

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
In music and pleasant conversation the evening passed quickly away. Arthur was rapidly falling in love, and Constance, too, could not help confessing to herself that had they met a twelvemonth before, she might have one day been the mistress of Penrhdydd Castle.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, Arthur, who was looking through some portfolios of music, came upon a number of French ballads, which, from their worn and discolored appearance, seemed to be very old.

"They were my mother's," said Constance; "she greatly valued them; they belonged to her grandmother, by whom they were brought from France during the Revolution."

"Was your mother, then, of French extraction?" inquired Arthur.

"Oh, yes; she was descended from a branch of one of the old noblesse. Her grandfather and grandmother fled to England during the Reign of Terror, saving only their bare lives; they died soon after their arrival, and then their children settled down here, after making an unsuccessful attempt to recover something out of the property they had lost."

"What was the name of the family, might I inquire?" asked Arthur.

"You will find it upon the back of that song you have in your hand," answered Constance.

He turned over the sheet, and found inscribed in one corner, in stiff, angular characters, "Marguerite de Soissons."

"Was she a De Soissons?" asked Arthur, faintly, the memory of his own family legend rushing back upon his mind.

"Yes; and intensely proud she was of her lineage," answered Constance.

It was Arthur's turn to be cold now. The conversation flagged, he finding it impossible to support his share in it, and presently he rose to take his leave. The parting was equally cool on both sides.

Upon consulting a railway time table, Arthur discovered that he should be able to catch the last train.

It was less than half an hour he was on his way back to London.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Wylie's place of business did not lie in the city, but some distance west of Temple Bar, in a retired street, against the door post of a tall, dingy brick house, was inscribed the legend, "James Wylie, General Agent, 1st Floor."

At 12 o'clock on the second morning after the ball, Mr. Wylie was seated at his desk, looking through his multifarious correspondence and making brief notes in a pocketbook. In the midst of this occupation he was interrupted by the entrance of a taciturn clerk, who stood silently just inside the doorway, until his master should address him.

"Well, Mr. Fig?" said Wylie, raising his head.

"Mrs. Castleton?" enquired the clerk, in a dry, thin voice, that sounded like the crackling of parchment.

"Show her in."

The next moment a lady, all black velvet, sleek and lace, entered the room. Her age could not have been more than twenty. Her figure was fragile as a willow; purely black hair, drawn back from the face, falling in shivering ringlets at the back of the head, contrasted finely with a skin white as marble, and with the delicate flush upon the cheek, which owed something to art. The features were exquisitely delicate and perfect—low forehead, small nose, a mouth like a rosebud, and violet eyes that could glitter or blaze, laugh or languish. But it was the wonderful nobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as those of the atmosphere upon an April morning.

"Wheel me that easy chair to the window, Fig," she cried, in a languid tone.

"Do you ever ventilate this place? How you can endure such an atmosphere of must and dry rot I cannot imagine."

Mr. Fig's parchment face never moved a muscle, but Mr. Wylie grinned his hyena laugh, and tried to gnaw a fragment off his fore finger nail.

"We will see what can be done for you in the way of fresh air by the next time you come," he answered with a sneer.

"But had we not better defer this sanitary discussion to another day, as we have some business to talk over, and I am much engaged just now. Fig, we shall not require you just at present."

"Well, why have you sent for me? Tell me as briefly as possible, that I may get away from this poisonous hole before I am ill." She took a bottle of eau de cologne from her pocket, and sprinkled her dress, and threw it about her with an air of ineffable disgust.

"There was a time, Mrs. Castleton, that this place was not so unwholesome in your nostrils—that was before your taste became so exquisitely refined," said Wylie, with an unpleasant look.

"That was in my green days, when I thought you were a gentleman, and I was not so sensible of the moral atmosphere of the place," she answered, carelessly.

"Had we not better leave morality out of our discussion?" retorted Mr. Wylie.

"Decidedly; on the principle that it is ill bred to talk of the gallows to the relations of a man who has been hanged. But before we proceed farther in our interesting conversation, I may as well inform you that I want money."

"Then you must sell out more stock; old Castleton's money will soon melt away at this rate. Lightly come, lightly go."

"What do you mean, James Wylie?" she asked, starting up with eyes all aflame.

