For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.-(Continued.) By and by, having eaten of this miraculous provender, the poor creature began to understand what had taken place. The coal workings were abandoned; the new commandant had probably other work for his beasts of burden to execute, and an absconder would be safe here for a few hours at least. But he must not stay. For him there was no If he thought to escape, it behooved him to commence his journey at once. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the rations of six men. Was it not possible to cross the desert that lay between him and freedom on such fare? The very supposition made his heart beat faster. It surely was possible. Twenty miles a day was very easy walking. Taking a piece of stick from the ground, he made the calculation in the sand. Eighteen days, and twenty miles a day-three hundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! With prudence, it could be done! He must be careful and abstem-

Having come to this resolution, the next thing was to disencumber himself of his irons. This was more easily done than he expected. He found in the shed an iron gad, and, with that and a stone he drove out the rivets.

Before dawn the next morning he had traveled ten miles, and by husbanding his food he succeeded, by the night of the fourth day, in accomplishing forty more. Foot-sore and weary, he lay in a thicket, and felt at last that he was beyoud pursuit. The next day he advanced more slowly. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Dawes pressed forward, and stumbled over a corpse!

He recognized the number imprinted on the coarse cloth at that which had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder had been committed! A murder!-and what else? Thank God, the food he carried was not yet exhausted! He turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding and wild with terror, he reached a spur of the range, and looked around him. He raised his eyes, and right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the parrow steel-blue reach of the harbor from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the Osprey making for the Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon her deck. A faint cry of rage escaped him. During the last three days in the bush he must have retraced his steps, and returned upon his own track to the settlement! More than half his allotted time had passed, and he was not yet thirty miles from his prison.

For four days he wandered aimlessly through the bush. At last, on the twelfth day from his departure from the Coal Head, he found himself at the foot of Mount Direction, at the head of the peninsula which makes the western side of the harbor. His terrible wandering had but led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night brought him round the shores of Birches Inlet to the landing place opposite Sarah Island. His stock of provisions had been exhausted for two days, and he was savage with hunger. He no longer thought of suicide. His dominant idea was now to get food. He would do as many others had done before him-give himself up to be flogged and fed. When he reached the landing place, however, the guard house was empty. He looked across at the island prison, and saw no sign of life. The settlement was deserted!

The shock of this discovery almost deprived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his jaded and lacerated body solely by the strength of his fierce determination to reach the settlement; and now that he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleled horror, he found it deserted. He struck himself to see if he was not dreaming. He refused to believe his eye-sight. He shouted, screamed and waved his tattered garments in the

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him. He retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward toward the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to fling himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance on the left horn of the sea A thin blue streak, uprising from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire.

The dying wretch felt inspired with God had sent him a direct sign from heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapor seemed to him as glorious as the pillar of fire that led the Israelites. There were yet human beings near him! And turning his face from the hungry sea, he tottered, with the last effort of his failing strength, toward the blessed token of their presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Frere had gone on a brief fishing expedition. At last a peremptory signal warned him. It was the sound of a musket fired on board the brig. Mr. Bates was getting impatient, and with a scowl Frere drew up his lines, and ordered the two soldiers to pull for the vessel.

The Osprey yet sat motionless on the water, and her bare masts gave no sign of making sail. To the soldiers, pulling with their backs to her, the musket-shot seemed the most ordinary occurrence in the world. Suddenly, however, they noticed a change of expression in the sullen face of their commander. Frere, sitting in the stern-sheets, with his face to the Osprey, had observed a peculiar appearance on her decks. The bulwarks were every now and then topped by strange figures, who disappeared as suddenly as they came, and a faint murmur of voices floated across the intervening sea. Pres ently the report of another musket-shot hoed among the hills, and something dark fell from the side of the vessel

into the water. Frere, with mingled alarm and indignation, sprung to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked toward the brig. The soldiers, resting on their oars, imitated his ges-ture, and the whale-boat, thus thrown out of trim, rocked from side to side dangerously. A moment's anxious pause, and then another musket-shot, followed by a woman's shrill scream, explained all. The prisoners had seized the brig! "Give way!" cried Frere, pale with rage and apprehension, and the soldiers, realized at once the full terror of their posotion, forced the heavy whale-boat through the water as fast as the one miserable pair of oars could take her. Mr. Bates, affected by the insidious

