

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER II.

In the breathless stillness of a tropical afternoon, when the air was hot and heavy, and the sky braced and cloudless, the shadow of the Malabar lay solitary on the surface of the glittering sea.

The sun had just got low enough to peep beneath an awning and awaken a young man, in an undress military uniform, who was dozing on a coil of rope. "Hang it!" said he, rising, with the weary sigh of a man who has nothing to do. "I must have been asleep," and then, holding by a stay, he turned about and looked down into the waist of the ship.

Save for the man at the wheel and the guard at the quarter railing, he was alone on the deck. On the fore-castle, some half-dozen soldiers were playing at cards, or watching the fishing line hanging over the cat heads.

So far the appearance of the vessel differed in nowise from that of an ordinary transport. But in the waist a curious sight presented itself. It was as though one had built a cattle pen there. At the foot of the foremast, and at the quarter deck, a strong barricade, loop-holed and furnished with doors for ingress and egress, ran across the deck from bulwark to bulwark. Outside this cattle pen an armed sentry stood on guard; inside, standing, sitting or walking monotonously, within range of the shining barrels in the arm-chests, were some sixty men and boys, dressed in uniform gray. The men and boys were prisoners and the cattle pen was their exercise ground. Their prison was down the main hatchway, and the barricade, continued down, made its side-walls.

It was the fog-end of the two hours' exercise, graciously permitted each afternoon, and the prisoners were enjoying themselves. It was not, perhaps, so pleasant as under the awnings, but that sacred shade was only for such great men as the captain and his officers, Surgeon Pine, Lieut. Maurice Frere and most important personages of all, Captain Vickers and his wife.

That the convict leaning against the bulwarks would like to have been able to get rid of his enemy, the sun, for a moment, was probable enough. His companions, sitting on the combings of the main hatch, or crouched in careless fashion on the shady side of the barricade, were laughing and talking, with meretricious hiccups to contemplate; but he, with cap pulled over his brows, and hands thrust into the pockets of his coarse gray garments, held aloof from their dismal joviality.

The low-browed, coarse-featured ruffians grouped about the deck cast many a leer of contempt at the solitary figure, but their remarks were confined to gestures only. There are degrees in crime, and Rufus Dawes, the convicted felon, who had but escaped the gallows to toil for all his life in irons, was a man of mark. He had been tried for the robbery and murder of Lord Bellasis. The friendless vagabond's lame story of finding on the Heath a dying man would not have availed him but for the curious fact sworn to by the landlord of the Spaniards' Inn, that the murdered nobleman had shaken his head when asked if the prisoner was his assassin. The vagabond was acquitted of the murder, but condemned to death for the robbery, and London, which took some interest in the trial, considered him fortunate when his sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

The young man on the deck caught sight of the tall figure leaning against the bulwarks, and it gave him an excuse to break the monotony of his employment. "Here, you!" he called out, "get out of the gangway!"

Rufus Dawes was not in the gangway—was, in fact, a good two feet from it—but at the sound of Lieut. Frede's voice he started, and went obediently toward the hatchway.

"I'll make some of you fellows smart, if you don't have a care," went on the angry Frere. "Insolent blackguards!" And then the noise of the sentry, on the quarter deck below him, grounding arms, turned the current of his thoughts. A thin, tall, soldier-like man, with a cold blue eye, and prim features, came out of the cuddy below, handing out a fair-haired, affected, mincing lady of middle age. Captain Vickers, of Mr. Frere's regiment, ordered for service in Van Diemen's Land, was bringing his lady on deck to get an appetite for dinner.

Mrs. Vickers was forty-two, and had been a garrison belle for eleven weary years before she married prim John Vickers. The marriage was not a happy one. Vickers found his wife extravagant, vain, and snappish, and she found him harsh, disenchanted, and commonplace. A daughter, born two years after their marriage, was the only link that bound the ill-assorted pair. Vickers idolized little Sylvia, and upon the recommendation of a long sea voyage for his failing health, he insisted upon bringing the child with him. Mrs. Vickers followed her husband with the best grace she could muster. When fairly out to sea she employed the intervals between scolding her daughter and her maid, in fascinating the boorish young lieutenant, Maurice Frere.

