

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Arthur drew back in astonishment at the sight of her flashing eyes, her quivering lips. But in an instant the mood passed away, the eyes melted again into dove-like softness, and the lips wreathed themselves into smiles.

"What will you think of me for such words as those?" she cried. "When you know thoroughly the strange, capricious creature I am, never in the same mood for two hours together, you will cease to love me."

"Perhaps it will make me love you the more," he said, smiling. "And is your hatred, your dread of poverty so very insurmountable? Suppose that I were ever to become poor; would you cease to love me?"

"You ever become poor?" she echoed, opening her eyes very wide. "You, who have a great estate, and who will one day be Sir Arthur? How can you ever be poor?"

"Such things have been," he said, smiling. "Great lords have been reduced to beggary, much less simple sirs."

"Why do you wish to torture me by such thoughts?" she cried, petulantly. "Have I not told you that the name of poverty makes me shudder?"

There was a cloud of sadness upon his face, but the shadows of night were too deep for her to perceive it. Arthur was greatly astonished at this sudden outburst, but he attached no weight to it, imputing it to morbid petulance. So he spoke to her soothing words, and caressed her out of her sullen humor, and she began to repeat of having spoken so freely.

"You must not notice my foolish words," she said; "very times, I do not know what I say, and to hear me talk, you would fancy that I was a perfect monster; but promise that you will never heed such humors."

Hours after Arthur had departed, and after all else in the house was asleep, she sat at the elbow of her own chamber, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, a prey to conflicting emotions.

"What could possess me to speak such words?" she murmured. "In a less generous man I might have aroused suspicions that I should never again be able to set at rest. But he is too noble, too frank, to suspect where he loves. I would that I were more worthy of him," she went on, with a sigh; "he is the very soul of honor—so different from all other men that I have met. I wish he did not love me half so well, or that I did not love him at all. I spoke truly when I told him that I never knew a man with a heart until he crossed my path. What made him barge so strangely upon poverty to-night? Surely there is nothing wrong; things do go wrong, even with dukes occasionally—as he himself said—and great people are sometimes even sold up like little ones. I shall pay Mr. Wylie a visit in the morning and question him about Arthur's affairs."

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Wylie had returned from his Cornish trip, and had resumed business as usual. He had been more than satisfied with the survey of the estate that he already grasped in imagination. He had given Mrs. Wylie a most glowing description of its picturesque grandeur, and of the fine old castle; and he told her of the strange legend that was so near upon being verified.

"I have heard something of it before from Arabella," said that lady, "but never the name of the family. It is certainly very strange."

In only one plot had he received a check—that for the marriage of Stafford and Constance; but he felt pretty well assured of its ultimate success. "The beggarly upstart!" was his thought. "I would give a thousand pounds to follow him in that quarter; but I never allow private feelings to interfere with business. It suits my purpose that he should marry her, and so I shall do all that lies in my power to promote the match."

Such were some of the thoughts that passed through Mr. Wylie's mind as he sat at his desk in the belief of his cogitations. Mrs. Castleton was announced. He rose to receive her with his usual adulatory politeness, and handed her a chair.

"So you have returned from your Cornish expedition," she said; "and the marriage is broken off?"

"And how does the little love-making progress?" he asked, with a sardonic grin. "Has the bait taken? Is the fish hooked? Is it to be Lady Penrhiddyn?"

"Wylie," she said, in a quiet, grave tone, "we have connected between us a vile, despicable scheme to entrap this young man. If I had strength of mind enough to sacrifice my own selfish ambition for another's happiness, he should never see me again; but I have not, and therefore I go on. But you will not jeer and sneer—at least, to my face. Let me try and forget the part I am playing, and deceive myself into the belief that I am all that I pretend to be."

Mr. Wylie regarded her for a moment in unfeigned amazement. "What!" he cried, after a pause; "do you mean to say that it is a real case of spoons upon both sides?"

"Never mind what it is," she cried, fiercely. "If it be, so much the better for your plots and plans. All I ask of you is to answer me one or two questions. The first is this—Is Mr. Penrhiddyn, or, rather, his father, a rich or a poor man?"

A quick glance shot from beneath his eyelids; but he spoke in the same tone of voice that he had used throughout the conversation.