influence of the hour, and lulled into a sense of false security, had gone below to tell his little playmate that she would soon be on her way to the Hobart Town of which she had heard so much, and, taking advantage of his absence, the soldier not on guard went to the forecastle to hear the prisoners singing. He found the ten together, in high good humor. While he listened James Lesly, William Cheshire, William Russen, John Fair and James Barker slipped to the hatchway and got upon deck. Barker reached the aft-hatchway as the soldier who was on guard turned to complete his walk, and passing his arm round his neck, pulled him down before he could utter a cry. In the confusion of the moment the man loosed his grasp of the musket to grapple with his unseen antagonist, and Fair, snatching up the weapon, swore to blow out his brains if he raised a finger. Seeing the sentry thus secured, Cheshire leaped down the afterhatchway and passed up the muskets from the arm-racks to Lesly and Russen. There were three muskets in addition to the one taken from the sentry, and Barker, leaving his prisoner in charge of Fair, seized one of them and ran to the companion-ladder. Russen, left unarmed by this maneuver, appeared to know his own duty. He came back to the forecastle, and passing behind the listening soldier, touched the singer on the shoulder. This was the appointed signal, and John Rex, suddenly terminating his song with a laugh, presented his fist in the face of the gaping Grimes. "No noise!" he cried; "the brig's ours," and ere Grimes could reply he was seized by Lyon and Riley and bound securely.

"Come on, lads!" says Rex, "and pass the prisoner down here. We've got her time time, I'll go bail!" In obedience to this order, the now gagged sentry was flung down the fore-hatchway, and the hatch secured. "Stand on the hatchway, Porter," cries Rex again; "and if those fellows come up knock 'em down with a handspike. Lesly and Russen, forward to the companion-ladder! Lyon, keep a lookout for the boat, and if she comes too near, fire!"

As he spoke the report of the first musket rang out. Barker had apparently fired up the companion-hatchway. When Mr. Bates had gone below, he found Sylvia curled up on the cushions of the stateroom, reading. "Well, missy?" he said, "we'll soon be on our way to papa."

Sylvia answered by asking a question altogether foreign to the subject. "Mr. Bates," said she, pushing the hair out of her blue eyes, "what's a coracle?"

"A which?" asked Mr. Bases. "A coracle. C-o-r-a-c-l-e," said she, spelling it slowly. "I want to know." The bewildered Bates shook his head.

"Never heard of one, missy," said he, bending over the book. "What does it " 'The Ancient Britons,' " said Sylvia. reading gravely, " 'were little better than

barbarians. They painted their bodies with woad'-that's blue stuff, you know, Mr. Bates-'and seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, must have presented a wild and savage appearance.' "Well," said Bates, "I think it's a car-

riage, missy. A sort of pheayton, as they call it."

Sylvia, hardly satisfied, returned to the book. It was a little, mean-looking volume-a "Child's History of England" and after perusing it a while with knitted brows, she burst into a childish laugh.

"Why, my dear Mr. Bates!" she cried. waving the history above her head in triumph, "what a pair of geese we are! A carriage! Oh, you silly man! It's a boat!"

"Is it?" said Mr. Bates, in admiration of the intelligence of his companion. "Who'd ha' thought that now?" and he was about to laugh also, when, raising his eyes, he saw in the open doorway the figure of James Barker, with a musket in his hand. "Hallo! What's this? What do you

do here, sir?"

"Sorry to disturb yer," says the convict, with a grin, "but you must come along o' me, Mr. Bates."

Bates, at once comprehending that some terrible misfortune had occurred, did not lose his presence of mind. One of the cushions of the couch was under his right hand, and snatching it up, he flung it across the little cabin full in the face of the escaped prisoner. The soft mass struck the man with force sufficient to blind him for an instant. The musket exploded harmlessly in the air; and, ere the astonished Barker could recover his footing, Bates had hurled him out of the cabin, and, crying "Mutiny!" locked the cabin-door on the inside. The noise brought out Mrs. Vickers from her berth, and the poor little student of English history ran into her arms.