Fascination was an integral portion of Julia Vickers' nature; admiration was all she lived for; and even in a convict ship, with her husband at her elbow, she must flirt, or perish of mental inanition. There was no harm in the creature. She was simply a vain, middle-aged woman, and Frere took her attentions for what they were worth. Running down the ladder, cap in hand, he offered his assistance.

"Thank you, Mr. Frere. These horrible ladders. I really—he, he!—quite tremble at them. Hot! Yes, dear me, most oppressive. John, the camp stool. Pray, Mr. Frere—oh, thank you! Sylvia! Sylvia! John, have you my smelling salts? Still a calm, I suppose. These dreadful calms!"

Vickers, with a bow to Frere, saw his wife up the ladder, and then turned for his daughter. She was a delicate looking child of six years old, with blue

eyes and bright hair. Little Miss Sylvia was privileged to go anywhere and do anything, and even convictism shut its foul mouth in her presence. Running to her father's side, the child chattered with all the volubility of flattered self-esteem. She ran hither and thither, asked questions, invented answers, laughed, sung, gambled, peered into the compass case, felt in the pockets of the man at the helm, put her tiny hand into the big palm of the officer of the watch, even ran down to the quarter deck and pulled the coat tails of the sentry on duty.

At last, tired of running about, she took a little striped leather ball from the bosom of her frock, and, calling to her father, threw it up to him. He returned it, and shouting with laughter, clapping her hands between each throw, the child kept up the game.

In the midst of this mirth the officer of the watch, glancing round the fast-crimsoning horizon, paused abruptly, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked out intently to the westward.

Frere, who found Mrs. Vicker's conversation a little tiresome, and had been glancing from time to time at the companion, as though in expectation of some one appearing, noticed the action.

"What is it, Mr. Best?"

"I don't know exactly. It looks to me like a cloud of smoke." And taking the glass, he swept the horizon.

"Let me see," said Frere, and he looked also.

On the extreme horizon, just to the left of the sinking sun, rested a tiny black cloud. The gold and crimson, splashed all about the sky, had overflowed around it, and rendered a clear view almost impossible.

"I can't quite make it out," says Frere, handing back the telescope. "We can see as soon as the sun goes down a little."

By and by Captain Blunt appeared, and taking the glass from his officer, looked through it long and carefully. Then the mizzen top was appealed to, and declared that he could see nothing; and at last the sun went down with a jerk, as though it had slipped through a slit in the sea, and the black spot, swallowed up in the gathering haze, was seen no more.

As the sun sank, the relief guard came up the after hatchway, and the relieved guard prepared to superintend the descent of the convicts. At this moment Sylvia missed her ball, which, taking advantage of a sudden lurch of the vessel, hopped over the barricade, and rolled to the feet of Rufus Dawes.

The bright spot of color rolling across the white deck caught his eye; stooping mechanically, he picked up the ball and stepped forward to return it. The door of the barricade was open, and the sentry did not notice the prisoner pass through it. In another instant he was on the sacred quarter deck.

Heated with the game, her cheeks aglow, her eyes sparkling, her golden hair afloat, Sylvia had turned to leap after her plaything, but even as she turned, from under the shadow of the cuddy glided a round white arm; and a shapely hand caught the child by the sash and drew her back. The next moment the young man in gray had placed the toy in her hand.

Maurice Frere, descending the ladder, had not witnessed this little incident; on reaching the deck, he saw only the unexplained presence of the convict uniform.

"Thank you," said a voice, as Rufus Dawes stooped before the pouting Sylvia.

The convict raised his eyes and saw a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, tall and well developed, who, dressed in a loose-sleeved robe of some white material, was standing in the doorway. She had black hair, coiled around a narrow and flat head, a small foot, white skin, well-shaped hands, and large, brown eyes; and as she smiled at him her scarlet lips showed her white, even teeth.

He knew her at once. She was Sarah Purfoy, Mrs. Vicker's maid, but he never had been so close to her before; and it seemed to him that he was in the presence of some strange tropical flower, which exhaled a heavy and intoxicating perfume.

Rufus Dawes was seized from behind by his collar and flung with a shock upon the deck. Leaping to his feet, his first impulse was to rush upon his assailant, but he saw the ready bayonet of the sentry gleam, and he checked himself with an effort, for his assailant was Mr. Maurice Frere.

