so easily."

"But what could you have done?" asked Stafford.

"Shown her up before all her servants."

"But if she be really the person you believe, I should suppose her friends would be quite willing to well remunerate you to hush the matter up."

"It is not money I want, but revenge," answered Jerome, savagely.

"Well, well; let us drop the subject," said Stafford, abruptly. "After all, it is nothing to me. But I wish to speak to you on a little matter of business alone for a few minutes. Can we not go into your bedroom?"

As soon as they were closeted alone, Stafford gave way to the agitation that over-mastered him. "Jerome," he said, with trembling voice and lips, "I did not wish those fellows to know that I had any interest in the affair, but I have—dear me, Jerome, we have been friends now of some years standing, and I believe we have a sincere liking for each other—at least, I can speak for myself. Let me, then, conjure you, if you have the smallest particle of respect for me, do not molest this lady; leave the affair in my hands. You do not know how much my happiness or misery depends upon the issue."

"Why, my dear fellow, what ails you?" cried Jerome. "You don't mean to say that this woman has wound her coils round you? If so, the greatest favor I could do you would be to unmask her, and cure you of such an infatuation."

"Do not speak of her in that way; I cannot endure to hear it," exclaimed Stafford, passionately. "If you knew her as I do, a being so utterly opposed to the vile coquette by whom you were deceived, you would perceive, like myself, how impossible it is that she should be the same person. Now, listen to me. During the last two days I have been using every means to trace the woman whom you knew as Katie Doran."

"You?" ejaculated Jerome.

"My motive in doing so I had intended to keep secret until, at least, I had obtained some clue; but what I have heard in your studio renders such secrecy impossible." Then Stafford went on to tell how he had discovered the picture of Clrice to be in the possession of Sir Laurence Penrhuddyn; how he had made a sketch of it, and traced the picture dealer who had sold it.

Jerome listened to every word with the most profound astonishment, never once interrupting the speaker.

"This mystery I was determined to solve," Stafford continued. "Even now there is a strange, half-defined idea floating in my brain, at present too inexplicable to be spoken of; but it is a clue that I shall follow up. Trust to me, Jerome; you know I am not easily turned aside from any undertaking I once engage in; and I pledge you my honor that if she be the delinquent, which I will stake my soul she is not, you need not fear that I will shield her."

"There's my hand upon the bargain," cried Jerome. "I am heartily sorry that you should take any interest in this woman, who is Katie Doran as sure as you stand there. But since you wish it, the matter shall be put aside for a time; and now let us go back to the boys."

"No, not now," replied Stafford. "Who is that fellow, Parsons, you introduced me to? Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh, I have met him in different places, and, of late, he has taken to coming here."

Stafford left the house in a miserably depressed state of mind. There was something terrible in these ever-accumulating proofs. Bravely he fought against and cast out every doubt; but the struggle was a sore one.

CHAPTER XIX.

At eight o'clock that same evening Wyllie was sitting with Mrs. Wyllie. Dinner had just been removed, and they were alone. The gentleman wore an air of supreme content; but the lady looked gloomy and ill at ease.

"Hannah, my dear," said Mr. Wyllie, after a pause, "I have made a great discovery to-day."

"Indeed!" she said, drearily, without lifting her gaze from the fire, whereon it had been fixed during the last ten minutes.

"Supposing I were to tell you that Constance is twenty next birthday, instead of nineteen, as everybody seems to suppose?"

"Impossible!" cried his wife, raising her eyes. "I have seen the date of her

birth over and over again in the family Bible."

"And I have seen the parish register," answered her husband, triumphantly. "She was born on the first day of December, 1875; consequently, on the first day of December, 1895, she will be twenty years of age."

"The Bible says she was born in 1876," persisted the lady.

"But if you remember, dear," argued Mr. Wyllie, in his softest tone, "the Bible now extant is not the original. When the fire broke out in Harley street the old Bible was among the things burned; and Tom Grierson did not replace it until some two or three years afterward. Constance was then between eleven and twelve years old. He himself inserted that and other dates in the new book from memory; and you know Tom had not much of a head for domestic matters. Some fancied coincidence probably misled him."

"And how came you to discover this?"

"Well, the other day I was running back in my memory to trace certain events, when an association of ideas suddenly obliterated the picture of Constance a baby in arms at a time that, according to received data, she could not have been born. Upon which, I traced back the date of Arabella's marriage, and the time that elapsed before the child's birth. Finding all my memories at fault with the aforesaid data, I immediately adopted the simplest means of putting the question at rest by an examination of the registers, in which I found I was right."

"Do you think her uncle knows of this?"

