

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MACKENZIE

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)  
She pressed her hands upon her head, and there was incipient madness in her eyes, as she muttered, "Oh, that you had my fate in thy hands, spare my reason, that I may have vengeance upon that wretch!"

"There was not a crime that the villain did not lay to your charge."  
"And you could listen to it all?" she said, sadly.  
"Not without twice striking him to the ground."

"Bless you—bless you for that!" she cried, fervently. "Oh, that you had killed me! But no; I would not have had that, for then you would have robbed me of my vengeance."  
"Unhappy woman! Do not talk of vengeance," he answered, reprovingly. "This man said that but for your machinations the mortgage money would have been forthcoming. Oh, Eleonore, this cannot be true!"

"I would have laid down my life to save Penrhdyddyn," she cried. "Oh, do not think me such a wretch as that! But I feel that he has woven such a mesh round me that I know not what I may have done unwittingly. The anonymous letter I gave you I obtained from him. I now see it was a snare—I saw it the instant you told me he was interested in the mortgage; and it was that which threw me into the fits last night. I have been to his office this morning, trying to see him. I can feel that he has made me a fool in bringing about this ruin; but I do not know how—but, oh, do not think me knowingly guilty!"

"I do not," he answered, solemnly.  
"I must make one more confession. I am the child you saved from the wreck. But I did not know it until I heard the story from your lips; and it was the awful fatality that was ensnaring us that made me fly from you. I am Eleonore de Soissons, the namesake of that picture."  
"I have felt that it was so all along," he answered, sadly; "but I never dared to ask you a confirmation. Poor child, why should I blame you? You have been no free agent; you have been an instrument in the hands of a relentless destiny. When, in John Trevelthick's cottage, we were plighted to each other, and I pronounced the words, 'Death alone can separate us,' death was at our side. As we left the altar, death was the first object our eyes fell upon; and death he about us now in this our last meeting. Before I go, he went on, 'let me warn you that this Wylie has threatened to have you arrested upon some charge. You had better at once seek some other abode.'"

"Have me arrested!—for what?" she cried. "But you are right, and I will act upon this caution; for there is no extremity he would not go to take away my liberty."  
"Seek no revenge upon him, for my sake; avoid everything that may lead to exposure. My lawyer, Mr. Briggs, will have instructions to pay over to you on application such sums as I can send you out of my earnings abroad; and here are four five pound notes."

"I shall never go to him for money—do not leave me any?" she answered, through her sobs, she answered.  
"But he placed the notes upon the table, and once more moved towards the door. 'Let me kiss your hand,' she said, entreatingly.

He held out his hand. She took it, gazed upon it for a moment, kissed it passionately, and bedewed it with tears. Even then, spite of all, so powerful was the old love within him, that he could scarcely refrain from raising and pressing her to his heart, in one last wild embrace. But he conquered the weakness.

His hand slides from her clasp—one lingering look—their eyes meet for the last time on earth—and then he is gone, and she lies senseless upon the floor!

"Freeman," said Eleonore, after she had revived, "I must not sleep in this house to-night. Wylie has threatened to have me arrested upon some trumped-up charge, and he dare not let me be loose, if he can help it, after what has passed. We must go to our old home until morning, and then think of some better place of concealment. The servants must be discharged, and this house shut up."

Mr. Wylie did take out a warrant, as he had threatened. The charge being the abduction of Miss Constance Grierson; the proof produced by him the very letter which had been written in his office under his dictation. But the policeman who came to execute it found the bird had flown.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

In a dimly lit bed chamber in a remote district of London, towards the close of a dark December day, sits a woman at needlework—a middle-aged, placid-looking woman. Upon a table near at hand are medicine bottles, cups, glasses and other paraphernalia of a sick chamber. After a time, there is a movement within the closely drawn curtains of the bed, and Mrs. Freeman rises and pulls them aside. "Is that you, Freeman?" asks a faint voice.

"Thank heaven, you are conscious once more, Eleonore! I never thought I should hear you speak again."  
"Arthur—what of him?"  
"He is supposed to have left the country. Nothing has been heard of him, that I can learn, since the day of his father's funeral."

A stifled sob came from the bed.  
"And that vile wretch, Wylie, is now the master of Penrhdyddyn, where I had once hoped to be queen."  
"If ever a man sold himself to the Evil One to obtain all his wishes, that man is Wylie!" said Mrs. Freeman, emphatically. "For every one of his vile schemes have turned up trumps."  
"How about Constance's fortune?"  
"She has lost every penny of it."  
"I am glad of that. I am glad that

almost the same day that blighted my life blighted hers too!"  
"Do not be so malicious, Eleonore! Besides, you have no reason to be in this case, for Miss Grierson would have lent Sir Lancelot the money to pay off the mortgage if she had not been carried off just at the time. She had arranged it all with some lawyers. But as soon as she was out of the way, Wylie went to them, and said that Miss Grierson had changed her mind, and the money was not to be paid."