"What do you here?" asked that gentleman. "You lazy, skulking hound, what brings you here? If I catch you putting your foot on the quarter deck again I'll give you a week in irons."

Rufus Dawes, pale with rage and mortification, opened his mouth to justify himself, but he allowed the words to die on his lips. What was the use?

"Go down below, and remember what I've told you," cried Frere; and comprehending at once what had occurred, he made a mental minute of the name of the defaulting sentry.

The convict, wiping the blood from his face, turned on his heel without a word, and went back through the strong oak door into his den. Frere leaned forward and took the girl's shapely hand with an easy gesture, but she drew it away, with a flash of her black eyes.

"You coward!" she said.

The stolid soldier close behind them heard it and his eye twinkled. Frere bit his thick lips with mortification, as he followed the girl into the cuddy. Sarah Purfoy, however, taking the astonished Sylvia by the hand, glided into her mistress' cabin with a scornful laugh and shut the door behind her.

CHAPTER III.

Convictism having been safely got under batches, and put to bed in its government allowance of sixteen inches of space per man, cut a little short by agencies of shipboard, the cuddy was wont to pass some not unpleasant evenings. Mrs. Vickers, who was poetical and owned a guitar, was also musical, and sung to it. Captain Blunt was a jovial, coarse fellow; Surgeon Pine had

a mania for story telling, while if Vickers was sometimes dull, Frere was always hearty. Moreover, the table was well served, and the sultry evenings passed away with a rapidity of which the wild beasts 'tween decks had no conception. On this particular evening, however, the cuddy was dull. Dinner fell flat, and conversation languished.

"No signs of a breeze, Mr. Best?" asked Blunt, as the first officer came in and took his seat.

"None, sir."

"These—he he!—awful calms," says Mrs. Vickers. "A week, is it not, Captain Blunt?"

"Thirteen days, mum," growled Blunt. "It is infamous the way they crowd these ships. Here we have over two hundred souls on board, and not boat room for half of 'em."

"Two hundred souls! Surely not," says Vickers. "By the regulations—"

"One hundred and eighty convicts, fifty soldiers, thirty in ship's crew, all told, and—how many?—one, two, three—seven in the cuddy. How many do you make that?"

"We are just a little crowded this time," says Best.

"It is very wrong," says Vickers, pompously, "very wrong. By the regulations—"

But the subject of the regulations was even more distasteful to the cuddy than Pine's interminable anecdotes, and Mrs. Vickers hastened to change the subject.

"Are you not heartily tired of this dreadful life, Mr. Frere?"

"Well, it is not exactly the life I had hoped to lead," said Frere, rubbing a freckled hand over his stubborn red hair; "but I must make the best of it."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, in that subdued manner with which one comments upon a well-known incident. "It must have been a great shock to you to be so suddenly deprived of so large a fortune."

"Not only that, but to find that the black sheep who got it all sailed for India within a week of my uncle's death! Lady Devine got a letter from him on the day of the funeral to say that he had taken his passage in the Hydaspes for Calcutta, and never meant to come back again."

"Sir Richard Devine left no other children?"

"No; only this mysterious Dick, whom I never saw, but who must have hated me."

"Dear, dear! These family quarrels are dreadful things. Poor Lady Devine, to lose in one day a husband and a son!"

"And the next morning to hear of the murder of her cousin! You know that we are connected with the Bellasis family. My aunt's father married a sister of the second Lord Bellasis."

"Indeed, that was a horrible murder. So you think that the dreadful man you pointed out the other day did it?"

"The jury seemed to think not," said Mr. Frere, with a laugh; "but I don't know anybody else who could have a motive for it. However, I'll go on deck and have a smoke."

"I wonder what induced that old hunk of a shipbuilder to try and cut off his only son in favor of a cub of that sort," said Surgeon Pine to Captain Vickers, as the broad back of Mr. Maurice Frere disappeared up the companion.

"Some boyish follies abroad, I believe; self-made men are always impatient of extravagance. But it is hard upon Frere. He is not a bad sort of fellow, for all his roughness; and when a young man finds that an accident deprives him of a quarter of a million of money and leaves him without a sixpence beyond his commission in a marching regiment under orders for a convict settlement, he has some reason to rail against fate."

