

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.

"The old dodge," said Frere again. "Of course, I couldn't let him go; but I took him out of the chain gang, and put him on the Osprey. You saw her in the dock as you came in. He worked for some time very well, and then tried to bolt again."

"The old trick. Ha; ha! don't I know it?" says Mr. Frere.

"Well, we caught him and gave him fifty. Then he was sent to the chain gang, cutting timber. Then we put him into the boats, but he quarreled with the coxswain, and then we took him back to the timber rafts. About six weeks ago he made another attempt—together with Gabbett, the man who nearly killed you—but his leg was chafed with the irons, and we took him. Gabbett and three more, however, got away."

Just then some one came up the garden path and saluted.

"What is it, Troke?"

"Prisoner given himself up, sir, Gabbett. He came back to-night. He's down at the sheds. You can see him at once, gentlemen, if you like."

It was not far to the sheds, and after a few minutes' walk through the wooden palisades they reached a long stone building, two stories high, from which issued a horrible growling pierced with shrill screams. At the sound of the musket butts clashing on the pine wood flagging, the noises ceased, and a silence more sinister than sound fell on the place.

Passing between two rows of warders, the two officers reached a sort of ante-room to the jail, containing a pine-log stretcher, on which a mass of something was lying. On a roughly made stool, by the side of this stretcher sat a man in the gray dress of "good conduct" prisoners. This man held between his knees a basin containing gruel and was apparently endeavoring to feed the mass on the pine logs.

"Gabbett!"

The intelligent Troke, considerably alive to the wishes of his superior officers, dragged the mass into a sitting posture, and awoke it.

Gabbett—for it was he—passed one great hand over his face, and leaning exactly in the position in which Troke had placed him, scowled, bewildered, at his visitors.

"Well, Gabbett," says Vickers, "you've come back again, you see. When will you learn sense, eh? Where are your mates?"

"Dead," says Gabbett.

"Why don't you eat your gruel?"

"I have eaten it. Ain't yer got nuffin' better nor that to flog a man on? Ugh! yer a mean lot! Wot's it to be this time, major? Fifty?"

"A nice specimen!" said Vickers, with a hopeless smile. "What can one do with such a fellow?"

"I'd flog his soul out of his body," said Frere, "if he spoke to me like that."

The giant raised his great head and looked at the speaker, but did not recognize him. He saw only a strange face—a visitor, perhaps. "You may flog, and welcome, master," said he, "if you'll give me a fig o' tiddack."

Frere laughed. The brutal indifference of the rejoinder suited his humor, and, with a glance at Vickers, he took a small piece of cavendish from the pocket of his pea jacket, and gave to the recaptured convict. Gabbett snatched it as a cur snatches at a bone, and thrust it whole into his mouth.

"How many mates had he?" asked Maurice, watching the champing jaws as one looks at a strange animal, and asking the question as though a "mate" was something a convict was born with—like a mole, for instance.

"Three, sir?"

"Three, eh? Well, give him thirty lashes, Vickers."

"And if I ha' had three more," growled Gabbett, mumbling at his tobacco, "you wouldn't ha' had the chance."

As he sat there gloomily chewing, he was a spectacle to shudder at. Not so much on account of his natural hideousness, increased a thousandfold by the tattered and filthy rags which barely covered him. Not so much on account of his unshaven jaws, his hare-lip, his torn and bleeding feet, his haggard cheeks, and his huge, wasted frame. Not only because, looking at the animal, as he crouched, with one foot curled round the other, and one hairy arm pendent between his knees, he was so horribly unhuman, that one shuddered to think that tender women and fair children must, of necessity, confess to fellowship of kind with such a monster. But also because, in his slavering mouth, his slowly grinding jaws, his restless fingers, and his bloodshot, wandering eyes, there lurked a hint of some terror more awful than the terror of starvation—a memory of a tragedy played out in the gloomy depths of that forest which had vomited him forth again—and the shadow of this unknown horror, clinging to him, repelled, as though he bore about with him the reek of the shambles.

