

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XIX.

The mutineers of the Osprey had been long since given up as dead, and the story of their desperate escape had become indistinct to the general public mind. Now that they had been captured in a remarkable manner, popular belief invested them with all sorts of strange surroundings. They had been—according to report—kings over savage islanders, chiefs of lawless and ferocious pirates, respectable married men in Java, merchants in Singapore, and swindlers in Hongkong. Their adventures had been dramatized at a theater, and the popular novelist of that day was wondrous in a work descriptive of their wondrous fortunes.

John Rex, the ringleader, was related, it was said, to a noble family. He had every prospect of being satisfactorily hanged, however, for even the most outspoken admirers of his skill and courage could not but admit that he had committed an offense which was death by the law. The already crowded prison was reexamined with half a dozen life-sentence men, brought up from Port Arthur to identify the prisoners. Among this number was stated to be the "notorious Dawes."

This statement gave fresh food for recollection and invention. It was remembered that "the notorious Dawes" was the absconder who had been brought away by Captain Frere, and who owed such fettered life as he possessed to the fact that he had assisted Captain Frere to make the wonderful boat in which the marooned party escaped. It was remembered, also, how sullen and morose he had been on his trial five years before, and how he had laughed when the commutation of his death sentence was announced to him.

Miss Sylvia Vickers also received an additional share of public attention. Her romantic rescue by the heroic Frere, who was shortly to reap the reward of his devotion in the good old fashion, made her almost as famous as the villain Dawes, or his confederate monster, John Rex. It was reported that she was to give evidence on the trial, together with her affianced husband, they being the only two living witnesses who could speak to the facts of the mutiny. It was reported, also, that her lover was, naturally, most anxious that she should not give evidence, as she was affected deeply by the illness consequent on the suffering she had undergone, and in a state of pitiable mental confusion as to the whole business. These reports caused the court, on the day of the trial, to be crowded with spectators, and as the various particulars of the marvelous history of this double escape were detailed, the excitement grew more intense. The aspect of the four heavily ironed prisoners caused a sensation which, in that city of the ironed, was quite novel, and bets were offered and taken as to the line of defense which they would adopt.

Mr. Meekin, sitting in the body of the court, felt his religious prejudices sadly shocked by a sight of John Rex. "A perfect wild beast, my dear Miss Vickers," he said, returning, in a pause during the examination of the convicts who had been brought to identify the prisoner, to the little room where Sylvia and her father were waiting. "He has quite a tigerish look about him."

"Poor man!" said Sylvia, with a shudder. The major tapped his fingers impatiently. "Come here, Poppet," he said, "and look through this door. You can see them from here, and if you do not recognize any of them, I can't see what is the use of putting you in the box."

The raised dock was just opposite to the door of the room in which they were sitting, and the four manacled men, each with an armed warder behind him, were visible above the heads of the crowd.

"No, papa," she said, with a sigh of relief; "I can't recognize them at all."

As she was turning from the door, a voice from the witness box behind her made her suddenly pale, and pause to look again. The court itself appeared, at that moment, affected, for a murmur ran through it, and some official cried, "Silence!"

The notorious criminal, Rufus Dawes, the desperado of Port Arthur, the wild beast whom the newspapers had judged not fit to live, had just entered the witness box. He was a man of thirty, in the prime of life, with a torso whose muscular grandeur not even the ill-fitting yellow jacket could altogether conceal, with strong, embrowned and nervous hands, and upright carriage, and a pair of fierce black eyes that roamed over the court hungrily.

Not all the weight of the double irons swaying from the leathern thong around his massive loins, could mar that elegance of attitude which comes only from perfect muscular development. Not all the frowning faces bent upon him could frown an accent of respect into the contemptuous tones in which he answered to his name, "Rufus Dawes, prisoner of the crown."

"Come away, my darling," said Vickers, alarmed at his daughter's blanched face and eager eyes.

"Wait," she said, impatiently, listening for the voice whose owner she could not see. "Rufus Dawes! Oh, I have heard that name before!"

