For The Term of His Natural Life By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER III .-- (Continued.) "Pine," says Captain Blunt, as the two were left alone together, "you and 1 "B are always putting our foot into it!" dinne "Women are always in the way aboard air." chip," returned Pine.

"Ah! doctor, you don't mean that, I know," said a rich, soft voive at his elbow.

It was Sarah Purfoy emerging from her cabin.

"We were talking of your eyes, my ar," cries Blunt. "They're the finest dear." eyes I've seen in my life, and they've got the reddest lips under 'm that-

"Let me pass, Captain Blunt, if you please. Thank you, doctor."

And before the admiring commander could prevent her, she modestly swept out of the cuddy.

"She's a fine piece of goods, ch?" asked Blunt, watching her. "I don't know where Vickers picked her up, but I'd rather trust my life with the worst of those rufflans 'tween deck than in her keeping, if I'd done her an injury. I don't believe she'd think much of sticking a man, either. But I must go on deck, doctor."

Pine followed him more slowly. "I don't pretend to know much about women," he said to himself. "But that girl's got a story of her own, or I'm much mistaken. What brings her on board this ship as a lady's maid is more than I can fathom." And as he walked down the now deserted deck to the main hatchway, and turned to watch - the white figure gliding up and down, he saw it joined by another and a darker one, he muttered, "She's after no good." At that moment his arm was touched by a soldier in undress uniform, who had come up the hatchway.

'What is it?" "If you plase, doctor, one of the prisoners is taken sick, and as the dinner's over, and he's pretty bad, I ventured to

disturb your honor." "Why didn't you tell me before?"

In the meantime the woman who was the object of the grim old fellow's suspicions, was enjoying the comparative coolness of the night air. Her mistress and her mistress' daughter had not yet come out of their cabin. The awning had been removed, the stars were shining in the moonless sky, and Miss Sarah Purfoy was walking up and down with no less a person than Captain Blunt himself. She had passed and repassed him twice silently, and at the third turn, the big fellow, peering into the twilight ahead somewhat uneasily, obeyed the glitter of her great eyes and joined her.

"You weren't put out," he asked, "at what I said to you below. I was a bit rude, I admit."

"I? Oh, dear, no. You were not rude."

"Glad you think so!" returned Phineas Blunt, a little ashamed at what looked like a confession of weakness on his part.

Sarah Purfoy laughed a low, full-toned laugh, whose sound made Blunt's pulse take a jump forward, and sent the blood tingling down to his fingers' ends.

"Captain Blunt," said she, "you're going to do a very silly thing."

"What?"

They strained their eyes to pierce through the obscurity. "Best saw something like it before dinner. There must be thunder in the

At that instant a thin streak of light shot up, and then sunk again. There was no mistaking it this time, and a simultaneous exclamation burst from all on deck. From out of the gloom which hung over the horizon rose a column of flame that lighted up the night for an instant, and then sunk, leaving a dull red spark upon the water. "It's a ship on fire!" cried Frere.

CHAPTER IV.

They looked again. The tiny spark still burned, and immediately over it there grew out of the darkness a crimson spot that hung like a lurid star in the air. Mrs. Vickers, with little Sylvia clinging to her dress, came up to share the new sensation.

"Captain, you'll lower a boat. We may save some of the poor fellows," cries Frere, his heartiness of body reviving at the prospect of excitement.

"Boat?" said Blunt; "why, she's twelve miles off, or more, and there's not a breath o' wind! They've got their own boats. In the meanwhile we'll show 'em that there's some one near 'em." And, as he spoke, a blue light flared hissing into the night. "There, they'll see that, I expect!" he said, as the ghastly flame rose, extinguishing the stars for a moment, only to let them appear again brighter in a darker heav-"Mr. Best, lower and man the quaren. ter boats! Mr. Frere, you can go in one, if you like, and take a volunteer or two from those gray jackets of yours amidships. I shall want as many hands as I can spare to man the long boat and cutter, in case we want 'em. Steady there, lads! Easy!" And, as the first eight men who could reach the deck parted to the larboard and starboard quarter boats, Frere ran down on the

main deck. At his nod the prison door was thrown open. The air was hot, and that strange, horrible odor peculiar to closely packed human bodies filled the place. He ran his eye down the double tier of bunks which lined the side of the ship, and stopped at the one opposite him.