"Come," said Vickers, "let us go back. I shall have to flog him again, I suppose. Oh, this place! No wonder they call it 'Hell's Gates.'"

"Hallo! what's that red light there?"

"Dawes' fire on Grummet Rock," says Vickers, going in; "the man I told you about."

Two or three mornings after the arrival of the Ladybird, the solitary prisoner of the Grummet Rock noticed mysterious movements along the shore of the island settlement. The building of a pier, or breakwater, running from the western point of the settlement, was discontinued; and all hands appeared to be occupied with the newly built Osprey, which was lying on the slips. Parties of soldiers also daily left the Ladybird, and assisted at the mysterious work in progress.

A fortnight after this, about the 15th of December, he observed another curious fact. All the boats on the island put off one morning to the opposite side of the harbor, and in the course of the day a great smoke arose along the side of the hills. The next day the same

was repeated; and on the fourth day the boats returned, towing behind them a huge raft. This raft, made fast to the side of the Ladybird, proved to be composed of planks, beams and joists, all of which were duly hoisted up and stowed in the hold of the brig.

This set Rufus Dawes thinking. Could it possibly be that the timber cutting was to be abandoned, and that the government had hit upon some other method of utilizing its convict labor? He had been timber and built boats, and tanned hides and made shoes. Was it possible that some new trade was to be initiated? Before he had settled this point to his satisfaction, he was startled by another boat expedition. Three boats' crews went down the bay, and returned, after a day's absence, with an addition to their number in the shape of four strangers and a quantity of stores and furling implements. Rufus Dawes, catching sight of these last, came to the conclusion that the boats had been to Phillip Island, where the "garden" was established, and had taken off the gardeners and garden produce. Rufus Dawes decided that the Ladybird had brought a new commandment—his sight, trained by his half-savage life, had already distinguished Mr. Maurice Frere—and that these mysteries were "improvements" under the new rule. When he arrived at this point of reasoning, another conjecture, assuming his first to have been correct, followed as a natural consequence. Lieutenant Frere would be a more severe commandment than Major Vickers. Now, severity had already reached its height, so far as he was concerned; the unhappy man took a final resolution—he would kill himself.

Ignorant that the sights and sounds about him were symptoms of the final abandonment of the settlement, and that the Ladybird was sent down to bring away the prisoners, Rufus Dawes decided upon getting rid of that burden of life which pressed upon him so heavily. For six years he had heaved wood and drawn water; for six years he had hoped against hope; for six years he had lived in the valley of the shadow of death. He dared not recalculate to himself what he had suffered. Indeed, his senses were deadened and dulled by torture. He cared to remember only one thing—that he was a prisoner for life. In vain had been his first dream of freedom. He had done his best, by good conduct, to win release; but the villainy of Vetch and Rex had deprived him of the fruit of his labor. Instead of gaining credit by his exposure of the plot on board the Malabar, he was himself deemed guilty and condemned, in spite of his assertions of innocence. The knowledge of his "treachery," while it gained for him no credit with the authorities, procured for him the detestation and ill-will of the monsters among whom he found himself. On his arrival at Hell's Gates he was a marked man, a pariah among those beings who were pariahs to all the world besides.

In the meantime, the settlement was in a fever of excitement. In less than three weeks from the announcement made by Vickers, all had been got ready. The commandant had finally arranged with Frere as to his course of action. He himself would accompany the Ladybird with the main body. His wife and daughter were to remain until the sailing of the Osprey, which Mr. Frere was to bring up as soon as possible. "I will leave you a corporal's guard, and ten prisoners as a crew," Vickers said. "You can work her easily with that number."

To which Frere had replied that he could do with five prisoners if necessary, for he knew how to get double work out of the lazy dogs.

