

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MACKENZIE

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Look there!" he said, in a whisper—"there he is!"

"Who?" inquired Arthur, directing his eyes to the spot indicated.

"Wylie and his wife!"

He was a tall, thin, bony man, with tow-colored hair cut close to his head; a low, narrow forehead, no eyebrows, greenish-grey eyes, a long, thin nose, turned upwards at the end, so as to disagreeably expose very wide red nostrils; a long upper lip, over which the lower one protruded; a wide mouth, like a slit; an iron jaw, that looked as though the teeth were always clenched; and a pallid, clammy skin, with a carotid tinge in it, completed the portrait.

While Arthur was surveying him, he was handing a glass of lemonade to a lady whom he had just brought in from the hall room—a woman with black hair dressed in plain bands, and screwed up behind into a topknot, secured with a Spanish comb; heavy black brows, that almost met over small, deeply sunken eyes, a sharply cut nose, thin mouth, long chin, lantern jaw, and a bilious complexion. A more repulsive pair it would have been difficult to find; and so thought Arthur, upon whom they produced a most disagreeable impression.

"I suppose," said Mr. Grierson doubtfully, "that I shall have to introduce you to them; but, as I've told you, they are violently opposed to your marriage with Constance—not that he'll show it to your face. Mr. Wylie," he said, advancing to that gentleman, "this is Mr. Arthur Penrhyn—Sir Laurence Penrhyn's son; and as there seems to be some probability that he may be one of the family before long, I think you ought to know him."

"Delighted to make the acquaintance of Mr. Penrhyn," answered Mr. Wylie, with a grin, that disclosed a row of sharp, white teeth, which looked as though they would devour him. "Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Wylie—Mr. Arthur Penrhyn."

The bilious complexion turned yet yellower, and the lips more bloodless, while a look of indignant hatred flashed from underneath the heavy brows as she acknowledged the introduction by an almost imperceptible bend.

"I trust that you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Penrhyn," he said. "Are you a volunteer?"

Arthur replied that he was not.

"Ah, you should be. Every gentleman should enroll himself in the movement, if it were only to encourage the masses. Depend upon it that it is the grandest movement of modern times."

"Well, what do you think of him?" inquired Mr. Grierson, when Mr. Wylie and his spouse left them alone.

"I think him the most horrible man I ever encountered," answered Arthur. "He seems to be great upon volunteer subjects. What is he?"

"He cares no more about volunteers than I do," answered the old man, contemptuously. "But whatever's going on, he always pushes himself forward. As to what he is, that's more than I can tell. He's something in the city, as the phrase goes; but whether it's law, or stock jobbing, or any other jobbing, he keeps to himself."

Constance, by her own wish, retired early from the ball. As Arthur conducted her to the carriage, Mr. Grierson invited him to dine at the Hall on the next day.

"And then we can have a quiet chat together, and come to some understanding about the future," he whispered cordially pressing the young man's hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Con, what do you think of your future husband?" inquired Mr. Grierson, as they rolled homewards.

"I think Mr. Penrhyn an extremely agreeable young man," she answered, evasively. There was a pause for some minutes. Then Constance, laying her hand upon his arm, said falteringly, "Uncle, dear, must this be the marriage?"

"Why, have you any objection to it?" "I like Mr. Penrhyn too much to become his wife without love," she answered, in a low voice.

"Without love!" reiterated Mr. Grierson. "Well, I should have thought he was a young fellow that any girl might fall in love with."

"True, any girl whose heart was free. Uncle," she said, drawing closer to him, and clasping one of his hands in both her own, "I should have told you all this before, but I had not the courage—not from fear of your anger, but from the fear of paining you; but the time has come when it must be told."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you've fallen in love with any of those bewhiskered swells or hisping ninnyes that's been after you—or, rather, your money?" cried the old man.

"Oh, dear, no, uncle," she answered, hastily; then, in a low, hesitating tone, she added, "Do you remember Mr. Stafford?"

How to take 'em, or what will please 'em, or what to do with 'em. But what am I to do about Sir Laurence? What will be the result of me after proposing the match?"

"But, uncle dear, it will be no fault of yours; it is not you who have promised to marry his son," she said, with a smile. "And Sir Laurence will know enough of the world to be aware that it is very difficult to be responsible for a woman's actions."

"And so the poor gentleman is to lose his property?" "Suppose we were to offer to lend the money to pay off the mortgage, upon the security of the estate?"

"I never thought of that," answered the old man. "But, no, that is out of the question. The estate is mortgaged for double its value; and as one of the trustees of your fortune I could not consent to such a large expenditure of money. If you won't marry young Arthur, Penrhyn must go to the hammer, and there's an end of it."

