

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"But, my darling," he cried, despairingly, "by withholding from me such information, you render me powerless to clear away this terrible mystery. Can you think of no person who bears a striking resemblance to you?"

"Ah, yes, I have it," she cried, brightening up. "You say this girl was wonderfully like me?"

"You shall judge for yourself," he said, producing his copy of Circe, which he had brought with him.

She eagerly examined it, while he waited breathlessly for her next words.

"But for the color of the hair, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a girl who was at the same school with me," she said, musingly.

"Her name?" cried Stafford, trembling with excitement.

"Ellen Jenkins," was the reply. "The very woman I suspected!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, but her hair was black."

"That verifies another conjecture; I know where this woman is to be found; I have the whole mystery in the palm of my hand."

"But the color of the hair?" objected Constance.

"Pshaw! what difficulty is there about that in these days? How many among your dark-haired female friends suddenly appear with golden locks? The clue you have given me will enable me to clear your reputation from all suspicion."

"Do that," she exclaimed, catching his enthusiasm, "and though I sacrifice every farthing of my fortune, I will be your wife. Such a consummation to me is worth a hundred fortunes; for it will remove the blight that has poisoned my whole life from girlhood."

"I fear Arthur Penrhdydd has fallen into this Ellen Jenkins' toils," he said, as he walked up the lane with her.

"Do not say that!" she cried.

"Indeed, I fear so," he answered sorrowfully; "and I shall apply your information to rescue him from her hands."

"Do not lose a moment," cried Constance, entreatingly; "you cannot conceive the arts which that woman has at her command."

By ten o'clock the next morning he received a letter, a bulky one. He went into his bedroom, locked the door, broke the seal and read with trembling eagerness.

Instead of copying the contents of Constance's letter, the reader shall be presented with a more succinct and complete narrative than her knowledge of events could have supplied.

When about 12 years of age, Miss Grierson had been sent to a school of high reputation, some twenty miles from London, kept by one Mrs. Williamson. There had arrived, some time after, a young girl of her own age, a relative of the principal's, who, while receiving certain instruction, was to assist as tutor to the younger pupils. Ellen Jenkins was a strange girl, and it was not long before Miss Williamson began to regret of having undertaken such a charge. Ellen had from the first attached herself to Constance Grierson. Constance, a good-hearted, generous girl, who loved all who loved, or pretended to love, her, speedily succumbed to her arts, and became Ellen's firm friend.

By and by it began to be observed that, in features there was an extraordinary likeness between these two girls. Constance's beauty was of a melancholy cast. Ellen's was of a coquettish, foreign style, and with a mobility to which the other could not pretend. But when the two countenances were in repose, and Ellen was in a graver humor, the resemblance was marvellous.

The dark beauty very soon contrived to obtain a complete mastery over the mind of her friend. Constance's was a plastic mind, only too ready, at this time, to receive impressions from immediate associations.

At church and during their walks they frequently encountered a tall, handsome, aristocratic looking man, who made a point of staring at Constance, and, whenever the principal or the elder teachers were not looking, of raising his hat to her. In a little time the young ladies began to giggle and joke her about the handsome gentleman, and to be very envious of her distinction.

One day, when they were alone together, Ellen slipped a note into her friend's hand, saying that the handsome stranger had met her that morning in the street and begged her, in the most pathetic terms, to deliver it to the young lady with the golden hair. At first Constance was very much shocked, and refused to take the note; but her companion soon laughed and coaxed her out of such scruples. The letter was full of such extravagances of language as would delight a school girl's fancy.

After that, the man dogged the school more pertinaciously than ever, and the young lady became so confused, and blushed so much every time she encountered his looks, that more than once Miss Williamson was very nearly detecting her confusion. At last, after much coaxing and some scolding on Ellen's part, the foolish child consented to give him an interview at the bottom of the garden. The gentleman was soon kneeling at his inamorata's feet. Constance, however, was almost too frightened to speak. When he seized her hand and poured forth his rapturous vows of love, all she could an-

swer was to beg him to let her go and never see her any more.

At length she got back to her own room, almost dead with fright, and protested that if Ellen ever so much as mentioned his name to her again she would forfeit her friendship for ever. But Ellen had too deep an interest in the affair to let it drop. If Mr. Parsons succeeded in carrying off the heiress, she was to have a hundred pounds down, besides indefinite sums in the future. Nor was this her only motive for joining in the plot; in her heart she despised her victim as a poor, meek, spiritless creature; and she hated her because she was rich.

After a few days she again broached the subject of the lover; but Constance again peremptorily forbade it. On the third, about mid-day, a brougham drove up to the school, and the coachman presented a note, purporting to be from Mrs. Grierson to her daughter. Its purport was that Constance must return home immediately; her father was dangerously ill. Constance, looking very pale and agitated, had got into the carriage and was driven away.