"And it was I—I who contrived her abduction—who was the means of preventing this; and he made me the tool to work my own destruction. From whom did you hear all this?"  
"From Mr. Stafford. As soon as Miss Grierson was released and came home and told how your letter had led her into the snare, she rushed down to Brompton in a terrible rage, and I happened to be in the house."

There was a long silence, and then Eleonore said, "I shall sell off my furniture—everything at Brompton—turn it all into money; and I want you to see to it at once for me."  
She was naturally very exhausted after this conversation, and fell, soon after she had spoken those last words, into a deep sleep.

"Where can the nurse be?" muttered Mrs. Freeman to herself. "She ought to have been back long ago. I must go out before the shops shut, and I shall have to go at once. She seems very sound asleep; I think I might venture to leave her." She had not left the room more than ten minutes when Eleonore awoke. All was still, the nurse had not returned, and the patient was alone. The room was very dim and shadowy, illumined as it was only by a rushlight.

She called "Freeman," and when no answer came, she raised herself upon her elbow, and looked round the room. Even that effort was too much for her.  
How strange her face felt! She put her hand across it. A thrill shot through her. Was she in a dream, or had her sense of touch deceived her? The skin was no longer smooth and soft, but ragged and uneven. She looked at her hands; they were reduced to skin and bone; and, by the dim light, she could just perceive some spots upon them. What sickness had she been attacked with?

"Ah! great heavens, could it be that?"  
Excitement gave her strength, and she struggled out of bed and staggered to the dressing table. There was no looking-glass upon it—none to be seen anywhere. Trembling and nervous, she sank upon a chair. She looked at her hands again. There was no mistaking the marks this time. Oh, for a mirror of some kind, that she might know the worst!

The toilette glass must be hidden somewhere. Holding on to the walls and furniture, she looked about the room. At last she finds it concealed beneath the bed. She drags it out, and sets it upon the table.  
With trembling hands, she swings the face of the glass towards her. One look—a shriek of horror—an unearthly cry—a horror more than human upon her quivering face—and shuddering from head to foot, she gazes upon her own reflection.

The full disease has concentrated all its ravages in her face, which is bloated, seamed, scarred and ploughed by it.  
It cannot be her face—the face that was the god of her idolatry—the face whose fascination no man ever could resist—this hideous thing fills her soul with terror! She strikes at the fearful reflection, and the glass falls shivered upon the floor.

After this she is seized with delirium; has to be watched night and day, and held down forcibly, to prevent her dashing her head against the wall, or rending herself with her nails.  
There is one name ever upon her lips—Wylie. He is omnipresent to her madness—ever standing at the foot of the bed mocking her; and then she shrieks, and struggles to seize upon him, until exhaustion paralyzes her; but she still mutters threats as she lies back upon her pillow.

All this time her life hangs upon a thread. The doctor says that it is impossible for her to recover. After a while the delirium exhausts itself, and then she lies for upwards of a week in a state of coma.  
After this she slowly begins to rally; the crisis is past. She will live. But no shadow of her former self remains. She is gloomy, morose, seldom speaks, never looks in a glass, seem to be ever brooding upon some one thing.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Wylie had attained the summit of all his hopes; he had inherited his portion of Constance's fortune, and he was Lord of Penrhdyddyn. The estate had been put up to auction; but he gave so short a notice, and so little publicity, that there was scarcely a bidder, and he bought it in for himself at his own price. And just at this time the Griersons were too much occupied with their own difficulties to think of thwarting him.

Before he had resided at the Castle a month, there was not a man upon the estate whom he had not made suffer by some act of oppression or petty tyranny. Notices were served upon the tenantry that rents would be raised; laborers and fishermen were expelled from cottages that they and their ancestors had inhabited for scores of years. All was confusion and discontent.

Poor old Daniel, from the time of his expulsion from the Castle had gradually broken; but he still continued to haunt the precincts, and on the very day that it passed away from the old family, he was found lying dead in the shrubbery—most probably he had fallen down in a fit, and no help being at hand, had thus expired. From his childhood every thought and feeling had been devoted to the Penrhdyddyn, and he did not survive their downfall, even by a day.