"How was it that the son came in for the money, after all, then?"

"Why, it seems that when old Devine returned from sending for his lawyer to alter his will, he got a fit of apoplexy—the result of his rage, I suppose—and when they opened his room door in the morning they found him dead."

"And the son's away on the sea somewhere," said Mr. Vickers, "and knows nothing of his good fortune. It is quite a romance."

"I am glad that Frere did not get the money," said Pine, grimly sticking to his prejudice; "I have seldom seen a face I liked less, even among my yellow jackets yonder."

"Oh, dear, Doctor Pine! How can you?" interrupted Mrs. Vickers. "John, I will go on deck."

At the signal, the party rose. (To be continued.)

Convict's Invention.

Referring to the fact that the new jail in Newburg, when completed, will have an automatic arrangement for locking and unlocking a series of cell doors or a single one in any section, the Port Jervis Gazette says the idea originated with Zoy Schoonover, a criminal in this county, a noted character in his day, and for many years an inmate of Sing Sing prison.

Schoonover took kindly to prison discipline and in time came to regard the institution as his home. He was what is known in prison parlance as a "trustee," and was given considerable liberty by authorities of the institution. He was sometimes even sent on errands outside of the prison. On one such occasion he remained away until after the usual hour for closing and was locked out by the turnkey and unable to gain admission until morning.

As soon as the doors were open he sought out the offending official and berated him severely for his action. Inside the prison walls Schoonover's character and conduct were wholly exemplary, but he found it difficult to conform to the regulations of civilized society, and hence was never long at liberty. He possessed considerable inventive talent, and is said to have invented and perfected the original device for automatic locking and unlocking of switches now employed in most of the prisons and penitentiaries of the United States.—Walden (N. Y.) Citizen.

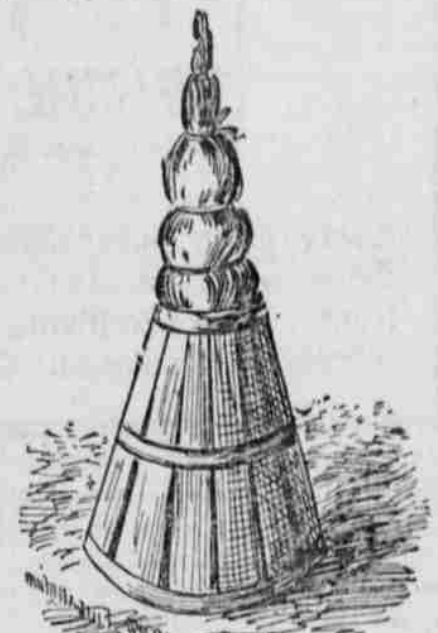
A True Philosopher.

A dog has attained the highest eminence ever reached by a philosopher when he can forget his fears.—Somerville Journal.



Protecting Plants.

Often there are plants in the garden which can not well be taken up and placed in the cellar to winter, yet which are too tender to leave without protection of some kind. The plan described will give ample protection in any section, the straw being added in locations where the winter is very severe. Take an old split basket, such as are now generally used for vegetables, and remove the bottom. Give the plant what protection is needed at the base with soil heaped up and then set the basket over it. In locations where the winters are very severe the plant should first be protected by wrapping it in straw and mounding up the soil at the



PROTECTION FOR PLANTS.

bottom so that mice can not make a bed in the straw. Tie the straw loosely about each plant, then set the basket over it. The illustration shows the idea plainly, except that the artist has left no opening at the top of the plant, which should be done that a circulation of air pass through. The cost of this arrangement is so small there ought to be no reason why all plants needing winter protection can not be given it.

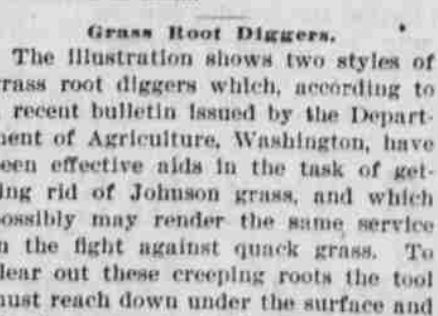
Raising Pork at Low Cost.

