

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Wylie, in the meanwhile, sat writing at his desk. Had he so thought, at that moment, of the dead man who had, through so many years of his life, sat day by day at that table, the man whom morally, if not legally, he had murdered? No such thoughts troubled his seared conscience. No atom of superstition or imagination entered into the composition of that scheming brain.

Had there been, would he not have felt the deadly presence that was about him? The white, ghastly face, with gleaming black eyes, that was looking in upon him through the half-opened door at his back?

There was a double door to the library; it was in at the inner green balcony one that swung noiselessly upon its hinges, that the face peered.

With her eyes fixed immovably on the one object, she closes it behind her; then advances, crouching like a tiger, towards her prey. Her steps are noiseless; the soft material of her dress makes no rustle; but if it did, the noise of the elements would drown it.

She is behind the chair; then she raises her right hand, armed with the short, thick stick, and strikes him a heavy blow upon the head. With a groan he falls from his chair, stunned. Quick as lightning she takes from her dress the two cords, each provided with a running noose; one she slips over his body and fastens his arms down to his sides, with the other she secures his legs; then she puts a gag in his mouth. This done, she dashes some water out of a carafe, that stands upon the table, into his face, raises his head, props it up by means of some big folio volumes from the shelves, takes a chair, and sitting opposite to him, waits until she shall revise.

At last his eyes open, and fall upon the livid, vindictive face that fronts him. He does not recognize her; but there is murder in her looks! He shivers, and tries to rise, but he is helpless.

"I am much changed since last we met, James Wylie, am I not?" she says, after gazing for some moments over the agony of his silent terror.

At that voice he starts, and shudders more violently; he knows now that he is doomed. If ever a prayer is in his heart, it is there now.

"This meeting is an unexpected pleasure, is it not? You hugged yourself with the thought, doubtless, that you were rid of me! Do you remember the words I spoke to you, in your office? I told you that if you played me false, I would hunt you down, if you fled to the furthest extremity of the world, and kill you! I have come to keep my word!" and she drew the long, glittering knife from her belt.

"I could have killed you from behind, some minutes back, but I would not have you die ignorant of the hand that struck the blow, nor suddenly and unprepared. If I had you away from this place, I would kill you inch by inch. There is not a torture that the ingenuity of cruelty could invent, that I would not inflict upon you; and even then, I could not pay you back as that you have made me suffer! You tricked me well, did you not? But when you gloated over your cleverness, you forgot to calculate the retribution! They laugh best who laugh last! The last laugh shall be mine, stroked by your dying agonies!"

Mrs. Wylie awoke from her slumber with a start—a cry in her ears, and a horror upon her soul. She started up; the wind was still raging, the fire was burned down to ashes, and the candle all but extinguished. A feeling that something had happened to her husband seized upon her, and, taking up the flickering candle, she hurried out of the room, and, spite of her fears, ran trembling towards the library.

As she neared the spot she heard peals of horrible laughter that curdled her blood. She dared not proceed, but, almost dead with terror, ran and pulled the rope that rang the alarm bell, and which was situated not many yards from the library door. Holding on to the rope, she pulled with all the frantic power of her terror, until the clang, clang reverberated through the castle, and was heard, even above the roar of the wind and the water, in the village below—making men start from their beds, hurry on their clothes, and speed towards the castle, expecting every moment to see jets of flame spring up from it, for what else but fire could send forth such a summons?

As two of the fishermen ran up the foot path through the woods, a something rushed past them, with a shriek of maniac laughter; but it was gone before they could tell what it was. They pursued the rest of their way with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, with the belief in their hearts that they had encountered an evil spirit from the other world.

It was an awful sight that awaited them upon the floor of the library, upon which the white-faced, shuddering servants looked down. A huddled mass of blood-saturated clothes, torn as rent as though by the talons of a wild beast, containing what had once been a human form, but which was now a shapeless mass of battered flesh and bone.

Eleonora's vengeance had been well-liked; but the work of blood had rendered her delirious, and before her dreadful task was accomplished she had become a raving maniac.

All that night the wind raged fiercely, and down upon the coast the mighty waters dashed and boomed as though a battery were being fired beneath them. A fisherman who was out with the first gray dawn found, huddled among the rocks, a woman's body, that the waves had cast up during the night. An hour afterwards it was borne to what had once been John Trevelick's hut—now an empty shed—and laid there until such time as it could be buried.