About the end of February, just before

the time appointed by Mr. Wylie for the commencement of his improvement scheme, a strange female might have been seen loitering about the woods and grounds of Penrhdyddyn, and, as often as she could do so unobserved, reconnoitering the Castle upon all sides. It would have been difficult to guess her age by her face, it was so terribly pitted and seamed. She might have been twenty or forty, but the glossy black hair, worn in the plain, old-fashioned bands, and the light, graceful figure, would have inclined the observer in favor of her youth—more especially as her face was usually covered with a thick black veil.

This woman had arrived in Bodmin from London on the sixteenth of February, and had taken up her quarters at a small inn on the road between Bodmin and Penrhdyddyn. She never rose until midday, and then, having partaken of a substantial breakfast, left the house and did not return until long after dark.

She went on without interruption or variation for upwards of a fortnight. One night—it was the first of March, and it had been rough and tempestuous throughout the day—she did not return at the usual hour. The landlady sat up until midnight, and still she did not return.

The next morning came—mid-day—and still no news. Weeks, months, years passed away, but Miss Freeman was never seen again within the walls of the "Pleasant Inn," and to this day her mysterious disappearance is a subject of conversation over the winter fire.

The first of March. At about half-past 5 on the evening of that day, one of the side doors of Penrhdyddyn Castle stood wide open. It was an unusual circumstance for an outer door to be open since Mr. Wylie had been master, for bringing his cockney suspicions down to that remote district, he "feared in every bush a thief," and had visions of areas sneaking stealing the skins and mats out of the hall as acutely as though he were living in Belgravia instead of Cornwall. It was the wind, however, and not a servant, who was to blame for the open door.

Through this entrance, after looking carefully around her, stole the woman of the "Pleasant Inn," and closed it after her. It was quite dark in the long stone passage in which she now stood. It was a disused part of the Castle, and there was little fear at present of her encountering any of the inhabitants. Pausing every moment to listen, she crept along until she came to a narrow window. By the dim light she perceived a little in advance of her on her left hand a winding staircase; she considered for a moment, and then crept up the stone steps in the same cautious manner as before.

At the head of these steps was a spacious corridor, lit, at the end at which she stood, by a large window; there were doors on each side opening into different chambers.

After a little consideration and hesitation, she entered a chamber on the right hand. There in the great, old-fashioned armchair, in which she had brooded over the fire scarcely more than three months ago, in all her youth and glorious beauty, she sat herself down, with her scarred and hideous face; her life a wreck, shattered and hopeless; not to dream of love, but to brood over one awful purpose, for which she consented to live.

The Castle clock struck eleven. That was the hour, she had ascertained, at which the servants and all, save Wylie, retired to rest. She lit a dark lantern which she took from about her person. After which she divested herself of bonnet and cloak and boots. From large pockets in her cloak she produced, first, a short, thick, heavy looking stick; secondly, two small coils of thin but strong cord, a gag, and, lastly, a long, glittering knife. All these various objects she transferred to other large pockets about her dress; except the knife, which she stuck in her waist belt.

She stole along the corridor, and at a certain point, branched into a narrower passage, that led into the picture gallery. She threw the rays of the lantern upon the pictures, until they fell upon the stern beauty of Eleonore de Soissons. Before that she paused, and gazed for a moment in deep thought, then again pursued her way with redoubled caution.

(To be continued.)

**Charm of Uncertainty.**  
"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," said the cheerful citizen.  
"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

**Not Irish, Not Nullus.**  
They were talking about choice of nationalities.  
"What would you be, Mike," said the foreman, "if you weren't an Irishman?"  
"Begorra!" said Mike. "O'D'll tell you phwat O'D'll be; O'D'll be sore on me father an' mother."—Boston Transcript.

**Fairly Safe.**  
Conjurer—Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, I will tell you how many hairs there are on the head of any one in the audience who cares to ask. Voice—Well, how many hairs? Conjurer—Exactly 50,327,429, sir, and if you will count them and find I am mistaken I will pay you 500 francs.—Bon Vivant.

**His Belief.**  
Mrs. Peck (reading)—This magazine writer says that men have more brains than women. Do you believe such non sense as that, Henry?  
Mr. Peck—Well—er—I believe single men have, my dear.

**The Reason.**  
"These automobile speeders seem to be very easily caught."  
"That's because in the case of the gasoline motor it is easy to get on their scent."—Baltimore American.

**On the Surface.**  
"Do you think he can float this loan?"  
"Certainly, aren't the financiers you want to interest trying to get in the swim?"—Baltimore American.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



**Cost of Hauling Crops.**  
The information contained in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture was secured from correspondents in 1,834 counties in different States. The statistics deal particularly with twenty-three of the staple agricultural products grown in the United States, and embrace the number of counties reporting, average miles of shipping, weight per load, cost per ton per mile, etc.

