

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MACKENZIE

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"In making my claim for this property," she said, "I shall have to prove my identity—would you have any objection to state all you know?"

"I'd much rather not have anything to do with it," he answered, bluntly. "But however, if it's necessary, I won't stand in your way; you shan't say I show you any malice. But what I know would be nothing in a lawyer's eyes. I find you, a child, lying, apparently dead, upon the seashore, but fancying I can see some symptoms of life. I carry you home. As you know, I was a Coastguardman at the time. When you came round, you tell me that your name is Eleonore Soissons. I find 'Eleonore S.' marked on your petticoat. You tell me you have friends in Brittany. Eleonore is too Frenchified a name for my mouth, and I call you Ellen, and Soissons becomes Lawson; but after a time you are called by my name, and pass as Ellen Jenkins. That is all I know."

"And that would be most important evidence," she answered, quickly. "And have you that petticoat by you still?"

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly, as though ashamed to confess it.

"One more question, and I have done. A strange story has recently been told me by one who had no conception that I was an actor in it. Before you found me, I had been saved from the shipwreck by a gentleman—I and my mother. We were taken to a fisherman's hut, laid out for dead, and the gentleman was afterwards told that we were buried next morning. How came I, then, down by the sea again, where you found me?"

"I have lately heard the story myself," he answered. "The gentleman who saved you was Sir Laurence Penrhyn. But as you were taken to a fisherman's hut, laid out for dead, and the gentleman was afterwards told that we were buried next morning. How came I, then, down by the sea again, where you found me?"

"How horrible!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "But what had become of my mother's body? Did you not see that?"

"Just as I came up I saw what might have been a body washed away by a wave. Whatever it is, I sank directly. There was not light enough for me to see very distinctly. I was only just in time to save you."

"Would it happen that you had been too late?" she exclaimed bitterly.

"And now have you anything more to say to me?" he asked, resuming his cold stern manner; "because my time is valuable, and is not my own to waste."

"Nothing more," she answered, sadly.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the second morning after Mrs. Castleton's interview with Jenkins, Mr. Wylie was somewhat surprised to hear Mr. Fig announce that that lady was in the outward office.

"I have not come to draw any more money, or to ask you to lend me any," she said, pushing aside the clerk, and entering the room before Mr. Wylie had time to speak.

She threw herself into a chair, with her usual air of haughty insolence. Mr. Wylie turned green, which was his way of turning pale, and bit his nails. He both hated and feared his visitor, and with every succeeding interview these feelings increased. Her scornful, defiant bearing stung him to madness.

"If that is all you have come to tell me, the sooner our interview is ended the better," he answered.

"Have you the vanity to suppose that I have come here for the purpose of complimenting and criticising your ugly features? Oh, dear, no; I would not be so rude as to so annoy my dear relation! How surprised you look! I repeat, my dear relation! It is a melancholy fact, I have discovered that you are my dear relation!"

"What do you mean?" he snarled sardoniously. "Are you going to vamp up some lying story to extort money from me?"

"I try to extort money from you?" she cried, fiercely. "Not if I were starving, although you have robbed me of many hundreds. Yes, strange as it may sound, I am your relation—a distant one, I am thankful to say. With all your cunning, James Wylie, and all your prying, you never found out one secret of my life—my real name is Eleonore Soissons."

"Soissons?" he echoed, looking aghast.

"Yes, of the Breton branch of the family. My father was Adolphe de Soissons—"

"Adolphe de Soissons had but one child—a girl—and she and her mother went down in the Genevieve off the coast of Cornwall. Every soul perished. I know the family history too well to be deceived by such a shallow, flimsy lie! I knew Adolphe well, and his widow, too! She came begging to me more than once while she was in London. What put this wretched story into your head?"

She turned very pale at his last words, and bit her lips until the blood came, and there was a baleful light in her eyes as she spoke. "The rare what you say about the Genevieve? When the Genevieve sank, she produced ample proof of my identity. The only one I condescended to give you is this—throwing a paper upon the table—my marriage certificate, upon which you will see I was married to the name of Eleonore de Soissons. The Genevieve did go down off the Cornish coast, and every soul perished—except one. The man who saved me still lives, and is ready to appear and give evidence. The clothes I wore, with my name marked on them, are also preserved."