Uncle Robert, although in domestic life an easy, good-natured man, was sharp and positive in all business transactions; and Constance knew that it was useless to argue with him, at least at the present time; and, with a sigh, she let the subject drop.

A few words of explanation relative to the connection between Constance and Stafford are here necessary. When he first met her, it was in his capacity of portrait painter; she sent to him for her likeness. Being a man of free and engaging manners, Uncle Robert took a fancy to him, and when Constance's portrait was finished, he sat for his own. He then proposed that Stafford should give his niece some finishing lessons in painting. Thus these two were thrown much together.

Stafford was handsome, fascinating and thoroughly a gentleman. Constance was young, beautiful and romantic. They fell in love with each other.

After a time, Uncle Robert began to suspect how matters stood, and, roused to a sense of the dangerous position of his niece, at once dispensed with Stafford's services, and as politely as he could, intimated that all connection between them must end at once.

Her position in regard to Arthur was most delicate and difficult. That it was in the character of a suitor for her hand that he visited the Hall was so perfectly understood that the mere act of receiving those visits was at least a tacit encouragement of hopes which the promise she had given to Stafford and the state of her own heart rendered it dishonorable to foster.

These and a hundred other thoughts coursed in rapid and painful succession through Constance's mind as she was dressing for dinner. And it was with an aching heart and an embarrassed manner that she obeyed the summons of the dinner bell, and descended to the drawing room.

Arthur had arrived, and stepped forward eagerly to salute her. But her manner was cold and distant. He conducted her in to dinner—he endeavored to engage her in conversation, but could only obtain monosyllabic replies.

After dinner Constance gave them some music in the drawing room, or, rather, him, for Mr. Grierson fell asleep in an easy chair, and snored lustily all the time. Constance was an excellent pianist, had a sweet voice and sang with charming taste.

"(To be continued.)"

All sleepers. The old colored parson arose in his pulpit and addressed his flock.

"Brudhans en asthala, come on en ght on de train foh Paradise. It lebes right away."

Then he glanced over his snoring congregation and shook his head sorrowfully.

"I reckon we betteh sidetrack dat train, deacon," he sighed.

"Why so, parson?" asked the deacon in surprise.

"Kase deh's atloggedeh too many sleepfahs foh one train heah."

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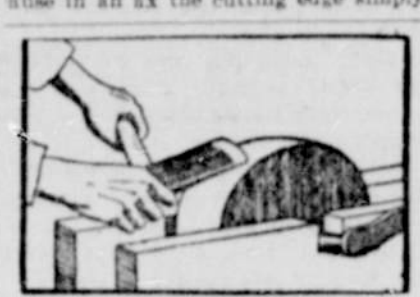
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Fertilizing Problems.
Without manure or fertilizer there is no farm capable of producing crops year after year, for all soils must be supplied with that which should take the place of the substances removed during the growth of crops. Plants, like animals, have life, are possessed of organs, and vessels in which circulates a fluid, and which, aided by an appropriate nourishment, develop an organic mass in a given time. The most fruitful soil will be that which in the same time will have produced the most considerable weight of organic matter reduced to a dry state. All manure put into the earth should be in a state of humus and as soluble in water as possible, so that the plants can seize upon it and appropriate it to themselves. Manure consists of all the elements of vegetable matter. As soon as it is soluble the roots absorb it and communicate it to the interior organs of the plant, which secrete it in the parts in which it has need to develop itself; hence the more a piece of land is mixed with soluble manure, the more it produces plants and vegetable qualifications, only the consumption of the manure is not the same in all. In order to derive crops from the soil, therefore, the weight of the plant foods added to the soil, either in the form of manure or fertilizer, should be equal to the plant foods of the crop to be obtained; in other terms, when one wishes to obtain from a field which has no trace of manure a crop of given weight it is necessary to carry and place in this field other organic matters produced elsewhere and of an equal weight, or the soil will lose in fertility.



How to Grind an Ax.
To get the best results in grinding an ax we must have a long, thin bevel, says a correspondent of the American Cultivator. To have this bevel usable the tool must be of the best steel, properly tempered. Now to the second point. We say that our bevel must vary according to the hardness or softness of the wood to be worked. Why? Because in an ax the cutting edge simply consists of the middle layer of fibers in the blade; next to them is the next layer, a little farther back, and so on right through.