"Hear me how you insult me, or I will horsewhip you like a cur as you are. You may well say 'lightly go' when the money is in your hands. I know you are robbing me."

"Robbing you?" he cried. "How dare you? You can employ a lawyer to examine into your accounts, or I will relinquish the care of your property into the hands of any person you may appoint. I shall only be too glad to wash my hands of it, but I will not be insulted!"

"A lawyer to examine into my accounts!" she cried, contemptuously. "They are too admirably kept for the scutest to find a flaw in them. You know that I have not a scrap of paper to show what I have, or what I have not, received; thanks to my carelessness and hatred of trouble. I want a hundred to-day, and I will have it!"

Wylie listened to her bitter words with downcast eyes, and a face of which the livid pallor was the only signs of the passion that raged within him.

"But for me," he said quietly, "you would never have been Mrs. Castleton."

"You served me to serve yourself!" she retorted. "What is the simple history of that transaction? A few years ago a certain incident placed me in your power, and you thought a young and beautiful girl might be a useful tool. The market was soon found. One of your clients became infatuated with me, and you managed affairs so cleverly that he made me his wife. I loathed him, but I married him for the luxuries he could give me; but not before you had obtained a bond from me to pay you a large sum of money for the bargain. Then, upon his death, a twelvemonth ago, you managed to get all the property he left me into your own hands. A large debt of gratitude I owe you, certainly!"

"And, having helped you to one husband, suppose that I were to propose to you another?" asked Mr. Wylie, after a pause, darting at her a keen look.

"No more horrible old men," she answered, with a shudder; "I cannot endure that again, not even for money!"

Arthur bowed lowly, in acknowledgment of the introduction. As he raised his eyes, he encountered her lovely violet eyes gazing upon him; but they were as instantly dropped, with the agonizing confusion, as she invited him to take a seat beside her.

"Pardon my not conversing with you until the act-drop descends. I am so much interested in the play," she said.

She knew how well that look of child-like interest she turned upon the stage became her face; into what a graceful position it enabled her to throw herself, how admirably it displayed the contour of her head, and of the beautiful arm and hand that supported it.

Mr. Parsons endeavored to engage Arthur in conversation, but he had no eyes, no ears for anything but the lovely vision thus revealed to him.

At length the act terminated, and then she again turned upon him those violet eyes suffused with moisture. "You will think me very stupid to shed tears over the mimic woes of the stage, will you not?" she said.

Arthur hastened to assure her that he had himself frequently been guilty of the same folly, if folly it were.

(To be continued.)

Was Pleased.

"The idea of your giving all those cigars I bought for my husband to the policeman?" exclaimed the indignant housewife.

"Oh, don't worry, mum," assured Nannie, "O! toward my husband will we own lips."

"You told him? And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Thank Goodness for th' favor, mum.'"

In Eagle Eye.

"Your citizens don't object to big automobiles passing through this settlement, do they?" asked the nervous chauffeur.

"Wal, I should say not," chuckled the big mayor. "It is great sport."

"Ah, I am glad that you think so."

"Yes, we would rather shoot an automobile any day than we would a common bar."

Simplified.

Obtrusive Citizen—I ask you, sir, are you one of those who profess to believe that tariff revision spells ruin?"

Cautious Candidate—I have only to reply, sir, that in all which relates in any way to spelling I am proud to stand squarely in line with our fearless and peerless President, Theodore Roosevelt. (Applause, long and continued.)—Puck.

A Probable Diagnosis.

"How about that engagement between Cholly Oldtree and Miss Smart?"

"That's died a natural death."

"What's the matter?"

"Heart failure, I believe."—Baltimore American.

Asked and Answered.

"Aw—I say, doctah," queried Chapleigh, "do you aw—think cigarets are bad for a man to smoke?"

"Can't say," replied the M. D. "I never knew a man to smoke them."

Although, from his secluded life in so

remote a district as Cornwall, Sir Launce knew but few people in the great world of London, yet his name would have been a passport sufficient to admit his son into the best society. But Arthur was reserved, and almost shy, and had but little relish for such. His family connections were extremely limited.

And thus it was that Arthur Penrhdydd was an idler about town. His life was a strange, unsatisfactory one, and so he felt it. With a soul formed for friendship in its noblest meaning, he possessed only casual acquaintances; and with a heart yearning for love and sympathy, he was loveless.