"How should I know? I am not his banker. A man of his estate cannot be very poor. His lawyer, if he would give it, would be the best person to go to for such information."

She could endure this bantering sarcasm no longer; and with flashing eyes, and face all aglow, she sprang up like a beautiful tigress, as though she would leap upon him and rend him with her paws.

Mr. Wylie drew back and turned a shade paler, for he feared this woman when she was in these tigerish moods. And she spoke in a low, hissing tone, more deadly than would have been a shriek of passion.

"Cease this mocking, or I will clutch you by the neck, and never loose my hold until I have strangled the miserable life out of your body! Don't let me think of all the debt of hatred I owe you—murderer! I have served you in many schemes, and do not try to cast me off the instant I have become useless to you, or to play me false; for if you do I'll have your life, if you fly to the furthest extremity of the world!"

Mr. Wylie was more frightened than he would have cared to admit, even to himself. Ebbulations of passion were of frequent occurrence; indeed, an interview between these two seldom passed off without such; but he had never before witnessed in her such appalling ferocity.

"Well," he said, trying to laugh off his palpable uneasiness, "perhaps we shall be able to talk more reasonably. You are like a barrel of gunpowder. I was only joking. You wish to know whether Sir Launce Penrhiddyn is a rich man; he is not. But his son will inherit enough to keep you like a lady. What made you suppose him to be poor?"

"Because last night he kept harping upon poverty; asked me if I could love him as much if he were poor."

"A mere lover's ruse to try you, depend upon it; and if you fall into the trap, you have lost him. It is true that the estates of Penrhiddyn are heavily mortgaged, and that the principal will be called in within a few weeks, but Sir Launce will be able to meet the demand. I can show you indisputable proof of the truth of my words," he cried, taking a paper out of the inner lining of his pocketbook. "Come here and read this."

She came to the table, and looking over his shoulder, read these words: "To Arthur Penrhiddyn, Esq., I owe the sum of five hundred pounds, which I am bound to pay to you on or before the 1st of January next. Yours faithfully, Sir Launce Penrhiddyn, Bedford Row."

"Sir—Should all other means fail, your father, Sir Launce, may obtain the sum required by him on a certain date, by showing this letter to Messrs. Groom and Fry, Solicitors, Bedford Row."

When Mrs. Castleton returned to her carriage, she lovingly drove away to the offices of Messrs. Groom and Fry, Bedford Row.

She requested to see one of the principals, and was shown into a private room where Mr. Fry received her. She had come, she said, with her most fascinating smile, to make inquiries respecting a certain sum which she understood they were instructed to pay over to Sir Launce Penrhiddyn upon a certain date. The lawyer was very cautious in his reply. He had received certain instructions, but he was not at liberty to divulge them to any person except Sir Launce Penrhiddyn.

Mrs. Castleton having heard all that she wished to know, made some trivial excuse and took her leave.

"It is all right, then," she thought; "they have instructions, and of course they must be those mentioned in the paper."

"When did you arrive in town?" inquired Arthur.

"Only the day before yesterday," answered the artist.

"And how did you leave my father?" "Very unwell. Had his health permitted, he would have been in London some days back. There is no danger. I have to thank you very much for your introduction; the kindness I met at Penrhiddyn Castle was more than I can describe. Your father is the truest, noblest gentleman I ever met."

Arthur pressed his friend's hand gratefully, and added, "How did he take the news of the break with the Grierlsons?"

"Very philosophically; indeed, I may say, with much satisfaction. Mr. Wylie's visit put him out of all conceit with the connection. By-the-by, I have a secret to tell you about Constance Grierlson. You remember that she spoke of a prior attachment to some one else? Well, I am that some one else."

"But why did you not tell me so when I first spoke to you upon the subject?" cried Arthur. "Under such circumstances I should never have thought of paying my addresses to the lady."

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by a light pony carriage drawing up close to the pavement on which they were walking, and by a lady's voice pronouncing the name of "Mr. Penrhiddyn."

The lady was Mrs. Castleton, just returning home from her visit to Bedford Row by way of the Strand. With a brightened color, Arthur raised his hat and hastened to the side of the carriage. After a few words with her and Mrs. Freeman, he introduced Stafford, who had been regarding Mrs. Castleton with the most curious interest. With a fascinating smile, she extended her hand, which Stafford, with a low bow, just touched. "I do not like that man," was her thought. It was a case of mutual distrust.

