

# For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

## CHAPTER XXVII.

On or about the 8th of December, Mrs. Frere noticed a sudden and unaccountable change in the manner of the chaplain. He came to her one afternoon, and, after talking for some time, in a vague and unconnected manner, about the miseries of the prison, and the wretched condition of some of the prisoners, began to question her abruptly concerning Rufus Dawes.

"I do not wish to think of him," said she, with a shudder. "I have the strangest, the most horrible dreams about him. He is a bad man. He tried to murder me when a child, and had it not been for my husband, he would have done so. I have only seen him once since then—at Hobart Town, when he was taken."

"He sometimes speaks to me of you," said North, eying her. "He asked me once to give him a rose plucked in your garden."

Sylvia turned pale. "And you gave it him?"

"Yes, I gave it him. Why not? You are not angry?"

"Oh, no! Why should I be angry?" she laughed constrainedly. "It was a strange fancy for the man to have, that's all."

"I suppose you would not give me another rose, if I asked you?"

"Why not?" said she, turning away uneasily. "You? You are a gentleman."

"Not I—you don't know me. It would be better for you if you had never seen me."

"Mr. North!" Terrified at the wild gleam in his eyes, she had risen hastily. "You are talking very strangely."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, madam. I had better leave you. Indeed, I think the less we see of each other the better."

Deeply wounded and astonished at this extraordinary outburst, Sylvia allowed him to stride away without a word. The next day he met her, and, bowing, passed swiftly. This pained her.

So a week passed, and Mr. North did not return. Unluckily for the poor wretch, the very self-sacrifice he had made brought about the precise condition of things which he was desirous to avoid. But the very fact of the sudden wrenching away of her companion showed her how barren was the solitary life to which she had been fated.

Her husband, she had long ago admitted, with bitter self-communings, was utterly unsuited to her. She could find in his society no enjoyment, and for the sympathy which she needed was compelled to turn elsewhere. She understood that his love for her had burned itself out. In a word, she found that the society of North had become so far necessary to her, that to be deprived of it was a grief—notwithstanding that her husband remained to console her.

After a week of such reflections, the barrenness of life grew insupportable to her, and one day she came to Maurice and begged to be sent back to Hobart Town. "I cannot live in this horrible island," she said. "I am getting ill. Let me go to my father for a few months, Maurice." Maurice consented. His wife was looking ill, and Major Vickers was an old man—a rich old man—who loved his only daughter. It was not undesirable that Mrs. Frere should visit her father; indeed, so little sympathy was there between the pair, that the first astonishment over Maurice felt rather glad to get rid of her for a while. "You can go back in the Lady Franklin, if you like, my dear," he said. "I expect her every day." At this decision—much to his surprise—she kissed him with more show of affection than she had manifested for a long time.

The news of the approaching departure became known, but still North did not make his appearance. Had it not been a step beneath the dignity of a woman, Mrs. Frere would have gone herself and asked him the meaning of his unaccountable rudeness; but there was just sufficient morbidity in the sympathy she had for him to restrain her from an act which a young girl, though not more innocent, would have dared without hesitation.

Between the commandant and the chaplain now arose a coolness, and Frere set himself, by various petty tyrannies, to disgust North and compel him to a resignation of his office. The convict jailers speedily marked the difference in the treatment of the chaplain, and their demeanor changed. For respect was substituted insolence; for alacrity, sullenness; for prompt obedience, impertinent intrusion. The men whom North favored were selected as special subjects for harshness, and for a prisoner to be seen talking to the clergyman was sufficient to insure for him a series of tyrannies. There was but one being who was not to be turned from his allegiance—the convict murderer, Rufus Dawes, who awaited death. For many days he had remained mute, broken down beneath his weight of sorrow or of sullenness.

Frere, unable to comprehend the reason of the calmness with which the doomed felon met his taunts and torments, thought that he was shamming piety to gain some indulgence of meat and drink, and redoubled his severity. He ordered Dawes to be taken out to work just before the hour at which the chaplain was accustomed to visit him.

The method and manner of Frere's revenge became a subject of whispered conversation on the island. It was reported that North had been forbidden to visit the convict, but that he had refused to accept the prohibition, and, by a threat of what he would do when the returning vessel had landed him in Hobart Town, had compelled the commandant to withdraw his order. The commandant, however, speedily discovered in Rufus Dawes signs of insubordination, and set to work again to reduce again still further the "spirit" he had so ingeniously "broken." The unhappy convict was deprived of food, was kept awake at nights, was put to the hardest labor, was loaded with the heaviest irons. Troke suggested that, if the tortured wretch would decline to see the chaplain, some amputation of his condition might be effected; but his suggestions were in vain. Firmly believing

that his death was certain, Dawes clung to North as the savior of his agonized soul, and rejected all such insidious overtures. Enraged at this obstinacy, Frere sentenced his victim to the "spread-eagle" and the "stretcher."

Now, the rumor of the obduracy of this undaunted convict, who had been recalled to her by the clergyman at their strange interview, had reached Sylvia's ears. She questioned her husband concerning the convict's misdoings, but, with the petulant brutality which he invariably displayed when the name of Rufus Dawes intruded itself into their conversation, Maurice Frere harshly refused to satisfy her.

One sultry afternoon, when the commandant had gone on a visit of inspection, Troke, lounging at the door of the new prison, beheld with surprise the figure of the commandant's lady.

"What is it, ma'am?" he asked, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"I wish to see the prisoner Dawes."

"He's—he's under punishment, ma'am."

"What do you mean? Are they flogging him?"

"No; but—but he's dangerous, ma'am."