Twice had the ocean rejected Eleonora de Soissons; and, by a strange fatality, that same roof beneath which she had lain for dead as a child—where Arthur Penrhdydd had pledged his troth to her

—was thus destined to be the last that should cover her upon earth.

Constance regained one considerable portion of her fortune—that which Wylie had inherited, and which Mrs. Wylie refunded in her will, dying a month after her husband. The remainder, however, had passed away to other inheritors. Both the house in Harley street and Hillborough Hall were among Constance's recovered possessions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a happy family group that sat round the blazing fire in the drawing room of Hillborough Hall towards dusk on a Christmas eve. Mr. Grierson snored in an easy chair upon one side, while Stafford, with his arm clasping his wife's waist, occupied the other.

"Why are you so thoughtful to-night, darling?" he asked, pressing her towards him.

"I was thinking of poor Arthur Penrhdydd," she answered, thoughtfully. "How strange it is that no tidings have ever been received of him! I wonder if he is still living?"

"I fear not," answered her husband. "I am sometimes almost inclined to believe that, driven to despair, the poor fellow laid violent hands upon himself."

"Oh, do not say that, Edward; it is too dreadful to think of."

Just then a servant entered the room to announce that a gentleman desired to see Mr. Stafford.

"What name?"

"He would not give it, sir. He told me

self and his talents over to the Continent for the benefit of foreign nations.

It was the first of March. A glorious fresh, mild morning, the sky a bright, cloudless, sunny blue, the sea a mirror in which was reflected another heaven. At the window of the western turret of Penrhdydd Castle, where we first saw him as a boy, sixteen years ago, sat Arthur Penrhdydd, gazing thoughtfully upon the landscape. But his thoughts were not with the objects before him, but with the dark, melancholy past, with the shadows of the grave. He had in his hand a miniature of Eleonora, and his eyes were dim with tears. He knows nothing of the strange veritable disease that had disfigured her; nothing of her last awful crime; nothing of her death. Through the softening haze of time she appears to him, craving forgiveness for the sake of love. Deep down in the recesses of his heart lingers the passion of his youth, and no man has ever yet superseded the image of the beautiful creature to whom he first gave his love.

Will it ever be otherwise? Will the portals of his heart ever open to the pure, ennobling affection of a true woman? Or is the ancient race of Penrhdydd indeed "doomed" to extinction? Deep in the bosom of the future lies that problem, which no mortal prescience can foresee.

(THE END.)

Evolution.

"Don't you believe in evolution?" asked the scientific man.

"Certainly," answered Miss Cayenne. "No change that centuries bring about in natural history can be more remarkable than that which a woman undergoes in a single day as she progresses from curl papers to evening gown."

Washington Star.

What Did He Mean?

Doctor: You must be very careful. With her throat trouble your wife will not be able to speak above a whisper for two or three weeks.

Husband—Oh, doctor, is there any possibility of her disease becoming chronic?—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Il Motto per Ridere.

Nothing Serious.

"Then there's another thing, Miss Hayho. You know—what was that curious noise?"

"It was only the clock. It always makes a sound like that when the calendar hand moves to the next figure. What were you about to say, Mr. Lingerlong?"

In Kansas.

Stranger—How's the corn?

Kansas Farmer—Say, the ears have grown so high above the ground that they have to use trumpets to hear what's going on.—New York Sun.

Expensive Charitable Work.

It is stated that the distribution of \$32,235 among the unemployed of London was done at an expense of \$74,750.

We ought to lead our child to the right path, not by severity, but by persuasion.—Menander.

"You will never see that day, Mrs. Stafford," he answered, brusquely. "I shall never marry again."

When they were alone, he asked Stafford if he knew what had become of her. The answer was that nothing had ever been heard of her from the time of his departure. He did not speak for more than an hour afterwards, but lapsed into gloomy silence.

He was somewhat reticent in regard to his adventures since his departure from England, briefly stating that, immediately after his father's funeral he had started for Australia, where he had made a living by bodily labor; that he had gone to the diggings, but had met with but moderate success. "I felt that hard work was the only way to restore the equilibrium of my brain," he said, "and so I did it with a will. Had it not been for that I should have died long ago."