Wylie eagerly examined the document cast at him. After a minute's silent perusal, his face slowly cleared. "I have no interest in denying your claim," he said, in his usual soft, hypocritical tone. "It will not take away one farthing from me. The claim of the Breton De Soissons is quite distinct from mine. But you must confess that your intelligence was somewhat startling. If I have said anything to annoy you, I apologise."

"Stop whining," she answered, impatiently. "Whenever you put on that tone, I fancy you mean mischief."

"What is it you want of me?" he asked.

"You have a paper which will secure Sir Laurence Penrhyn's mortgage money when it falls due. I want that paper."

Mr. Wylie laughed, and slowly rubbed his hands together as though enjoying a joke. "A modest request, certainly," he said. "In the first place, how do you know that the letter is genuine?"

"That I have ascertained for myself. I called upon Messrs. Groom and Fry to ask whether they were instructed to pay over to Sir Laurence a certain sum of money upon a certain date. Of course, as I expected, they declined to furnish me with positive information; but their manner convinced me that some such communication had passed. Had I not that paper, and I will sign a bond making over to you one-half the sum that I may inherit under Mrs. Grierson's will."

"A sum that it is more than probable you may never touch," he sneered.

"A sum which it is more than probable I shall touch before the end of this year out. Oh, I know everything. I know that Constance Grierson wants not a mouth to her twentieth birthday, and that there is not the slightest chance of her fulfilling the condition under which she is to inherit the property."

Mr. Wylie looked amazed; then bent his brows and gnawed his nails again. During the last few minutes he had been revolving in his mind a desperate plan, but as yet it was only half formed.

"If what you say be true," he said, slowly, "we are both equally interested in the girl's forfeiture of her fortune. Have you any love for Constance Grierson?"

"I hate her!" she cried, vehemently; "and more than ever since I heard Arthur praise her beauty, and say that he could have loved her had it not been for—"

"I suppose that it is quite a settled thing that you are to be the future Lady Penrhyn?" he said, observing her sudden break. "Help me, then, in a plan which, if successful, will be equally to your advantage as to mine; and that paper shall be yours within sufficient time to save Penrhyn."

"What is the plan?" she asked, looking steadily into his face.

"It has come to my knowledge that Constance, alarmed, doubtless, at the near approach of the fatal day, is about to draw a large sum of money—many thousands of pounds."

"But can she do so?" inquired Mrs. Castleton.

"Yes, with the concurrence of her guardian, who is so violently opposed to the will by which she is hampered that he would do anything to nullify its provisions. I find that there is no provision in the will against such a contingency. Unless I could prove that the principal of the fortune was being reduced, I am powerless to check such expenditure without the coalition of my fellow trustees. There are many people for the fortune to be divided among, and its diminution will materially diminish your share and mine."

"And how do you propose to prevent this?"

"It can easily be done by our united efforts. And, remember, the price of your assistance is the salvation of the Penrhyn estates. Refuse, and they are lost, and you will never be Lady Penrhyn. Which is it to be? Draw close, and listen."

She drew close to him, and he, bending forward, began to speak in a low, earnest whisper, to which she listened with pale, anxious attention.

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A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mrs. Castleton passed through the outer office with a grave and preoccupied expression upon her face.

Could she, at that moment, have transported herself into the little closet in the private office and have watched the expression of Wylie's countenance, she might have considered twice before she submitted herself to his proposals. He was leaning back in his chair, convulsed with inward laughter. "She herself will prevent Constance from saving Penrhyn! The twenty or thirty thousand that we have plotted against her having is the very sum she intends devoting to that purpose! This is delicious!"

Such were the thoughts then passing through his brain.

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The die was cast, and Mrs. Castleton was Mrs. Arthur Penrhyn.

By advice of Sir Laurence, whose health was greatly improving, Arthur had returned to London a few days after that lady. His course lay clearly before him, and he pursued it without hesitation or one thought of retreat.

One dark, foggy November morning they were married by license, with only Mrs. Freeman for a witness. It was a cold, cheerless wedding, and the clergyman's words fell on the ears of the bride and groom as if they were uttered by a stranger.

As they came out, a funeral was slowly passing down the road.

