

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning did bring a letter from Arthur, in which he expressed great surprise and uneasiness at the miscarriage of his previous one, more especially on account of the important communication which it had contained, of which he repeated the substance, and, as far as he could remember, the language, and again asked Sir Laurence what steps had better be taken in regard to it. The epistle then went on to state that he had proposed to Miss Grierson, but that lady, having confessed to a prior attachment, and having thrown herself upon his generosity, he had at once withdrawn his own pretensions.

Despite the vital interest thus implied, Sir Laurence did fully approve of the course his son had taken, and his heart swelled with pride at this instance of the young man's chivalrous nobility of feeling.

Sir Laurence at once communicated to Stafford the news—which was no news to him—of Arthur's rupture with the Griersons, and the relief he felt at being thus secured from any further visitations from Mr. Wylie.

He had taken a great fancy to the young artist, and was more free and social in his manner towards him than he had been to any person since many years. The weather was glorious; and what with sketching the most lovely scenery by day, and engaging in pleasant and intellectual conversation by night, Stafford found time glide on with the most delightful rapidity.

About a week after his arrival, however, a circumstance occurred which cast a gloom over Penrhdydyn and all its inhabitants. The September gales had just begun to rage with great ferocity, and the southwest wind, so terrible upon this coast, strove the rocks with wrecks.

One clear, bright morning, while the wind blew furiously, and the sea ran mountains high, Sir Laurence and Stafford had walked down upon the shore, while contemplating the sublime horror of the spectacle, they caught sight of a small craft, which appeared to be not more than three or four miles out, rising and falling upon the waves, and driving towards the shore with frightful rapidity.

Sir Laurence took his glass out of his pocket, and by its aid ascertained her to be a fishing smack belonging to Penrhdydyn. Others had seen her also; and in a few moments the two gentlemen were joined by several curious watchers, among whom was Jenkins, the postmaster.

"It's Ralph Trevelthick's boat," he said; "it has been out days beyond its time. They must be mad to think of putting in during such a gale, and the attempt will cost them their lives. Look at her!—they can no more keep her off the rocks than they can hold back the waves with their arms!"

Onwards came the frail bark—now tumbling into a gulf, now rising like a cork upon a mountain of water, and darting forward like an arrow before the blast of the wind.

At last came the crash! The boat was seen to reel, eddy and sink—and then three men were battling with the waters. No respite and pity-stricken was Stafford with the scene that had it not been for Sir Laurence, who would have cast himself into the boiling surf in the vain hope of saving them.

There were some ropes thrown out, but all three sank. The next moment, however, one of the bodies rose again, and, borne by a huge wave, was hurled into a kind of natural basin, hollowed out of the granite flooring of the beach. In an instant both Sir Laurence and Stafford had plunged knee-deep into the basin, and, regardless of another great wave that dashed over them, and threatened to drag them away to the sea, rescued the body of the drowning man, and amidst the cheers of the spectators, brought it safe to dry land.

He was immediately recognized as Ralph Trevelthick, the son of old John Trevelthick. He was insensible, and the blood flowed freely from a deep gash in the head. Sir Laurence sent off to Bodmin for a doctor, and gave orders to those who took charge of the body to send it to the Castle for anything they might require in the shape of restoratives or comforts for the poor fellow.

for fear of their being washed up again and found by any of your people, and laid 'em down in Sandy Cove for the rising tide to wash away. And—and though the woman was dead enough, I believe there was some life left in the child. I've often thought about it since with a feeling that it was wrong; but when they told me to-night that it was you who pulled me out of the water, I knew how wicked I had been, and I felt I couldn't die till I had eased my mind by telling you this."

Sir Laurence appeared much moved at the confession, and a stern, hard look gathered upon his countenance. "Say you forgive me, Sir Laurence!" gasped Ralph. "I have many more sins upon my mind that I would like to tell, but—"

"Being a dying man, I freely forgive you, Ralph Trevelthick," answered Sir Laurence. "But it was a cruel, barbarous deed, that even savages would shrink from, so brutalizing is the effect of these vile superstitions."