"It's a mutiny, ma'am," said Bates. "Go back to your cabin and lock the door. Those bloody villians have risen Maybe it sin't so bad as it looks; I've got my pistols with me, and Mr. Frere'll hear the shot anyway. Mutiny! On deck there!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice, and his brow grew damp with dismay when a mocking

laugh from above was the only response Thrusting the woman and child into the state berth, the bewildered pilot cocked a pistol, and snatching a cutlass from the arm-stand fixed to the butt of the mast which penetrated the cabin, he burst open the door with his foot, and rushed to the companion-ladder. Barker had retreated to the deck, and for an Instant he thought the way was clear, but Lesly and Russen thrust him back with the muzzles of the loaded muskets. He struck at Russen with the cutiass, missed him, and, seeing the hopelessness of the attack, was fain to retreat.

In the meanwhile, Grimes and the other soldier had loosed themselves from their bonds, and encouraged by the firing which seemed to them a sign that all was not yet lost, made shift to force up the fore-hatch. Porter, whose courage was none of the fiercest, and who had been for years given over to that terror of discipline which servitude induces, made but a feeble attempt at resistance, and forcing the handspike from him, the sentry, Jones, rushed aft to help the pilot. As Jones reached the waist, Cheshire, a cold-blooded, blue-eyed man, shot him dead. Grimes fell over the corpse, and Cheshire clubbing the musket coolly battered his head as he lay, and then seizing the body of the unfortunate Jones in his arms, tossed it into the sea. "Porter, you lubber!" he cried, exhausted with the effort to lift the body, "come and bear a hand with this other one!" Porter advanced aghast; but just then another occurrence claimed the villain's attention, and poor Grimes' life was spared for that time.

Rex, inwardly raging at this unexpected resistance on the part of the pilot, flung himself on the skylight, and tore it up bodily. As he did so, Barker, who had reloaded his musket, fired down into the cabin. The ball passed through the stateroom door, and, splintering the wood, buried itself close to the golden curls of poor little Sylvia. It was their hair-breadth escape which drew from the agonized mother that shrick which, pealing through the open stern windows, had roused the soldiers in the boat.

Rex, who by the virtue of his dandy ism, yet possessed some abhorrence of useless crime, Imagined that the cry was one of pain, and that Barker's bullet had taken deadly effect. "You've killed the child, you villain!" he cried. "What's the odds?" asked Barker,

sulkily. "She must die anyway, sooner or later." Rex put his head down the skylight, and called on Bates to surrender; but

Bates only drew his other pistol. "Would you commit murder?" he asked, looking round with desperation in his glance. "No, no," cried some of the men, willing to blink the death of poor Jones. "It's no use making things worse than

do him no harm." "Come up, Mr. Bates," says Rex, "and I give you my word you shan't be injured.

they are. Bid him come up and we'll

"Will you set the major's lady and child ashore, then?" asked Bates, sturdily facing the scowling brows above him.

Bates, hoping against hope for the return of the boat, endeavored to gain "Shut down the skylight, then," said he, with the ghost of an authority in his voice, "until I ask the lady."

This, however, John Rex refused to do. "You can ask well enough where you are;" he said.

But there was no need for Mr. Bates to put a question. The door of the stateroom opened, and Mrs. Vickers appeared, trembling, with Sylvia by her side. "Accept, Mr. Bates," she said, "since it must be so. We should gain nothing by refusing. We are at their mercy-God "Amen to that," says Bates under his

breath; and then, aloud, "We agree!" "Put your pistols on the table and come up, then," says Rex, covering the tables with his musket 'Nobody shall hurt you."