It is so easy to feed corn and hogs like it so much better than anything else that it is little wonder that most pork is raised on corn. But as the Farmer says:

It is now being found that swine can be pastured in good form on rape or clover or both, and finished on cowpeas or soy beans. Of course, if a certain amount of corn can be made to supplement the foods mentioned, the swine will do much better. This method of raising swine can be done without great labor. The growing of these crops has a tendency in itself to enrich the land, and when they are pastured off by swine the increase in fertility is just so much greater. There is another very great advantage in growing pork in this way. Swine are likely to keep in condition and they will make a quality of pork that is if anything ahead of that grown in the corn country. We have often wondered that this method of growing swine did not commend itself to farmers earlier. That it did not, however, is just in keeping with the slowness with which many other important crops engaged the attention of those who ought to be most interested in them.

Grass Root Diggers.

The illustration shows two styles of grass root diggers which, according to a recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, have been effective aids in the task of getting rid of Johnson grass, and which possibly may render the same service in the fight against quack grass. To clear out these creeping roots the tool must reach down under the surface and rip the roots out. A Mr. Clark, of Con-



EFFECTIVE ROOT DIGGER.

necticut, uses the upper one like a one-horse cultivator in preparing old sod land for reseeding to grass with good effect.

Alfalfa Widespread Crop.

Only a few years ago, alfalfa was practically unknown in most parts of the United States, but it is now grown in all parts of the country. A writer truly says:

Alfalfa has conquered. There is practically no part of the United States where this will not grow and flourish. If seeded in the proper manner and on inoculated soil if inoculation is necessary. This is a triumph of scientific agriculture and the co-operation of practical farmers. Such success encourages agriculturists to persist in trying to grow profitable crops even though these crops are not commonly produced in their locality.

Cost of Producing Milk.
The New Jersey Experiment Station summarizes its record of the cost of producing milk from the college herd as follows: "The daily cost of total food per cow varied from 11.00 cents in 1896 to 12.88 cents in 1901. The daily cost for fine feed varied from 4.90 cents in 1896 to 7.62 cents in 1901; the cost of roughage varied from 5.23 cents in 1902 to 6.61 cents in 1896. The cost of production per quart varied from 2.26 cents in 1902 to 2.40 cents in 1896, and the average annual yield per cow was 6,528 pounds. The study of the records of individual cows also showed that but little profit can be derived from a cow that does not produce 5,000 pounds of milk per year, particularly if the product is sold at the low price of 1 cent per pound; no stronger argument is needed in favor of the necessity of testing the animals, and thus learning their exact value, than is afforded by these records. Furthermore, the facts brought out by the records indicate that there is but little profit from a cow that does not produce 200 pounds of butter per year, and point to the necessity of a careful selection of cows for the butter dairy."

Fault Finding.

Unfortunately a great many farmers and farmers' wives are addicted to fault finding. Nothing causes more unhappiness in a family than continual nagging. There is no sense in it, it does no good and it always makes for mischief. Fault finding turns more children away from home than anything else. Some men are enjoyed better out of sight just for this reason. Their room is preferred to their company.

Usually fault finding is confined to the little things—things that should be passed over lightly. The big things are taken philosophically enough, talked over and remedied or borne with as seems best. But the little petty things are talked over and over, each one thinking that the other should give in. The habit grows. It has sent many a woman to an early grave, wrecked many a man's usefulness and scattered families that otherwise would have lived happily in the farm home.

About the Codling Moth.

At the Ohio station, in studies made by Professor W. J. Green and J. S. Houser on the codling moth, it was found that 72 per cent of the worms left the apples before they fell. The destruction of windfall apples, therefore, seems to be of little avail. About 16 per cent of the worms were caught under bands. Adult larvae were found throughout the growing season until Oct. 13. The evidence obtained by the experts indicated two annual generations. In spraying experiments 91 per cent of the apples from sprayed trees and 57 per cent of those from unsprayed trees were free from worms. Aresenate of lead proved superior to arsenite of soda, and was not affected by mixing with Bordeaux mixture. This combination is recommended for controlling apple scab and codling moth.

Simple Mouse Trap.