Ralph turned his eyes with an appealing look towards his father and his son. Sir Laurence understood the appeal, and Sir Laurence understood the appeal, and answered, "They shall not suffer from your confession. But let this be a warning to them, and to all here. If ever I hear of any more such acts, those who commit them shall not remain on my lands another hour!"

The grandfather, whose half-crazed brain seemed to have wholly collapsed under the dreadful calamity that had fallen upon him, turned his wild eyes upon the speaker, and muttered vacantly, "Don't rob the sea of its dead, or 'twill take vengeance upon you and yours. The clasp of a drowning hand will be a curse to you through life."

There was another attentive listener to the fisherman besides Sir Laurence. This was John Jenkins.

"Did you say you laid the bodies in Sandy Cove?" he asked after a pause. Ralph made a slight movement of affirmation; speech was gone. After this, Jenkins sat himself down upon a barrel, which served the purpose of a seat in the scantily furnished hut, and fell into meditation.

Upon returning to the Castle, the two gentlemen separated for the night, Stafford retiring to his own apartment, Sir Laurence to the library. He rang the bell, and ordered Daniel to be sent to him immediately. Hard and cold as marble was his face, when the old man stood before him.

"Daniel," he said, "you have been my servant since I can first remember, and we must now part. To-morrow morning you must leave the Castle, and never cross its threshold again. You have led to me, disobeyed me, and yielded up every feeling of humanity to a wild superstition. Ralph Trevelthick has just confessed, on his dying bed, that the bodies of the two unfortunate creatures whom I rescued from a wreck ten years ago were thrown into the sea again as soon as I had left the hut. I left you to guard them, and the next day you brought me word that all efforts at restoration had proved abortive, and that on that morning they had been buried in Penrhdydyn churchyard. You were therefore cognizant of, and for this you leave my house."

Daniel knew Sir Laurence Penrhdydyn's inexorable nature too well to utter a single word of expostulation—a flat one gone forth was never repented by him; and with a crushed look, he tottered out of the room.

By sunrise the next morning, sobbing and heart-broken, he had turned his back upon Penrhdydyn Castle, and slowly and feebly wended his way down the foot path through the dwarf woods.

A few hours later, Jenkins might have been seen ascending the same path. Upon arriving at the Castle, he requested to see Sir Laurence, and was ushered into his presence. He was closeted in the library during the greater part of an hour. After he had departed, Sir Laurence sent a polite message to request a few moments' conversation with Stafford.

Long and interesting was the conference between the two gentlemen, and fraught with future results of vital importance to more than one personage of this story.

CHAPTER XV.

A fortnight has passed away. It is now the latter end of September. A fine, balmy evening, with no touch of autumnal chill to warn us of the passing away of summer. Through the open French windows that lead into the garden in the rear of the little Swiss chalet at Brompton are stealing in the first faint shadows of evening. Half reclining upon a couch is Mrs. Castleton; at her feet, her small, white jeweled fingers nestling among his hair, her hand clasped in his, is Arthur.

"But, after all," she murmured, "I am only your second love, and I cannot endure the thought that any woman should

have ever lived in a corner of your heart before I filled it all."

"My darling," he cried, kissing the hand that he clasped, "no woman ever has lived in the smallest corner of my heart but you."

"Not Miss Grierson?"

"No," he answered, emphatically; "to that I can truly pledge myself now, although I might have hesitated at the question a fortnight back. There were ever too many obstacles. There was reason which rendered such a match impossible upon my side."

"And what was that?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, a mere family reason—nothing that you would understand," he answered, evasively.

"Oh! but you must tell me," she cried, coaxingly. "If you do not, I shall think you are concealing something from me, and it will make me wretched. You will tell me, won't you?"