Mrs. Vickers, pale and sick with terror, pased rapidly under the open skylight, and prepared to ascend. Sylvia clung to her mother with one hand, and with the other pressed close to her little bosom the "English History." "Get a shawl, ma'am, or something,"

says Bates, "and a hat for missy." 'Who's to command the brig now?' asked undaunted Bates, as they came

"I am," says John Rex; "and with these brave fellows I'll take her round dow arranged so that it may be opened the world." "What are you going to do with us?"

asked Bates. "Leave you behind. Come, look alive there! Lower away the jollyboat. Mrs. Vickers, go down to your cabin, and get anything you want. I am compelled to put you ashore, but I have no wish to leave you without it immensely. This little care just a few clothes." dismal admiration, at this courtly convict. He could not have spoken like that had life depended on it. "Now, my little lady," continued Rex, "run down with your mamma, and don't be frightened.

(To be continued.)

She had said "yes" and he was tak-

ing the measure for the solitaire. "Darling," he said, "you are the only woman I ever proposed to."

"I'm afraid you have a poor memory, dear," she rejoined. "You once told me you had been engaged to a widow."

"True," he replied, "but that was during leap year."

She Supplied Them.

Tragedian-I hear that Rowland Rantts went out on a tour through the Comedian-Yes, lecture tour, I be

lieve. Tragedian-I thought it was trag-

edy. How did it happen to be a lecture tour?" Comedian-His wife went along.

In His Line.

The fugitive Cossack landed in America and applied to the construction department of a large telegraph

company for work. "Bah!" scoffed the foreman. "You won't do. What do you know about stringing wires?"

"Nothing," replied the ex-Cossack, "but I know how to plant Poles."

In the Adirondacks.

Eva-What glorious air up in these nountains. I declare it is really intoxcating.

Dick-Then I shall be cautious how

breathe it. Eva-Why so?

Dick-I am afraid I might get air-

The Way to Make a Brooder.

Those who prefer the artificial method of raising chickens can make a brooder out of an old packing case which will accommodate fifty chicks at a cost of about a dollar. Such a brooder has given excellent results at one of the experimental stations when used in shed or colony house. Details of construction of a brooder of this kind are shown in the illustrations, The lower section of the brooder, which contains the lamp for heating, is a box

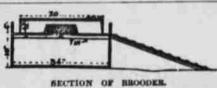


HOMEMADE BROODER

three feet square made of ten-inch boards, which is covered with tin or galvanized iron.

Above this cover, around the edges of the lamp box, one-inch strips are nailed. Two one-inch holes are bored through the strips on each side of the box for the purpose of ventilation. A floor of matched boards is laid on the strips. A hole eight inches in diameter is cut in the center of this floor, and over it is reversed an old tin pan ten inches in diameter, the sides of the pan being punched full of holes to allow free circulation of heat. Over this is placed a table two feet six inches square, with legs four and a half inches high.

Around the sides of this table is tacked a curtain of felt cloth from top to bottom at intervals of five or six inches to allow the chicks to pass in edbyboardsfourinches rdlu uu unnnnn



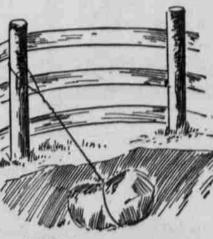
and out at will, the whole being surrounded by boards four inches high and three feet long nailed together at the corners and resting on the floor of the brooder. When the chicks are ten days old one of these boards may be taken away and a bridge used so that the chicks may run from the hover to the floor of the room.

Open the Stable Windows.

If the cows have been stabled all winter they are likely to become uneasy as spring advances and long for outdoors. It is an excellent plan to turn them out into sheltered barnyards that are clean and so arranged that the cold spring winds will not blow over them. Give them some roughage to munch over while they are out. If it is not feasible to turn them out yet, then arrange the stable so they may have all the fresh air possible without causing the air to blow over them so they are likely to catch cold. The winand the opening covered by the muslin sash will furnish this air without draught better than anything else. Especially give the cows sun if it can be done. If there is an open shed on the place facing the sun into which the cows may be turned they will enjoy Bates listened, in a sort of weeks before they are turned out to grass will help affairs wonderfully.

Bracing a Fence Post.

Oftentimes it is necessary or politic to curve the farm fence at a certain point, and those who have built such fences appreciate the difficulty of setting the post at the sharpest point of the curve, so that it will not pull over.



HOW TO BRACE A FENCE POST.