Thus we can see that the edge only keeps sharp because the layer of fibers lying next to it overlies it and prevents it from breaking away by lending it part of its elasticity. The third layer does so to the second, and so on right through. The harder the timber the longer the bevel, the softer the timber the shorter. Hold the ax as shown in the second cut and keep the edge at right angles to the stone; travel the blade up or down a little when grinding the corners. Always turn the stone toward the edge; this applies to all edge tools, for two reasons: Turning from the edge will always grind a round, coarse bevel; the points of the fibers are left much more loose and open, thus giving much less elasticity than when compacted together as they are by the stone turning to them. Never grind dry; it heats the steel thereby, as shown by taking the temper out of it. Always give the blade a dip in clean water after grinding.

The blade clean, now take a slip, oil stone or ax stone and gently rub straight across the bevel and then up and down, to rub off any wire edge and the first rubs the hardest and the last the lightest. The practice so common of giving the edge a few light turns on the grindstone, parallel to the stone,

more than 15 inches deep. A good size is 3 feet wide by 10 feet long and 15 inches deep, using lumber 2 inches thick and 15 inches wide for the sides and ends, and flooring of galvanized iron for the bottom. Set this in the ground under a shed near where the hogs are fed and fill to a depth of about 10 inches with water and on top of this place half an inch of crude oil.

During summer and fall, and even on real warm days in winter, hogs will gladly use this to wallow in if shut away from mudholes, and it is sure death to lice and skin diseases. The advantage of this tub over pouring the crude oil into mudholes as has been suggested, is that it is more economical and is cleaner, besides being more effective.

Pop Corn.
Pop corn is a good crop to grow, especially if the grower is able to keep it a season or two in case of low prices. Only the white varieties are suitable for market, as most of the corn goes into pop-corn balls, and the nearer white the better, colored varieties being sure to spoil the effect and sale of the popped article. In culture some readily-available fertilizer should be planted with the seed, as the young plants are not so sturdy as the sprouts of other corn. A good start does wonders for the corn. Too much hoeing can hardly be given. The drill system is the easiest and most profitable, and three feet between the rows is sufficient. Rice corn, which is the most desirable of any for planting, can stand thirteen to sixteen inches apart in the drill, and do well if the soil is good. Buyers' demands are imperative and must be met. They are that the corn must be at least one year old, to pop well, and entirely free from mold, staining by mice, or mice odors, free from silk and husks, and in every way sweet and bright.

Our Rival to the South.
The Argentine Republic threatens to be a greater rival of the United States than is appreciated by most persons. Because of the location of the country, the climate is a little less subject to great variations than that of the United States, and all crops that can be raised in this country can be grown in the Argentine Republic with much less risk than here. The cereal crops and cattle-raising are very flourishing, and a very promising market is being opened up in Europe.

Water for Fowls.
In the composition of an egg there is a large percentage of water. We often think that hens in winter are not provided with enough pure water. Without water they can no more furnish eggs than without corn or wheat. It behooves, then, to see that the fowls are provided with plenty of fine water, and that it is not in a congealed form, for it is very hard, if not impossible, for a fowl to partake of it when in a solid form.

Bees on the Farm.
Every farmer should have a hive of bees on the farm, even if he attaches but little value to the honey. The bees are excellent foragers and carry pollen from one plant to another. In communities where no bees are kept there will be found orchards that do not bear, the cause being unknown, while a hive or two of bees in the neighborhood would change the conditions.

Plants that serve as forage for honey bees are: For March, the willows, soft maple, elm, alder and dog-tooth violets; for April, the above and the June berry, crimson clover, dandelion, gooseberry, currant, apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum and rhododendron, although some years they may not bloom until May, much depending upon the section and climate. During May those mentioned will be re-enforced by the holly, tulip tree, raspberry, persimmon, grape vine, blackberry, alaska, clover, strawberry and white clover. Along in the summer, beginning the latter part of May and the first part of June, the magnolia, cow pea, catnip, daisy, alfalfa, milk weed, cucumber, melon, sweet clover, corn, buckwheat and numerous flowers keep up the supply until late in the season.

Milk Records.
Several methods of estimating yearly records from a few weighings and test have been proposed. The only absolutely accurate way to tell the amount of milk and butter fat produced by a cow is to weigh and test the milk at every milking. Cows vary so much in the amount and quality of their milk from one milking to another, owing to various causes, many of which are uncontrollable, that entirely accurate results cannot be secured by weighing and testing the milk secured at a few milkings and using the results as a basis for estimating the total production for a lactation period or even a month. Many dairymen, however, do not feel they can take the time to secure daily records; nor is this necessary if it is simply desired to obtain a reasonably accurate estimate of a cow's performance at the end of the year. An approximate record is sufficient for comparing one cow with another or for determining whether a cow is up to the profit standard.—C. B. Lane, United States Department of Agriculture.