"I do not think so, or he would have been certain to let it out in some indirect way—he never can keep anything. No, I hope to come down upon them with the news like an avalanche. Constance Grierson will certainly not be married to a man of family by the first of December, and as certainly will she forfeit her fortune if she is not. On the thirtieth of November, Penrhuddyn will virtually be ours. On the first of December, the day afterwards, our share of old Tom Grierson's fortune will drop into our mouths. But you do not seem elated at this glorious news," he said, observing his wife's somber looks.

"Because I cannot reconcile myself to the villainous means by which it will be gained," she answered, moodily.

"The whole affair is a pure business transaction," he said, impatiently. "I am left by will ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of the mortgage money of certain estates; if the mortgage money is not paid, I have a fancy to buy up those estates. Where is the crime in that? Another sum of money is left to me on condition that a certain young lady does not marry by a certain age. Is it incumbent upon me to see that she does fulfill these conditions for the sake of not having the money? I did not make the provisions for the foreclose of the mortgage I did not tie the young lady down to marry such and such kind of person, within such and such period. Then, why am I not entitled to seize upon the benefit which others have devised for me?"

"All this is mere sophistry," answered his wife. "It may satisfy you who have no time for thought, but it does not satisfy me, who sit brooding here the livelong day, with only my own dark thoughts for companions. During the last few days I have been depressed with a gloom I cannot shake off. I feel as though something terrible were about to happen. What has become of that woman—Mrs. Castleton?" she asked, suddenly.

"She was at the office yesterday, to draw the last shilling of her money."

"Beware of that woman," she said, earnestly. "Break with her, if you can, before she works you mischief. I have never seen her, and never wish to see her; but from what I have heard from your lips, I can well understand the dangerous woman she is. Let her go her ways while you are safe; above all, do not provoke her vindictiveness, for you can never tell the lengths to which a woman's revenge will carry her."

"Well, the idiotic folly of some people is past all understanding," he broke out, suddenly; "they are no more fit to be trusted with money than infants; indeed, I think it is meritorious to take it away from them before they do themselves a mischief with it. Would you believe it? That girl Constance, after refusing Arthur Penrhuddyn, actually wrote, or caused to be written, an anonymous letter to him, saying that if all else failed, he could obtain the money to pay off the mortgage by applying to Groom and Fry, in Bedford Row."

"If that is the case, you are powerless," said his wife.

"Am I?" he exclaimed, snarling like a dog. "The letter is in my hands. Unfortunately, young Penrhuddyn has read it. But whatever extremities I resort to, that money shall not be forthcoming."

CHAPTER XX.

There was illness at Penrhuddyn Castle. Sir Laurence, worn out, prostrated by anxieties, lay upon a sick bed and his son had been summoned to his side. The doctors said that there was no immediate danger, but he must be kept quiet, and his mind at ease.

The night was gathering in fast over the gray October sky, and the wind whistled drearily through the large rooms and corridors of the old castle, as Arthur

Penrhuddyn sat alone, watching beside his father's bed.

That strange, sudden disappearance of Mrs. Castleton had been a terrible blow; it had driven him almost into a delirium; for never had he felt how omnipotent was her influence until now that she seemed lost to him forever. In vain he sought to trace her; in vain he sought to account for her disappearance. At times, a thought crossed his brain, too terrible to dwell upon. Was she one of that race, and did she fear that her love might work upon him only the fulfillment of a curse? He remembered the extraordinary emotion she manifested during the recital. And once or twice a yet wilder and more improbable idea rose up amidst the phantasmagoria of his mind, excited by a fancied resemblance that he traced in the pale, set features framed by the black hair. Such thoughts must be a symptom of madness; he thought the grave could not give back its dead, and she lay buried in Penrhuddyn churchyard.

These thoughts, for the hundredth time, were passing through his brain. And brooding thus, there came into his mind the thought to go and look at that strange picture, which he had not seen since the day on which old Daniel had told him the legend. Casting a glance at the sleeper, he crept out of the room. He was not aware of the removal of the painting, but his way to the western turret lay through the picture gallery. And upon entering it, one of the first objects his eyes fell upon was the portrait of Eleonore de Soissons.

It was a sudden shock to see that pale, dark face looking out from among the portraits of his ancestors. To his excited fancy, there was a look of triumph in his eyes that seemed to say, "At last."

Most ominous to his fatalistic creed was this circumstance. "For two hundred years," he thought, "it has lain amongst dust and rubbish, and now it is brought down and fixed here in the position that during all that time was its right. What can it portend, but the speedy destruction of the race upon whom she put her malediction?"

He had no difficulty in guessing whose hands had placed the picture there; no one but his father would have dared to thus brave Fate.

And now he felt to scrutinizing those features. Although they had been graven upon his boyish memory in unfading lines, he tried to clear his mind of fancies, and then to endeavor to discover how true or how false was its supposed resemblance to Mrs. Castleton. In expression, save the last time he saw her, there was no resemblance; there was a stern melancholy upon the countenance of the portrait, which found no counterpart upon that of the living woman. But its contour, its dark eyes and hair, were like—so like, that it called up the dear image of his love with painful force.