Any of the ordinary methods of bracing do not seem to answer the purpose. An excellent brace may be made by the following plan: Place the post in position, then dig a hole two feet deep and about six or eight feet from the post. Obtain a heavy stone and fasten a stout piece of wire to it, long enough to reach to the post and wrap around it two or three times. Then bury the stone in the hole, covering it with the soil and tramping the soil down tightly. The other end of the wire is then wrapped about the post tightly and held in position with staples. It should be drawn taut. It will not be possible for the post to draw away from this brace under any ordinary conditions. The illustration shows how simple the plan is.

Mixed Seeds for Mendows.

Taking one farm with another, there are few containing the soil necessary to grow a profitable crop of pure timothy hay, hence it is best to use mixed seeds. What the mixture should be depends somewhat on the locality and the strength of the soil. Where clover hay is mainly desired a mixture of alsike clover and timothy gives splendid results, particularly on soil that is inclined to be wet. Eight pounds of clover to the acre is the usual seeding for red clover, though on land that has been in clover six pounds is usually sufficient. As a rule, there is not enough clover hay grown on the farm. Valuable as timothy is for horses, the clover hay is much more valuable for a mixed lot of stock; it suits the cows, sheep, calves and lambs better than either timothy or mixed hay, and is very valuable for the poultry. Where there is an abundance we would not hesitate to feed more or less of it to swine as a variation in the roughage from corn stover.

Weighing the Milk.

There is no good reason why the plan of weighing the milk to ascertain what each cow is doing should be put off until fall. Start in with the fresh cows and keep it up around to the time they are dried off again, and one will then have a valuable record of results. A neighbor whom we induced to try this plan several years ago was glad enough to get rid of one-half of his herd of eighteen cows and buy new ones, for he found that those he sold had been robbing him for years; in the case of two of them they were a positive loss while the others gave not enough profit in the twelve months to anywhere near pay for the time consumed in caring for them. The eyes of more than one dairyman have been opened by this simple expedient of keeping a careful record, by weight, of the milk furnished by each cow for a given period of considerable length. This is necessary, for some cows are small milkers in summer, others in winter, and vice versa.-Indianapolis News.

Good Milking Stool.

The milking stool on the average farm is of little value. Usually it is an affair with one leg, upon which the milker balances himself so that he can fall readily, carrying the pail of milk with him, should the cow move quickly. A stool that will not tip over is readily made of a small box that is strong. The box should be about fifteen inches high, unless the cow is built low, in which case the box can be three inches lower. It should be from twelve to fourteen inches square to form a comfortable seat. Nail two cleats on the inside of the box exactly eight inches from the bottom, then fit a bench or shelf on these cleats, with one end extending out the sufficient length and held in place with two legs. On this the pail is set, while the milker occuples the top of the box and straddles the pail. This appliance is readily made, is firm on the floor, and, except | 1871-Marriage of Princess Locks in unusual cases, no cow would be like



ly to upset either pail or milker. illustration shows the affair plainly.

Baling Hay from Windrow. Either wild hay or timothy can be baled direct from the windrow, provided it is in proper condition to be put in the barn; otherwise, not, says Wallace's Farmer. Clover hay must be drier than either timothy or wild hay. We have never tested this on our own farms, but we have seen enough of it in operation elsewhere to justify us in making this statement. We doubt whether under ordinary conditions it will be practical, as the additional work would have to be done at a time when labor is usually expensive. We do not know of any reason why this hay should not command fully as good a price on the market as hay that has gone through the sweat in the stack.

Prune Peach Trees Low.

The only rule to follow in pruning a peach orchard should be to keep the tree as low-headed as possible, says an expert orchardist; to keep all growth from the inside of the tree, as that growth is away from the light and sun, and therefore weak and unable to bear good fruit. Cut out all the weak limbs and twigs from the inside of the tree, so as to admit the sun and allow a free circulation of air through the tree. Cut back to one foot all the top or upright growth of last year, thus keeping the tree from growing too tall, and enabling it to carry heavier loads of fruit without breaking down, and to resist damage by wind, and allowing the fruit to be gathered with less trouble and expense.