Near Phillip's Island, on the north side of the harbor, is situated Coal Head, where a party had been lately at work. This party, hastily withdrawn by Vickers to assist in the business of devastation, had left behind it some tools and timber, and at the eleventh hour a boat's crew was sent to bring away the debris. The tools were duly collected, and the pine logs—worth twenty-five shillings apiece in Hobart Town—duly rafted and chained. The timber was secured, and the convicts, towing it after them, pulled for the ship just as the sun sunk. In the general relaxation of discipline and haste the raft had not been made with as much care as usual, and the strong current against which the boat was laboring assailed the negligence of the convicts. The logs began to loosen, and though the onward motion of the boat kept the chain taut, when the rowers slackened their exertions the mass parted, and Mr. Troke, hooking himself on to the side of the Ladybird, saw a huge log slip out from its fellows, and disappear into the darkness. Gazing after it with an indignant and disgusted stare, as though it had been a refractory prisoner who merited two-days' "solitary," he thought he heard a cry from the direction in which it had been borne. He would have paused to listen, but all his attention was needed to save the timber, and to prevent the boat from being swamped by the struggling mass at her stern.

The cry had proceeded from Rufus Dawes. From his solitary rock he had watched the boat pass him and make for the Ladybird in-channel, and he had decided that the moment when the gathering gloom swallowed her up should be the moment when he would plunge into the surge below him. The heavily laboring boat grew dimmer and dimmer, as each tug of the oars took her further from him. Presently, only the figure of Mr. Troke in the stern sheets was visible; than that also disappeared, and as the nose of the timber raft rose on the swell of the next wave, Rufus Dawes flung himself into the sea.

He was heavily ironed, and he sunk like a stone. He had resolved not to attempt to swim, and for the first moment kept his arms raised above his head in order to sink the quicker. But as the short, sharp agony of suffocation caught him, and the shock of the icy water dispelled the mental intoxication under which he was laboring, he desperately struck out, and despite the weight of his irons, gained the surface for an instant. As he did so, all bewildered, and with the one savage instinct of self-

preservation predominant over all other thoughts, he became conscious of a huge black mass surging upon him out of the darkness. An instant's attempt to dive beneath it, a horrible sense that the weight at his feet was dragging him down—and the huge log, loosened from the raft, was upon him, crushing him beneath its rough and ragged sides. The log passed completely over him, thrusting him beneath the water, but his hand, scraping along the splintered side, came in contact with the loop of hide rope that yet hung round the mass, and he clutched it with the tenacity of a death-grip. In another instant he got his head above water, and, making good his hold, twisted himself, by a violent effort, across the log.

For a moment he saw the lights from the stern windows of the anchored vessels low in the distance; Grummet Rock disappeared on his left; then, exhausted, breathless, and bruised, he closed his eyes, and the drifting log bore him swiftly and silently away into the darkness.

At daylight the next morning, Mr. Troke, landing on the prison rock, found it deserted. The prisoner's cap was lying on the edge of the little cliff, but the prisoner himself had disappeared. Pulling back to the Ladybird, the intelligent Troke pondered on the circumstance, and in delivering his report to Vickers mentioned the strange cry he had heard the night before. "It's my belief, sir, that he was trying to swim the bay," he said. "He must ha' gone to the bottom anyhow, for he couldn't swim five yards with them irons."

Vickers, busily engaged in getting under way, accepted this very natural supposition without question. The prisoner had met his death either by his own act or by accident. It was either a suicide or attempt to escape, and the former conduct of Rufus Dawes rendered the latter explanation a more probable one. In any case, he was dead. As Mr. Troke rightly surmised, no man could swim the bay in irons; and when the Ladybird, an hour later, passed the Grummet Rock, all on board her believed that the corpse of its late occupant was lying beneath the waves that seethed at its base.

The drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desperate struggle for life, the convict lay along the rough bark of this heaven-sent raft without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was lost in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable posture, he staggered to his feet, and, crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When he woke up it was past mid-day, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escapes, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked around, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the leaves which lay in the corner where the departing convicts had flung them the night before. At such a moment, this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from heaven. He would not have been surprised had he disappeared. Had he lived in another age, he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

(To be continued.)