"Oh, where art thou, my beloved?" he exclaimed, passionately. "Why hast thou fled from me? Come back—come back! Thou art my fate, my destiny, whether for good or evil, and I am thine; and were it the spirit of Eleonore de Soissons herself, returned to this world of woe to avenge her wrongs, my love would be the same!"

A long, low wail swept through the gallery as he spoke those words. It was only the wind, but to his over-excited imagination it sounded like the cry of a departing spirit. He shuddered at the thought, and walked softly back to his father's room. Sir Laurence was still sleeping, and the nurse, whose place he had supplied for a short time, having returned, he was relieved of his watch.

He felt oppressed and feverish, and putting on his hat, went out into the open air. The cool, fresh breeze was invigorating, and the damp, leafy smell of the woods was grateful to him after the close atmosphere of the sick chamber.

Scarcely heeding what direction he took, he walked on, deep in thought, until he approached the coast. Right in front of him stood John Trevelthick's cottage. The sight of this spot recalled to his mind that he had not seen the old fisherman for some years. He would look in upon the old man; he would be sure to find him at home, as age prevented him now from leaving his cottage.

It was now nearly dark; the last dim twilight was fading fast out of the cold gray sky. The door of the cottage stood wide open, but there was no light within, nor any sign or sound of human life. He stood upon the threshold, and called "John Trevelthick!"

There was no answer. But he heard a slight rustle, as of a woman's dress, and the sound of breathing. Again he called "John Trevelthick, are you there?"

A low, terrified female voice answered, "Who is that?"

"It is I, Arthur Penrhuddyn," he answered, quickly. "Who are you?"

A faint cry was his answer. He sprang into the hut, saw a moving body before him, stretched out his arms, and the next moment a woman's head was leaning upon his breast, and a soft voice whispering "Arthur."

Even now he could not credit the evidence of his senses, it was so marvelous, so beyond all belief. Yet she lay upon his bosom, clinging around him, her breath upon his cheek. Ah! he saw it all! She had repented of her flight—she had followed him down to Cornwall. He bore her out into the open air, that by the dim light he might feast his eyes upon her face. There was still sufficient light "Even now," he cried, fondly pressing her to his heart, "I can scarcely believe that it is you. I fear to loose you, lest you should fly away from me like some vision of the night. How came you here—was it to see me?"

"Yes," she murmured, after a pause; "to seek you. What else should bring me to this remote country? Do not question me; do not ask for explanations lest I should again fly from you."

A mist was rising from the sea. There was damp in the atmosphere, and the wind blew sharply, and moaned dismally. (To be continued.)

THE Popular Pulpit

GREAT NEED OF WORLD.

By Rev. Henry Marsh Warren.
"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."—Acts 1:8.

While our Lord was upon earth the disciples were not asked to be witnesses; they were simply to follow their Master, to listen to His marvelous teachings and to observe His wonderful works. "Ye are my witnesses. Hereafter you must stand in my place, take up my work, fight my battles, manifest my love and gather in my jewels." In other words, He then intrusted to His disciples and to His church both the honor of His name and the great work of redeeming the world for God.

A witness for God must live a Christ-like life. It is far easier to stand up and proclaim that Jesus is the light of the world than it is to live exemplifying the saying, "Ye are the light of the world." And by the Christ-like life we mean representing Christ at all times and in all places, not only in the house of God on a Sunday, or in the prayer meeting, but also in the home and in business and social life.

Another way by which we may become faithful witnesses is by direct and zealous labor to help the many unfortunate people about us. I believe the church fails in this respect more than any other. Churches provide well for the comfort of their members, and our preachers are able and consecrated men of God, but individual labor for the individual soul is lacking. It is a wrong idea that personal labor and oral witnessing for God are for ministers only.

One verse in the Bible beautifully describes the life of Christ, viz.: "He went about doing good."

This should characterize the life of His followers. We should "go about doing good."

"But how," some one may ask, "are we to do it?" Let me mention two or three very simple and practical ways by which we may do good and in so doing bring the world to know and follow God, and so prove that we are faithful witnesses.

1. By helping those who need help. There are hundreds and thousands of opportunities in this great city and over the world. What they need is the helping hand. If the church is to give salvation to the masses who are outside and are living lives of sin and sorrow, she must give her attention to ministering to the needy.

2. By sympathizing with those who need sympathy. Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He had a heart of great sympathy and never failed to express it when occasion afforded. The world's great heart to-day longs for expressions of Christian sympathy. Oh, the opportunities we have of doing good in the way of sympathy with those who need it. If we will put ourselves or our money at His disposal, God will open some portal through which we may enter and tune the heart-strings of some discordant life to play the music of heaven.

