## for The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

It was 8 o'clock, and the relief guard was coming from the after deck. The crowd of prisoners round the door held

their breath to listen, "It's all planned," says Gabbett, in a low growl. "W'en the door hopens we rush, and we're in among the guard afore they know where they are. Drag em back into the prison, grab the harm rack, and it's all over."

"Stand from the door, Miles," says Pine's voice outside, in its usual calm

The Crow was relieved. The tone was an ordinary one, and Miles was the soldier whom Sarah Purfoy had bribed not to fire. All had gone well.

The keys clashed and turned, and the bravest of the prudent party, who had been turning in his mind the notion of risking his life for a pardon to be won by rushing forward at the right moment and alarming the guard, checked the cry that was in his throat as he saw the men round the door draw back a little for their rush, and caught a glimpse of the giant's bristling scalp and bared

"Now!" cries Jemmy Vetch, as the iron-plated oak swung back, and, with the guttural snarl of a charging wild boar, Gabbett hurled himself out of the

The red line of light which glowed for an instant through the doorway was blotted out by a mass of figures. the prison surged forward, and before the eye could wink, five, ten, twenty of the most desperate were outside. was as though a sea, breaking against a stone wall, had found some breach through through which to pour its waters. The contagion of battle spread. Caution was forgotten, and those at the back, seeing Jemmy Vetch raised up on the crest of that human billow which reared its black outline against an indistinct prospective of struggling figures, responded to his grin of encouragement by rushing furiously forward.

Suddenly a horrible roar like that of a trapped wild beast was heard. The rushing torrent choked in the doorway, and from out the lantern glowed into which the giant had rushed a flash broke, followed by a groan, as the perfidious sentry fell back, shot through the breast. The mass in the doorway hung irresolute, and then, by sheer weight of pressure from behind, burst forward, and as It so burst, the heavy door crashed into its jambs, and the bolts were shot into their places.

All this took place by one of those simultaneous movements which are so rapid in execution, so tedious to describe in detail. At one instant the prison door had opened, at the next it had closed. The picture which had presented itself to the eyes of the convicts was momentary. The period of time that had elapsed between the opening and the shutting of the door could have been marked by the musket shot.

The report of another shot, and then a noise of confused cries, mingled with the clashing of arms, informed the imprisoned men that the ship had been alarmed. How would it go with their friends on deck? Would they succeed in overcoming the guards, or would they be beaten back? They would soon know: and in the hot dust, straining their eyes to see each other, they waited for the Issue. Suddenly the noises ceased, and a strange rumbling sound fell upon the ears of the listeners.

What had taken place? This, the men pouring out of the darkness into the gudden glare of the lanterns, rushed, bewildered, across the deck. Miles, true to his promise, did not fire, but the next instant Vickers had snatched the firelock from him, and, leaping into the stream, turned about and fired down toward the prison. The attack was more sudden than he had expected, but he did not lose his presence of mind. The shot would serve a double purpose. It would warn the men in the barrack, and perhaps check the rush by stopping up the doorway with a corpse. Beaten back. struggling and indignant, amidst the storm of hideous faces, his humanity vanished, and he simed deliberately at the head of Mr. James Vetch; the shot. however, missed its mark, and killed

the unhappy Miles. Gabbett and his companions had by this time reached the foot of the companion ladder, there to encounter the cutlasses of the doubled guard gleaming redly in the glow of the lanterns. glance up the hatchway showed the giant that the arms he had planned to seize were defended by ten firelocks, and that, behind the open doors of the partition which ran abaft the mizzenmast, the remainder of the detachment stood to their arms. Even his dull intellect comprehended that the desperate project had failed, and that he had With the roar of debeen betrayed. spair which had penetrated into the prison, he turned to fight his way back. just in time to see the crowd in the gangway recoil from the flash of the musket fired by Vickers. The next instant Pine and two soldiers, taking advantage of the momentary cessation of the press, shot the bolts and secured the