"The poor young lady was married in this church only a month ago," said the sexton, with that love of garnishing happy events by opposite and doleful anecdotes which characterizes the vulgar.

Eleonore shuddered, as she could feel her husband press her arm more closely to his side as he hurried her into the brougham. Passing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him, he said: "We must think no more of money now, darling; let us have all such dark shadows behind us at the altar. We are defying augury—let us now think only of love."

Never had her spirit been so softened. But the next moment came the blighting memory of how cruelly he was deceived in her by what lies and trickery, and deceit she had gained his love. She had not even confessed to him that she had once borne the fatal name of De Soissons.

But that secret he knew inwardly, as clearly as though she had written it down.

"Shall I tell him now?" she thought. "No; let no other dark shadow come between us on this day."

The cheerful drawing room, with its blazing fire, and the table laid out daintily for the wedding breakfast, revived their flagging spirits. There was to be no honeymoon excursion; they were to remain at Brompton.

"Ours has, indeed, been a quiet wedding," she said, as they sat by the fire together.

"You know my reasons, dearest; in the present state of my father's health and affairs, I could not break so important an event to him. But, hereafter, there shall be another wedding—no worthy of you, and of the future mistress of Penrhyn."

"What sweet music those last words sounded in her ears! And it is I who will save Penrhyn!" she thought. But even with this feeling of triumph came a revulsion. "If Wylie should play me false!"

"You shiver—are you cold?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, no; but I fancied I saw a hideous face in the fire!" she answered.

That evening a letter was forwarded to Arthur from his own lodgings. It announced that Sir Laurence would be in town on the next day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Not until a fortnight after his visit to Jerome could Stafford obtain his eagerly desired interview with Constance. He had travelled to Guildford the next morning by the first train, and hung about the neighborhood of Linden Grange in the hope of accidentally meeting her. But the hope was not fulfilled. The next day, by dint of indirect inquiries, he learned that she was confined to her room by a severe cold. He contrived to get a letter conveyed to her and to receive a reply, making an appointment.

The day on which they met was Arthur's and Eleonore's wedding day. The place was the same which had witnessed their meeting some ten weeks back. Night of himself, he could not prevent his first greeting being cold and restrained.

"What has happened, Edward?" she asked, anxiously. "Why have you written so urgently to me?"

"For your sake more than mine," he answered; "to clear your name from a blighting calumny."

She turned very pale, and asked faintly what he meant. He observed the look and tone, and it struck a pang of fear to his heart. But it brought him at once to the point, and made him speak plainly and concisely. So, without one word of preface or observation, he told the story of himself, from Jerome's first meeting with the so-called Katie Doran on Westminster Bridge, to his, Stafford's, discovery of the picture in the gallery of Penrhyn, and the conversation he had heard upon his last visit to Jerome's studio. Then he waited her reply.

During the course of his narrative the pale, pointed look upon her face had gradually changed to one of puzzled inquiry.

"But I know nothing of all this," she said, when he had finished. "I never heard of this Jerome or of his painting."

"Thank heaven!" he cried, seizing her hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

There is only one circumstance in the whole story that I have any knowledge of. I perfectly remember some men staring rudely at me in Harley street one day as I was stepping into my carriage; and that they afterwards came up to the window, which my uncle drew up in their faces."

But Jerome told me that you turned pale at the sight of him, and in this assertion he was corroborated by a second party."

"I could not be disturbed at the sight of Mr. Jerome, considering that I had never before seen nor even heard of the gentleman," she answered, flushing. "There was, certainly, one person in the group the sight of whom might have produced such an effect."

"And that was—"

"A man whom I once knew under the name of Parsons," she answered, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes; "a man who once cruelly wronged me."

"In what way?" eagerly inquired Stafford.

She was silent for a moment, then answered, quietly, "I cannot tell you now."

"To be continued."

Five Classes of Mules.

Many persons do not know what constitutes the five classes of marketable mules known as cotton mules, lumber mules, railroad mules, sugar mules and miners. Cotton mules are most numerous. They range from thirteen to sixteen hands high and may be of various builds so long as they are smooth. They sell at \$75 to \$105 apiece.