After pursuing the London road for a mile or two, the carriage suddenly took an opposite direction. The sequel may be guessed; the note was a desperate ruse, suggested and, as far as the writing of the note was concerned, carried out by Ellen, to place the heiress in the hands of her employer, Parsons. The young lady was conveyed to a solitary house, the abode of a friend of the abductor, where the first person who greeted her was her treacherous friend. Every effort was made to coax and then to force her into a marriage, but she resisted with a power of will that no one would have given her credit for. Instead of the hundred pounds he had promised her upon the day the heiress was placed in his power, Parsons gave Ellen but twenty, and, when she remonstrated, coolly informed her that it was all he intended to give, and that if she did not take it quietly he would inform against her as the forger of the letter summoning Constance home.

Ellen took the twenty pounds, and then sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Grierson, informing him of his daughter's disappearance from the school and of her whereabouts. Having thus revenge herself, she made her way to London. In a few hours after the receipt of the news, Mr. Grierson was upon the spot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Parsons and the owner of the house succeeded in making their escape. In her letter Ellen had insinuated that it was a voluntary elopement; and as such Mrs. Grierson, to her dying hour, believed it to be. It entirely turned her heart against her daughter; and, being worked upon by her cousin Wylie, was the immediate cause of that strange, harsh will, which was framed to guard against the young girl forming any hasty or unworthy alliance.

"This is my secret," wrote Constance, in the concluding paragraph of her letter. "It has given me many a bitter hour, many a tearful, sleepless night."

Little did Mrs. Grierson suspect that her cousin Wylie was the concocter of the whole plot; that he it was who first proposed to Parsons to try and make a runaway match with the heiress, and who afterwards supplied him with the means of carrying her off. Knowing the stern disposition of the mother, Wylie well knew that if his plan succeeded, she would most surely disinherit the daughter, and that in such a case a portion of the large fortune must accrue to him.

Of Ellen Jenkins, Constance neither saw nor heard any more. Wreny of the restrictions and the monotony of her life, and longing to plunge into the great world, Ellen had been a most willing instrument in the hands of a desperate adventurer like Parsons. To return to the school was impossible; and so, at 15, she resolved to seek her fortune in a world of which she knew nothing, save from books.

Wandering and wondering for the first time through the streets of the great metropolis, her eye presently fell upon a large placard in a fashionable hairdresser's window, which told of the wonderful effect of "The Auricous Fluid," which was warranted to change the darkest hair to a beautiful golden color.

Here was the opportunity; and she seized it. When the dyeing process was complete and her hair arranged in little careless curls about her face, she herself quite thrilled by the marvellous resemblance she bore to her quondam friend. At first, she endeavored to think of some means by which she might turn this accident to account; but, upon further reflection, it struck her that having already committed forgery, she had better leave well alone. It was soon after her transmogrification that she met Jerome. Upon the first opportunity she, having come to the end of her cash, appropriated as much of his property, including the picture she had sat for, as she could conveniently carry away with her, and bade him a silent adieu.

She next appears upon the scene as a ballet girl at the opera. Here she encountered Parsons. They became friends again. He introduced her to Mr. Wylie, who already knew her, from the report of the former gentleman, as a clever plotter. By and by came her marriage with Castleton. In the meantime she allowed her hair to resume its proper color, having gained too much confidence in the power of her natural charms to desire any such aids from art.

From Jenkins' own lips Stafford had heard the story of his step-daughter up to her disappearance from Mrs. Williamson's school. The reader will probably remember that having been a listener to the dying fisherman's confession, the postmaster had next morning repaired to the Castle and was for some time closeted with Sir Laurence. He told how strangely the shipwrecked child had been preserved; how he had reared and educated her, and how ungratefully she had behaved; but how, spite of all, he still cherished in his heart an interest in her fate. And he asked whether he, Sir Laurence, or the London gentleman, could give him any suggestions as to any way in which he might trace her.

When Stafford was introduced to Mrs. Castleton, in the Strand, her face struck him as one that he had seen before. Upon looking at the sketches which he had brought from the Castle, he at once perceived her great resemblance to Eleonore de Soissons, as well as to the picture of Circe. This set him thinking; and by a complex chain of ideas, he began to weave a fancy in which Ellen Jenkins, Mrs. Castleton and the mysterious Circe became one personage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before he had finished the perusal of the letter, Stafford had made up his mind to his course of action. He would proceed to London at once, seek out Arthur, tell him of the discovery he had made respecting Mrs. Castleton, procure from him that lady's address, and at once, without any hesitation, accuse her of being Ellen Jenkins, and the Circe of Jerome's picture.

By 2 o'clock that same day he was knocking at the door of Arthur's old lodgings in Arundel street, Strand. Mr. Arthur Penrhdydd was not within, the servant replied to his inquiries; did not know when he would be; he had left word that all letters should be forwarded to an address at Brompton.

Stafford's heart sank at those words; he remembered that Mrs. Castleton lived at Brompton. Agitated and anxious, he hurried away. Just as he was turning into the Strand, he ran full against the very man he was seeking—Arthur himself.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you," he cried, eagerly grasping both his hands; "I have just come from your lodgings. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate to you—something concerning that lady to whom you introduced me the other day—Mrs. Castleton."

Full of only the one thought, Stafford was plunging ahead when Arthur stopped him.