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Housekeeper.
"Can't you give me something for the stay-at-home?" asked the solicitor of the charity organization.

"Sorry," replied the meek man as he cooed to the baby, "but you see I am a stay-at-home myself."

"You?" "Sure. My wife is a club woman."

The Queen.
"I'd like to speak to the boss," said the blind man at the door.

"Really," replied Mr. Hiram Offen, "she's out to-day. This is Thursday, you know. Anything my wife or I can do for you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unkind.
"So you wouldn't take me to be 26?" giggled the fair widow.

WRECK ON O. R. & N.
Sinking Fill Near Cayuse Casts Train Into Ditch.
CARS BREAK LIKE EGG SHELLS

Four Persons Killed, Four Seriously Injured and More Than Score Badly Hurt.

Pendleton, April 11.—Four persons were instantly killed, four seriously injured and more than a score of others cut, bruised and badly shaken up in the worst wreck in the history of the O. R. & N., which occurred yesterday morning about 3:30 o'clock near Cayuse station, about 15 miles east of this city, just at the foot of the Blue mountains. The monster engine turned a complete somersault in the air, and, now, completely wrecked, is standing on end in the Umatilla river. The mail car, two baggage cars and a smoker are piled in a heap, the former being smashed into kindling wood.

No passenger coaches with the exception of the smoker left the track, though passengers were hurried from their seats and berths, many of them receiving severe cuts and bruises. The smoker was left standing nearly on end and the occupants were thrown in a heap to the front end of the car, which was crushed in like an egg shell. Why many of them were not instantly killed and all seriously mangled cannot be explained by the trainmen.

The train was passenger No. 5, in charge of Conductor Coykendall, four hours late and moving at a slow speed, which accounts for the small number of passengers injured. The wreck was caused by a fill across the gash giving way under the weight of the engine.

COMING IN DROVES.
Thousands of Homeseekers Flocking Westward Daily.

Portland, April 11.—After making a careful estimate of the colonist business coming West, A. D. Charlton, assistant general passenger agent for the Northern Pacific, who has just returned from the East, estimates that between 5,000 and 7,000 homeseekers are leaving the Eastern gateways daily and that this tremendous movement will continue during the season.

Mr. Charlton paid particular attention to the colonist movement while away. He personally visited the depots, where crowds of west bound homeseekers are flocking to the trains and crowding the coaches. Many, not finding seats, are even willing to stand, so eager are they to get to the new promised land.

The Northern Pacific, according to Mr. Charlton, is hauling between 2,500 and 3,000 colonists out of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth every day. The Great Northern and 'Soo' lines, of course, takes a great many more. Taking the southern gateways into consideration, Mr. Charlton believes that the total number leaving for the West with the avowed intention of making their homes here will run close to 7,000 every day of the 60-day season.

JUDGE BOISE DEAD.
One of Oregon's Ablest Jurists and Pioneer of Coast.

Salem, April 11.—Judge Reuben Patrick Boise, one of the earliest pioneers, ablest jurists, founders of the fundamental laws, and moulders of the destiny of the state of Oregon, passed away at his old home in this city shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. His malady was a combination of stomach and kidney trouble. He had reached the advanced age of 87 years, 9 months and 22 days.

There was perhaps no better known and prominent man in the public mind of the state of Oregon or the Pacific Northwest than Judge Boise. He was one of the three who framed the first code of laws of the Oregon territory; one of the few surviving members of the constitutional convention of the state.

Hermann's Bad Showing.
Washington, April 11.—Binger Hermann made no better showing under cross examination yesterday than he did the day before. His course was practically the same, his statements at times contradictory, and some of his testimony was directly disproved by his own letters, which were introduced in evidence. As before, unfavorable transactions were exposed which will not tend to prejudice the jury in favor of the defendant. Opinion is general that by going on the stand Hermann has done his cause much harm.

Will Pay Honor to Heney.
San Francisco, April 11.—Francis J. Heney will deliver an address to the students of the University of California at Berkeley tomorrow. It is stated that Mr. Heney is to be given an honorary degree by the university authorities in recognition of his work for civic reform. Mr. Heney was a student of the university 20 years ago and was expelled as the result of a fight with the editor of the college paper, with whom he had trouble.

Drouth Kills Cuban Cattle.
Havana, April 11.—The rural guards report the death of hundreds of cattle throughout the island as a result of the continued drouth. Cuba has not had a good rain since the October cyclone and the crops are suffering.