There seemed to have been some disturbance there lately, for, instead of the six pairs of feet which should have protruded therefrom, the gleam of the bull's eye showed but four.

"What's the matter here, sentry?" he asked.

"Prisoner Ill, sir. Doctor sent him to hospital."

"But there should be two." The other came from behind the break

of the berths. It was Rufus Dawes. He held by the side as he came, and saluted.

"I felt sick, sir, and was trying to get the scuttle open." Maurice Frere stamped his foot in-

dignantly. "Sick! What are you sick about? I'll give you something to sweat the sickness out of you. Stand on one side here!"

Rufus Dawes, wondering, obeyed. "Which of you fellows can handle an

mr*i* r rere went on. There, I don't want fifty! Three'll do. Come on now, make haste!" The heavy door clashed again, and in another instant the four "volunteers" were on deck. "Two in each boat!" cries Blunt. "I'll burn a blue light every hour for you, Mr. Best, and take care they don't swamp you. Lower away, lads!"

"Well, I want to go in." "Don't ask me, miss. It's against or-

ders, and----She turned away. "Oh, very well. If this is all the thanks I get for wasting my time down here, I shall go on deck again. Mr. Frere will let me go in, I dare say, if I ask him."

"Go in if yer like; I won't stop yer, but remember what I'm doin' of."

She turned again at the foot of the ladder, and came quickly back. "That's a good lad. I knew you would not refuse me;" and smilling at the poor lout she was befooling, she passed into the cabin.

There was no lantern, and from the partially blocked stern windows came only a dim vaporous light. The dull ripple of the water as the ship rocked on the slow swell of the sea, made a melancholy sound, and the sick man's heavy breathing seemed to fill the air. The slight noise made by the opening door rounsed him; he rose on his elbow and began to mutter. Sarah Purfoy paused In the doorway to listen, but she could make nothing of the low, uneasy murmuring. Raising her arm, conspicuous by its white sleeve in the gloom, she beckoned Miles.

"The lantern," she whispered-"bring me the lantern.

He unhooked it from the rope where it swung, and brought it toward her. At that moment the man in the bunk sat up erect, and twisted himself toward the light. "Sarah!" he cried, in shrill, sharp tones. "Sarah!" and swooped with a lean arm through the dusk, as though to seize her.

The girl leaped out of the cabin like panther, and was back at the bunk head in a moment. The convict was a young man of about four and twenty. His hands were small and well shaped, and the unshaven chin bristled with promise of a strong beard. His wild black eyes glared with all the fire of delirium, and as he gasped for breath the sweat stood in beads on his sallow forehead.

The aspect of the man was sufficiently ghastly, and Miles, drawing back, did ot wonder at the terror which had selzed Mrs. Vickers' maid. With open mouth and agonized face, she stood in the center of the cabin, like one turned to stone, gazing at the man on the bed. "Ecod, he be a sight!" says Miles, at

length. "Come away, miss, and shut the door. He's raving, I tell yer." "He's choking. Can't you see? Water!

give me wa.er!" And, wreathing her arms around the man's head, she pulled it down on her bosom, rocking it there, half savagely, to and fro.

Awed into obedience by her voice, Miles dipped a pannikin into a small unheaded puncheon cleated in the corner of the cabin, and gave it her; and, without thanking him, she placed it to the sick prisoner's lips. He drank greedily, and closed his eyes with a grateful sigh. Just then the quick ears of Miles heard the jingle of arms.

"Here's the doctor coming, miss!" he cried. "I hear the sentry saluting. Come away! Quick!"

She seized the lantern, and, opening the horn slide, extinguished it.

"Say it went out," she said, in a fierce whisper, "and hold your tongue. Leave me to manage."

She bent over the convict as if to ar range his pillow, and then glided out of the cabin just as Fine descended the hatchway. As he groped his way with outstretched arms in the darkness, Sarah Purfoy slipped past him.

(To be continued.)

LIVES WELL ON \$10 A YEAR.