Cattle That Are Immune.

A discovery that may have an important place in the world's history, though of apparent trivial importance in itself, is that native Japanese cattie, under natural conditions, are free from tuberculosis, while cattle imported into Japan appear to be highly susceptible. The significance of the discovery lies in the possibility that an immune breed of cattle may be developed which, of course, would be a big victory in the war being waged against the white plague.



1330 Edmond of Woodstock be Kent, behended.

1520-College of France founded 1540-Thomas Seymour, Lord Ind miral of England, beheaded, 1550 -Archbishop Cranmer burnely

1603 -Queen Elizabeth died, Sor by James I.

ford.

1730 -- British Parliament prohibist ish subjects lending money is eigners. 1744 France declared war agains?

land. 1776-Washington's triumphal may Boston Congress authorise ployment of privateers.

1782 Spain acknowledged inteper of the United States. 1801-Paul I., Emperor of Rusia sinated. Succeeded by Alex

1804 Duke of Enghien shot by att Napoleon. 1808-Murat entered Madrid.

1814-Battle of Tarbes.

1815—The "Hundred Days Trust" Vienna concluded by England tria, Russia and Prussia. 1819-Augustas F. Kotsebus, dramatist, assassinated. 1821-Naples ocupied by Austria 1823-Abdication of Sturbide.

1820-Duel between Wellington mil chelsea. 1831-Insurrection of slaves is his

1839-Anti-Corn Law league forms. 1848-Abdication of King of Barel 1849 Raditzky defeated the Spi at battle of Novara.

Antigua.

1854 Two earthquake shocks felt at con, Ga. 1860 Cession of Savoy and No France by treaty of Turin.

1862 Gen. Shields defeated "Sta Jackson at Kernstown, Va. 1867-Winter Garden theater but New York . . . Labor riots research France . . . Gathering of Felia

St. Albans, Vt. 1868-Earthquake shock at Sas I

Marquis of Lorne French & bly removed from Borlesur is mailles.

1875—Destructive tornade is Gent 1877-John D. Lee executed for a ity in Mountain Meadow miss 1878-Paul Boynton swam the St of Gibraltar in five hours sti

minutes. 1881-Candahar surrendered to Rahman Boer war endel: Ri terms accepted ... Potchelstons rendered to the Boers.

1883-Destructive floods in Halilan 1885 - Earthquake shocks felt in Par and Aspinwall ... Arabs defit Hasheen.

1886—City of Helena, Ark, perfy stroyed by fire.... Steamer Car passed through Suez canal at a by electric light Kanus switchmen's strike ended strikes in Belgium.

1880-Chief Justice Fuller's des eloped with Matt Aubrey. 1891-Prince Napoleon burned at I

.... St. Paul's Episcopal char New Orleans burned. 1893-Bering sea court of aritmin sembled at Paris.

1895 —German Reichstag rejectel pe al to send birthday congrato Bismarck Sixty mines by explosion at Evansion Wh Attempted assassination of Life Chang at Simonoseki, Japan... nese-Japanese peace confe

gun at Shimonosekl, 1897-Blockade of Crete began. 1905-Fifty-eight persons killed by explosion at Brockton, Mass.

Steel Trusts' Big Estring The report of the United Suin corporation for 1905 shows as in of over \$46,000,000 in net earn total of nearly \$120,000,000. The undivided surplus on Dec. 31 sa 738,450. The gross receipts mk vast total of \$585,331,736. Then cided improvement in the experi both as to quantify and price. In of the practice of selling to force tomers at lower prices than those ing at home, the report says that way surplus stocks are disposed of preventing increase in cost of i and the shutting down of works. De-ber of employes increased to 180,130 ing the year 12,256 enfflores size for 23,989 shares of preferred six DAT.

The Church in Insurant Rev. E. F. Blanchard of Pal J., writing to the Christian West recently exposed rascality is ance companies, says that the motive of present-day insurance a Christian, namely, selfishness, it richment of a few promoters. He cates a system of Christian insuraone of the needs of the times poses would be to help people hard places of life. He sum churches adopt a system of book