"You are a prisoner of the crown at the penal settlement of Port Arthur?"

"Yes."

Sylvia turned to her father with breathless inquiry in her eyes. "Oh, papa, who is that speaking? I know the name! I know the voice!"

"That is the man who was with you in the boat, dear," says Vickers, gravely. "The prisoner."

The eager light died out of her eyes, and in its place came a look of disappointment and pain. "I thought it was a good man," she said, holding by the edge of the doorway. "It sounded like a good voice."

And then she pressed her hands over her eyes and shuddered. "There, there," says Vickers, soothingly, "don't be afraid, Poppet; he can't hurt you now."

"Who are they?"

"John Rex, John Shiers, James Leely and, and—I'm not sure about the last man."

"You are not sure about the last man. Will you swear to the three others?"

"I was in the chain gang at Macquarie Harbor with them for three years," Sylvia, hearing this hideous reason for acquaintance, gave a low cry, and fell into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa, take me away! I feel as if I was going to remember something terrible!"

Amidst the deep silence that prevailed the cry of the poor girl was distinctly audible in the court, and all heads turned to the door. In the general wonder no one noticed the change that passed over Rufus Dawes. His face flushed scarlet, great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, and his black eyes glared in the direction from whence the sound came, as though they would pierce the envious wood that separated him from the woman whose voice he had heard. Maurice Frere sprang up and pushed his way through the crowd under the bench.

"What's this?" he said to Vickers, almost brutally. "What did you bring her here for? She is not wanted. I told you that."

"I considered it my duty, sir," says Vickers with stately rebuke.

"That ruffian Dawes frightened her," said Meekin. "A gush of recollection, poor child. There, there, calm yourself, Miss Vickers. He is quite safe."

"Frightened her, eh?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, faintly, "he frightened me, Maurice. I needn't stop any longer, dear, need I?"

"No," says Frere, the cloud passing from his face. "Major, I beg your pardon, but I was hasty. Take her home at once. This sort of thing is too much for her." And so he went back again to his place, wiping his brow, and breathing hard, as one who had just escaped from some near peril.

Rufus Dawes had remained in the same attitude until the figure of Frere, passing through the doorway, roused him. "Who is she?" he said, in a low, hoarse voice, to the constable behind him.

"Miss Vickers," said the man, shortly, flinging the information at him, as one might fling a bone to a dangerous dog.

"Miss Vickers!" repeated the convict, still staring in a sort of bewildered agony. "They told me she was dead."

The constable snuffed contemptuously at this preposterous conclusion, as who should say: "If you know all about it, animal, why did you ask?" And then, feeling that the fixed gaze of his interrogator demanded some reply, added: "You thort she was, I've no doubt. You did your best to make her so, I've heard."

The convict raised both his hands with sudden action of wrathful despair, as though he would seize the other, despite the loaded muskets, but, checking himself with sudden impulse, wheeled round to the court. "Your honor! Gentlemen! I want to speak."

The change in the tone of his voice, no less than the sudden loudness of his exclamation, made the faces, hitherto bent upon the door through which Mr. Frere had passed, turn round again. To many there it seemed that the "notorious Dawes" was no longer in the box, for in place of the upright and defiant villain who stood there an instant back was a white-faced, nervous, agitated creature, bending forward in an attitude almost of supplication, one hand grasping the rail, as though to save himself from falling, the other outstretched toward the bench.

"Your honor, there has been some dreadful mistake made. I want to explain about myself. I explained before, when first I was sent to Port Arthur, but the letters were never forwarded by the commandant. Of course, that's the rule, and I can't complain. I've been sent there unjustly, your honor. I made that boat, your honor. I saved the major's wife and daughter. I was the man; I did it all myself, and my liberty was sworn away by a villain who hated me. I thought until now that no one knew the truth, for they told me that she was dead." His rapid utterance took the court so much by surprise that no one interrupted him. "I was sentenced to death for bolting, sir, and they reprieved me because I helped them in the boat. Helped them! Why, I made it! She will tell you so. I nursed her, I carried her in my arms, I starved myself for her. She was fond of me, sir. She was, indeed. She called me 'Good Mr. Dawes.'"