He remained at the Hall until after the New Year. They found him much changed in mind as well as body. There was but little left of the gentle, dreamy youth whom they had known, but in his place was a stern and somewhat hard man, inclined to gloominess and taciturnity. But, as time wore on, and they knew him better, they discovered that this was only the outward crust, and that a kind, gentle heart still beat beneath.

Towards the end of January he put in his claim for Penrhdydd, and his identity being beyond all doubt, it was at once admitted.

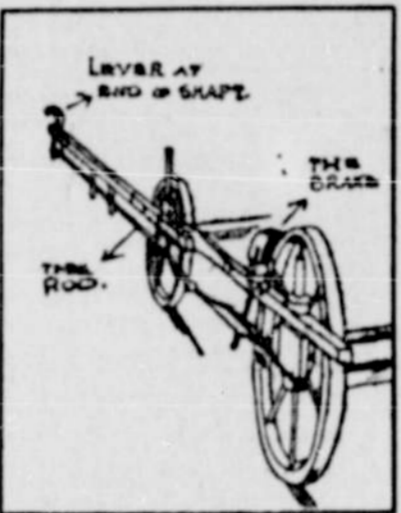
"I do not believe I could settle down to the monotony of an English country gentleman's life, after the bustle of the last six years," he said; "besides, amidst the turmoil of London, one can always shake off black thoughts when they come."

One day, in the Strand, he met Jerome, who was most cordially rejoiced to see him. Fortune had recently smiled upon the gay artist; he had had several pictures hung upon the Academy walls, which had found liberal purchasers, and he was rising into fame.

In the course of conversation the name of Parsons was mentioned, and Arthur learned that that gentleman, having been found out in a disgraceful betting transaction at the last Derby, had carried him



Automatic Wagon Brake.
A wagon brake which operates automatically has been recently patented by a Mississippi man. The ordinary arrangement of attaching a foot lever beneath the driver's seat, connecting with the brake, is entirely dispensed with. The driver is not required to handle the brake in any way, the simple halting of the horses only being necessary. As shown in the illustration, the brake is pivoted so as to come in contact with the rim of the rear wheel. On the extreme outer end of the shafts is a vertical pivoted lever, one end of which connects with a rod extending to the harness on the horse. As shown,



THROWS A BRAKE AUTOMATICALLY.

the top of this lever is normally in advance of the lever end. Obviously a pulling pressure exerted by a backward movement of the horses in stopping will force the brake against the rear wheel. The driver in stopping his horses in this way automatically throws on the brake.

Effect of Meat-Inspection Law.

In an address delivered before the New York State Breeders' Association, at Syracuse, G. P. McCabe, of the United States Department of Agriculture, discussed the principal provisions of the United States meat-inspection law, the manner in which the provisions are enforced, and the bearing of the law upon the production and handling of meats.

"To secure the best results, the breeders and feeders of every State in the Union should take up vigorously the question of the extension of markets and should back the Department of Agriculture in an insistent demand for an absolutely efficient, vigilant, fair and square meat inspection. Cleanliness, decency and honesty in the preparation and marketing of our meat products, the United States will continue to lead the world in the livestock and meat trade."

Cost of Hauling Crops.

The bureau of statistics recently sent out a special inquiry circular to ascertain the cost of hauling farm crops to shipping points, and the compiled results representing replies from nearly 2,000 counties in different parts of the United States indicate that the quantity of farm produce annually hauled amounts to 49,000,000 tons. The cost of hauling the same is estimated at approximately \$83,000,000, which is an average of 8 1/2 cents per hundred-weight.

In general, the hauling cost is to a large extent dependent upon the value of the articles hauled, the more valuable products taken to market oftener and in smaller loads, and therefore at a greater cost. Corn, wheat, hay and potatoes are hauled at from 7 to 9 cents per 100 pounds; tobacco and hogs at 10 cents per 100 pounds; cotton, 16 cents, and wool, 44 cents.

Disease in Manure.

Manure heaps are responsible for many diseases that appear on farms. Even the well water may become contaminated, though the heap may be some distance from it. Typhoid fever and diphtheria have appeared in families living a mile or more from neighbors, and where it was apparently impossible for the families to be attacked. A French scientist, who investigated diseases on farms in France, found that there was some relation between manure heaps and epidemics of diphtheria. Statistics in Scotland and Prussia show that the rate of mortality from diphtheria is higher in rural districts. It is suggested that all manure should be kept in closed locations, having cement sides and bottoms.

Bounty on Insects.

In some parts of Germany, where the common European beetle, known as Melolontha vulgaris, or cockchafer, occurs in great numbers, and is a considerable pest, especially in the larvae state, the school children are paid a bounty for the collection of these insects, and enormous quantities of them have been gotten together in some localities in this manner. It is now proposed to find a commercial use for these beetles, such as the manufacture of fertilizer, as a foodstuff, and in the preparation of axle greases, for all of which purposes they have been used to some extent in the past.

For Stacking Wheat.

To stack wheat before threshing so that it will be dry when that time comes is the desire of every farmer, who raises that cereal. Mr. C. T. Pritchard, of Randolph, Clay county, Mo., has a system that he has used for a generation, and he never loses a bit of wheat by dampness in the stack. He has a great reputation in his home for this class of work, and he spends a large part of his time in showing others how to do it. He gives a description of his method as follows:

"To stack wheat or oats so stack will not take water. Commence the stack or rick any way you wish. But when you have the stack five or six feet high, just reverse the usual way of stacking, and do it from the center to the outer edge, instead of from the outer edge to the center. When you begin at the center to stack out, lay two or three bundles so as to keep the center highest, with a good slant toward the outer edge. If at any time the outer edge gets too high, stop before you get there, and go back to the center and commence again. Be sure to keep the center highest, with a good slant to the outside.

"This way is just about the same as one shock on top of the other, only more slant to the bundles.

"There is no slip or slide. It is fast and easy, and sure keeps the stack dry. If you are stacking the usual way, and the stack should begin to slip, just go to the center and work out, and see how quickly you stop the slipping. Mix it up a little—work from the center part of the time. Try it."

Prey of the Sparrow Hawk.

The sparrow hawk almost invariably catches a flying bird for its meal, even striking down birds as large as the wood pigeon, though usually going no higher than a black bird. It does not exactly swoop like the larger hawk, yet it must have conditions of chase of its own choosing. That is why the small birds usually mob it with impunity when they are numerous enough to bewilder it. Once, however, I saw a sparrow hawk that had been molested for some minutes by a perfect cloud of green finches, dart among them and secure a victim.

The other day I had one of these birds pointed out as the one which, a few days earlier, had come close to the house toward dusk and caught a bat on the wing. That, however, is a very unusual meal.—London News.

The Egg and the Chick.

That immutable law of physics that matter cannot be annihilated, or, vice versa, created out of nothing, appears to have some doubters even in this day of general education. The egg query, which weighs the most, the egg or the chicken that is hatched from the egg, is a very good example of this lack of faith. To settle the matter for the hundredth time, experiments were recently undertaken at one of the agricultural stations engaged in poultry studies. It was found that a fertile egg during the process of incubation lost a little over 20 per cent in weight, while the chick hatched from such an egg weighed 80 per cent less than the egg before incubation. A sterile egg receiving similar treatment lost not quite 16 per cent in weight.

The Carson Apple.

The original tree of the Carson apple was obtained from an apple seedling nursery in Ohio, owned by a family named Carson. Its excellent record for productivity, beauty and quality in northern Ohio for half a century renders it worthy of experimental planting throughout the lake region and the New England States, both for the home orchard and as a commercial variety.

In commending this variety William A. Taylor, bureau of plant industry, gives the following description: Form obovate, sometimes slightly conical; size large; surface smooth, with occasional russet knobs and patches; color pale yellow, washed and splashed and narrowly striped with bright crimson;



spots rather large, conspicuous and protruding; cavity medium, regular, deep-russeted; stem of medium length and rather slender; basin very large, deep, abrupt, furrowed and sometimes russeted; calyx segments converging; eye large, closed; skin thin, tough; flesh yellowish, with satiny luster when fresh cut; texture fine, tender, juicy; core small, broad, oval, clasping, nearly closed; seeds few, plump, medium brown; flavor subacid, pleasant; quality very good. Season November to March in northern Ohio. Tree vigorous and upright in habit, very productive.

The Cow as a Machine.