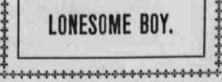
WE'LL KEEP THE LITTLE FARM.

Well, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place, We've lived here, you and I, Upon this little farm so long, Lot's stay here till we die. You know I thought I'd sell it once, To Jones, or Deacon Brown, And take the money we have saved And buy a house in town. But when the buds begin to swell, And grass begins to grow, Somehow it doesn't seem to me I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover, And the fields of waving corn The quiet, balmy evening, And the fragrant, dewy morn | The pink and snowy blossoms Hanging on the apple trees; The chirping of the crickets, And the humming of the been love the summer's honey breath, The blushing buds of May; The teeming autumn, rich with fruit, The scent of new-mown hay: The noisy bubble of the brook, And laughter of the rill; The lowing herds upon the heath, And flocks upon the hill. And when I think of leaving all. It fills me with alarm;

So, after all, I guess it's best To keep the little farm. J. Edgar French.

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m T'S awful lonesome to our house since Ma went away, and my Pa, he don't want to say a word when ask him when she's coming back. He just sighs a great big sigh and tells

come right back here if she could, but she can't, and there isn't any one left 'cept you and me, and we must stick together.' And then he sighs again and we both feel so awful sorry inside of us.

"And mornings when my Pa tries to dress me we have such turble times with buttons and the things 'at holds my clothes on, and my Pa says buttons is the meanest. But my Ma knew just where every button went and when she dressed me she'd kiss me in the hollow of my neck and snuggle me up close and warm and say: 'Heart's



MYSTERY OF MISSING BOY.



day than when the child disappeared, paragraphs, three and one-half years ago, is the case of the missing little Wilbur Clarke, of Beverly, Mass. Since that fateful June 17, 1902, when the boy vanished and his four boys, Walter, W almost from beneath his parents' eyes, no tangible clew has been found. The me, 'Sonny, don't. Your Ma would efforts of skilled detectives of the State police department, as well as the aid invited to eat their lunch at the a of local officers of all the surrounding of Mr. Ryan, an ex-alderman of Se towns; and a child-hunt made by half the population of that part of Essex County, the use of blood-bounds and the offering of large rewards at the time-all proved unavailing.

As time has passed the case has only become more inexplicable, more like the look around for the boy, but he famous kidnapping of Charlie Ross a generation ago.

A startling suspicion has gained ground of late that the reason of this profound mystery and the reason why half a mile away a bine chambra no rewards have brought any news of which the mother identified as he the boy is that the kidnapper was a wealthy summer resident who stole the this was picked up the footprists boy to adopt him, and that all the resources of wealth, influence and a great family name have been used to sup- exactly the small footprints in the press any information about the case. The kidnapping of Wilbur Clarke at the time became a newspaper sensation even greater than the Charfle Ross that a fashionably dressed man case. Pages upon pages of details about Panama hat and pink striped a it were telegraphed all over the coun- shirt was seen by one of Mr. By try and the reports continued for boys half an hour previously set

'Pa, let's go right off ; my Ma wants us both and we're so lonesome. But he don't seem to hear me and all he says is, 'Oh, Sonny, don't, please don't.' "IT'S AWFUL LONESOME AT OUR HOUSE." "I can't feel happy when we're alone, fust Pa and me. There isn't any fun and we never get to laughing any more. And nights sometimes when I wake up, I'm most sure there's big black bears in the room looking for a little boy to eat, and I get scared and boller, and sometimes my Pa isn't there, only the woman 'at comes to cook and sweep and she acts cross 'cause I'm afraid and she won't leave any light to scare the bears away like my Ma used to do. And she don't know funny stories to tell to little boys and she never sings pretty songs like my Ma used to sing all around the house till I almost thought 'twas birds, "Sometimes I most forget my Ma has gone and I think she's coming back from somewhere she's been at for just a little while, and pretty soon she'll come and put supper on the table and then we'll stand at the door a-watching for Pa to come, and pretty soon we'll hear his whistle, and my Ma's cheeks will get all pink and warm and she'll hug me in her arms and say, 'Sonny, there comes your Pa.' "And these times when I most forget, I say to my Pa: 'Maybe my Ma will come home soon and put the supper on.' Pa's eyes look all blurry and he says he isn't hungry and 'at my Ma can't come. And then I say, 1 isn't hungry either, and my Pa says so low I can hardly hear him, 'it's awful hard,' and I don't quite know what he means, but I think it's cause my Ma has gone away so turble far she can't get back again. I know she didn't go a-purpose. She liked me and Pa too well to go away and stay 'less she couldn't help it. "Nights when she don't come to put the supper on, and we say we isn't hungry, my Pa rocks me in his lap and rubs my head with his hand a'most as soft as Ma, and he asks me if I don't want to take a nap. And everything's so still with no one in the house 'cepting Pa and me, 'at in a little while I fall asleep and he just sits and rocks and rocks, but he don't never go to sleep at all. And when I wake up his eyes is looking way off somewheres I can't see the place, and I say, 'Is you trying to see where my Ma is at?" "And we sit and rock and rock till I go to sleep again, and my Pa don't want to let me go to bed, so we sit and rock and rock, and my Pa hugs me tight and he don't go to sleep at all. He says, 'Sonny, there ian't anyone left 'cept you and me and we must stick together."