"Who is that lady?" inquired Stafford, following her with his eyes until she was out of sight.

"Oh, a widow lady, to whom I have recently been introduced," replied Arthur, somewhat confusedly.

"A widow! Take care of the widows, Penrhiddyn. I should say that she was a very Syren of widows, and with a temper of her own, too." He spoke half seriously, half jestingly, watching, meanwhile, the effect of his words.

"Your estimate of that lady is utterly mistaken," answered Arthur, coldly; "a more frank and artless creature does not exist."

Stafford could perceive that to dilate further upon his view of the lady, would

be to offend his friend. "Well, I am going eastward," he said, coming to a halt, "to the aristocratic neighborhood of the Curlew Road. I shall go to work again on Monday morning, so you will be sure to find me at the studio any day next week. Now be sure to give me an early call."

Stafford jumped into a hansom, and desired the driver to set him down at the foot of the Curlew Road. He beguiled the tedium of the way by opening the portfolio he carried, and taking out the two portrait sketches he had made in the gallery at Penrhiddyn. As he examined them, a new idea seemed to suddenly strike him. He scrutinized and compared the sketches with the most eager interest, and fell into a deep train of thought, from which he was only aroused by the stopping of the cab at its destination.

Stafford's object in visiting such a remote neighborhood was to endeavor to find the shop at which Sir Launce had bought the picture of Clive. The circumstance happened in this wise. The last time Sir Launce visited London business took him into Essex. While standing upon the platform of the Great Eastern Railway terminus, his pocket was picked. The thief was caught, and Sir Launce was bound over to appear next morning at the police court. He did so; and upon leaving the court, he happened to find his way into the Curlew Road. Passing a broker's shop, he was attracted by the picture so often mentioned, which was standing just inside the door, and he stepped in and bought it.

The direction Stafford had received was pretty exact—a broker's shop, about half way up the road on the left-hand side, going northward. About that situation he remembered the kind of shop he had pictured to himself—a grimy shop, upon whose small-paned windows the dirt hung in flakes.

"This must be the place," thought Stafford, as he entered the shop. His knock upon the counter brought forth from an inner den a sharp, weathered-face old man, Stafford came to the point at once by showing the sketch he had made, and asking him if he remembered selling such a picture a few weeks ago to a middle-aged gentleman.

"Well, I had it by me so long that I scarcely remember how I got it," answered the old man, with a knowing grin.

"If five shillings would assist your memory, it is at your disposal," said Stafford.

The old man grinned and held out his dirty hand. And the silver key unlocked the rusty portals of his memory. Some time back, he said, he couldn't exactly remember how long, it might be four, or it might be five years, one evening, after dark, a young girl brought it into the shop and asked him to buy it. It had been painted, she said, by a young artist who used to live in her mother's house. It was her own portrait, and he had given it to her; but her mother had hated it, and she had never seen it since. She was poor, and she wanted to sell the picture for bread. "Well, I saw that it was a decent painting, so I gave her fifteen shillings for it. My son took a fancy to it, so I gave it to him, and when he died a few months ago it came back into my hands, and I sold it to the gentleman you spoke of came in and bought it."

"And did you buy the picture upon the simple faith of the girl's story?" inquired Stafford, "without endeavoring to learn her name or address?"

"Well, you see, it doesn't do to be over particular in our business," replied the old man, with a knowing grin. She was the prettiest little creature you ever saw, the very image of the picture, and she had her story so glib that I didn't put much faith in it. So I got her to give me a receipt for the money, and put her name and address upon it."

"Have you that receipt still?" inquired Stafford, eagerly.

"Well, I believe I have it somewhere," answered the old man.

It was a long search before the required document could be found. Upon a dirty scrap of paper was written, in a peculiarly small, neat lady's hand a receipt for the fifteen shillings. The signature was "M. Millicent, 19, Great Titchfield street."

Stafford took possession of the paper and left the shop. He resolved to go to No. 19 Titchfield street, and make inquiries. Halting a cab, he drove there at once. But, as he expected, his journey was useless; the people of the house knew nothing of such a person.