The mutineers were caught in a trap. The narrow space between the barracks and the barricade was choked with struggling figures. Some twenty convicts, and half as many soldiers, struck and stabbed at each other in the crowd. There was barely elbow room, and attacked and attackers fought almost without knowing whom they struck. Gabbett tore a cutlass from a soldler, shook his buge head, and calling on the Moocher to follow, bounded up the ladder, desperately determined to brave the fire of the watch. The Moocher, close at the giant's heels, flung himself upon the nearest soldier, and, grasping his wrist, struggled for the cutlass. A brawny, bull-necked fellow next him dashed his clinched fist into the soldier's face, and the man, maddened by the blow, let go cutiess, and, drawing his pistol, shot his new assailant through the head. It was this second shot that aroused Mau-

As the young lieutenant sprang out upon the deack, he saw by the position of the guard that others had been more

mindful of the safety of the ship than he. There was, however, no time for explanation, for, as he reached the hatchway, he was met by the ascending giant, who uttered a hideous cry at the sight of this unexpected adversary, and, too close to strike him, locked him in his The two men went down togetharms, er. The guard on the quarter-deck dared not fire at the two bodies that, twined about each other, rolled across the deck, and for a moment Mr. Frere's cherished existence hung upon the slenderest thread imaginable.

The Moocher, spattered with the blood and brains of his unfortunate comrade, had already set his foot upon the lowest step of the ladder, when the cutlass was dashed from his hand by a blow from a clubbed firelock, and he was dragged roughly backward. As he fell upon the deck, he saw the Crow spring out of the mass of prisoners who had been, an instant before, struggling with the guard, and, gaining the cleared space at the bottom of the ladder, hold up his hands, as though to shield himself from a blow. The confusion had become suddenly stilled, and upon the group before the barricade had fallen that mysterious silence which had perplexed the

inmates of the prison. They were not perplexed for long The two soldiers who, with the assist ance of Pine, had forced to the door of the prison, rapidly unbolted a trap door in the barricade and, at a signal from Vickers, three men ran the loaded howitzer from its sinister shelter, and, training the deadly muzzle to a level with the opening in the barricade, stood ready

"Surrender!" cried Vickers, in a voice from which all "humanity" had vanish-"Surrender, and give up your ringleaders, or I'll blow you to pieces!"

There was no tremor in his voice, and though he stood, with Pine by his side, at the very mouth of the leveled cannon, the mutineers perceived, with that acuteness which imminent danger brings to the most stolid of brains, that, did they hesitate an instant, he would keep his word. There was an awful moment of silence, broken only by a skurrying noise in the prison, as though a family of rats, disturbed at a flour cask, were scampering to the ship's side for shel-

The entrapped men looked up the hatchway, but the guard had already closed in upon it, and some of the ship's crew were peering down upon them. Escape was hopeless.

"One minute!" cried Vickers, confident that one second would be enough-"one minute to go quietly, or-"
"Surrender, mates!" shrieked some un-

known wretch from out of the darkness of the prison. "Do you want to be the death of us?"

Jemmy Vetch feeling, by that curious sympathy which nervous natures possess, that his comrades wished him to act as spokesman, raised his shrill tones. "We surrender," he said. "It's no use getting our brains blown out." And, raising his hands, he obeyed the motion of Vickers' finger, and led the way toward the barrack.

"Bring the irons forward there." shouted Vickers, hastening from his perilous position; and before the last man had filed past the still smoking match the clink of hammers announced that the Crow had resumed those fetters which had been knocked off his dainty limbs a month previously in the Bay of Biscay. In another moment the trap door was closed, the howitzer rumbled back to its clearings, and the prison breathed again.

In the meantime, a scene almost as exciting had taken place on the upper Gabbett, with the blind fury which the consciousness of failure brings to such brute-like natures, had seized Frere by the throat, determined to put an end to at least one of his enemies But desperate though he was, and with all the advantage of weight and strengtl upon his side, he found the young lieutenant a more formidable adversary than he had anticipated.

Maurice Frere was no coward. Taken by surprise as he was, he did not lose his presence of mind. The convict was so close upon him that there was no time to strike, but, as he was forced backward, he succeeded in crooking his and thrust one hand into his collar, Over and over they rolled, the bewildered sentry not daring to fire, until the ship's side brought them up with violent jerk, and Frere realized that Gabbett was below him. Pressing with all the might of his muscles, he strove to resist the leverage which the giant was applying to turn him over, but he might as well have pushed against a stone wall. With his eyes protruding, and every sinew strained to its utmost, he was slowly forced round, he felt Gabbett releasing his grasp, in order to draw back and aim at him an effectual blow. Disengaging his left hand, Frere suddenly allowed himself to sink, and then drawing up his right knee, struck Gabbett beneath the jaw, and, as the huge head was forced backward by the blow, dashed his fist into the brawny throat. The giant reeled backward, and, falling on his hands and knees, was in an instant surrounded by sailors.

