

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 I are always putting our foot into it!" "Women are always in the way aboard ship," returned Pine. "Ah! doctor, you don't mean that, I know," said a rich, soft voice at his elbow. It was Sarah Purfoy emerging from her cabin. "We were talking of your eyes, my dear," cries Blunt. "They're the finest eyes I've seen in my life, and they've got the reddest lips under 'm that—"

CHAPTER IV.

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

"Well, I want to go in." "Don't ask me, miss. It's against orders, 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 you 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 smiling at the poor lout she was befooiling, 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 aspect of the man was sufficiently ghastly, and Miles, drawing back, did not wonder at the terror which had seized 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.

"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 arrange his pillow, and then glided out of the cabin just as Pine descended the hatchway. As he groped his way with outstretched arms in the darkness, Sarah Purfoy slipped past him.

(To be continued.)

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. Let'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.

LONESOME BOY.

IT'S awful lonesome to our house since Ma went away, and my Pa, he don't want to say a word when I ask him when she's coming back. He just sighs a great big sigh and tells me, "Sonny, don't. Your Ma would 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 terrible 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 delight, I love you, 'cause you're my baby.'"

And then we'd laugh and romp a little and have the bestest time, and then my Ma would get something good for breakfast and tell me the nicest stories about other little boys what did the nicest things. Now the buttons 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 bread and bacon for Sonny, so he says.

"I'm Sonny, and there's just Pa and me at our house now. My Ma was the nicest lady and our house was the nicest place to live you ever saw. Now she's gone away. They took her in a great, big box and my Pa says she never can come back again. There's a woman to our house who comes to 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 says to me, she does: 'Now you keep still and run away. I've got my work to do and haven't time to talk to you.'"

"My Ma always had time to talk to me and she said such funny things we used to get to laughing, and just laugh and laugh until we almost broke ourselves. And my Pa would come home and find us and he'd say, like he was mad, 'What's all this foolishness a-goin' on?' And then he would catch my Ma around the waist and snuggle her like she snuggled me, and I'd hang onto Pa's hand and we'd all get to laughing together. We had awful good times to our house then. And after we'd had supper, my Pa would say, 'Let's sit 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 terrible 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 is full of tears when we're alone, and 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?' "Ouch he told me that my Ma had gone so far away she never could come back, but perhaps if we were good we might go some day to her. And I said:



More of an unfathomable mystery to-day than when the child disappeared, 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 almost from beneath his parents' eyes, no tangible clue has been found. The efforts of skilled detectives of the State police department, as well as the aid of local officers of all the surrounding towns, and a child-hunt made by half the population of that part of Essex County, the use of blood-hounds 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 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 no rewards have brought any news of the boy is that the kidnapper was a wealthy summer resident who stole the boy to adopt him, and that all the resources of wealth, influence and a great family name have been used to suppress any information about the case. The kidnapping of Wilbur Clarke at the time became a newspaper sensation even greater than the Charlie Ross case. Pages upon pages of details about it were telegraphed all over the country and the reports continued for weeks. Yet all that was ever known

about it could be condensed into paragraphs. At 10 o'clock on June 17, 1902, Mr. Clarke closed his office, as it was half holiday, got a carriage and his family, consisting of Mrs. Clarke and his four boys, Walter, Charles, Russell and Harry, the latter in arms, for a drive into the Essex County woods. By chance they came to Chebacco pond about noon and were invited to eat their lunch at the residence of Mr. Ryan, an ex-alderman of Salem who had gone there for a day's outing. Mrs. Clarke took the baby and the other boys to the cabin, while Wilbur, four years old, remained with his father while Mr. Clarke unharnessed the horse and hitched it to a tree. The horse was attended to by Mr. Clarke look around for the boy, but he was gone.

A cry was raised and a hunt of woods begun. In an hour or so searchers brought back from a wood half a mile away a blue chamber which the mother identified as belonging to the boy. Near the spot where this was picked up the footprints of a man and boy were found. An old pair of Wilbur's shoes were found in exactly the small footprints in the mud. Beyond these two bits of evidence nothing definite has ever been discovered except the very significant fact that a fashionably dressed man in a Panama hat and pink striped shirt was seen by one of Mr. Ryan's boys half an hour previously near the path where Wilbur Clarke disappeared.

LIVES WELL ON \$10 A YEAR.

Wisconsin Man Has Done It for 40 Years—Seems Content. Near Mirror Lake, in Wisconsin, is a log cabin in which a man has lived for forty years on \$10 a year. George Swinner is his name and he seems perfectly contented, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic.

The old man is a Civil War veteran. When he was discharged at the end of the war he had money enough to purchase an acre of ground on the shores of picturesque Mirror Lake. In this acre of ground he planted vegetables and fruit trees. Close to the house there grows a thick cluster of blackberry bushes and in the garden behind it there are long rows of strawberries. Over the fence that separates the yard from the road are wild roses. Here the veteran makes his home.

How does he live? Each day he takes his fishing rod and goes down to Mirror Lake. That is his pork barrel. The fish that he draws out of those waters supply his dinner, likewise his breakfast. The vegetables and meal made from corn grown in his garden complete his diet. For his lake fishing Skinner has built himself a boat which is as unique as himself. In order that he may fish and propel his boat at the same time he has invented an extraordinary contrivance.

At the stern of his boat he has a paddle like that of a river steamer. This is turned by means of a chain running on cogs and attached to a crank that the old man turns with one hand as he trolls with the other. From 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 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 air in London every night.



IT'S AWFUL LONESOME AT OUR HOUSE.

FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION.

120,000 Men and 350,000 Women Employed as Teachers. The army of education teachers in the United States is made up of 4,600 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 20,000 being born abroad—one in fifteen.

Most of the men teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 25 and 35. There are 2,300 men teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 women as men teachers are put in as "age unknown."

There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes: 7,700 men, 13,300 women. There are 500 teachers in the Indian schools of the United States—240 men and 260 women.

The average age of teachers in the United States is higher than in any land and lower than in Germany. The proportion of very youthful teachers is much greater in the country than in the city districts. The largest proportion of men teachers is to be found in West Virginia where they number 50 per cent of total. The largest proportion of women is to be found in Vermont, where they form 90 per cent of the number. The standard of education is much higher in Vermont than in any other State.

The number of teachers in the United States has increased greatly in recent years. In 1871 there were 125,000; in 1880, 225,000; in 1890, 340,000; and at present 450,000.

His Viewpoint. Little Willie—Papa, what is a bigamist? Mr. Hennepeck—A bigamist, son, is a—she-s-s-s! Is that your ma coming up the street? No, it isn't. Well, a bigamist is a fellow who prevents at least one of his fellow men from marrying.

For Cross Purposes. "Why do they call it the bridge the nose?" "Because, you know, objects don't pass from eye to eye."—Baltimore American.

Ambition. Now, this is my ambition: I'll say it, frank and blunt— A nice long row of figures With a dollar mark in front. —Washington Star.

No Way to Please Him. A man hates to see his wife married because he knows what she are, and he despises her if she don't. —New York Press.