Rattled.
Miss Deery's mother came into the room rather suddenly, and Mr. Spooner endeavored to cover his embarrassment.

"As I was just saying," he began in a formally conversational tone.

"Why, no you weren't, George!" interrupted Miss Deery, hastily. "You were speaking of football—don't you remember?"—Cleveland Leader.

Unwelcome Contents.
"I see you carry a heavy stock of eggs," remarked the caller. "Is there anything in eggs?"

"Well," replied the truthful grocer, "there was something in the consignment that came in last week."

"Indeed! What?"

"Chickens."

At Bacon Bridge.
Drummer—Why are all the natives of this village out this morning?

Uncle Silas—Why, by heck, they heard an automobile with one of those new calliope whistles coming down the road and thought a circus parade was on the way.

One Woman's Wisdom.
"But," queried the visitor, "what was your object in putting a stove in this room when it is steam-heated?"

"Oh," replied the hostess. "I did that so the baby wouldn't catch cold if it accidentally touches the steam pipes."

After the Breakdown.
Prudent Pa—Yes, my son, every lad should let the word "push" be his watchword.

Modern Son—I agree with you, pa. He may some day grow up and own an automobile.

In a Nutshell.
Tess—Count Brokeleigh seems to be paying Miss Mona Toburn marked attention.

Jess—Yes, dollar-marked attention. Philadelphia Press.

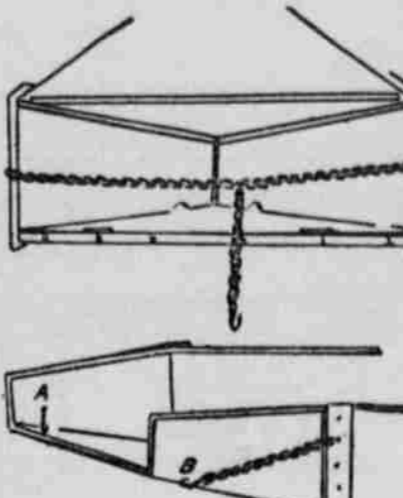
"Seeing Gotham."
Gunner—So you went to New York on pleasure bent, eh? Did you get bent?

Guyes—Worse than bent. I got broke.



Farm Wagon Attachment.

A well-constructed shoveling board attached to the wagon box is a great convenience when unloading ear corn, root crops or any similar thing. The illustration shows a simple, practical idea, the lower picture showing the board lowered for use and the upper one showing how it can be closed. The shoveling board proper is about one inch narrower than the width of the inside of the wagon box and is attached to the latter with strong hinges; the board may be the same width as the sides of the wagon box, or wider, if desired. The side-boards A and B are slanted off at the back sides and the front ends are the same width as the box where they are attached with strong hinges. Strong, short hooks are placed in each side-board, as shown un-



SHOVELING BOARD.

der letter A, and an eye in the shoveling board just under the hook, thus keeping the board in position. There is a light iron chain support at each side of the box and hooked underneath.—Indianapolis News.

Making Incubator Profitable.

The incubator has passed the experimental stage, and is no longer a machine of chance results. Any one with a reasonable amount of common sense and the ability to take care of the machine and its contents while it is in operation will be rewarded by success. If one is in a position to go into the poultry business on a scale of considerable magnitude the better plan is to prepare a cellar expressly for the work, for, perfect as they are, incubators sometimes catch on fire, and then the loss of the building they are in generally follows. The cement building blocks which have recently come into use offer the means to construct an incubator cellar in any section of the country at moderate cost. Brooders, too, must be added, and there should be a structure for the brooders, so that the early hatched chicks need not be turned out of doors to get wet or catch cold. Incubator cellar in any section of the country and sold at a low price. A 50-egg machine of reliable make can be bought for \$10, and with it one can get all the experience needed to enable him to operate those of larger capacity a second season. The incubator and the brooder are essential in operations of considerable size, the sitting hen to be used only as a makeshift.

When and What to Prune.