Authority was almost instantly triumphant on the upper and lower decks. The mutiny was over.

CHAPTER X.

A shock was felt all through the ves sel, and Pine, who had been watching the ironing of the last of the mutineers, at once divined its cause.

"Thank God!" he cried, "there's breeze at last!" And as the overpower ed Gabbett, bruised, bleeding and bound, was dragged down the hatchway, the triumphant doctor hurried upuon deck to find the Malabar plunging through the whitening water under the influence of a fifteen-knot breeze.

"Stand by to reef topsalls. aloft, men, and furl the royals!" Best from the quarter-deck; and in the midst of the cheery confusion Maurice Frere briefly recapitulated what had taken place, taking care, however, to pass over his own dereliction of duty as rapidly as possibale. Pine knit his brows.

"What are your grounds for thinking that way?"

to be called a bird. He now appears in the form of a lobster."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

Less Labor Invoved. of keepin' de streets of Havana free bottom edges and it is complete. from snow?" jocularly inquired Tired

Wraggs.-Louisville Courier Journal.

Teacher-Johnny, what happened on July 4, one hundred and thirty years

but 10.-Cleveland Leader.

physiognomist. "O, well," said the bachelor, "his wife makes up for it."-Indianapolis

that Serah Purfoy was in the plot?" "Not she!" says Frere, eager to avert inquiry. "How could she be? Plot! She's sickening of fever, or I'm much Sure enough, they found Sarah Purfoy lying where she had fallen a quarter of an hour before. The clashing of the cutlasses and the firing of muskets

where," says Pine, looking at the senseless figure, with no kindly glauce; "though I don't think she's likely to be very bad. Confound her-I believe she's the cause of all this. I'll find out, too, before many hours are over; for I've told those fellows that, unless they confess all about it before to-morrow morning. I'll get them six dozen apiece the day after we anchor in Hobart Town. I've a great mind to do it before we get there. Take her head, Frere, and we'll get her out of this before Vickers comes What a fool you are, to be sure! I knew what it would be, with women on board ship. I wonder Mrs. V. has'nt been out before now. There-steady past ular old women to chatter!" and thus

Vickers' maid into her cabin. "I don't wonder at you making fool of yourself. Chances are you've caught the fever, though this breeze will help to blow it out of us. Blunt,

mistaken.

had not roused her.

"We must make a sick bay some

"What do you mean?" asked Frere, hastily, as he heard a step approach.

'What has Blunt to say about her?" "Why, man, she was making eyes at every man on the ship! I caught her kissing a soldier once.

Maurice Frere's cheeks grew hot. All the time he had flattered himself that he was fascinating the black-eyed maid, the black-eyed maid had been twisting him round her finger, and perhaps imitating his love-making for the gratification of her soldier lover. It was not a pleasant thought; and yet, strange to say, the idea of Sarah's treachery did not make him dislike her. There is a sort of love which thrives under illtreatment.

Vickers met them at the door. "Pine, Blunt has the fever. Mr. Best found him in his cabin groaning. Come and look at him."

The commander of the Malabar was lying on his bunk in the betwisted condition into which men who sleep in their clothes contrive to get themselves. The doctor shook him, bent down over him. and then loosened his collar. "He's not sick. Halloo!" says Pine, smelling at the broken tumbler, "what's this? Smells queer. Laudanum! He's been

"Nonsense! "I see it," slapping his thigh. "It's that woman! She's drugged him, and meant to do the same for-"(Frere gave him an imploring look)-"for any- of new milk warm from the cow, then body else who would be fool enough to stir thoroughly. If the cream does not let her do it. Dawes was right, sir. She's in it; I'll swear she's in it." "What! my wife's maid? Nonsense!"

said Vickers. "It's no nonsense. That soldier who was shot-what's his name?-Miles, he

all over now." "The men will confess before morning," says Vickers, "and we'll see." And all through. be went off to his wife's cabin.