The one important result of the investigation was to disprove from his mind every suspicion of Constance Grierlson being implicated in the mystery. And away he went to Harley street, quite indifferent to the reception he might meet at the hands of her guardian.

Balked again, Miss Grierlson had left town that morning on a visit, and would not return for a fortnight.

(To be continued.)

Finds a Royal Romance.

While at St. Petersburg Prince Bismarck saw a sentry on guard in an unfrequented part of the grounds of the royal palace. He was guarding a small plot of grass. It was not near any entrance to the royal abode; it led nowhere; it possessed no apparent importance. Yet there was the man on patrol. When the time came for the guard to be changed another took this man's place and here day and night a man did sentry go. None of the officers quite knew why the practice was followed, except that in their time it always had been customary to place a man there. Bismarck, scenting a secret romance, did not rest until he had solved the mystery. He at last discovered that in the time of Catherine the Great a pretty flower had been discovered growing there, and the empress, seeing it, desired that it should not be destroyed. A soldier was placed there to protect it. The flower died. It was not succeeded by others, but from that time forward a man was deputed to guard the spot where the flower had been.

A Club for Strangers in London.

Those who have no friends in London and complain of its great loneliness now have a club all to themselves. The new organization is called the Eligible Social Club. Its object is to bring together men and women who are lonely. A vocalist and a playwright have applied for membership.

FARMS AND FARMERS



The Manure Heap.

Though by fermentation and by forking over the manure is made fine and soluble, it must not be overlooked that the process is a gradual one, and hence every rain that saturates the heap carries downward the soluble parts as soon as the manure is decomposed. The jet-black liquid that flows off from the heap is the richest of the farm, and as it passes away the ready plant food which is dissolved in it is lost, leaving behind a mass of matter, often supposed to be the most valuable because of its bulk, but which really is not worth the labor of hauling to the field. The manure, therefore, be carefully preserved, it will be valuable. It should be protected from drenching rains and the influence of heat from the direct rays of the sun. Plenty of absorbent material should be added to absorb the volatile matter, and water is also beneficial to the heap, provided that it does not drench or flow off. The manure heap should be worked over occasionally, in order to prevent "bre-fanging." This may require additional labor, but the saving of the essential elements of the manure will be more than a compensation for the time well expended. The principal rules to be observed are to prevent loss by rain, preservation of volatile matter with moisture and absorbents, have the manure fine, and also to endeavor to have it thoroughly decomposed.

Disinfection of Stables.

In discussing the importance of the disinfection of stables and the danger of neglecting it Dr. Haring of California points out that "negligence in properly disinfecting stalls and stables where animals affected with contagious diseases have been is frequently the cause of a reappearance of the disease." The germs of glanders, for example, may remain alive in stables for several months after the diseased animals have been removed, and if thorough disinfection is not resorted to all animals housed in the stable are subject to infection from this source. "Many failures to eradicate tuberculosis from dairy herds by the repeated application of the tuberculin test and the prompt removal of all reacting animals are due to the fact that the stables were not disinfected." Tuberculous spreads rapidly among cattle closely bunched together. To prevent this stables should be thoroughly disinfected at least once a year.

Simple Test for Small Seeds.

The gravity method of seed separation here illustrated is the old time practice of "brining" wheat, barley, oats, etc., before sowing, but applied to seeds of much smaller size, such as tomato and eggplant seeds. As used at the New Jersey experiment station, the bottle at A in the cut contains pure water, upon which many seeds are seen as floating and a larger number at the bottom. These light, floating seeds are to be rejected. In the bottle at B is a 20 per cent solution of common salt (a very thin sirup would have done as well), in which eggplant seeds



SEED SEPARATION.

that sank in pure water were placed, with the result that many remain at the top and thereby may be easily separated and thrown away.

Care of Bees.

Bees should be kept at a temperature ranging from 42 to 45 degrees above zero during cold weather, and the hives should be dry. The light should be excluded as much as possible, and the hives should not be exposed to sudden changes of temperature. An ample supply of honey should be left at the end of the season for the support of the bees during the winter. It is not necessary to put the hive under shelter until winter approaches, but it should be in a cool location in summer. If the colony in each hive is not strong it will be of but little service until it increases in number. Too much warmth in winter is not conducive to success.