In a summary of these data the author says: "The average costs per 100 lbs. for hauling products from farms to shipping points vary in a number of instances roughly with the relative values of the articles hauled, the more valuable product being hauled often at greater cost than the less valuable product. Corn, wheat, oats, hay and potatoes were hauled at costs ranging from 7 to 9 cents per 100 lbs., cotton 10 cents, and wool only 10 cents per 100 lbs. to be hauled from farms.

The difference of cost in hauling between one product and another is largely due to the relative distance traversed and the relative size of load taken."

Statistics are also presented and discussed regarding the farmers' longest hauls and methods of hauling, with the effect of these factors on local and general prices. The quantity of farm produce hauled in 1905-06 is estimated at more than 49,000,000 tons, and the cost of hauling at about \$84,684,000 for the most important crops mentioned. The value of better roads, quicker methods of loading and unloading, and other factors are also discussed in their bearing on the reduction in the cost of hauling.

Notes from correspondents, regarding the conditions of wagon transportation in different parts of the United States, are also appended.

**Electric Ripening of Fruit.**  
Ripening fruit by electricity is one of the latest achievements of science. The experiment was tried by an English electrical expert, who found that he could reproduce the effect of the tropical sun's rays without the slightest difficulty. The ripening experiments have been tried for the most part with bananas.

When bunches of the green fruit arrive in England they are put in an airtight case made entirely of glass. Inside this case is supplied with a number of electric lights which can be turned on and off in any number at will. It has been discovered that the banana ripens according to the amount of rays shed on them. The expert has made tests so that now he can ripen bananas at any time he wants just by regulating the lights. This is an immense advantage over the ordinary method of ripening.

Bananas are cut and shipped when quite green, but of full size. It is erroneously believed by those who have never been in banana raising lands that there the fruit is allowed to ripen on the tree. This is not the case. Bananas are picked green and hung up to ripen just as they are treated in the north.

**Holda Bag.**  
Nobody but a person who has tried it knows the difficulties encountered in filling a sack with potatoes, grain, old paper or similar articles. Generally two persons are required to perform the operation, one to hold the bag while the other throws in the contents. It will readily be seen that a scheme which will obviate the necessity of employing a second person would be of immense advantage, both in saving time and labor. A simple device of this nature has recently been patented by a Minnesota man, and is shown in the accompanying illustration. The sack or bag holder comprises a suitable platform, on which are mounted inclined standards, by which the bag is braced. At the top is a lever which is hinged to one of the uprights. At the end of the lever are two rings, one fitting within the other, the bag being clamped within them. A spring at the rear serves to hold the lever supporting the rings, thus supporting the bag in an upright position.

**The Saddle.**  
The heavy man should be most particular about his saddle, and that it shall be not only broad-seated but long in the tree, that his weight may be distributed over as large a surface on the horse's back as possible, and he should exercise great care that not only is it well stuffed, especially about the withers, but that the stuffing is constantly worked light and kept from caking or becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of these precautions, says a writer in the Outing Magazine, will inevitably lead to chafing and bruising of the back or painful pinching and bruising of the withers, this latter injury leading very possibly to further complications in the way of fistula, etc., which may result in permanent and very severe complications. The individual of lighter weight is more fortunate in these respects, as he is not so likely to injure his mount severely by the mere amount of weight he represents, but even he must be judicious, not only upon the grounds of self-interest, but upon those of ordinary humanity.

**Underground Water in Arkansas Valley.**  
A report of the United States Geological Survey deals briefly with the general geology of Eastern Colorado, and in detail with the geology and underground waters of the Arkansas Valley region.

The principal water-bearing formation of this region is the "Dakota" sandstone, but waters also occur extensively in the alluvial deposits along the valleys. In the sands and gravels mantling parts of the upland east of the mountains, and in the sandstones of the Fox Hills, Laramie, and overlying formations. Smaller amounts, mostly of bad quality, occur in the "Red Beds."

The quantity of water available from the "Dakota" sandstone in Eastern Colorado is variable, and in portions of the region has been found inadequate. As a rule the pressure is too low to sustain a vigorous flow. The largest volume of water has been obtained from wells at Rockyford. In some districts the quality of the water is satisfactory, in others the waters are highly charged with minerals.

**Lima Beans as a Special Crop.**  
Lima beans are very profitable, if picked green and sold in the general market, or by commission merchants. They are then sold in the bulk, though some shell them. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expense, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless" or dwarf varieties, however. If sold dry they are flaked, the yield being from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in yield should dry weather occur. The most profit is made by selling them in the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as \$200 per acre can be cleared, but \$100 is above the average for an acre of green beans. Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds nitrate of soda, 300 pounds acidulated phosphate rock and 250 pounds sulphate of potash per acre would be a proper application on many soils.