One evening he strolled into the stalls of the Haymarket theater. He had not been seated many minutes before he felt a tap upon the shoulder; and upon turning round, recognized in a tall, aristocratic looking man of some forty years, an acquaintance he had made some time back in Stafford's studio.

After the first greetings, and some general remarks upon the performance, were exchanged, the gentleman said suddenly, "By the way, Penrhdydd, I must introduce you to a lady friend of mine—the loveliest woman you ever saw. She is in that private box yonder," pointing to one upon the first tier. "She is the young widow of a man of good family, from whom she inherited a handsome little fortune."

Unable, without rudeness, to decline the introduction, Arthur followed his conductor upstairs to the private box. Upon the door being opened, he saw a lady, attired in superb evening costume, and enveloped in a cloud of costly lace, sitting just behind the left-hand curtains. As the door closed behind them, she gave a slight start, and turned her head. A thrill of admiration went through the heart of Penrhdydd at the lovely face that was thus disclosed to his view.

"Oh, Parsons, how you frightened me!" she cried, with the most sweetly startled look.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing in a friend of mine, whom I wish to introduce to you," said Mr. Parsons. "Mr. Arthur Penrhdydd—Mrs. Castleton."

With hat in hand, and face all aglow,

# FARMS AND FARMERS



Growing Fruit.  
Larger areas are annually being devoted to fruit. As the demand for fruit increases it is apparent that new fields are opening in those sections not adapted for special farming or stock raising. Stony hillside that are now unprofitable can be made to blossom with each returning spring. The grape will grow on soils that refuse nourishment to cereal crops, and the blackberry is successfully grown on the lightest sands. With all the boast of favored sections, there is not a state that averages the net profit per acre that is possible with small fruits. Lands that will not grow a blade of grass pay the grower in pears, blackberries and raspberries, and the better qualities of soil produce the best of strawberries. If there is a failure in growing fruit, it is sometimes due to carelessness of the grower. Trees and vines, like anything else, must receive the care and attention of the grower. Must be properly cultivated and pruned and the fruit judiciously prepared for market. The curculio must be fought, the borer killed and the miller and caterpillar destroyed. If the work is well done, and the grower is patient, his reward will surely come, for there is an excellent opportunity for enterprising fruit growers to increase their profits by producing fruit of the best quality. Low prices occur at times because the market is oversupplied with inferior fruit, but there is always a good demand for that which is choice, and at good prices.

White clover is not averse to growing frequently on the same soil, although that soil may have been but superficially plowed—a consequence, no doubt, of the plant being indigenous and growing spontaneously in this country. Some persons have, however, observed that on soils not very well adapted to its cultivation it thrives better when first introduced than after the land has borne it for a number of years. Red clover is not found to be injured when sown alternately with white clover. White clover is sown either on the autumn sowing or among the spring grain, but the former position is better for it, because among the autumn grain it grows more quickly and affords good pasturage among the stubble. It is also spread before winter; sometimes also sown before winter, or even while the ground is covered with snow, in order that it may more effectually be buried by the water formed when the snow melts, and may consequently germinate on the first return of spring. The smallness of the seed of white clover and the disposition of the plant to spread allow of its being sown much more thickly than red clover; a much smaller quantity of seed is therefore required for a given extent of ground, five pounds per acre being quite sufficient if the seed be uniformly scattered. The time for which white clover lasts depends upon the extent to which the soil is adapted to it. Sometimes it continues for three years only from the time of sowing and falls in the fourth. When fed off to excess by sheep it disappears sooner still, because these animals eat the stem even down to the roots, which they tear up. Nevertheless, it makes excellent sheep pasture, owing to its shorter growth, compared with the red variety.

Forced Rhubarb.  
Rhubarb can be forced in a cellar, in a box, even in the kitchen or in well or poorly constructed forcing houses. It is perhaps most common forced in low double spanned, roughly and cheaply constructed houses. An excavation two to three feet deep may be made and arched over with a roof of boards or logs, covered with hay, straw or fodder and the dirt of the excavation thrown over the entire roof. No particular facilities are necessary for ventilation. Unless in a severely cold winter, the house can be heated by use of ordinary heating stoves. In more extreme houses and in case of extreme cold a system of hot water or steam heating would undoubtedly be advisable.