"Mrs. Castleton no longer," he said, hastily, "but Mrs. Arthur Penrhdydd, my wife."

"Heavens! Your wife!" ejaculated Stafford, staggering as though he had received a heavy blow.

"Yes; until a certain crisis in our affairs is over, I wish the marriage to be kept secret from my father. But what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Stafford's scared and pallid face, which was attracting the attention of every passer by, might well evoke such a question. "Yes, a sudden sickness," he muttered, trying to rally; "a little faintness—I am subject to it; but I can't stop talking now, I have some important business. I will drop you a line. Good morning."

And he hurried away, leaving Arthur standing amazed upon the pavement. Much as he tried to shake off such an impression, the manner in which Stafford had received the news of his marriage made him sick at heart.

In the meantime the artist jumped into a cab and bade the driver proceed to Brompton. Arthur's words had stunned him. What was to be done now he could not in any way foresee, beyond that he determined to take advantage of Arthur's absence and at once to clear up all doubts one way or the other.

Mrs. Castleton was at home and would see him, the servant brought word, and he was shown into a little boudoir. He sat down, and with a beating heart awaited her coming.

At length she entered, looking very radiant and charming, as became so young a bride. But her face was no index to her mind; the sight of Stafford had filled her with evil bodements; she had conceived a dislike to him at first sight, and felt convinced that his sudden visit meant mischief.

"I am delighted to see so great a friend of Arthur's," she said, advancing. "I did not expect to receive your congratulations so soon."

"The object of my visit here is not to offer congratulations," he answered, coldly. "My business is to make inquiries concerning Ellen Jenkins and Katie Doran. And I perceive I have the honor of addressing both those personages in you, madam."

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you—"

But she could proceed no further; she felt that she was conquered at the first blow—that she was at the mercy of a pitiless man, and she sank into a seat, pale and trembling.

(To be continued.)

Practical Advice.

"Can you, as an old and experienced public man, give me some good advice as to how a young man starting in office can preserve a high standard of integrity before the public?"

"Sure, Mike! Always demand cash and don't be fool enough ever to take checks."—Baltimore American.

A Problem.

Mrs. Gushley—Oh, George, if I should die, would you love me still? Mr. Gushley—Yes, darling; that's the only thing that could make me love you more than I do now.

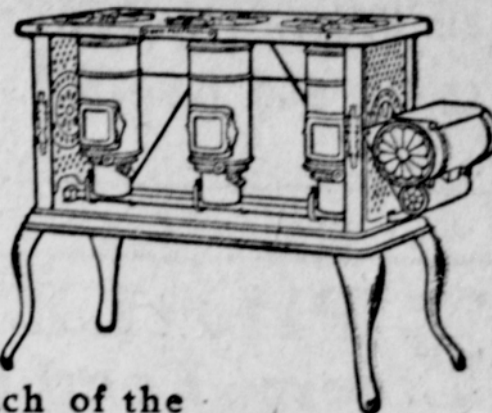
Mrs. G. is still pondering over that reply.—Toledo Blade.

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Gives best results. Reduces fuel expense. A working flame at the touch of the match. "Blue Flame" means the hottest flame produced by any stove. The New Perfection will make your work lighter. Will not over-heat the kitchen. Made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.



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Where the Patch Belongs.

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation, the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present, evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that, when you pick out a gardener, young man to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."—Success Magazine.

Modernized Version.

"Faugh! I wish you wouldn't run that comb through my mustache!"

"Sir, you are the first man in 10,000 customers that has objected to that comb."

Strenuous.

Mother (returning suddenly)—Gracious, children, what have you been doing? Why, the room looks like a hurricane had struck it and Willie looks like he had been through a thrashing machine!

Tommy—Please, mamma, we have been playing Russian douma and Willie was the czar.

A False Alarm.

"There was a man dropping letters in the new postoffice building last Saturday."

"What! Are they ready to receive mail there?"

"No. This was an English workman and the letters he dropped were all h's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Historical Fragment.

James Monroe was putting the finishing touches on his famous doctrine. "I've got it hammered into shape at last," he said, "although I know, of course, there will always be somebody knocking it, just the same."

Remembering, however, that the Big Stick was on the side of the doctrine, he allowed his freshly barbered face to wrinkle into the semblance of a smile.

His Full Share.

"I sometimes think, Brother Hardesty," observed the pastor, who was dining with him, "that a man ought to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord."

"I'm doin' more than that this year, elder," said Deacon Hardesty. "The only thing I'm makin' any money on now is my hens, and I feed mighty near half of 'em to the preachers."

Cobalt, Ct.

There's a flag station in Connecticut, U. S. A., called Cobalt. The Pilgrim fathers or their near relatives mined the mineral not wisely nor too well. The mine is still there, but no one works it. Not one man in ten thousand in the United States knows the village of Cobalt, Conn., is on the map; but nine out of ten men in New York city and in every United States town boasting of a live newspaper, knows Cobalt, Ontario, Canada, as well as he knows Butte, Mont.—Toronto World.

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

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