

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER II.

Far away from the soft, pure air, the bright blue sky and glorious sunlight of Cornwall, in the close atmosphere of the gray, hazy heaven that enshrouds a low London neighborhood, on the same day, at the same hour, another child, a girl, sat in a squalid room; a strange, elf-like looking child, with dark hair and eyes. She also was gazing upon a picture, but one of another kind to that which fascinated Arthur Penrhlydd. It was only a common photograph taken upon glass. It was a picture of herself; and never did a high-born beauty arrayed for a ball contemplate her reflected image in a plate glass with more pleased attention than did this child of poverty that miserable inartistic picture.

Now she held it straight before her, now obliquely, now in the full light, and now in the shadow; now she frowned and then she smiled. It was a Narcissa who had fallen in love with herself.

While she was thus engaged, humming a tune all the time, a stout, dirty-looking woman came into the room; but so absorbed was the child that she was unconscious of this presence until the intruder spoke.

"What have you got there, Eleonore?"

"My picture," answered the child, without taking her eyes off the beloved object.

"Mother had it taken yesterday."

"She had better ha' bought herself a bottle of cough medicine, or ha' kept her money towards her rent than have spent it in such rubbish," retorted the woman.

"But I wanted it, and I would have it!" cried the child, with the air of a duchess who had been reproved for extravagance.

"You're a nice young chit, you are!" exclaimed the woman. "I'd buy you like-nesses, if I was your mother; I'd buy a good case for your back."

The girl answered, with a derisive laugh, "If any one was to beat me, I'd put poison in their tea—I'd smother them with the pillows when they were in bed—I'd put pins into their ears!"

"Why, you horrible little wretch!" cried the woman, shrinking back involuntarily.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the child, clapping her hands; "you are, you, great, big woman, are afraid of little me." But come here, Mrs. Drew," she went on, changing her tone to one of winning softness; "come and look at my picture; don't you think it's very pretty?"

And she looked up with an arch, coaxing smile. All the while she had kept her face, which now wore an expression of baby-like innocence.

"What a witch it is!" muttered the woman, who approached her shivering, as though she thought her a thing "uncanny."

"But am I not pretty, dear Mrs. Drew?" repeated Eleonore, still more coaxingly, and holding up the picture. "I shall be a fine lady some day, and ride in my carriage, and have such people as you to wait upon me."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a pale, consumptive looking, poorly dressed woman.

"Mamma," cried Eleonore, running to her, "Mrs. Drew won't tell me that I am pretty."

"That is because Mrs. Drew is afraid of making my little girl vain," answered her mother, stooping down and fondling her.

"Oh, you're as bad as she is," cried Eleonore, pushing her angrily away; "I wish you were dead!"

"I haven't patience with you, ma'am," cried the landlady; "you're ruining that girl. You'll have a heavy hand with her, and she so ungrateful for all your indulgence, too."

"Oh, the darling doesn't mean it; it is only her pettishness," murmured the mother.

"I'd soon beat the pettishness out of her if she was my girl," muttered the landlady, as she went out of the room.

"I have come back to you with good news, my darling," said the mother. "Your good aunt has sent us sufficient to take us away from this dreary place into France, where we shall find kind friends."

"And shall I have fine clothes, and gold rings, and necklaces, and silk dresses, and servants to wait upon me?"

"You may not have all these, darling; but you will have a comfortable home, and pure air."

"The rest, then, will come afterwards? If they do not, I hope I shall die. I would sooner be dead than poor. And we shall soon leave this house and Mrs. Drew."

"Hash, my darling! She has been very good to us. But for her we should often have been without food; and had she been harsh, as most landladies are, we should have been turned into the streets. My Eleonore must not be ungrateful."

"But all this is over—we want no more favors from her now. She said she would beat me if I was her child; and I hate her!" cried the child, vindictively.

Madame Soissons was the widow of a Frenchman, an artist; who, two years before, had died, after a lingering illness, in very straitened circumstances. The match, which had been distasteful to her friends, had utterly estranged them from her.

A weak-minded, nervous woman, after her husband's death she gradually fell into great poverty. A few weeks back, the clergyman of the parish in which she was lodging, who had taken a great interest in her, wrote to M. Soissons' friends, who resided in Brittany, to solicit their assistance in her behalf. The result of the application was the offer of a home for herself and child; and a sufficient sum of money was sent to defray their expenses to France.

"Kiss me, Eleonore, before you go," said Mrs. Drew; who, although by no means a refined, was a kind-hearted woman.

But the child, with a disdainful gesture, swept past without answering, and jumped into the cab that was standing at the door, to convey them to the docks.

"Pray do not feel hurt at her rudeness, Mrs. Drew," said Madame Soissons, in a

distressed tone; "she's only a pettish, spoiled child. God bless you! I shall never forget your kindness to me—indeed, indeed I shall not!"

"Poor soul!" muttered the landlady, as she watched the cab roll away; "she won't want kindness from anybody much longer. But heaven help them that undertake to change that child!—I wouldn't have her to be crowned queen. What will she be if ever she lives to grow up?"

CHAPTER III.

Wildly shrieks the wind round the granite walls of Penrhlydd, and the woods below sigh and groan. Out of the gulf-like heavens dart streams of forked flames, and the thunder rolls and crashes with a frightful din; and above the atmospheric war rises the boom and the roar of the angry waters.

It is a terrible night, and rising high help the ship that is near that island-bound coast. Groups of men are upon the cliffs, and among the rocks; some with flaring torches; others with lanterns that dot the darkness with spots of light. All eyes are turned seawards.

"There is a ship out yonder, I caught sight of her by the last flash, and you must all have heard the minute gun."

The speaker was Sir Launce Penrhlydd, and his son Arthur stood beside him.

"Get out the lifeboat; ten pounds to the man who is the first to volunteer."

"We must think of our own wives and children at home, Master Penrhlydd," answered an old fisherman. "No boat could live for ten minutes upon that sea; there's not a man here would venture if you gave him ten times ten pounds."

Another glare of lightning. The small black object is nearer, larger this time, and into a gaping pit and rising high above, a towering wall of wave threatens it with instant annihilation. Again the guns boom faintly, and the blackness closes over all.

Suddenly a cry arises from the hither-to silent group. By the flash of the lightning all eyes behold the ship drifting with terrible speed towards the shore; above the voice of the winds and waters sound a crash, and then a long, wailing cry of many voices.

By the orders of Sir Launce, rockets are lighted. Upwards they rush, leaving a fiery trail behind, and fall into the sea; the rockets are hailed backwards, but no one is found clinging to them. Rendered fearless by strong excitement, master and servants venture down among the breakers.

With a blanched cheek, but a fearless heart, young Arthur stands beside his father, the water streaming off his hair, the salt spray almost blinding him.

"Quick! bring here a torch or a lantern," suddenly exclaimed Sir Launce; something had struck against his feet more solid than the waves, and rested there.

In an instant two lanterns and a torch were upon the spot. It was something human-looking; that was all they could distinguish before a dash of spray struck the lanterns out of the men's hands, and washed out the light of the torch.

"Bear a hand, and let us carry it up on the cliffs," cried Sir Launce, and, assisted by one of the servants, lifted the body and scrambled with it up the rocks.

Out of the reach of the waters they laid it down and discovered two bodies instead of one—a woman, holding a child against her breast. In both, life seemed to be utterly extinct.

The woman's face seemed cut and bruised, and crimson marks still rested there; but the child was apparently untouched. When the black hair that clung round her features, was brushed aside, the skin was white and spotless as marble. They tried to take her out of the woman's arms, but they could not release her from that convulsive death-grasp; her form that convulsed death-grasp; and as two servants laid the bodies upon a litter and carried them away to the nearest fisherman's hut.

Down the rocks again went Sir Launce and his son, and the remaining servants, to seek for other poor wretches that the waves might drift upon the shore. But there was no more to be seen; the sea disgorged no more of its victims. Before returning to the castle they stopped at the fisherman's hut to see if the woman and child had been conveyed. The woman had evidently been killed upon the rocks before drowning had taken place; her arms had so stiffened that they had difficulty in releasing the child. To restore the latter every known means had been used.

"Have you found any articles upon them that might lead to their identity?" inquired Sir Launce.

"Nothing whatever," replied one of the servants. "Only this purse containing a sovereign, and a mark on the child's linen."

"What mark?"

"The word 'Eleonore.'"

Arthur started at that name, and drew closer to the bed upon which the body lay. In the contour of that young face, framed by its jet black hair, he believed that he could trace a strong resemblance to the portrait hidden away in the turret chamber.

"Take 'em away! I won't have 'em here!" cried a shrill, querulous voice behind him.

The speaker was an extremely old man, with long white hair, wild-looking eyes, and a face covered with a network of wrinkles. At his advance the two young fishermen who had assisted to bring the bodies, drew back from the bed.

"Take 'em away!" reiterated the old man yet more shrilly. "If you rob the sea of its dead, it will pay itself back at your cost."

"Shame upon your idle superstition!" exclaimed Sir Launce, sternly. "Would you commit an act of barbarity that would disgrace savages, for the sake of the wandering words of a madman?"

"I am no madman," answered the old man, turning his face full upon Sir Launce. "Because you are book-learned, you think you know all things; but I tell you, and I've proved it, the drowned and the drowning always bring a curse

on the land that saves them. Take care you don't learn that lesson one day, Sir Launce Penrhlydd."

"Were there any signs of life in either of the bodies, I would have them removed to the castle," said Sir Launce. Then, turning threateningly to the young fishermen, who stood listening to the dialogue with silent looks, he said, "Remember, if any irreverence is shown to the corpses, you do not remain another day upon my land. Daniel, you remain here, and see that my orders are respected, and that tomorrow morning the bodies have Christian burial."

"They shan't rest here—they shan't rest here for a hundred Penrhlydds!" muttered the old man. "Let the curse fall on him, not on this roof. The sea shall have its own back again, if I give it back with my own hands!"

Towards morning the rage of the tempest had exhausted itself; the wind sobbed and moaned as though remorseful for the death it had done; but the thunder still growled threateningly, like some sated monster, and the lightning flashed fitfully over the turbid but subsiding waves.

In the east, the first faint streak of dawn touched with a livid tinge the black volumes of cloud that were gradually drifting away; and the cold, ghastly light fell upon two bodies—those of a woman and a girl—that lay stark and stiff in a narrow cove about a mile from Penrhlydd. The tide was rising; in a few minutes it would lift them in its embrace, and carry them back again to the depths beyond.

Out of the piled-up masses of clouds dart the first rays of the rising sun. And the dead are hidden from its face, and the foaming waters dance in wild rejoicing over the spot upon which they lay.

The old fisherman had worked his will, and given back to the sea its own again.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years have passed away since the night of the shipwreck, and the curtain of August. Against the scene, the "Star and Garter," Richmond. The dramatic persons, a party of young men, sitting over their dinner.

They are five in number; four are unmistakably of the artist class, light-hearted, jovial fellows, with flowing locks, shaggy moustaches, turndown collars, and somewhat fantastic dress. There is one of the four, however, who has but little of the Bohemian in his appearance; he is the eldest of the party, a tall, handsome man of some eight-and-twenty years, with dark brown wavy hair curling closely to his head, a pale complexion, and an open, generous countenance.

The fifth member of the party is a young man in appearance, totally distinct from his associates. He is of slight figure and dressed with a scrupulous neatness. He is extremely fair, with a color in his cheek as delicate as that in a woman's, deep violet eyes, wavy, light hair, and rather long fingers. A shadow upon his face—a suffusion of melancholy almost hiding in its depth; but, over all, an air of rare refinement, that denotes the gentleman by feeling and by birth; it is Arthur Penrhlydd.

He is the host of the small party. He left Oxford at the end of the last term, and this little entertainment is in some sort a celebration of the event. His guests are three young art students, Walter Brand, Peter Jerome and George Lealand; the fourth, the eldest, is Edward Stafford, a portrait painter of some fame. Arthur has made their acquaintance in town during the college vacations.

(To be continued.)

A Valuable Possess.

A tourist in Georgia stopped over night at the Palace Hotel in a little village and expressed a desire to taste "Georgia 'possum."

A whole 'possum, cooked in genuine Georgia style, with 'aters on the side, was placed before him.

"Two dollars extra for the 'possum," said the landlord when the guest came to settle.

"It's an outrage!" said the guest.

"It's accordin' to the way you look at it, stranger," said the landlord, "but it took me six nights' swamp-wadin' to ketch the 'possum and when I ketched him I ketched the rheumatism with him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Safe.

"You seem worried," ventured the caller in the yellow editorial sanctum.

"Yes, very much so," replied the editor. "You see, we published a somewhat exaggerated account of that new woman's club and now the president says she is coming up into this office to uail the lie."

"Oh, I wouldn't be worried."

"Why not?"

"Because a woman doesn't know how to nail."

An Apt Quotation.

"Yes," said Murray, "I'm pretty busy these days. Garrying ready for my wedding, you know."

"Ah! that's a reminder of what Washington said," remarked Henni-peck.

"What was that?"

"In time of peace, prepare for war."

—Philadelphia Press.

Captured a Petee.

Gunner—The gridiron hero is all smiles.

Guy—Yes, he has captured a gridiron heroine.

Gunner—A gridiron heroine?

Guy—Yes, a college girl who really knows how to broil a beefsteak.

His Impression.

"Of course, you believe that polygamy is wrong," said the man, who was discussing the Mormon question.

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meek-ton, "it is not only wrong. It's fool-hardy."—Washington Star.

The Horse's Troubles.

It is not to the auto his horse's trouble owes.

Because, you see, his driver is the source of all his 'whoas.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

C. O. D.

Gyer—Quer their about the trusts.

Myer—What's queer about them?

Gyer—They seldom trust anybody.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Continuous Corn Culture.

In the spring of 1894 the Rhode Island Experiment Station decided to devote an acre of land to the continuous culture of corn.

The soil was partly a silt loam and partly a light sandy loam. The first two years only chemical fertilizers were used, the maintenance of soil humus being placed upon the corn stubble remaining upon the field. The following two years half of the area was sown with crimson clover at the time of the last cultivation of corn and half to rye, in order to compare the merits of a leguminous and nonleguminous crop as a means of maintaining soil humus. Beginning with 1898, after the experiment had been in progress four years, the first quarter of the acre was sown to crimson clover and the third quarter to winter rye at the time of the last cultivation of the corn, while the second and fourth quarters received no cover crop. In 1899 the land was limed to insure the success of clover. The history of the land is given and the fertilizer treatment and the results secured in each year are recorded.

A summary of the results during the two years the experiment has been conducted shows that the gain from using clover as a cover crop, after deducting the cost of the seed, was \$50.24, or an average of \$4.19 per acre annually, as compared with \$4.28, or an average of 36 cents an acre annually from using rye.

Curing a Kicker.

An arrangement such as shown in the cut has been suggested as effective to cure a horse which kicks in harness. A heavy strap (P) is attached to the collar and extends back under the surcingle, where it is attached to a heavy ring.

Through this ring is passed a rope or strap (M), which is attached to

straps on the hind locks at S. This is made loose enough so that the animal may walk comfortably, but too tight to allow the animal to kick. After wearing this harness a while the horse will cease to try to kick in harness and may be driven without difficulty.—Farm and Home.

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SCOPE IS WIDENING

Millionaire Wall Street Magnates Implicated With Ruef.

INDICTMENTS ISSUE IN SHEAVES

Honey and Burns Assert That They Have Only Begun—Ruef Expected to Confess.

San Francisco, March 21.—Sixty-five indictments were filed by the grand jury today against Abe Ruef and 10 against T. V. Halsey, of the Pacific States telephone company. They all charge bribery. Assistant District Attorney Honey and Federal Agent Burns assert that it is only a beginning.

The total amount represented in the indictments is \$218,750. When to this is added the amount which went to Ruef and Schmitz, the total will reach \$1,000,000 in five deals exposed today.

There are more deals of which the public has small conception. They include not only local magnates, but men who have mansions in New York, who have trafficked for special private gains in San Francisco for their corporations. It is understood that a power in Wall Street who recently testified before the Interstate Commerce commission will be given an opportunity to defend himself.

Tonight Ruef and Schmitz are absent and forlorn. The entire board of supervisors has confessed. Schmitz is ready to do the same. Ruef is awaking rapidly. By the end of next week the indictments which will confront him will be mountain high. By that time it is expected that Ruef will offer to confess.

PUTER TELLS STORY.

Admits of Deals With Hermann to Steal Land.

Washington, March 21.—Oregon convicts occupied the limelight in the trial of Binger Hermann today, while men under indictment played minor roles. S. A. D. Puter, the government's heavyweight witness, was put on the stand this afternoon and began the narration of his relations with Hermann in connection with land operations that have subsequently turned out to be fraudulent.

Puter was preceded by Dan W. Tarp-ley, who told in considerable detail the manner in which he, Horace G. McKinley and F. P. Mays attempted to "get rich quick" through the absorption of land in the Blue mountain forest reserve.

The stories told by Puter and Tarp-ley did not throw any new light on either the Blue mountain or the 11-7 land fraud cases, which were threshed out in Portland. But the stories of both men were retold today to show their relations with Hermann and to aid the government in its efforts to show Hermann's motive for destroying the fateful letterpress copybooks.

STREETS ARE FLOODED.

All Business in Stockton Suspended by High Water.

Stockton, Cal., March 21.—Water is running through the streets of this city like a millrace. In some places it is six feet deep, while in others it varies from one to three feet, the latter being the mean average. All business is suspended, as most of the business houses are flooded and the people in many parts of the city are afraid to leave their homes.

No portion of the town escaped. Main, the principal business street of the city, is the high point, and even here the water averages nearly a foot in depth. All the cellars and many of the first floors of the business houses were submerged and the loss in the city alone will run into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Roadbed Torn Up by Slide.

Ashtand, Or., March 21.—The continued rains of the past four days have badly demoralized the main Portland-San Francisco line of the Southern Pacific for a distance of 50 miles through the upper Sacramento canyon region in Northern California. The country most severely affected lies between Sisson on the north and Redding on the south. In this section the Sacramento river has played havoc with the railroad roadbed at various points, while at other places slides of serious proportions have added to the difficulties.