**Rough Feeds.**  
Rough feeds, including pasture, are usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what and how much will produce the desired results. Much rough feed is wasted in careless feeding. The cow will eat the best of her menu first and if given too much will pick the most desirable morsels, leaving what might be called passably good, which too frequently is treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No more hay should be given an animal than it will eat up clean. This refers to first-class quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.—Exchange.

# MOYER TELLS STORY

Denies Federation Ever Encouraged Any Crime.

## NO BLOOD MONEY PAID ORCHARD

Defense Is Well Satisfied With Testimony of President of Miners' Union in Haywood Case.

Boise, July 11.—Charles H. Moyer went on the stand yesterday as a witness for his fellow defendant, W. D. Haywood, and besides making positive denial of all the crimes attributed to him and the other Federation leaders by Harry Orchard, offered an explanation of the unsolicited appearance of the Western Federation of Miners as the defender of Orchard after his arrest at Caldwell for the murder of Steunenberg. He swore it was Jack Simkins who engaged Fred Miller at Spokane to go to Caldwell to represent Orchard, then known as Thomas Hogan and that it was at the request of Simkins that Moyer and Haywood subsequently advanced \$1,500 from the funds of the Federation to meet the expenses of defending Orchard.

Moyer made a self possessed address and at the end of the long day the defense expressed satisfaction over both his testimony and the probable impression he made on the jury. He is a man of good appearance and address and his low pitched voice is of pleasing tone. He displayed some nervousness when he first faced the courtroom and worked it off on a lead pencil that he carried, but the examination had not proceeded far before he seemed quite at ease.

## STRING OF CONTRADICTIONS

State Department and Aoki Say The Hague Story Is False.

Washington, July 11.—From the State Department and from the Japanese embassy here came swift and conclusive denials yesterday of the accuracy of the statement cabled from The Hague to the London Daily Telegraph and reprinted in this country to the effect that Japan has made categorical demands upon the United States for satisfaction in connection with the treatment of Japanese in California and has served notice of her intention to deal with the Californians herself if the national government fails to do so. At the State Department, it is said, the American public is fully aware of the nature of all the exchanges that have taken place on this subject, that there has been no correspondence of recent date and that there are no negotiations in progress between the two governments.

This statement is fully confirmed at the Japanese embassy here, moreover, it is positively stated that Ambassador Aoki is not going to Japan in the fall, as was reported in a Japanese paper.

## SCHMITZ IS REFUSED BAIL.

Appeal Court Orders Dunne to Act on Bill of Exceptions.

San Francisco, July 11.—The attorneys for Mayor Schmitz appeared before Judge Dunne yesterday and renewed their application for bail pending the appeal to the higher courts. Judge Dunne denied the application and a warm colloquy followed, in which Charles H. Fairall, one of Schmitz' attorneys, narrowly escaped being sent to jail for contempt of court.

He made the remark to the court that the judge "intended to deny the application anyway," and Judge Dunne informed him that repetition of such offensive remarks would lead to his being sent to prison.

The District Court of Appeals granted a writ of mandamus against Judge Dunne commanding him immediately to fix a date for settlement and to settle the bills of exceptions in the Schmitz case or to show cause why he has not done so. The writ is returnable on July 12.

## Ten Thousand Delegates.

Seattle, July 11.—In the presence of 10,000 delegates assembled within the hearing of his voice, Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, last night called the twenty-third international convention to order. A chorus of 1,800 voices swelled the welcoming ode. The convention was called to order in the presence of the governor of the state, United States senators and representatives, city, county and state officials and a distinguished gathering of clergy and laity from the four corners of the earth.

## Prosecute Tobacco Trust.

New York, July 11.—The government filed today in the Federal court in this city a petition against the American Tobacco company, the Imperial Tobacco company, the British American Tobacco company, the American Snuff company, the American Cigar company, the United Cigar Stores company, the American Stogie company, the MacAndrew & Forbes company, the Conley Cigar company and 56 other corporations and 79 individuals.

## Irish Crown Jewels Stolen.

Dublin, July 11.—Another theft in Dublin castle is reported. Jewelry valued at \$7,500 belonging to the custodian of the crown jewels, Sir Arthur Vicars, was taken, it is stated, at the same time the jewels of the Order of St. Patrick, valued at \$250,000 were stolen. Thus far there is no clue to the thieves.



BAG HOLDER.