Lumber mules are large, heavy boned and rugged for use in big lumber camps. Their price ranges up to \$250. The railroad mules are similar, but need not have so much weight. They are \$15 to \$30 cheaper. They are used in grading and hauling. Sugar mules are lighter. They must be smooth, with small head and neck and smaller bones. Their price is from \$65 to \$210.

Farm mules are the culms rejected from the other classes. Live mules are used near steamboats and docks for the heavy work. The culmers are the hardest class to supply. They must be either a dark bay or black color. White and sorrel mules are never used. Where the mines have long shafts, in the Pennsylvania coal region especially, they say a white mule resembles a ghost and frightens the other mules beyond control.

The government buys all classes of Missouri mules, but never a cheap one, and the examination of mules for the public service is rigid.

Sometimes Always.

Mrs. Newed—My husband and I get along so nicely. We always agree about everything.

Mrs. Oldred—Is that so?

Mrs. Newed—Yes, except, of course, now and then when he gets pigheaded or something of that sort.

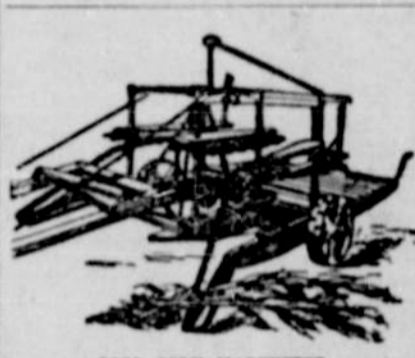
There is no thunder or lightning within the Arctic circle.



Practical Corn Harvester.

This machine used at the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Stations consists of two driving wheels, between which is mounted the frame for the driving mechanism and platform. It is drawn by one horse, which walks between the two rows that are cut at the same time. The dividers pick up the lodged corn, except such as lies in the row of corn away from the machine, and guide it to the cutting apparatus, which consists of two stationary side blades above which is a movable sickle, which cuts the corn and deposits it horizontally on a platform which is elevated about six inches from the cutting apparatus. On the inner side is a guide chain, which assists in directing the stalks of corn to the knife and the platform. The rear part of the machine is provided with a small wheel, above which is a tilting lever, by means of which the dividers in front can be raised or lowered to gather up the lodged corn until it comes in contact with the endless chain, which carries it backward until it is cut and deposited on the platform.

When there is enough to start a shock the horse is stopped and the two men who follow the machine gather the corn from the platform and set it up around the shock pole and tie it. They then start the horse again, and when returning across the field the horse is stopped opposite the shock, to which more corn is added, and this is continued until the shock is of the desired size. When the shock row has been started the shock pole is pushed in so as to be out of the way (see cut) while the balance of the corn is being cut.



GOOD CORN HARVESTER.

The Early Garden.

After all danger of frost is over, which is usually about the time the apple trees are in blossom, tomato plants may be put out, as they are tender and will not endure the frost if sooner transplanted. Peas for a later crop, Lima beans, string beans, squash, eggplants and late cabbage, as well as sweet corn and melons, may then be planted. The garden crops that do not need much room on which to grow may be planted in rows of sufficient distance apart to permit of using a wheel hoe or hand hoe (about 15 inches), but corn, tomatoes, eggplants and Lima beans require from one yard to four feet between the rows. To have a large garden on a farm is to extend the bill of fare, and it can be arranged to permit of working with a horse hoe, but the suburban garden work must be done with a hand hoe or a wheel hoe.

There is more pleasure in working a garden than may be supposed, and it will promote the health of any one who engages in such occupation. As there are many details in gardening, and several varieties of each of the different vegetables, the beginner should procure books on gardening, which can be had of any seedman, and also permit the seedman to select for him the varieties most suitable for his location, as an inexperienced person can easily make mistakes in his selections. The seed catalogues describe methods of planting, but some varieties of vegetables are better for stock feeding than for the table, while some are early in maturing and others are late.

Preparation of Coarse Foods.

One of the implements or machines which farmers who visit the fairs have found in operation is the corn shredder. It is revolutionizing the use of corn fodder, as it saves labor and prepares the corn stalks for the use of stock. It removes the ears from the husks, and tears the entire stalk into shreds at one operation, as rapidly as the stalks can be fed into the machine. There are several kinds, but every farmer should have one, as it will enable him to use the leaves, husks and stalks as so much hay, which can be stored, if necessary. When fodder thus prepared the cattle will not reject so much as usual, and the shredded fodder is suitable for bedding, or as an absorbent in the manure heap. The saving in feed by the shredding of the entire stalk will be an addition to the profit of the farm, and will also enable the farmer to keep more stock.