Indian Corn as Food for Man.

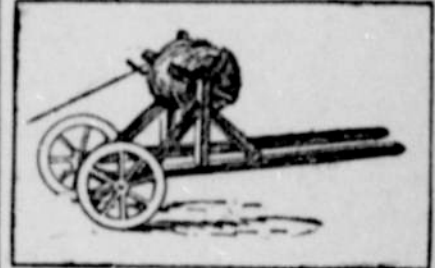
The digestibility of cornmeal prepared in different ways and of hominy was studied by the Maine station. In some cases the corn products were eaten with sugar, milk and sometimes butter, and in others the diet was more varied, though the corn product was its principal constituent. Wheat bread was only studied for purposes of comparison. In every case the digestion experiments were made with healthy subjects.

Do Bees Think?

Maurice Materlinck, the Belgian writer, adduces a number of interesting facts, in an article in Harper's Magazine, to show that bees have the power of thinking. Transported to California, he says, our black bee completely alters her habits. After one or two years, finding that summer is perpetual and flowers forever abundant, she will live from day to day, content to gather the honey and pollen indispensable for the day's consumption; and her recent and thoughtful observation triumphing over hereditary experience, she will cease to make provision for her winter. Buchner mentions an analogous fact: in Barbados, the bee whose hives are in the midst of the redanias, where they find sugar during the whole year, entirely abandon their habit of storing honey.

A Barb Wire Reel.

Here is a barb wire reel that can wind barb wire on instead of an old barrel, which is slow work. We present a little drawing of one that can be easily made by an ingenious farmer. It is mounted on wheels, and can be drawn along by a man, while a boy steadies the handle to keep the



REEL FOR BARB WIRE.

wire from unwinding too rapidly and kinking. For winding up wire that is taken off of a fence, the machine can either be pushed or pulled, going just fast enough to keep up with the wire as it is being wound on the reel. A little rack like this, says The Farmer, would be of considerable value to any one who has any amount of barb wire fencing to wind.

The Melon Aphid.

The melon aphid (Aphis gossypii) is generally distributed throughout the United States, but is especially injurious in the Southwest, according to a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It attacks a great variety of economic plants belonging to different families. The natural enemies of the pest are ordinarily not sufficient to hold it in control. It may be destroyed by fumigation with carbolic bisulphide or by the use of pyrethrum, tobacco fumes, or kerosene emulsion. Treatment with kerosene emulsion has the advantage that it is also destructive to a considerable variety of other insects which attack cultivated plants in conjunction with the melon aphid.

Value of Ensilage.

Ensilage is valuable as a means of storing stock in winter, affording them green, succulent food at that season, when nothing but the dry material can be had. For that reason, if for no other, it is a valuable adjunct to the crops used for food. The farmer who has no ensilage, but who stores in a crop of sugar beets, mangels, turnips, carrots or potatoes, will find himself fortunate in having a variety. There is no difficulty in feeding roots if they are properly stored. Roots are injured more by heat than by cold. Freezing is not injurious if roots are not thawed out too suddenly. By keeping them at an even temperature they will last until the summer opens.

Horseflesh Is Food.

It would be, perhaps, inaccurate to say that horseflesh is becoming appreciated in France to an increasing degree. Necessity may be as potent a factor in the case as choice. But whatever the explanation, there can be no doubt that the consumption of horseflesh is increasing in Paris to an enormous extent. In 1899 the year's consumption was about 5,000 tons, a total which would scarcely expect to see largely augmented within a brief period. This, however, is what has happened. The consumption at the end of 1906 had more than doubled. It stands for 1906 at 11,000 tons. The number of horses was 40,000.

A Fine Shade Tree.

The tulip tree, one of the most ornamental of our shade trees, succeeds well when transplanted, after the leaf buds begin to appear, but it is pretty sure to fall if removed earlier. Such, at least, is the reported experience of one who planted a row of them a mile long, the trees being six to eight feet high, of which hardly one in a hundred was lost. Possibly, however, there was something in the soil or situation which gave him success, and the rule may not work in all cases. The tulip is well worth experimenting with, for when grown it is a handsome, symmetrical tree, with a peculiar leaf and a beautiful blossom.