At this a coarse laugh broke out, which was instantly checked. The judge bent over to ask, "Does he mean Miss Vickers?" and in this interval Rufus Dawes, looking down into the court, saw Maurice Frere staring up at him with terror in his eyes.

"I see you, Captain Frere, coward and liar! Put him in the box, gentlemen, and make him tell his story. She'll contradict him, never fear. Oh, and I thought she was dead all this while!"

The judge had got his answer from the clerk by this time. "Miss Vickers had been seriously ill, had fainted just now in the court. Her only memories of the convict who had been with her in the boat were those of terror. The sight of him just now had most seriously affected her. The convict himself was an inveterate liar and schemer, and his story had been already disproved by Captain Frere. Rufus Dawes, still endeavoring to speak, was clanked away with amidst a buzz of remark and surprise.

The trial progressed without further incident. The defense set up by Rex was most ingenious. He was guilty of absconding, but his moderation might plead an excuse for that. His only object was his freedom, and, having gained it, he had lived honestly for nearly three years, as he could prove. He was charged with practically seizing the Osprey, and he urged that the brig Osprey, having been built by convicts at Macquarie Harbor, and never entered in any shipping list, could not be said to be "piratically seized," in the strict meaning of the term. The court admitted the force of this objection, and, in-

fluenced doubtless by Captain Frere's evidence, the fact that five years had passed since the mutiny, and that the two men most guilty had been executed in England, sentenced Rex and his three companions to transportation for life to the penal settlements of the colony.

At this happy conclusion of his labors, Frere went down to comfort the girl for whose sake he had suffered Rex to escape the gallows. He found Vickers in the garden, and at once begged him not to talk about the "business" to his daughter.

"You saw how bad she was to-day, Vickers. For goodness' sake, don't make her ill again!"

"My dear sir," says poor Vickers, "I won't refer to the subject. She's been very unwell ever since. Nervous and unstrung. Go in and see her."

So Frere went in, and soothed the excited girl, with real sorrow at her suffering. "It's all right now, Poppet," he said to her. "Don't think of it any more. Put it out of your mind, dear."

"It was foolish of me, Maurice, I know, but I could not help it. The sound of—that man's voice seemed to bring back to me some great pity for something or some one. I don't explain what I mean, I know; but I felt that I was just on the verge of remembering a story of some great wrong, just about to hear some dreadful revelation that should make me turn from all the people whom I ought most to love. Do you understand?"

"I think I know what you mean," says Frere, with averted face. "But that's all nonsense, you know."

"Of course," returned she, with a touch of her old childish manner of disposing of questions out of hand. "Everybody knows it's all nonsense. But then we do think such things. It seems to me that I am double, that I have lived somewhere before, and have had another life—a dream-life."

"What a romantic girl you are!" said the other, dimly comprehending her meaning. "How could you have a dream-life?"

"Of course, not really. But in thought, you know. I dream such strange things now and then. I am always falling down precipices and into catacombs, and being pushed into great caverns in enormous rocks. Horrible dreams! And in these dreams," continued Sylvia, "there is one strange thing. You are always there, Maurice."

"Come, that's all right," says Maurice.

"Ah, but not kind and good as you are, Captain Bruin, but scowling, and threatening, and angry, so that I am afraid of you."

"But that is only in a dream, darling."

"But you looked just so to-day in the court, Maurice, and I think that's what made me so silly."

"My darling! There! Hush—don't cry!"

But she had burst into a passion of sobs and tears that shook her slight figure in his arms.

"Oh, Maurice, I am a wicked girl! I don't know my own mind. I think—sometimes I don't love you as I ought—you who have saved me and nursed me."

"There, never mind about that," muttered Maurice Frere, with a sort of choking in his throat.