Russell and Harry, the latter a b in arms, for a drive into the E County woods. By chance they to Chebneco poud about noon and r who had gone there for a day's out Mrs Clarke took the baby and the other boys to the cabin, while Wi four years old, remained with his to er while Mr. Clarke unharnesse horse and hitched it to a tree. I the horse was attended to Mr. Ca gone. A cry was raised and a bunt at woods begun. In an hour or so a ers brought back from a wood m

At 10 o'clock on June 17, 1902

Clarke closed his office, as it w

half holiday, got a carriage and s

his family, consisting of Mrs. Ca

ing to the boy. Near the spot m man and boy were found. An old of Wilbur's shoes were found in Beyond these two bits of ends nothing definite has ever been dis ered except the very significant ! weeks. Yet all that was ever known path where Wilbur Clarke disapse

FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION

120,000 Men and 330,000 W Employed as Teachers. army or educ the United States is made up of 000 teachers, of whom 120,000 mm and 330,0. / women. The overvit majority of the teachers are not the United States, less than 30,001 ing been born abroad-one in fift Most of the men teachers are be the years of 25 and 85. The mil of the women teachers are between and 25. There are 2,300 men teachers 65. There are less than 1,500 we teachers over 65. Three times as women as men teachers are pat

delight, I love you, 'cause you're my

"You are going to fall in love with a girl of nineteen." "Who is that?"

"Myself!" she said, giving him her hand and smiling at him with her rich red lips.

"I believe you are right," he cried "I am half in love with you already."

"That is your affair," she said; and as the head of Mr. Frere appeared above the companion, Blunt walked aft, feeling considerably bewildered, and yet not displeased.

"She's a fine girl!" he said, cocking his cap, "and I'm hanged if she ain" sweet upon me."

And then the old fellow began whistle softly to himself as he paced the deck, and to glance toward the man, who had taken his place, with no friendly eyes. But a sort of shame held him as yet, and he kept aloof. Maurice Frere's greeting was short enough.

"Well, Sarah," he said, "have you got out of your temper?"

"What did you strike the man for? He did you no harm."

"He was out of his place. What business had he to come aft? One must keep these wretches down, my girl."

"Or they will be too much for you. es? Do you think one man could capture a ship, Mr. Maurice? What could they do against the soldiers? There are fifty soldiers."

"You are a strange girl; I can't make you out. Come," and he took her hand, "tell me what you are really."

"Lady's maid in the family of a gentleman going abroad."

"Sarah, can't you be serious?"

"I am serious. That was the advertisement I answered."

"But I mean what you have been. You were not a lady's maid all your life. Have you no friends? What have you been?"

She looked up into the young man's face-a little less harsh at that moment than it was wont to be-and, creeping closer to him, whispered:

"Do you love me, Maurice?"

He raised one of the little hands that rested on the taffrail, and, under cover of the darkness, kissed it.

"You know I do," he said. "You may be a lady's maid, or what you like, but you are the lovellest woman I ever met.