"Another time, dearest—not now. It shall be the next time I come."

"Do you think Miss Grierson beautiful?" she asked, after gaining this point.

"I think her very amiable and very beautiful!" he answered, warmly.

"You think her more beautiful than me, perhaps," she murmured, her head still turned away from him.

"My darling, what could put such thoughts into that silly little head?" And clasping her face between his hands, he drew it towards him and kissed the pouting lips and the swelling eyes, in which the tears of wounded vanity were beginning to gather.

"Like all men, you are fascinated by golden locks," she said petulantly.

"I am fascinated by no locks but these," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"I can see no beauty in aught but what reminds me of thee. You, whom hundreds must have adored—for who could see you without adoring you?"

"Never, never!" she answered. "Until I met you, I never met the man who could ever touch my heart. Everybody said I had no heart; but you have found one, have you not? At sixteen, my friends married me to an old man—one old enough to be my grandfather. Oh, it was hideous, horrible!" and she shuddered at the memory.

"But why did you consent to such a sacrifice?" he asked.

"Ah! that was because in those days I had not found out that I had a heart," she answered, smiling. "I was poor—an orphan; he, the old man, was rich; and so—"

"You sold your young life to hideous old age," added Arthur sadly.

"You are not the first who has thus reproached me," she answered, in a tone of inexorable sadness. "But, remember, I was little more than a child—a vain, and ambitious one. I had known poverty—it was more than I could bear."

"Have you still a dread of poverty?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, yes; that I never could endure. I suffered from it when a child, and the horror of its memory still clings to me. The world shows us that money is the one great good of life, without which existence is a curse; and if we grasp it out of the beaten path, it calls us sordid, and cries out that we have sold ourselves."

(To be continued.)

Make Rubber from Wheat.
Wheat and hogs, hitherto regarded by the farmer of the Mississippi Valley simply as food products, have assumed a new commercial importance. In brief, wheat and hogs' spit will produce rubber. The importance of the discovery can scarcely be overestimated, coming as it does at a time when the world is anxiously asking from where its future supplies of rubber are to come. In half a decade, it is said, the annual consumption of the elastic material will be at least 80,000 tons. Even 100,000 tons is regarded by many as a conservative estimate.

It was by accident that Mr. Carr, the English inventor or discoverer of the substance, made the first step in his great discovery. He was but a small boy then. Passing one day through a field of wheat he plucked a few grains of the cereal, and, chewing them, formed the glutinous compound so familiar to every country lad.

Many years later, recalling his early experience, he began putting his theory to the test. His first laboratory was a small shed in his back yard; his apparatus a coffee grinder and a kettle of hot water. Later he was able to obtain the use of the best shops and laboratories in England.—Technical World.

Chinese on the Right Track.
The Chinese, alarmed by the manner in which the Indian and Ceylon teas have driven theirs out of the market, have investigated the matter and come to the conclusion that all that is needed to bring theirs to the foreground again is systematic advertising.

His a Thinking Part.
Homer—I overheard Nextdoor and his wife quarrelling this morning.
Mrs. Homer—What did he say to her?
Homer—Nothing. He was doing all the listening.



FARM AND GARDEN

Feeding Animals.
In the feeding of animals the farmer, by his knowledge of the difference between flesh-forming foods and those that form fat, is enabled to so combine the different foods as to provide for all their wants. Knowing that the "albuminoids" (nitrogenous foods) produce muscle (lean meat) and milk, he should, in order to allow for heat and fat "balance" the foods for the purpose of avoiding too much of the one kind and not enough of the other. On an average, the proportion of nitrogenous foods to the carbonaceous is as one to six (though the proportion may vary, according to circumstances), or, rather, he should add six times as much of the carbonaceous as he does of the nitrogenous. The conditions, however, affect the proportions, as less carbon is required in summer than in winter, hence during the warm season the carbon should be increased and the carbonaceous matter, on the contrary, should be increased.