This list of plants and shrubs, with their requirements in regard to the pruning season, is especially timely and helpful. It has the weight of authority, as coming from a practical gardener.

There is a right time and a wrong time to prune each plant, but few amateurs can distinguish between them. Also certain trees do not need pruning at all.

Head back immediately after blooming: Kalmia latifolia, diervilla or wilegella, azalea, forsythia, snowball, kerria, mock orange, Philadelphia, barberry, most woody sprays.

Head back when dormant: Roses, celmatis, spiraea sorbifolia, hydrangea.

Large flowering trees not requiring pruning: Aesculus (horse chestnut), sorbus sambucifolia, catalpa, sorbus Americana (American ash), lirdendron (tulip poplar), pavia, sorbus grandiflora, pyrus aria (white bean tree), sorbus elanocarpa, robina, cladrastia, tinctoria (Virgilia tree), sophora, sorbus aucuparia (mountain ash).

Clipping Horses.

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded by all the leading veterinarians to be as essential to his well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. A crippled horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the next day's work. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, etc., because the moisture from perspiration is held by the long hair and chills the body.

A man would not expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure to clip him in the early spring.—Horse Review.

Is Your Dairy Farm a Success?

Are you making all there is to be made in the dairy business? If not, why not? This is a question which every dissatisfied dairyman may well ask himself. When a business man or manufacturer finds his business is not paying to suit him he seeks for the causes of loss and strives to eliminate them.

If we investigate we shall find that the successful dairymen attend to every little detail that affects their business. They look at everything from a business standpoint, save wherever anything can be saved, and discard animals or methods that don't pay.

If you are not one of the successful dairymen, look around and see why you are not. There is a reason for everything, and when you know the reason you are in a position to remedy the trouble. If you have no liking for your business, the sooner you change to something you do like the better it will be for you and those dependent upon you. Have you tested your cows individually and discarded those which show by their own performance that they are not profitable? The Babcock test and the scales will show which are profitable and which are not, and it is sheer shiftlessness not to apply such a test.—Indianapolis News.

Improving an Old Orchard.

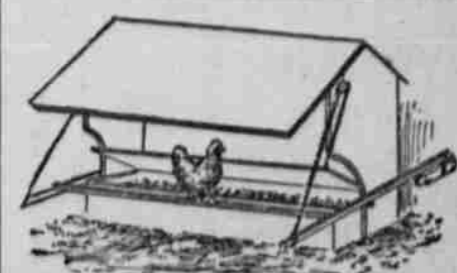
It is often the case that an orchard in middle life is found to be no longer profitable, mainly because a mistake was made in the selection of the varieties in the beginning. In such cases the orchard may be made profitable again by top-grafting the trees. This is not a difficult task, provided it is properly done and the union between the branch and the scion is perfect. As a rule branches not over an inch in diameter are the best to work this way. Of course, it is understood that the scions would be much smaller in diameter than the parent stock, so the plan is to insert two on each outer edge. The main thing to observe is to be sure that the bark of both scion and parent stock is in perfect line, so that the flow of sap may be perfectly free. Care must also be taken that the space between the scions and the parent stock made by the chisel be filled with the grafting wax, as well as any other spaces in which the air may get. It is not customary to leave both of the grafts, but to cut out the weaker one if both grow. This work is interesting and really very simple if one gets the knack of it, and it certainly pays with an orchard that is not too old if care is taken to obtain scions from known bearing trees of the best sorts.

Do Not Overpet the Young Stock.

One of our contemporaries says "make the calf the family pet." In the opinion of the writer and of other dairymen of long experience this would be one of the worst mistakes that could be made. The calf that is the pet of the family is more than likely to be used by the children for many purposes for which it was never intended. By all means treat the calves that are to be raised kindly, handle them considerately and pat them caressingly often, but let the petting stop here, for if it is played with by the children, running and jumping with them, being harnessed up with strings as children are quite likely to do, it becomes a nuisance as it grows; it soon gets impatient, noses around where it has no business, and, if its horns are allowed to grow, becomes dangerous later on. Such a calf will invariably try to "boss" the herd after it gets old and strong enough, and is a nuisance generally.—Exchange.