"Then, if you love me, what does it matter?"

"If you loved me, you would tell me," said he, with a quickyness which surprised himself.

"But I have nothing to tell, and don't love you-yet." He let her hand fall with an impa-

tleat gesture; and at that moment Blunt, who could restrain himself no longer, came up.

"Fine night, Mr. Frere."

"Yes, fine enough." Just then, from out of the violet haze

that hung over the horizon, a strange glow of light broke. "Halloo!" cries Frere. "Did you | that? A flash of light,"

As the second prisoner took the oar of Frere's boat, he uttered a groan and fell forward, recovering himself instantly. Sarah Purfoy, leaning over the side, saw the occurrence.

"What is the matter with that man?" she said. "Is he ill?"

Pine was next to her, and looked out instantly. "It's that big fellow in No. 10," he cried. "Here, Frere!"

But Frere heard him not. He intent on the beacon that gleamed ever bright in the distance. "Give way, my lads!" he shouted. And amidst a cheer from the ship, the two boats shot out of the bright circle of the blue light, and disappeared into the darkness!

Sarah Purfoy looked at Pine for an explanation, but he turned abruptly away. For a moment the girl paused, as if in doubt; and then, ere his retreating figure turned to retrace Its steps, she cast a quick glance around, and, slipping down the ladder, made her way to the 'tween-decks.

The iron-studded oak barricade that, loop-holed for musketry, and perforated with plated trap-door for sterner needs, separated soldiers from prisoners, was close to her left hand, and the sentry at its padlocked door looked at her inquiringly. She laid her little hand on his big rough one, and opened her brown eyes at him.

"The hospital," she said. "The doctor sent me;" and before he could answer her white figure vanished down the hatch, and passed round the bulkhead, behind which lay the sick man.

Though not so hot as in the prison the atmosphere of the lower deck was close and unhealthy, and the girl, pausing to listen to the subdued hum of conversation coming from the soldiers' berths, turned strangely sick and giddy She drew herself up, however, and held out her hand to a man who came rapidly across the misshapen shadows, thrown by the sulky swinging lantern to meet her. It was a young soldier who had been that day sentry at the convict gangway. "Well, miss," he said, "I am here, yes

see, waiting for yer."

The tone of the sentence seemed awaken and remind her of her errand in that place. She laughed as loudly and merrily as she dared, and laid her hand on the speaker's arm. The boy reddened to the roots of his closely cropped hair. "There, that's quite close enough. You're only a common soldier, Miles, and you mustn't make love to me.

"I know you're above me, Miss Sarah You're a lady, but I love yer, I do, and you drives me wild with your tricks." "Hush, Miles! they'll hear you, Who

is in the hospital?" "I dunno,"

Wisconsin Man Has Done It for 40

Years-Seems Content.

forty years on \$10 a year. George ent of the St. Louis Republic.

The old man is a Civil War veteran. of the war he had money enough to says. purchase an acre of ground on the

bles and fruit trees. Close to the house veteran makes his home.

How does he live?

and goes down to Mirror Lake. That still and run away. I've got my work is his pork barrel. The fish that he to do and haven't time to talk draws out of those waters supply his you.' dinner, likewise his breakfast.

and propel his boat at the same time mad, 'What's all this foolishness a-goin' trivance.

this strange craft, nicknamed "the flying machine" by the people of Delton, Skinner does his angling.

Skinner lives during the winter as well as he does in summer. From the overabundance of one season he saves enough to meet the necessities of the other. He catches on an average 100 fish a day, mostly small ones. Ten of these suffice for his two simple meals. The other ninety are carefully cleaned and stored away in great barrels of brine kept in the cellar of his cabin. When he has enough barrels of fish stored away to last him through is full of tears when we're alone, and the winter he stops fishing, as he thinks it is a sin to kill any creature, even a fish, except for food.

From his garden he cans his vegetables and berries. Everything that he needs is supplied from nature's "pork barrel."

The \$10 which he spends annually goes for tobacco, fish-hooks and clothing.