She grew more composed presently, and said, after a while, lifting her face: "Tell me, Maurice, did you ever, in those days of which you have spoken to me—when you nursed me as a little child in your arms, and fed me, and starved for me—did you ever think we should be married?"

"I don't know," says Maurice. "Why?"

"I think you must have thought so, because—it's not vanity, dear—you would not else have been so kind and gentle and devoted."

"Nonsense, Poppet!" he said, with his eyes resolutely averted.

"No, but you have been; and I am very pettish, sometimes. Papa has spoiled me. You are always affectionate, and those worrying ways of yours, which I get angry at, all come from love for me, don't they?"

"I hope so," said Maurice, with an unwonted moisture in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Architecture.

"What is that splendid, tall building we can see above the sky line?"

"That's the Iniquity Trust Company, built with the savings of widows and orphans."

"And what is this little ramshackle place back of the brewery?"

"Oh, that's an asylum for the widows and orphans."—Judge.

Scientific Vagaries.

"Here they're talking a lot of nonsense about some device of electricity to keep from hanging criminals, and I think science might put its resources to a better use."

"Yes, for example, inventing some kind of an electric arc to keep innocent people from drowning."—Baltimore American.

Playing Leap Year.

The year 1906 is not a leap year, not being divisible by four, but the younger set in Washington, headed by Miss Durand, daughter of the British ambassador, has decided to treat it as such, and will give a ball in a rented hall, to which the young men are to be escorted by them and their chaperones.

Stronger.

Teacher—Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?

Scholar—Why—m'm—Swiss cheese.

Teacher—Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.

Scholar—Limburger?—Cleveland Leader.

A Knock.

"He wants me to buy his claim," said the newcomer in Alaska; "says it's the best in this district."

"Hub!" snorted Chilkoot Charlie, "he's trying to throw gold-dust in your eyes."—Philadelphia Press.

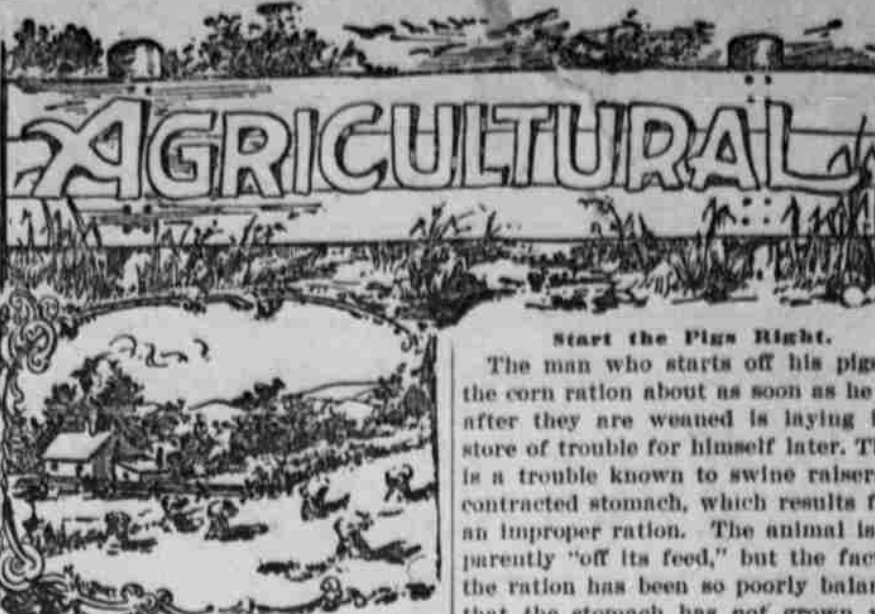
Good Muste.

"Those people are very good, aren't they?"

"Good! They're so good they wouldn't have anything in their house but an upright piano."—Baltimore American.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—J. R. Lowell.



Start the Pigs Right.

The man who starts off his pigs on the corn ration about as soon as he can after they are weaned is laying in a store of trouble for himself later. There is a trouble known to swine raisers as contracted stomach, which results from an improper ration. The animal is apparently "off its feed," but the fact is, the ration has been so poorly balanced that the stomach has not grown with the growth of the rest of the body. If the young pigs are to be allowed a range they will do more or less rooting, eating of soil and sod; as this is their nature, it will not hurt them, but if they are placed where one does not wish the sod uprooted, then the animals must be ringed. If middlings and oilmeal are introduced with the corn ration there will be considerably less trouble. Some of the stock foods on the market have their greatest value to the swine raiser who does not feed a balanced ration and if these stock foods can be obtained practically free from drugs or condiments, they are very valuable in such cases.

Cold Killed Weevil.

In the cotton-growing season the farmer is prone to forget the many new facts, developed within the past five years, concerning the protection of his primary crop against insects. The leaf worm is easy enough. The boll worm succumbs to poison and machine gathering. The sharpshooter and cotton-square borer can be successfully fought with paris green, according to the best authorities. The boll weevil must be studied further before final results can be announced. Fortunately, the severe winter just past has put so many of these pests out of business that the cotton crop of Texas will be exempt from devastating attacks from that source this season.—Farm and Ranch.

Warm and Cold Winters.

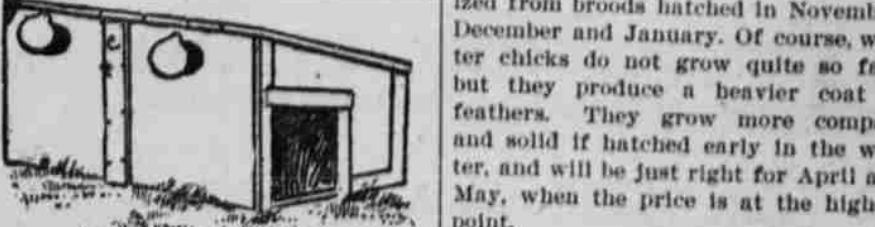
According to the director of the weather bureau at the Missouri State University, the time may not be far distant when the United States weather service can tell us at least six months in advance whether the winter will be warm or cold. It has already been determined, he says, that there are great world eddies of air sweeping around the globe which it is thought cause the difference in our winters, and as soon as stations are established everywhere so that the progress of these may be watched, the bureau will likely be able to give information by the last of September concerning the weather in January, February and March.

Good Word for Guinea.

The Guinea fowl may yet become a very profitable branch of farm poultry raising. The scarcity of certain kinds of game which resemble in flavor the Guinea, especially the Western prairie chicken and grouse, has led to a substitution of young Guineas on hotel and restaurant bills of fare. Guineas of about the broiler age, weighing about one pound and a half are of an exceedingly fine, gamey flavor, and seem to satisfy the consumer. In this way the restaurants are able to dodge the game laws in certain States and serve "prairie chicken" on the bill of fare at all seasons. Gamehouses are paying high prices for young Guineas, and it would seem that large farms might be devoted to them profitably wherever turkeys and pheasants succeed.

Colony House for Pigs.

Small houses built after the following description may be readily moved to any desired location on the farm. The house is very inexpensively constructed, consisting of two large dry goods boxes; the ends of the boxes are removed, the tops cut off on a slant and the edges of the ends are fastened together with small cleats of wood or straps of iron; these latter are better from the point of strength. A cleat of hard wood covers the rough ends of the boards of the floor six inches wide. All nails are clinched on the inside and all cracks between boards are battened. The door is cut in the end and



MOVABLE HOUSE FOR PIGS.

holes, eight inches in diameter are cut in the upper front for ventilation. Small covers of wood may be fastened over the openings when the weather is very cold or stormy.

Blowing Out a Stump.

To remove a stump bore under it a slanting hole twelve or eighteen inches deep and use half a stick of dynamite or a whole one if the stump be large. Adjust the fuse and fill the hole with dry sand. Use a two inch augur for boring the hole. The stick of dynamite under a large bowlder will usually break it up so that it can be moved easily.

Wireworms.

It is claimed by a New York farmer that wireworms will not live in ground where buckwheat is grown for two seasons and that potato land may be cleared of these worms by growing buckwheat.



- 1402—Battle of Nisbeth between the Scots and English.
 - 1429—Siege of Orleans abandoned.
 - 1487—Lambert, an impostor, crowned King of Sicily.
 - 1494—Columbus discovered the West Indies.
 - 1502—Columbus sailed from Cuba in search of a passage to the Indies.
 - 1568—Mary, Queen of Scots, fled from Loch Leven Castle.
 - 1590—Siege of Paris begun by Henry IV.
 - 1640—Charles I. surrendered to the Scots.
 - 1657—Cromwell declined the crown.
 - 1682—William Penn published his plan of government for the colony of Pennsylvania.
 - 1724—Coronation of Catherine, Empress of Russia.
 - 1734—Treaty taken by the French.
 - 1745—Treaty concluded between France, Spain, Naples and Genoa.
 - 1757—Prussians defeated Austrians at the battle of Prague.
 - 1767—Prof. Cassini discovered the planet of Venus.
 - 1770—American Congress declared its authority over the colonies.
 - 1778—Battle of Red Bank, Pa., British at Bordentown, N. J.
 - 1789—Opening of States-General at Versailles. Marked beginning of the French Revolution.
 - 1794—Postoffice Department established by United States Congress.
 - 1795—Tax on wearing hair powder into effect in England.
 - 1804—Empire formed in France.
 - 1808—Insurrection in Madrid, Spain.
 - 1830—Treaty signed with Turkey to secure to United States free navigation of the Black Sea.
 - 1840—Tornado in Adams county, Mississippi; 100 killed; \$1,000,000 in property destroyed.
 - 1842—Great fire at Hamburg, lasted three days.
 - 1846—Gen. Taylor defeated the Mexicans at Resaca de la Palma.
 - 1853—New planet discovered by Luther... City of Schima, destroyed by an earthquake.
 - 1861—Secession of Tennessee from the Union.
 - 1862—Battle of Williamsburg.
 - 1863—Battle of Chancellorsville.
 - 1871—Treaty of Washington.
 - 1875—Verdict of acquittal ended peacham trial of President of the U.S.
 - 1882—Farnell, Dillon and O'Connell, leased from imprisonment.
 - 1887—Osman Digna, Mahdi, murdered by Arabs.
 - 1890—Oklahoma organized as a territory.
 - 1897—U. S. Senate rejected treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. Universal Postal Congress assembled at Washington, D. C.
 - 1908—China paid the last of the indemnity to Japan.
 - 1905—Steamer Falk wrecked off the coast of Japan; 97 drowned.
- Labor Notes.**
- A general advance in wages was asked by the operatives in the cotton in several Massachusetts cities.
- An iron and steel company at Erie, Pa., has voluntarily raised wages of its men 10 and 15 cents. Seventy-five men are affected.
- A contractor on the Western Pacific railroad in Butte county, Cal., has charged 700 Japanese laborers employed whites in their places.
- The Carbonade (Pa.) painters have been told the contractors are going to the men's demands. Wage now \$2.75 a day, an increase of 25 cents.
- Members of the local union of the United Garment Workers of America have been asked to contribute to the for the union label agitation now in way in Chicago.
- American Federation of Labor leaders expect to institute several unions in Allentown, Pa., within the few weeks. Seven applications for charters are now on the list.
- Organized labor of Seattle, Wash., build and conduct a steam laundry as result of agitation against the public establishments, which work the long hours and give poor pay.
- The referendum vote of the Shoe Workers' Union was in favor of holding a general convention at Milwaukee, Wis., was selected as the date and June 15 as the date for beginning session.
- The Australian federal Parliament adopted the union label clause in the trademark bill, under which trademark may secure the protection of the law. The debate on the proposition was the longest in the history of the Parliament.
- Contractors and builders in all parts of Lancaster county, Pa., have been active in building operations. Every able carpenter, mason, bricklayer, painter is at work, with the prospect bright for a continuance of employment during the entire season.