For a simple mouse trap all you need is an old bottle with a mouth or opening in the neck about one and one-half inches in diameter. Place this in the position shown in the illustration, inclined by means of bricks or blocks of wood. Leading up to the mouth of the bottle place a board or a piece of cardboard, and on the cardboard lay a trail of crumbs of cheese. Drop some larger bits in the mouth of the bottle and the trap is set. The mouse will enter



HOME-MADE MOUSE TRAP.

the bottle to get the bait and will find that it can not climb out again, as the slippery glass will afford no hold for its little claws.

Japan Raising Horses.

In getting a foundation for horse breeding Japan shows the same disposition to begin with the best that can be obtained that has characterized her efforts in other directions. Representatives have been sent to the different countries to see for themselves the character of the horses raised in each, and it is a distinct compliment to the breeders of the United States that this country was selected as the one to draw on for foundation stock. It may be noted, too, that the greater part of the horses purchased in this country by the Japanese have been trotting horses. They have bought some thoroughbreds to use in the building up of cavalry horses, but as the general-purpose horse it seems evident that the trotting-bred horse will take the same prominence in Japan as it has in this country.

Give Plants a Drenching.

When one waters plants it is best to make the soil really wet, and then wait till they need water again before giving them more. An old gardener says that the little squirts every few minutes are worse than useless. They wet only a small part of the soil and the remainder often becomes actually dry. When the pot will make a ringing sound if struck with knuckle is the time to soak them. Then do it thoroughly and stop. Why, you drink only when you are thirsty, not all the time.

Points in Caring for an Incubator.

Study your incubator. Read the manufacturer's directions for setting it up. Set it up carefully and according to instructions. Never try to run an incubator in a drafty place, nor near a stove, nor where the sun shines upon it. Set fertile eggs only. Waste no effort upon those that are doubtful.



- THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL**
- 1327—Edward II. of England...
 - 1564—Pope confirmed by a bull...
 - 1570—Dutch Republic proclaimed...
 - 1641—Union of Catalonia with France...
 - 1738—First stone laid of Warren...
 - 1777—Americans under Gen. M...
 - 1796—James McHenry became Sec...
 - 1796—Prince of Wales attacked in m...
 - 1807—Pal Mall lighted by gas, the...
 - 1814—Battle of Enotocobos...
 - 1815—Congress purchased Thom...
 - 1830—Robert Haynes' great speech...
 - 1833—First Reformed Parliament...
 - 1837—Michigan admitted into the...
 - 1841—First conviction of a man...
 - 1843—Edward Drummond...
 - 1847—Battle of Canada.
 - 1850—Henry Clay introduced...
 - 1854—Many perished in battle...
 - 1855—Rutledge College, South Ca...
 - 1856—Steamship Pacific lost...
 - 1861—Kansas admitted to the Un...
 - 1863—Maj. Gen. Burnside estab...
 - 1866—Freedman Bureau bill pas...
 - 1867—The President vetoed the C...
 - 1870—Massacre of the Peoria...
 - 1871—Paris capitulated to the G...
 - 1874—Olympic theater, Philadelph...
 - 1882—Guiteau convicted of the m...
 - 1885—Parliament buildings and T...
 - 1886—Senator Sherman introduced...
 - 1887—U. S. Senate passed Camb...
 - 1889—Pensacola, Fla., had severe...
 - 1893—Eighty miners killed in an...
 - 1904—Mrs. Agnes Saffell arrested...
- Political Notes.**
Gen. Theodore Alfred Blagden, York's new police commissioner, West Point graduate, 47 years of age and as brisk as a dynamo. Henry Labouchere, who is about to retire from Parliament, has spent more than \$1,000,000 in defending himself against his own charges. The remark attributed to John that the President would have term if he should not have been successful in his contest with the House, appears to have been incorrectly reported. What he did say was that the President would continue his fight, not in the House, perhaps, but in Congress. A bill has been introduced in the Jersey Senate asking for legislation against the Standard Oil Co. and its subsidiary corporations, on purpose of forfeiting their charters to monopolies and the Elkins Interstate commerce. Representatives Huff of Pennsylvania and Haskins of Vermont and Conroy of New York so closely resemble one another that only their most intimate friends distinguish them apart. When asked about the report that President had issued an ultimatum to Senate Republican leaders on subject of railway rate legislation, Aldrich replied that the President's leaders in Congress were "in no way so far as the general principle involved are concerned," and that differences which remain to be settled are of comparatively minor importance.