Good, strong two, three or four year old plants are used in forcing. The plants to be used are dug in the fall and, with their adhering soil, left in the field and covered with enough soil to prevent drying out. It is best to leave them there until they have been frozen through. About January, earlier or later, as the case may be, the roots still retaining their soil are brought into the forcing house. They are set or packed close together on the moist dirt floor. Moist soil, preferably a rich one, is filled in about each plant, covering the crown slightly. After they are once thus packed in they may not need watering, but the roots and soil should not be allowed to become dry. Only strong, vigorous plants will produce the large, thick stalks eighteen to twenty inches high.—American Agriculturist.

Quince Worth Growing.  
Humble though its services may be, the quince is capable of yielding as much pleasure at the table or profit in the market, for the case bestowed upon it, as either of its more fortunate relatives, the apple and pear. Moreover, when well grown, it is far more beautiful in flower, foliage and fruit than the apple or pear, and may be made a thing of beauty as well as of utility on the home grounds. Most people do not give it fair play, and these suggestions have been offered in its defense.

There are few varieties, because quinces are used so little that it has not paid as well to develop new sorts as it has for apples. The principal varieties commonly cultivated are Orange (also called apple quince), Meech, Red, Champion, Fuller, Borgeat, Van Deman, Alaska. Orange is grown probably more than all others combined, which is sufficient recommendation for it. It is without question the best main crop variety for general purposes.

Breed Is Not Only Factor.  
When one sees a great milk and butter record of a herd of cows of a given breed he must not conclude that all he has to do to achieve similar success is to buy a herd of that breed. He must remember that the cows must have the individuality of the record makers, and that he must possess the skill for management that the owner of the record makers does. Breed is only one of many factors that make for success.

Study the Cow's Needs.  
Each individual in the herd should be studied and given the care that she requires for best production, says Farm Journal.

Two sisters stood side by side in a herd. One required bulky, light food to cause her to do her best. The other required more concentrated food with less bulk.

No herd of cows can ever be really profitable unless they receive just this careful attention.

Controlling Growth of Cabbages.  
Some gardeners practice a method of stopping the bursting of too rapidly growing cabbage heads. The idea is to check the root growth, which is sending too much sap into the head. Either some of the roots are cut away or else the roots are somewhat loosened by pulling the cabbage partly out of the ground. Either plan will check growth sufficiently to save the cabbage.

Fresh Air for Poultry.  
The poultry manager of the Canada experiment station, A. G. Gilbert, has recently published a summary of extended experiments in poultry feeding and breeding from which the following notes are taken. Hens kept in cold quarters and fed heavily produced eggs with strong germs which hatched well. On the other hand, poultry kept in artificially warmed houses laid eggs with weak germs which hatched weak chickens. The results were considered in favor of fresh air and plenty of it even if it was cold. In a study of the duration of fertilization after the removal of the male bird, records were kept of the number of eggs which hatched or which were shown to be fertile. The last trace of fertility was noticed eleven days after separation. The unfertilized eggs had superior keeping qualities so the author recommends that as a rule male birds should not be kept with hens depended upon for market eggs. Experience showed that where there is a variety in rations and care in them, and sufficient floor space, there is little likelihood of egg eating or feather picking. Steamed lawn clippings were fed to the station poultry three or four times a week and eaten with evident relish. Clover leaves treated in the same way were also much liked.

Horse Doomed Again.  
Edison says he has solved the electric motor problem at last—solved it some time ago, in fact; but the material he found suitable for cheap and effective storage batteries—cobalt—was too scarce to be used commercially for the purpose. But by diligent search ample deposits have been found, and now a motor will be made so cheap that no other agency for moving vehicles of any kind will be used.

The horse is to become extinct, or nearly so. "In fifteen years," he says, "we will be paying 50 cents to see one in a side show." If this last proposition proves true there will be one compensation, the draft stallion faker will be extinct. But don't begin to sacrifice the horses for a few months yet.