Predicting Frosts.
One of the most important fruits of the establishment of the Mount Rose weather observatory in the Sierra Nevada near Reno, Nev., at an elevation of 10,800 feet, is the discovery of a rule by which the appearance of frost in the Truckee and Carson valleys below may be predicted with positive assurance from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance.

By comparing relative meteorological data for San Francisco and Reno at 6,200 feet elevation, and Mount Rose, 10,800 feet elevation, a constant correspondence is observed between fall in pressure and fall in temperature, enabling frost prognostications to be made with certainty. The station was established originally with the idea of gathering information which would be available in predicting the weather conditions for the districts farther east.

When Planting Seeds.
In the home garden care should be taken to see that the soil is pressed down firmly after the seeds are in. The result will be to bring the moisture to the surface and hasten the germination of the seeds. As soon as the seedlings appear, however, the garden should be gone over with a rake to loosen up the surface and form a mulch, the purpose being to prevent the moisture from escaping. A smooth, hard surface will be followed by a loss of much moisture which will be brought to the surface by the capillary action. When the surface is constantly stirred and kept loose and free, this capillary action is retarded and the moisture is retained to support the plants. This point is a very important one, and amateur gardeners will find it to their advantage to bear these facts in mind.

Starting Early Potatoes.
As soon as the frost is out, I select a sloping piece of ground on the south side of a building and dig one or more trenches, 2 feet wide and 18 inches deep, in which I put about 8 inches of horse manure, well tramped down, and cover with 3 or 4 inches of soil. In this I firmly press half potatoes in rows 2 or 3 inches apart and cover with 3 or 4 inches of soil and with coarse stable litter at night and during cold days, removing it entirely when the weather is warm and danger of frost is over. Water frequently with tepid water. When the sprouts are 6 or more inches high, take them up by running a spade under the manure, allowing all that will stick to the potato and roots. Transplant in a deep furrow in which has been dropped some potato fertilizer. D. M. Niver.

Lime for Fungus.
There is a fungus which sometimes attacks carrots and turnips, causing decay at the roots, or a misshapen growth, or a withering of the leaves. This may be prevented by a liberal sowing of air-slaked lime upon the soil, thirty or forty bushels per acre, and harrowing it in before the seed is sown, as the fungus lives in the soil. But it is usually better and cheaper to put the root crops on new land where this fungus has never appeared.

Swine Mange.
Mange on swine is caused by filth and unnatural conditions. It is due to minute parasites, which burrow under the skin. It cannot be easily cured, but if the animals are thoroughly scrubbed on a warm day, using carbolic acid in soap suds, then anointed with a mixture of four parts of lard and one part kerosene, two or three times, as well as given clean quarters, the mange will disappear if the animals are then kept clean.

Gleanings.
When farmers are busy in the spring they are liable to neglect many matters which should command their attention. Get the implements in readiness and sharpen the tools. The grindstone is a valuable adjunct to good farming, if thorough work is desired.

It is no easier to keep poultry than any other stock, as labor and proper management must be used to meet success. Less capital may be required with poultry, but it must be judiciously expended, or a loss can result as easily as from any other source. Experience is of more value than capital in poultry raising.

The food left over on the ground ferments and decomposes in a very short time on a warm day, and it therefore becomes one of the main sources of gapes in chickens and cholera in fowls. Filth in the summer season should never be allowed. It is well to do away with troughs entirely, feeling only whole grains and scattering the food as much as possible.

Care of the Colt.
This is a season when attention can be given to the colt, and if foaled last fall it may be weaned before spring work begins. A colt soon learns to eat ground oats, and it will thrive and grow if such is allowed, in addition to the milk it receives from its dam. Colts should be kept warm in winter, but should be given an opportunity to exercise.