Soapsuds for Plants.

Soaps are made mostly from soda instead of potash, the soda soaps being hard and the potash soaps soft. Soapsuds, therefore, contain but little, if any, potash, but serve to prevent insect attacks to a certain extent. Some plants, like celery and asparagus, seem to thrive when drenched occasionally with soapsuds, which is probably due to the fact that soda is beneficial to such crops.

Williamson Plan of Corn Culture.

A bulletin by the South Carolina station contains a detailed description of the Williamson method of corn culture and reports observations made on a number of farms on which the plan was followed. "Where the plan was strictly adhered to the yield was double or more than double that secured from near-by fields of equal solid characters and where the usual methods of corn culture were practiced."

Three different varieties of corn were found to have been used on these fields. One variety, called Williamson corn, was grown on all fields except two, one of which was planted to Marlboro Prolific and the other to a variety similar to the Williamson corn. It was noticed that with the Marlboro Prolific the size of ears and their number per stalk were apparently unimpaired by the method of culture.

The peculiar or essential features of the Williamson plan are summarized as follows: Deep and thorough preparation of seed bed, deep planting, infrequent and partial cultivation in the early stages of growth, an increase of 300 per cent or more in the number of stalks per acre, postponing application of fertilizers until corn is given its second cultivation, intentional retardation of early growth of the stalk until its size is reduced one-half or one-quarter its normal development, and following this augmented development of the ear by cultivation and heavy application of fertilizers made at appropriate intervals. The corn is planted four to six inches below the soil surface and laid by four to six inches above the level, leaving the lower eight to twelve inches of the stalk below ground. It is suggested that the brace roots under these conditions are probably better able to perform their nutritive functions than when partly exposed.

Horse Breeding in Wisconsin.

The present condition of the horse breeding industry in Wisconsin is discussed in a bulletin by the station as well as the effects and defects of the Wisconsin stallion law. The State law is quoted, with recommendations for new legislation. A directory is included of owners of licensed stallions, and a list of American and foreign stud books, as well as samples of the score cards used in the department of horse breeding at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

The State breeding-stock law, in the author's opinion, should be revised and should demand, among other things, the annual or biennial renewal of a license fee, and the adoption of a list of diseases to be considered "hereditary, transmissible, or communicable" and which would subject a stallion to rejection as unsound. Specific authority should be given for the department of horse breeding to refuse license to stallions known to be unsound and to revoke licenses granted to stallions since found to be unsound. There should also be authority to revoke the license of "scrub" stallions of "unknown breeding" and to refuse licenses to such horses in the future. The law should provide for State veterinary inspectors to inspect public-service stallions and require State veterinary inspection of all stallions already granted licenses on the affidavit of the owner.

Valuable Weeds.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, says the Technical World Magazine, that some of the weeds "infesting" the land will produce the crude drugs which to-day, in large part, are obtained by importation from abroad. Alice Henkel, an assistant of the government's plant industry bureau, says that the roots, leaves and flowers of several of the weed species regarded as plagues in the United States are gathered, prepared and cured in Europe, and not only for useful commodities there, but supply to a considerable extent the demands of foreign lands. There are weeds in this country against which extermination laws have been passed which hold in their leaves, stems or roots medicinal properties which have a value in the work of preserving the health of the nation.

It is possible, in ridding land of weeds in order that crops may be grown, to make of the uprooted "pests" a source of income. Moreover, it is possible to maintain upon land given over as worthless for crop-growing purposes a weed plantation, which, after the harvest, will prove itself to be not less profitable than some of the allied fields.

Grass Berry Worm.

During the last two or three years the grass berry worm has been an unusually serious pest in Ohio, says a bulletin of that State, and along the shore of Lake Erie has caused the loss of about one-third of the grape crop. The eggs are minute translucent bodies found on the skins of the grapes in the summer, and the point of entrance of the larvae into the grape is surrounded by a patch of reddened skin.