His wife opened the door for him. She had been sitting by the child's bed-Flirt, fribble, and shrew as she ludicrons assumption of girlishness, boys young enough to be her sons; shudder at frog, and scream at a spider, she could sit throughout a quarter of an hour of such suspense as she had just undergone with as much courage as if she had been the strongest minded woman that ever denied her sex. "Is it all over?" she asked.

"Yes, thank God!" said Vickers, pauslieve. How's Sylvia?"

her fair hair scattered over the pillow, and her tiny hands moving restlessly to and fro.

"A little better, I think, though she has been talking a good deal." (To be continued.)

An Advantage.

"When you are wandering about among these magnificent autumn woods and immemorial rocks, do you not often wish that you were a savage -a rude, untutored child of nature?"

"Indeed, I do. Then I wouldn't be able to read the advertising signs they stick all over the scenery."-Cleveland Leader.

Reincarnation.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" "I do."

"Well, I know of a man who used

"How'd youse like to have de job

"I'd rather be a dummy insurance director," promptly replied Weary

Couldn't Remember.

Johnny-I dunno, ma'am. I ain't

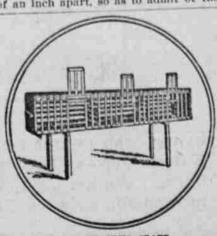
Physiognomy. "He has a weak chin," observed the

China much use is made of Chinese tonseed meal. It is an excellent plan brick tea, not as a beverage, but as a to experiment with the different ravegetable, boiled with rice and mut tions until one is obtained which gives



For Fattening Fowls.

We herewith illustrate a foul-fattening crate, used at the Ontario Agricultural College. This crate is 6 feet 6 inches long, 18 to 20 inches high and 16 inches wide. It is divided into three compartments, each holding from four to five birds, according to the size of the chickens. The crate is made of slats, except the ends. The slats are usually 11/2 inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. The slats in front little Parson comes. Parsons are reg- are run up and down and are two inches apart to allow the chickens to put muttering. Pine assisted to carry Mrs. their heads through for feeding. The slats on the bottom are three-fourths of an inch spart, so as to admit of the



THE FATTENING CRATE.

droppings passing through to ground. Care should be taken not to have the first bottom slat at the back fit closely against the back, as this will hold the droppings. The feeding and watering are done by means of a trough in front running the entire length of the coop. This trough is from two to three inches deep and is made of three-quarter inch lumber.

Churning When Weather Is Cold. Let the milk stand thirty-six hours; then skim. If it stands longer than this, especially in a cold room, the cream is liable to be bitter, and consequently you will have bitter butter. Once a day turn into the cream a quart sour by the time the bucket is nearly full, set it on the stove reservoir of warm, not hot, water, stirring frequently until soured. Then add sweet cream or new milk enough for a churning. -but, however, it doesn't matter. It's Let this stand twelve hours; then warm on the reservoir of warm water, stirring often, so that the cream will warm

As soon as the right temperature is obtained the cream should be churned. A little salt added to the cream after side, listening to the firing, and waiting for her husband's return, without a murseparating the butter from th was, Julia Vickers had displayed, in and it also aids in gathering the but cases of emergency, that glowing courter. If there are bubbles in the cream age which women of her nature at times after churning a while, add a little possess. Though she would rawn over warm water frequently until the butter any book above the level of a genteel is gathered. This is a favorite method love story; attempt to fascinate, with in cold weather, and if followed you will always have sweet, solid, salable butter.

Muzzle for Horses.

Horses sometimes act disagreeable when working in the orchard or when cultivating corn or grain by trying to get a mouthful of the growing crop The best way to overcome such a habit ing on the threshold. "All is safe now, is to muzzle the horse, but in doing though we had a narrow escape, I be- this extreme care should be used that the horse is not injured nor seriously The child was lying on the bed, with discommoded by the muzzle. Take heavy white canvas, such as grain bags are made from. Cut this to eighteeninch lengths and wide enough to go around the jaws of the horse comfortably loose. Cut two oval airholes three by four inches, braid the edges



with strong braid and make a lattice work over the opening by weaving knotted hard twine through it. Bind the top, add strings at the side, hem the

Good Rations for Cows, The following ration and its varia tions or substitutes have been found profitable, yet not expensive: The first one is perhaps more nearly a balanced ration than the other. It consists of twenty pounds of clover hay, eight pounds of corn and cob meal and two pounds of cottonseed meal. The other is composed of ten pounds of alfalfa or of cowpea hay, ten pounds of corn stover, eight pounds of corn and two pounds of bran. In sections where neither clover, alfalfa or cowpea hay is obtainable, and a mixed of timothy hay or corn fodder is used, the balance may be maintained by increasing the quantity of the concentrated foods. In Manchuria, Siberia and North whether bran, oats, gluten meal or cot the desired results.