And then we may do good by encouraging those who need encouragement. A few years ago a big hotel was burning and a young woman in one of the upper stories would have perished but for the cheers of encouragement that went up from the crowd of lookers-on. When the brave fireman landed his prize safely he said: "You have no idea how near I came returning without her. It was the cries of encouragement that nerved me for the task."

God only knows how many faltering, trembling weak souls there are to-day who need just such a cheer. How many times the clouds hang over us, with no pillar of fire to guide. How many times we stand by the waters of the Red Sea, where the angry waves roll and break, and there seems no way of escape. Oh, that some strong hand were then outstretched to save us, and a kind, gentle voice to encourage and comfort us.

There are so many who could be saved from great mistakes and from falling if the right thing were said and done in the right way and at the right time. God help us to be on the alert for such opportunities of doing good.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?

By Henry F. Cope.
"Adding on, your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue and in your virtue knowledge."—II. Peter 1:5.

Who is the virtuous person? What is the virtuous life? Is he the bearer of no more than spotless life? Is virtue the leaving undone of vice? Is it negation and denial? Then is the polished marble more virtuous than the fairest saint. You cannot be measured by the things you leave undone.

Is virtue, then, the clamorous erec-

tion of some standard of living and the duly advertised attainment thereto? Is it even the secret, modest effort of conformity to a fixed code or rule of daily living—the doing of certain things in certain ways at certain times? Is the virtuous life the one that follows precisely the prescribed rules and schedules of conduct?

The last is the notion most generally entertained. Yet how fallacious it is. It is the secret of priggishness; the standard attained, we have the sin of self-satisfaction. It converts the man into a blind machine; your mechanical moralist is no more virtuous than any other machine. He lacks life and freedom of choice. Virtue is, first of all, vital; it cannot be found with the eyes shut nor with the will atrophied.

Virtue is strength; it is moral and spiritual health. It is not in doing or leaving undone; it is not in feeling either good or bad; it is not in sentiments or doctrines, either false or true. It is that perfect ordering, adjusting, and outflowing of the whole inner life which in its more material and evident aspects we call health and strength. The doing, feeling and thinking flow from this right inner, determining tone.

The morally healthy man will love the things that are good and pure; he will loathe the base and defiling. Only a depraved appetite turns to the garbage can when there is a well spread table waiting. Did we but understand it we would despise and fear still more that vicious inner appetite that turns the whole life toward things corrupt and rotten when there awaits on every hand in this fair world so much that is beautiful and wholesome.

Have you ever thought how largely health and strength depend on tastes and appetites? Who can be healthy with a perverted craving to which he yields? Such tastes depend on training and cultivation. So it is with virtue; strength of the soul, health of the heart lies on the road of the choice of things that are best, is acquired by the deliberate and constant choosing of things that are right, pure, elevating.

Virtue, then, rests on faith, not blind belief in certain dogmatic statements, but the upward look, the noble aspiration, the high-mindedness that lifts up the heart. It takes this spirit, this faith, this confidence in things unseen to enable us to choose the best to cultivate the taste for the true food of life. Otherwise the heart that was meant to feed on the invisible bread snatches the evident husks of earth and it dies.

There is no virtue without this faith in high ideals, in things not seen. A man may be just, he may be honest and upright for policy, because it pays, but he cannot find virtue as a matter of policy. It is not in the market to be bought. It is acquired only as we set the heart on character, as we learn to love the good and true for its own sake.

This healthfulness of soul comes also through struggle. Vice is made to serve virtue as we strive against it. Using moral muscles, we find and harden them. He who flees temptation, who shrinks from the soul searching crises of life, misses the best that life has to give. In the gymnasium of temptation and trials the full strength of character is won. That does not mean that one must seek out vice; it means we must meet every foe to his face.

Count him virtuous whose face is set toward the light; who lives on a grade that leads up; who is strong to serve his fellows, to make a better world, to face and fight all things that spoil and mar; who lives not for meat or money, but for manhood, for truth and beauty. For virtue is that habit of the soul, that health that comes from steadily seeking things good and true, that strength that comes from struggle and service; it is the inner life victorious over the outer temptation.

Short Meter Sermons.

Kindness is a seed that never finds a barren soil.

Virtue for profit will become vice for more profit.

The best friendship is that which brings out the best in us.

What we call destiny often is only a matter of determination.

If you would lose all force think always of your own feelings.

The true man fears the power of sin more than its punishment.

Mending your ways is the best way of mourning over them.

If you cannot hate hypocrites and evil you are not likely to love virtue.

Many a man who is proud of being wicked is really only weak in the head.

It will not give you wings to have your name on the fly leaf of the Bible.

An abnormal sense of your own rights soon will hide your neighbor's righteousness.

You can never meet the needs of a thirsty world by packing water on both shoulders.

It is a good deal easier to preach things heroic and divine than it is to practice things ordinarily human and decent.