In order that the most extensive control should be directed against the first brood, operations should begin during the fall, consisting of clean cultivation, the destruction of all trash about the vineyard, and thorough plowing. The authors are somewhat in doubt whether fall or spring plowing is best, but it is found that as good results can be obtained by plowing as by burning. The most important measure of all is believed to be spraying with a solution of lead or Paris green. The arsenate of lead should be used at the rate of three pounds to fifty gallons of Bordeaux mixture. It is recommended that the first application be made in early June, the second as soon as the grapes are through blooming, and the third early in July. The cost of spraying an acre of grapes ranges from \$3.75 to \$5.

TEXTBOOKS CHANGE

Only Four Are Retained and Two Subjects Are Dropped.

USED BOOKS MAY BE EXCHANGED

Cost of New Set, Omitting Nature Study, Less Than Old—Contracts Well Distributed.

Salem, Or., June 6.—All but four books now in use in the common schools of Oregon have been changed by the State Text-Book Commission and new text-books will be substituted at the beginning of the new school year. The fourth and fifth Cyrr readers, the Thomas elementary history and the Reed speller are the books retained.

Civil government has been dropped entirely as a separate subject and will hereafter be taught in connection with history. The mental arithmetic has also been dropped and the mental exercises will be given with the aid of the books on written arithmetic. In the place of the two subjects dropped, an important one has been added, that of elementary agriculture. This addition has been made in response to a very general demand.

The principal changes are the substitution of Wheeler's readers up to the third book for the Cyrr readers; the adoption of Smith's arithmetic in the place of Reed & Kellogg's; the adoption of the Natural Geographies in the place of Fry's and Deub's United States history in the place of Thomas' advanced history.

The total cost of the books used in the schools under the list in force up to the present time was \$2.30, this list not including the book on nature study. The price of those newly adopted, including the nature study, aggregate \$9.14, or a reduction of 66 cents. If nature study be included the new list will cost \$9.89, or an increase of 9 cents in the cost of all the books a child must use in his eight years of schooling.

ORCHARD TELLS OF CRIMES.

Agent of Vengeance for Federation of Miners for Years.

Boise, Idaho, June 6.—All Horsesy, alias Harry Orchard, the actual assassin of Frank S. Rowley, went on the stand today as a witness against William D. Haywood and made public confession of a long chain of brutal, revolting crimes, done, he said, at the inspiration and for the pay of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners.

Horsley confessed that, as member of the mob that wrecked the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill in Coeur d'Alene, he lighted one of the bombs that carried fire to the mine explosion; confessed that he had been a member of the Cripple Creek Cripple Creek that blew out the mine of Superintendent McCorquodale; confessed that, because he had not been paid for his first attempt at violence in the Vindicator mine, he had been treacherous to his associates by warning the managers of the Florence & Cripple Creek railway that there was a plot to blow up their trains; confessed that he had fired a charge of buckshot into the body of Detective Lyle Gregory of Denver, killing him instantly; confessed that for days he stalked Governor Peabody about Denver, waiting a chance to kill him; confessed that he and Steve Adams set and discharged the mine under the depot at Independence that instantly killed 11 men, and confessed that, failing in an attempt to poison Fred Bradley of San Francisco, he blew Bradley and his house up with a bomb of gelatin.

Genetic Bank Bombing.

New York, June 6.—Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw today head a \$50,000,000 banking merger. Reports are current in the financial district, according to the Times, that the newly organized Citizens Trust Company, of which Mr. Shaw is the head, will be the nucleus of a combination of trust companies, whose total resources aggregate the figures given. Officers of the company declined to discuss the proposition at present, but it is stated that the question is receiving serious consideration from the three concerns.

Shaw's Millions Thousands.

Victor W. G. June 6.—The steamer Shawmut, eight tons of displacement, was lost off the coast of Massachusetts at Nauset, Mass. A telegram received from Nauset by the North Shitum, of Nauset, shortly before the Shawmut was reported that 4000 persons were killed, a vast number of houses destroyed and many thousands of persons left starving. The Emperor Dwaiger has telegraphed urgent instructions to the local governors.

Kuroki Goes Fort Leavenworth.

Leavenworth, June 6.—General Baron Kuroki and suite left Paul in a special train over the Boston Railway this evening, a day spent at Fort Leavenworth. St. Paul they will return to via Seattle.