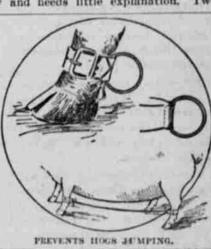
Starting a Flower Garden. Spring is the time when the average amateur flower gardener makes bis worst mistakes. Too often he buys seed which he does not handle properly, with the results that bare spots in the garden show where he expected beautiful blossoms. The young plants that he expected to flower are killed by the hot sun or choked under heavy or dry soll.

The amateur who would rival the professional florist in the radiance of his garden, should make a start now by sowing the seed of many kinds of showy annuals in boxes or pots, to be kept indoors for awhile. The boxes should have boles for drainage in the bottom, but should not be so open as to keep the soll dry. Ordinary garden soll may be used in the bottom, but at the top there should be a lighter soil, well mixed. The small seed should be sown on the surface; then fine soil spread over them and pressed down, but not so hard as to cause the soil to bake. Coarse seed can best be planted in little drills, or each seed pressed down into the soil, and the whole covered with a thin layer of earth, as with the small seed. The soll should be gently sprinkled with water immediately after the planting. Only the quantity of water which the soil can absorb without becoming soggy should be given. The box should be watered subsequently whenever the soil becomes dry a little below the surface.

It is a good practice to sow the seed in rows, as this enables the soil to be stirred to prevent it from baking. The box should be set by the window and given plenty of light, but at the same time shielded from the hot sun. When the plants have grown to a fair size, it will be warm enough outdoors to set them out in the garden. Only the stronger plants should be chosen for replanting. Agortums, sweet alyssum, shapdragons, bellotropes, lobellas, nasturtiums and verbenas can be treated successfully this way.

The Hog That Jumps.

In almost every herd of swine there is one or more that is inclined to scale fences and usually is more successful in breaking the fence down than in getting over it. The device illustrated will break this bad habit very quickly and needs little explanation, Two



rings an inch or more in diameter and two straps with strong buckles are needed.

The strap should be wide enough so that it will not cut the legs of the hog. Place one of the straps over the front leg, after placing the ring in position, and the other over the hind leg on the same side. Be sure and buckle the straps tight enough so that they will not come off. Then take a strong rope and tie in the rings as shown, being careful that it is long enough so that the bog can walk comfortably.

After trying one or two jumps while this attachment is on the hog will give it up as a bad job, but the device should be kept on until the animal is completely broken of the Jumping habit,

Dehorning Cuttle.

Dehorning has passed the experimental stage and has now become a necessity. Practically no one now denies the benefits derived from having a herd deprived of the dangerous weapons of defense. The question arises as when and how can it best be done. The fall, or preferably early spring, are the best seasons of the year for doing the work, say the middle of March. The idea is to get the wounds thoroughly healed before the flies come. Animals dehorned in early spring and cared for, usually shrink but little and the wounds very soon heal over. It is not necessary to put anything on the wounds.

Hauling Manure to Field.

While it is admittedly the better plan to get the manure to the fields as soon after it is made as possible, the plan has its greatest value when the manure is spread as soon as placed on the soll -that is, do not put it in heaps to spread at some later period, but, if possible, load it from the stable directly into a spreader, so that as soon as it reaches the field it can be put on the soil, where it will leach in during the winter. The idea of carting the manure direct to the field is to have it improving the soil instead of letting a portion of its virtue go into the air, as is the case when it lays in the barnyard all winter.

Profit in Berries. A prominent Illinois strawberry grower finds it costs him \$40 per acre to grow the crop. An acre yields him from one to two hundred crates, which net around \$1 per crate. He finds the Warfield in great demand because it stands distant shipping. The favorite varieties in his section are Warfield, Duniap and Tennessee Prolific.