Self-Feeder for Poultry.

A perfection feed hopper is shown in the cut, says the Orange Judd Farmer. It is eight inches wide, two and one-half feet high, and three feet long. The roof projects over the perch on which the fowls stand while feeding. The method of constructing the perches and the weight and attachment to the lid over the grain is clearly shown in the picture. The weight on the arm



FEED HOPPER FOR POULTRY.

should be adjusted to the size of the fowl. This box may be made of any length desired, but the height and width are about right.

Changing Lots for Swine.

Where swine are raised in sufficient numbers so that they are herded in small inclosures, it is essential to change these lots yearly if one would avoid the danger of cholera or other diseases. The way to accomplish this to the best advantage is to have the swine distributed in small colonies, each with a movable house. Have the lots of double size, using one-half of each lot during the early part of the season and the other half at the latter part. This will carry one through the season with little danger of trouble, and then these lots should be abandoned for swine, being cultivated the next year and new lots provided for the swine. This is considerable trouble to be sure, but there is no way more certain to avoid disease than this. Particularly is this plan valuable in sections where the soil is inclined to be heavy so that the filth made by the swine does not drain into the soil readily.

INTEREST IN THE KILLO CLUB.

Sociological Experiment Has Gained in Membership and Worth.
Perhaps no woman's club in the country has so interesting a history and record of things as the Killo Club of Chicago. In the beginning an ordinary literary society and so it continued until the inception of the Noontime Club as one of its most pronounced features. With nothing to back it but faith in its purpose, the Killo Club was undertaken and speedily the problem of the enterprise proved itself true. From this period the Killo Club became one of the strong factors in the sociological developments of Chicago.

From year to year the Noontime Club has increased in numbers, and growing the original apartments, and still growing, it now occupies a beautiful suite of rooms, consisting of club departments, dining room, library and restrooms. All are fitted and decorated with the latest and best appliances and most artistic surroundings.

The Killo Club has not been satisfied with catering alone. Its patrons, besides being served with the best food the market affords, are given as fine a course of lectures as can be arranged. This educational feature of the Noontime Club is one of its most distinguishing and popular characteristics.

Under the guidance of the educational committee this feature has been pushed with unflagging zeal, and the subjects, covering the various fields of art, literature, history, science and travel, are on a par with those given in our highest institutions of learning.

As It Often Happens.
When our hero did his courting in the golden long ago, He declared that her small fingers were real toil should know, He'd protect those dainty digits; he would labor like a Turk, And he'd never, never let her do a thing that smacked of work.

For some six or seven winters have the twain been married now, But throughout them all our hero has been faithful to his vow. True, he lets her tend the furnace, let her carry in the coal, But no real work. Good gracious! That would jar his tender soul. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sirenous Sighs.
Eva—Do you remember when you passed us in the automobile? Well, two minutes after that Jack proposed. Ed.—Yes, I heard the machine go "chug-chug." Eva—"The machine? Gracious! That was Jack sighing."

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. It is the only cure that offers one hundred percent of success for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.
During the year 1904 Siam exported more than \$12,000,000 worth of tin. 'Weakwood' is second in value.

Paris is to use automobile garbage carts in future.

There are more than 4,000,000 and pens used up every day in England.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative.
"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slicers for five years, and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the common cost as for a cheap one is ahead of nothing."
(Name on application.)
HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.
Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.
A. J. TOWER CO.,
BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA.
Makers of Wet Weather Clothing & Hats.

BEMIS BAGS Are Best

- OAT BAGS
 - WHEAT BAGS
 - BARLEY BAGS
 - WOOL BAGS
 - FLOUR BAGS
 - ORE SACKS
 - HOP CLOTH and BURLAP of All Kinds
- Bags of Burlap and Cotton Manufactured by Us
- Bemis Bro. Bag Co.**
1508-1514 Colorado Street
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON