

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
"Staford," 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 would say, 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 cannot not forgo them all for your sake—that I could not be happy in the home that you 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 treat 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 the evening is 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 as 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 Clive, that he had told to Arthur Penrhdydd, 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 in 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 he 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 Launce Penrhdydd. 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 Launce 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—unwell," 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 son 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 explanation. 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 Penrhdydd, 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 some 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 Penrhdydd."

"I can make no possible objection to an alliance with you are reconciled," said Arthur.

And so it was agreed between them; and the relations had once more been as in the days of old. It was 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—gloating 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, dined, 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 rubeated faced, pleasant looking man of about sixty years of age, with a retired tradesman like appearance, was impatiently awaiting his coming; and most cordial was the young man's reception.

In due time he was introduced to several people, who bowed very low to Sir Launce Penrhdydd'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 Penrhdydd 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 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-in-law, the principal until the end of twenty years; which time is up in November, the mortgage upon Penrhdydd should be foreclosed; and to insure there being no delay or uncertainty, she bequeathed ten thousand pounds to her cousin Wylie—a man with no more money than a halfling—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, Penrhdydd would have been sold up years ago. But, fortunately, Sir Launce 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 Launce Penrhdydd, 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 that 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 to the smoking room.

(To be continued.)

Knocked Out.
Ajax was observed to be wearing court plaster and nursing a broken wrist.

"What's the trouble?" asked the friend. "Been at your old trick of defying the lightning?"

Ajax smiled sadly.

"I thought it was lightning," he replied, "but before I could get out of the way I discovered it was one of those Vanderbilt cup racers."

All in Vain.
The foreign nobleman puffed his cigarette dejectedly and refused to be consoled.

"And to think," he sighed, "I proposed to her on my knees every night for two weeks."

"And did you bag the beautiful heiress at last?" asked the interviewer.

"No, all I bagged was my trousers."

Inevitable.
She (at the reception)—What a beautiful thing a silver wedding celebration is.

Old Batch—Yes, indeed. The only objection is that in order to have one a man must get married.—Translated from Megendorfer Blaetter.

Wealth.
"Wealth has to do a heap of explaining" dose days," said Uncle Eben, "but it's easier to apologize to de public foh ben rich dan it is to git de lan'lord interested 'cause you's poor.—Washington Star.



Decay of Apples.

The care with which a fruit is handled in the orchard or plantation and in the packing house is one of the important factors in determining its shipping quality.

writes G. H. Powell. It is the one factor above all others that keeps the thick skinned fruits, like the apple and orange, immune from the attacks of the common molds. These fruits do not often decay as long as the skin is whole unless they are weakened by overripeness or by other adverse conditions. The least abrasion or cut in the skin gives the molds a foothold, and, once started, the decay is likely to continue under the most favorable transportation conditions.

It is well known that decay in fruit in transit and in storage generally develops from a wound on the surface, though few persons know how common these injuries are. The commonest injuries are caused by punctures of insects, by the stem of one fruit penetrating another, by cuts from the finger nails of the handler, by ruptures caused by the rapid growth of the fruit, by windstorms or by cutting the surface in some way.

In the first illustration decay is shown starting from a cut on the surface of an apple; in the second figure decay occurs around a codling moth injury.

There has been a gradual improvement since the beginning of the fruit industry in the methods of handling the crops. The early crude methods of harvesting and packing are giving way to better methods in the orchard and in the packing houses. There needs to be further improvement along these lines in every branch of the fruit industry.

Feeding Tankage.
Tankage has been found to be a valuable food feed by a number of our stations. The Iowa station, for example, fed corn and tankage at the rate of 35 parts of the former to five parts of the latter. The tankage was worth \$32 per ton and contained about 42 per cent of protein and 16 per cent of fat; the price of corn meal was \$22 per ton. The experiment was conducted for a period of 40 days. The boys weighed 205 pounds at the end of the experiment. With the ration containing tankage 100 pounds of gain was produced at a cost of \$4.50, while with corn alone 100 pounds of gain was produced at a cost of \$5.10. These results, therefore, show a saving of 46.6 cents per month per hog in favor of tankage when fed in connection with corn under the conditions mentioned. Besides this, it should be remembered that the manure also became more valuable on account of the amount of protein fed.

Vitality of Seeds.
The persistent vitality of seeds has often been noted, and, while there is some doubt as to the reliability of reports of wheat taken from Egyptian graves of ancient date germinating when planted, many notable, if less wonderful, examples of nature's preservation of the life of seeds come to life from time to time. One of the most noteworthy of these refers to seeds taken from Fort Conger, about 490 miles from the pole, by the Peary party in 1897, having been exposed in this northern climate for a period of sixteen years, their presence there being the result of the Greeley expedition in 1833. Packages of lettuce and radish seeds were brought to the United States, and, after a further period of six years, were planted, and, while the lettuce seed had lost its vitality, fully one-half of the radish seed germinated and grew to maturity and perfection.

Farm Seeds.
In the winter most of farmers take time to think over the work for the coming season and to plan out what they will do when the frost gets out of the land in the spring. The first matter to be settled is that of farm seeds, most of which should be ordered early in winter. This is necessary for several reasons, one of which is that the seeds may be tested as to germinating ability. If the first seed selected fails to give good results there is time to order and secure more seed, which should in turn be tested. The value of the seed in the field regulates to a great extent the size of the crop possible from it, and this is better understood now than it was ten years ago.

Alfalfa and Alkali Soil.
Prof. Ten Eyck says that no crop is better adapted for taking alkali out of the soil than alfalfa; but for pasture it will probably be better to sow Bromus tennensis with the alfalfa, since alfalfa alone is considered an unsafe pasture for cattle. A liberal application of barnyard manure will help to put this land into condition for seeding. Probably the early fall will be the best time to seed.

Stalks to Take Seed From.
The kind of stalk from which to make selections is one free from suckers and possessing a tolerably large circumference at the base and gradually tapering toward the top, as this is the type that stands drought best and is not as apt to be blown down as a high, slender one. In selection, weight should be attached to good root and leaf development of the mother parent, as all nourishment and growth are largely dependent upon the thoroughness with which these two organs do their work. Poor root or leaf development is indicative of meager growth and small, poorly developed production. All selections should be made from perfectly healthy plants.

Texas Favors Barred Rocks.
A Texas man thus tells why he believes the Barred Plymouth Rock the best all-purpose fowl raised in America: It answers every requirement in cold as well as in warm climates and if given proper attention will prosper under almost any conditions. As market birds the fowls are of an attractive shape and size from the time they weigh two pounds until full grown. The color also meets the market requirements. If given reasonable care, they rank with the best nonsetting breeds as layers and as mortgage lifters they excel other live stock raised for market purposes.

Farm Notes.
Good corn is not an accident. It is the result of skill.

A Western man has discovered that his poultry does much better when provided a bed spring on which to roost. He says they rest better and thus are made more profitable.

Fall Alfalfa Seeding.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station has gained much experience in fall and spring seeding of alfalfa, and says that the principal objection to spring sowing is that weeds come up and choke out the young plants before they get a good start. The fall seeded alfalfa on dry land was able to withstand the severe winter climate perfectly—in fact, better than the common red clover. Under average conditions, from 20 to 30 pounds of seed should be sown to the acre. Manure gave better results on Pennsylvania soil than did commercial fertilizer. Lime did not give satisfactory results. In some instances it gave no appreciable results, and in others it was decidedly harmful, but in no case it applied to advantage. Deep, well-drained soils are the best for growing alfalfa.

Thanks Red Hog Best.

A Nebraska farmer thinks the Duroc are the best hogs. He says: The Duroc hog has the ability to make a pound of pork on as small an amount of grain as any hog. By nature he is a better rustler, a hog that is better able to take care of himself than any other, a quality that has been essential on any farm. When I got my first red sow I had the Poland Chinas, and it was noticeable how the red ones were up and about in cold weather when the black were piled up in the nest. This very thing made it possible for the red sow to produce a better and stronger litter of pigs than the black, and they are better producers of larger litters. They do not need the care that the white hog does to keep them from getting many, in this Western country.

To Ship Dressed Poultry.

Stock shipped without ice should be packed in clean cases, which should be lined with fresh wrapping paper. Some careful shippers wrap each bird in waxed paper, and such care usually pays, as the stock so packed reaches market in the best condition. Occasionally birds will soften up so much en route that blood will run from the mouth, thus soiling much of the contents of the case. To prevent this a piece of paper may be wrapped around the head of each bird. Mark all packages with the name of the shipper, kind and number of birds, and net weight. No shipment of poultry, dressed or alive, should be made to reach the market later in the week than Friday morning, except by special arrangement with the dealer.

Poultry Supports a Town.

Thirty-five hundred dollars a day for eggs alone is what Petaluma, Cal., receives in cash on the average every day in the year. Petaluma has a population of about 5,000, but with its million feathered inhabitants, according to the last chicken census, that of 1900, it is from a hen's point of view the metropolis of the world. In Petaluma almost every one who has an acre or two of land makes a business of raising chickens, while others make a business of raising poultry on an enormous scale. Petaluma is also a cash town. Its merchants pay spot cash for all kinds of farm products, from a dozen of eggs to a hundred cases, or 1,000 tons of hay. The poultry industry has put business on a solid, cash basis.

Grain Rations for Sheep.

F. B. Mumford, of the Missouri Experiment Station, in presenting a summary of all the work that has been done at the experiment stations on the feeding of sheep, showed that sheep produce more meat from a pound of grain than any other class of farm animals. In fact, it was shown that a pound of mutton can be produced from about half as much grain as a pound of beef. Even the mortgage-lifting hog requires more grain to produce a pound of human food than the sheep. With the combination of corn and clover hay for food, and dry shed for shelter, sheep will always give good account of themselves and respond readily to the care given them.

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TO GIVE UP PLUNDER

Harriman Coal Companies Offer Government Stolen Land.

PROPERTY IS WORTH MILLIONS

Asks Immunity in Return, but Only a Small Part of Stealings Is Offered.

Washington, April 4.—It was learned tonight that the Harriman corporations, whose ramifications extend to coal land and other vast interests in the Far West, are offering to restore to the government properties they have heretofore claimed as theirs by good and ample title. They prefer to do this rather than be prosecuted.

Coal land worth in the aggregate millions of dollars is to be restored to the public domain, as a result of the recent activities of the Interstate Commerce commission. The commission several months ago investigated the land frauds in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. It was found that this whole section was honeycombed with corruption and its reports indicated that the general land office had been either hopelessly incompetent or worse in permitting the railroad companies and their allied corporations, the Utah Fuel company and the Colorado Fuel & Iron company to secure, by various and devious methods, control of great areas of the richest coal land in the West.

The Union Pacific Coal Company is a subsidiary corporation of the Union Pacific Railroad company. All the stock of the coal company, except qualifying shares for directors, is owned by the railroad company. The coal company secured control of a large amount of scrip and used it to secure entry of land, which was rich in the finest bituminous coal of the Wyoming field.

As it is the coal company is anxious to return the valuable land to the government and end the matter. But the matter will not be allowed to end there. While there is no possible defense to the title under which this scrip land has been claimed, this, though very valuable, constitutes only a small part of the coal land now held by the Union Pacific railroad, the Union Pacific Coal company and other concerns.

JAPANESE SMUGGLED IN.

Hundreds Cross Border From Canada and Mexico.

Washington, March 4.—Information has reached the immigration bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor that hundreds of Japanese have arrived in Mexico destined for the United States. Inspector Braun, who was sent to Mexico to investigate, telegraphed today that he had interviewed several hundred Japanese, principally laborers, who are now in Mexico. Many of them are in straightened circumstances. They have no intention of remaining in Mexico, but do desire to come to the United States. They expect to obtain employment on the railroads of the West and Southwest. Some of them have already applied for admission to the United States and have been denied.

WANTS TO REGAIN STRENGTH.

Russia Says Time Is Not Ripe for Limiting Armament.

St. Petersburg, April 4.—According to Professor De Marens, who was received in audience by Emperor Nicholas yesterday, Russia believes the time is not ripe for the discussion of the question of limitation of armaments, as practical results cannot be obtained, but if the United States and Great Britain are determined to bring the subject before the conference Russia is not inclined to insist on its exclusion.

In consequence of the unsuccessful war Russia's army and fleet are far below her normal strength and she is not willing to restrict her freedom of action in regaining her naval strength.

Twenty Men Burn.

San Francisco, April 4.—Twenty men were burned to death and 30 seriously injured in a fire which destroyed an Italian hotel at Seventeenth and Convent streets in the Potrero district shortly after midnight this morning. The injured were of the laboring class and were asleep in their rooms when the fire started. Before they could be aroused the flames had spread through the building. The walls fell and the inmates were buried in the ruins, 20 being taken out dead and dying by the firemen.

Detwiler Escapes in Auto.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 4.—A. K. Detwiler, of Toledo, indicted for bribery at San Francisco, was located in a private residence here this afternoon, but escaped arrest by leaving the house by a rear door and was whirled away in an automobile five minutes before the detectives called at the house to effect his arrest. It is thought Detwiler's destination was Belle Isle, 12 miles north of here, where he could reach catch a Grand Trunk train for Canada.

Rejects Bering Tunnel Scheme.

St. Petersburg, April 4.—The cabinet today rejected a proposal made on behalf of an American syndicate for the construction of a railroad tunnel under Bering straits, by which it was hoped ultimately to connect the Trans-Siberian with the Canadian Pacific railroad.