Six thousand people sleep in the open sir in London every night,

baby.' And then we'd laugh and romp a little and have the bestest time, and Near Mirror Lake, in Wisconsin, is a then my Ma would get something good log cabin in which a man has lived for for breakfast and tell me the nicest stories about other little boys what Swinner is his name and he seems per- did the nicetest things. Now the but fectly contented, writes a correspond- tons bother my Pa so he can't think any stories, and he has to hurry to the store so's to make money to buy When he was discharged at the end bread and bacon for Sonny, so he

"I'm Sonny, and there's just Pa and shores of picturesque Mirror Lake. In me at our house now. My Ma was the this acre of ground he planted vegeta- nicetest lady and our house was the nicetest place to live you ever saw. there grows a thick cluster of black- Now she's gone away. They took her berry bushes and in the garden behind in a great, big box and my Pa says it there are long rows of strawberries, she never can come back again. There's Over the fence that separates the yard a woman to our house who comes to from the road are wild roses. Here the cook and sweep, but I don't like her very much. She don't care for little boys, and when I ask her things, she Each day he takes his fishing rod says to me, she does: 'Now you keep to

"My Ma always had time to talk to The vegetables and meal made from me and she said such funny things we corn grown in his garden complete his used to get to laughing, and just laugh diet. For his lake fishing Skinner has and laugh until we almost broke ourbuilt himself a boat which is as unique selves. And my Pa would come home as himself. In order that he may fish and find us and he'd say, like he was he has invented an extraordinary con- on?" And then he would catch my Ma around the waist and snuggle her like At the stern of his boat he has a she snuggled me, and I'd hang onto paddle like that of a river steamer. Pa's hand and we'd all get to laughing This is turned by means of a chain together. We had awful good times to running on cogs and attached to a our house then. And after we'd had crank that the old man turns with one supper, my Pa would say, 'Let's sit hand as he trolls with the other. From down and talk awhile before we wash the dishes,' and my Ma and my Pa and me would sit down in the open door if it was summer time, and talk together and talk and talk. "Those was the bestest times when

my Pa and my Ma used to talk and talk till I fell asleep and my Ma would say, 'Goodness me, Sonny should have been in bed an hour ago!' and 'at was where she'd put me right off-smack ! "Now it's turble lonesome, and my Pa he just stares away off when I ask him where my Ma can be, and he acts like he didn't hear, and both his eyes he acts like something hurt him awful. And when I ask him why she don't come back, and cry and say I want my Ma, he starts to cry too, till I put my arms around his neck and say, 'Please don't cry so hard, is you got a pain?' And then he hugs me back and don't make a sound, and I say: 'Poor Pa, is you feeling so awful bad?'

"Onct he told me that my Ma had gone so far away she never could come back, but perhaps if we were good we

"It's awful lonesome at our house now 'cause my Ma has gone away. I wisht so hard I could hear my Masay, 'Heart's delight, I love you, 'cause might go some day to her. And I said : your my baby."-Toledo Blade,

as "age unknown." There are 21,000 colored test the United States, thus divided tween the two sexes: 7,700 men 13,300 women. There are 500 h teachers in the Indian schools of United States-240 men and 200 a en.

The average age of teachers in United States is higher than is land and lower than in Germany. proportion of very youthful te is much greater in the country th the city districts.

The largest proportion of men in ers is to be found in West Vit where they number 50 per cent of total. The largest proportion of a en is to be found in Vermont, they form 90 per cent of the " number. The standard of education much higher in Vermont than it West Virginia.

The number of teachers in the li States has increased greatly in a years. In 1871 there were 125,000 1880, 225,000; in 1890, 840,000, and is at present 450,000.

His Viewpoint. Little Willie-Papa, what is a b

mist? Mr. Hennypeck-A bigamist son, is a-shs-s-s-s! Is that your a ma coming up the street? No.18 isn't. Well, a bigamist is a be tor who prevents at least one of fellow men from marrying."-P

"Why do they call it the br the nose?" "Because, you know, objects ha Ambition. Now, this is my ambition: I'll say it, frank and blunt-A nice long row of figures With a dollar mark in Washington Star. No Way to Please Him.

are, and he despises her if the -New York Press.

For Cross Purposes

pass from eye to eye."-Ba American.

A man hates to see his sh married because he knows what