Immigration Board's Plans.
New York, May 6.—The committee appointed by President Roosevelt, Vice President Fairbanks and Speaker Cannon to investigate all the phases of the problem if immigration has decided to extend its work to the leading emigration cities of Europe and has made arrangements to sail from Boston May 18 for the Mediterranean on the steamer Canopic.

Omaha Building Collapses.
Omaha, May 9.—A six-story building at Ninth and Leavenworth streets, occupied by Parlin, Orendoff & Marlin company, wholesale farm implements, collapsed this morning, the walls falling inward. The property loss, which cannot yet be estimated, is heavy. The employees had not reported for work and no one was injured.

HUNDRED ARE LOST
French Steamer Goes Ashore on Coast of Uruguay.
VESSEL AND CARGO WILL BE LOST
Heavy Gale Makes Rescue Difficult, but Efforts Are Still Made to Reach Survivors.

Montevideo, Uruguay, May 9.—The French transport Maritime Poitou, from Marseilles April 6 for this port, has been wrecked off San Jose Ignacio, on the coast of Uruguay. She is understood to have had 300 passengers on board, and, according to late reports, nearly 200 of these have been rescued and are on their way to this city. The vessel and her cargo will probably prove a total loss.

The casualty list has been reported at 100, but this has not been corroborated. The government is doing everything possible to succor the shipwrecked people.

San Jose Ignacio is a small rocky promontory surrounded by reefs, 21 miles west of Cape St. Maria, on the southeastern coast of Uruguay and about 50 miles from Montevideo.

The vessel was driven on the rocks yesterday. She lies 30 yards from shore. A heavy gale has been blowing for several days, and is still continuing. This renders the work of rescue very difficult. The efforts to get the remainder of the passengers and crew to land are being continued with untiring energy.

Panic broke out on board the vessel when she grounded, and a number of terror-stricken people jumped overboard. According to a report a number of women managed to swim ashore, but many were drowned. It is known that customs officers at Rincon de Pertero saved 50 passengers.

SAN FRANCISCO CARS RUN.
Heavily Guarded, Two Make Trip of About Six Miles.
San Francisco, May 9.—The police for the first time since the commencement of the streetcar strike furnished actual protection yesterday afternoon for two of the United Railroads' cars manned by 21 strikebreakers, and as a result of this protection these cars were run over six miles of track without the firing of a shot.

Four men, one of them a strikebreaker and the other three members of the Electrical Workers' union were injured. There was intermittent hurling of missiles by union crowds at various points along the route and for two or three miles a mob of at least 1,000 men and boys ran with the cars, yelling, calling epithets, daring the nonunion men to get off the cars and fight and cheering vociferously whenever for one cause or another the cars were brought temporarily to a stop.

After the return to the carhouse at the general offices at Oak and Broderick streets, Mr. Mulally stated that cars will be operated again today. He thought it best not to divulge the starting time or give the route in advance. A majority of the strikebreakers who manned the cars came from Kentucky.

Of the thirty odd persons who were shot or otherwise wounded in Tuesday's pitched battles on Turk street, four are expected to die. This would increase the number of deaths to five, as James Walsh died Tuesday night. Many of the others among the injured have been removed to their homes.

County Cannot Increase Wages.
Butte, Mont., May 9.—The county commissioners today received a communication from Attorney General Galen to the effect that they may not grant the demands for increased pay presented by the deputy county assessors. This means that unless the clerks will work at their old scale the assessment will be delayed months. The opinion covers road work and as the laborers' union will not permit road improvement at the state maximum wage, nothing can be done upon the county highways.

Fire in Kansas City.
Kansas City, May 9.—Fire this afternoon destroyed the five-story University building at the northwest corner of Leavenworth and Ninth streets, causing a property loss of \$250,000. One life was lost, six persons are missing and may be buried in the ruins, and 15 people were more or less seriously hurt. The debris is still burning tonight, and cannot be searched until tomorrow. The building was occupied by Montgomery, Ward & Co., as offices.

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