Melons in the Corn Shock.

If, when cutting corn, you will place in one of your largest shocks about a dozen of your choicest watermelons, at Christmas, when the snow is on the ground and the frost is on the plane, you can sit by the roaring fire and eat one of your melons, which has kept all that time in the shock of corn.—Farm Journal.

RUEF PLEADS GUILTY

Fallen San Francisco Boss Throws Himself on Mercy of Court.

WAS SURPRISE TO PROSECUTION

Still Declares Himself Innocent of Charge, but Changed Plea for Sake of Family.

San Francisco, May 16.—Abraham Ruef, better known as Abe Ruef, the acknowledged adviser of Mayor Schmitz, and once the recognized dictator of municipal affairs in this city, pleaded guilty to the charge of extortion in Judge Danne's department of the Superior court yesterday afternoon. Sentence will be pronounced upon him two weeks hence.

After a private conference with his four attorneys in Judge Danne's chambers and after they had withdrawn from his case because of the resolution he had taken to change his plea and avoid trial, Ruef, to the utter astonishment of the prosecution, arose in court and announced in a dramatic address that after long and earnest consideration he had determined to withdraw his plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty. He asked that the jury be dismissed and the trial abandoned.

Ruef read his statement from manuscript which he had prepared in the presence of his attorneys a few moments before Judge Danne's chambers opened. He showed in his voice, in the expression of his face, in his quiet and gestureless attitude and by the tears that again and again overpowered his eyes, the great emotion and the utter humiliation he suffered. The pathos of the scene was communicated to the crowd that thronged the courtroom.

Though Abraham Ruef has formally declared himself to be guilty of the charge on which he was about to be tried, he nevertheless proclaims his innocence. He confesses that he is guilty of having connived at the corruption in municipal affairs, but he denies with all the emphasis a man in his unhappy position can command that he is guilty of the crime of extortion charged against him. He declares that his sole motive in accusing himself in open court was to save the lives of those who are nearest and dearest to him, his aged father and mother, his maiden sister and a niece.

CANNOT BELIEVE ORCHARD.

Possible Jurors in Haywood Case Reveal New Prejudice.

Boise, Idaho, May 16.—The unexpected uncovering of a vein of prejudice against Harry Orchard and his testimony during the further examination of talesmen in the Steunenberg murder case yesterday led to the first sharp wrangle between counsel and involved the name of President Roosevelt in an acrimonious discussion.

The jury box was finally filled with 12 talesmen subjected to examination and temporarily passed by both sides at 3:40 o'clock in the afternoon and the court announced that it was in order for both sides to exercise peremptory challenges. Counsel for Haywood asked for a few moments' delay and for five minutes they gathered around the chair of the prisoner and engaged in earnest consultation as to their course on the men occupying the jury box.

The state exercised its right first and excused William Van Orsdale, a grocer, who has occupied seat No. 2 since the opening day of the trial. George F. Maw, a young farmer with some strong objections to the acts of certain elements in the labor unions of the country, was then called to the vacant place. The state passed him and he was still in the hands of the defense when adjournment hour was reached.

The trial will not be resumed until 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Paid to Join Plotters.

St. Petersburg, May 16.—A terrorist conspiracy directed against the life of Emperor Nicholas was revealed today by the arrest at Tarskoe-Selo of a soldier of the guard regiment, who today confessed to accepting a large bribe to assist in the murder. All the threads of this conspiracy, which differs from former attempts, are not in the hands of the secret service men. It is thought that the money used is a part of the proceeds of several political robberies committed last fall and winter, when big hauls were made.

Probing Denver Land Fraud.

Denver, May 16.—The special Federal grand jury, the first to be held in Denver in many years, called to probe into coal and timber land frauds, convened here today. The work will be in charge of Ernest Knaebel, special assistant to the attorney general, who has devoted most of his time of the last year to land investigations, and Ralph Hartzell, acting United States district attorney. A dozen witnesses from St. Louis and Milwaukee arrived today.

Drumhead Court Martial Resumed.

St. Petersburg, May 16.—The council of the empire rejected the bill which was passed April 30 by the lower house abolishing trials by drumhead court martial.