Six Volumes to Kill Hawks.  
Mrs. Emma Vaughn writes Farm and Ranch that for fourteen years she has been feeding six volumes to young chickens to kill hawks, and finds that the remedy is a good one. She says: "It will not hurt the chicks at all, for I never have lost a chick from its use. If everybody would use it the hawks could be all exterminated in one season and we would not have any further trouble with them. I give directions for feeding the chicks. Take dough, made of cornmeal and give one teaspoonful of six volumes for every twenty chicks, and I assure you it will not hurt the chicks at all. It will all be out of the chicks' system in nine days so there is no danger in using the chickens for table food."

New Trouble for Ruel.  
San Francisco, April 18.—Henry Ach, chief of counsel for Abe Ruef, was seized suddenly with ptomaine poisoning in court yesterday and fell unconscious in the corridor. He was hurried in an ambulance to the Lane hospital where doctors Hirschfelder and Gibbons worked over him for four hours. At midnight it was stated at the hospital that Ach was resting well and had passed the danger point. For several hours yesterday afternoon his life was despaired of. Ach dined at a Filmore street restaurant.

War in Tobacco States.  
Clarksville, Tenn., April 18.—The destruction of tobacco plant beds in this district by "night riders" has reached an alarming state and it is feared that, unless the depredations are stopped, there will be an unusually light crop. During the past week a number of plant beds have been salted and the plants killed. Trainmen have been threatened with violence if they hauled tobacco growers not connected with the growers' association.

Cubans Want No Regular Army.  
Havana, April 18.—Opinion here is opposed to the plan of the American general staff to establish a Cuba regular army of 12,000 men to replace the rural guard. It is said that it will be difficult to recruit that number of men.



THE INTRODUCTION AT THE THEATRE.



FORCED RHUBARB.

# ONE DOLLAR WHEAT

Society of Equity Will Fix Minimum at Omaha Convention.

ALSO PREVENT GLUT IN MARKET

Farmers' Trust Has Organized System to Control Price and Distribution—Bankers Help.

Omaha, Neb., April 18.—In the five great wheat producing states of the country the minimum price of this cereal this year will be \$1 a bushel. This, at least, is the plan of the American Society of Equity, the grain growers' department of which will hold its annual convention in Omaha June 5, 6 and 7. Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas will send large delegations to the convention. Oklahoma, Iowa and other states are also to be represented.

The purposes of this society and the scope of its membership were explained at length today by J. A. Everitt, of Indianapolis, its president, who said:

"The American Society of Equity is a business organization of farmers, with local societies in 2,700 of the 3,000 agricultural counties of the United States. Its purpose is to carry on its organization work through local societies, organized into state unions. Its business side is being strongly developed along the line of departments, covering various farm products, such departments already organized being those of fruit and produce and of tobacco. The grain growers' department is the third.

"The convention at Omaha in June will launch this department on a solid basis. A central bureau will gather and disseminate information concerning supply and demand; fix a minimum price below which the farmers agree not to sell, and handle and divert the grain from the source of supply to the points of demand, as needed, not causing a glut of the market at any point at any time.

"The state union of North Dakota, at its annual meeting, was invited by the State Bankers' association to appoint a committee to confer with a like bankers' committee to arrange for carrying along the poor farmers who might otherwise be forced to sell below the minimum price."

## REGULATE 2-CENT FARES

Nebraska Commission Rules on Terminal and Pass Matters

Lincoln, Neb., April 18.—The Nebraska railway commission issued its first order today bearing on 2-cent fares and streetcar passes. It is a notice to steam railroad companies to post placards in every station calling attention to the fact that the 2-cent passenger fare does not apply to tickets purchased to a destination beyond the state border.

In addition to this order the commission has addressed a letter to the Lincoln Traction company, the Citizens' Railway company, of Lincoln; the Omaha Lincoln & Beatrice Interurban and the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway corporation, notifying them that they are subject to the terms of the new anti-pass law and will be expected to obey it.

## GO FROM COPY TO CROPS.

Newspaper Men to Take Up Farms in Colorado.

Denver, Colo., April 18.—A colony of newspaper men is to be established in the Little Snake river valley in Routt county, Colorado, where the state of Colorado will throw open for settlement this summer, under the Carey act, 50,000 acres of land. This land is under the Little Snake river canal system. The plan is to make this colony an up-to-date farming community, where each man will own his own farm and improvements, the only connection in which the community idea will prevail, if at all, being in regard to labor.

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