As an illustration of the efficiency of a good cow, as a machine for the manufacture of milk and butter from grain, the record is given of a Holstein cow at the age of 3 years, which, during one year produced milk amounting to 18,573 pounds, or over nine tons of milk containing 620 pounds of butter. The net profit figured in maintaining such a cow is stated to be about \$156 per annum.

Peaches and Plums.

The peach will not thrive on low ground, but prefers an elevated situation always; plums prefer a stiff, damp soil to a light one. Therefore, plum stocks are often used for an orchard of peaches where the latter are to be planted in low ground.

TRIES NEW TACTICS

Henry Would Prove That Glass Bribed Others Than Boxton.

DEFENSE OBJECTS TO TESTIMONY

Change of Plans Made Necessary Because of Silence of Vice President Zimmer.

San Francisco, July 18.—The trial of Louis Glass for bribery reached a crucial stage yesterday, when the prosecution made its first attempt to begin the introduction of the testimony of 10 or more supervisors other than Boxton that their votes were bought by Theodore V. Halsey, acting under direction of Vice President Glass, of the Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph company. Such testimony is called "evidence of similar offenses" and it is often admitted in criminal trials for the purpose of showing corrupt intent on the part of a defendant in the commission of the act for which he is being tried.

Glass at the present time is being tried for the bribery of Boxton; the prosecution contends that it has the right to lay before the jury the inference of his guilt contained in the proof of his having bribed other supervisors, like Boxton, against the granting of a rival franchise to the Home Telephone company. The defense denies this right, mainly on the ground that the state is not privileged to prove other crimes in an effort to establish the crime on trial.

ATTEMPTS TO BRIBE JURORS.

Cudworth and Fish Testify Against Friends of Schmitz.

San Francisco, July 18.—Charges that efforts were made to bribe two members of the jury which tried and convicted Mayor Schmitz on the charge of extortion, were laid before the grand jury yesterday at a special session. The jurymen involved in the charges are Royal W. Cudworth and Charles D. Fish, both of whom gave their testimony.

Mr. Cudworth and his wife both told the grand jury of the efforts that had been made to communicate with him while he was locked up at the St. Francis hotel with his fellow jurors. Mr. Fish gave testimony showing efforts had been made to reach him while the case was on trial.

The grand jury also heard the evidence of D. Capelli, a teamster in the employ of Mr. Cudworth, and of F. Owings, whose story was corroborative. The grand jury took the matter under advisement.

Henry T. Scott, president of the Pacific States Telephone company, who is accused by Assistant District Attorney Henry of seeking to mislead the prosecution in regard to the whereabouts of T. V. Halsey and of being instrumental in preventing E. J. Zimmer, vice president of the company, from testifying in the Glass case, was called before the jury.

Small Denies Friction Talk.

Oakland, Cal., July 18.—After a meeting of the telegraphers in Sunset hall, West Oakland, today, President Small gave out the following statement:

"I expect to leave Oakland within the next 48 hours for Chicago, where I will hold a conference with prominent leaders on next Tuesday, and recommend that our executive board meet in that city on that day. The strike in San Francisco and Oakland will continue. The fact of the matter is there are not enough telegraphers to fill the positions, and there is no worry about strikebreakers."

Recount Bill Is Upheld.

New York, July 18.—Justice Ingraham today announced that the court had unanimously decided that the law which provides for a recount of the ballots cast in the last majority election in New York city, is constitutional. In view of the action yesterday of the appellate division in Brooklyn in deciding that William R. Hearst is entitled to a recount under this law, Justice Ingraham stated that it had been decided to let the case go to the Court of Appeals for final decision. The case can not be reached before October.

Gulf Steamer Takes Fire.

Savannah, Ga., July 18.—The steamship Allegheny, from Philadelphia, is burning off Tybee. All passengers were transferred to the government dredge and brought to Savannah. The Allegheny is a Merchants & Mariners liner, and left Savannah this afternoon for Philadelphia. The fire occurred at 10 o'clock tonight, two miles off the Tybee island. All of her 32 passengers and her crew were saved, but the ship, her cargo and all baggage is a loss.

Halsey Pleads Not Guilty.

San Francisco, July 18.—T. V. Halsey today, in Judge Dunne's court, pleaded not guilty to ten indictments charging bribery of supervisors as the agent of the Pacific States Telephone company.