Told by the Typonyli The following corresponder plains Reelf:

"Mr. Thompson presents his or ments to Mr. Simpson, and bear request that he will keep his pro-

"Mr. Simpson presents his compa-ments to Mr. Thompson, and reques that in future he will not spell he piggs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and he will feel obligat he will add the letter 'e' to the he word in the note just received, to a to represent Mr. Simpson and lags:

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Those son's note unopened, the imperior it contains being only equalled by he vulgarity."

A cremated adult human body land a residuum of gray ashes which skope er do not weigh more than about to

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put terein, and until the last few years was supposed to insurable. For a great many years deciripated in the country of the last few years was supposed to insurable. For a great many years deciripated in the country of the last of the country to the second remedies, and by constantly failing to consist to last the country of the country of the second disease, and therefore require constitutional disease, and therefore require constitutional disease, and therefore require consistent in the country of the manual disease, and therefore require manual treatment. Half's Catarrh Cure, manual disease, and therefore required the manual is taken internally in doses from 16 deciries in the country of the country of the country of the country of the system. They offered hundred dollars for any case it is a second the country of the country of

It Surprised Her.

The amateur photographer in the goodness of his heart, often promis copies of his pictures to any one whe happens to be standing in range of the camera when it is "fired." Unforth nately, failing memory usually inter venes to prevent fulfillment of the promises.

It happened that a young man tak ing "views" on the summit of For Hill, Vicksburg, found a dilapidat cabin the foreground of one of the "Hello, there, aunty!" he called h

the negro woman in the doorest "Step out on the gallery and get a the picture." "You goin' gimme one o' dem pie tures?" she demanded.

"Give you a picture?" repeated the photographer. "No. Don't think it for a minute. Stand up and look you prettiest, now."

The old woman looked at him a me ment in amazement. Then she tuned and shouted to some one inside. "Foh de land's sake!" she said "0?

man, come out yeah an' git youh ple ter took. Heah's a young man but ain't a lyin' about it. Dey's been two hund'ed people tooken picters of me on dis gal'ry, an' eve'y las' one of 'en say he gwine sen' me a picter-bit nary picter I ever see yit. Look jen purtes', ol' man. Dis young man los like he ain't tellin' no lies to us"

During the last two decades the inprovement in the reciprocating stem engine has kept fully abreast of there markable progress in electrical development to such a degree that, notwitstanding the multiplication of ga es gines and turbines and the wide dist bution of water power by electrical transmission, the use of the steam s-gine is increasing faster today that ever before. Many mammoth indutrial plants are exclusively engaged in building steam boilers and engines, and it is the proud boast of one of these, the Atlas Engine works, of Indianapola, that it averages a complete boiler as engine outfit of fifty horsepower erer thirty minutes of the working day.

When the visitor to their plant has gone through two or three of their great warehouses, where he saw husdreds of steam engines of various type and sizes, and emerges upon a b yard of twenty acres, that looks like a perfect sea of boilers, the old question of what becomes of all the pins is for gotten and he wonders where upon earth use can be found for all the boilers and engines turned out by this cos concern. But, if he will watch the loading process, he will see ten of twelve trainloads per day go out, lately ed for destinations all over the world and will gain some notion of the may nitude of the world's work. The when he is told that this one concer. leviathan of the trade though it is, de not produce ten per cent of the world's output of steam boilers and engines, be will begin to realize how vast is the production and consumption of steam power throughout the world.

The Ruling Passion. Old Stoxanbons-Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing! His Chauffeur-Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon Old Stoxanbons-Then for hearest sake run into something chesp!-Pock

Civic Art Problems.

The treatment of minor open space in village and city, one of the most b tersting problems of civic art today. will be the subject of an article by Sylvester Baxter in the April Century. Among the filustrations, by Jules Gorin, of Mr. Baxter's text, will be pic-tures of Grand Circle, with the Columbus monument, and Coenties slip, York, the first showing the effective ness of formal treatment of an open space at the conjunction of imporstreets; the second the possibilities securing a restful effect of roomiss in a limited area.

According to Mr. Baxter-and quite contrary to the popular impress the Boston Public Garden has exerted most demoralizing influence upon gardening art in the United States, be cause of its lavish employment of rish and expensive material "in a fashio and expensive material". unguided by any true principle of

Other examples, good and bad, a public squares in different cities and villages will be treated in Mr. Baxist's article.