"Do you wish me to complain to the commandant?" cries Sylvia, with a touch of her old spirit, and jumping hastily at the conclusion that the jailers were, perhaps, torturing the convict for their own entertainment. "Open the door at once—at once!"

Thus commanded, Troke, with a hasty growl of its "being no affair of his, and he hoped Mrs. Frere would tell the captain how it happened," flung open the door of a cell on the right hand of the doorway. It was so dark that at first Sylvia could distinguish nothing but the outline of a framework, with something stretched upon it that resembled a human body. Her first thought was that the man was dead, but this was not so—

he groaned. Her eyes, accustomed themselves to the gloom, began to see what the "punishment" was. Upon the floor was placed an iron frame about six feet long, and two and a half feet wide, with round iron bars, placed transversely, about twelve inches apart. The man came to seek was bound in a horizontal position upon this frame, with his neck projecting over the end of it. If he allowed his head to hang, the blood rushed to his brain, and suffocated him, while the effort to keep it raised strained every muscle to agony pitch. His face was purple, and he foamed at the mouth. Sylvia uttered a cry. "This is no punishment; it's murder! Who ordered this?"

"The commandant," said Troke, sullenly.

"I don't believe it. Loose him, I say. Halley—you, sir, there!" The noise had brought several warders to the spot. "Do you hear me? Do you know who I am? Loose him, I say!" In her eagerness and compassion, she was on her knees by the side of the infernal machine, plucking at the ropes with her delicate fingers. "Wretches, you have cut his flesh! He is dying! Help! You have killed him!"

The prisoner, in fact, seeing this angel of mercy stooping over him, and hearing close to him the tones of a voice that for seven years he had heard but in his dreams, had fainted. Troke and Halley, alarmed by her vehemence, dragged the stretcher out into the light, and hastily cut the lashings. Dawes rolled off like a log, and his head fell against Mrs. Frere. Troke roughly pulled him aside and called for water. Sylvia, trembling with sympathy, and pale with passion, turned upon the crew. "How long has he been like this?"

"An hour," said Troke.

"A lie!" said a stern voice at the door. "He has been there nine hours!"

"Wretches!" cried Sylvia, "you shall hear more of this. Oh, oh! I am sick!"—she felt for the wall—"I—I—"

North watched her with agony on his face, but did not move. "I faint. I—"

She uttered a despairing cry that was not without a touch of anger. "Mr. North! do you not see? Oh! Take me home—take me home!" And she would have fallen across the body of the tortured prisoner had not North caught her in his arms.

Rufus Dawes, awaking from his stupor, saw, in the midst of a sunbeam which penetrated a window in the corridor, the woman who came to save his body supported by the priest who came to save his soul; and, staggering to his knees, he stretched out his hands with a hoarse cry. Perhaps something in the action brought back to the dimmed remembrance of the commandant's wife the image of a similar figure stretching forth its hands to a frightened child in the mysterious far-off time. She started, and, pushing back her hair, bent a wistful, terrified gaze upon the face of the kneeling man, as though she would fain read there an explanation of the shadowy memory which haunted her. It is possible that she would have spoken, but North—thinking the excitement had produced one of those hysterical crises which were common to her—gently drew her, still gazing, back toward the gate. The convict's arms fell, and an indefinite presentiment of evil chilled him as he beheld the priest slowly draw the fair young creature from out the sunlight into the grim shadow of the heavy archway. For an instant the gloom swallowed them, and then they passed out of the prison archway into the free air of heaven—and the sunlight glowed golden on their faces.

"You are ill," said North. "You will faint. Why do you look so wildly?"

"What is it?" she whispered, more in answer to her own thoughts than to his question—"what is it that links me to that man? What deed—what terror—what memory? I tremble with crowding thoughts that die ere they can whisper to me. Oh, that prison!"

They reached the house, and he placed her tenderly in a chair. "Now you are safe, madam, I will leave you."

She burst into tears. "Why do you treat me thus, Mr. North? What have I done to make you hate me?"

"Hate you!" said North, with trembling lips. "Oh, no, I do not—do not

hate you. I am rude in my speech, abrupt in my manner. You must forget it and—and me."

A horse's feet crashed upon the gravel, and an instant after Maurice Frere burst into the room. Returning from the Cascades, he had met Troke, and learned the release of the prisoner. Furious at this usurpation of authority by his wife, his self-esteem wounded by the thought that she had witnessed his mean revenge upon the man he had so infamously wronged, and his natural brutality enhanced by brandy, he had made for the house at full gallop, determined to assert his authority. Blind with rage, he saw no one but his wife. "What's this I hear? You have been meddling in my business! You release prisoners!"

"Captain Frere!" said North, stepping forward to assert the restraining presence of a stranger. Frere started, astonished at the intrusion of the chaplain. Here was another outrage of his dignity, another insult to his supreme authority.

"You here, too! What do you want here? This is your quarrel, is it?" His eyes glanced wrathfully from one to the other, and he strode toward North. "You hypocritical, lying scoundrel, if it wasn't for your black coat, I'd—"

"Maurice!" cried Sylvia, in an agony of shame and terror, striving to place a restraining hand upon his arm. He turned upon her with so fierce a curse that North, pale with righteous rage, seemed prompted to strike the burly ruffian to the earth. For a moment or two the two men faced each other, and then Frere, muttering threats of vengeance against each and all—convict, jailers, wife and priest—flung the suppliant woman violently from him and rushed from the room. She fell heavily against the wall, and as the chaplain raised her he heard the hoof strokes of the departing horse.

"Oh!" cried Sylvia, covering her face with trembling hands, "let me leave this place."

North strove to soothe her with incoherent words of comfort. Dixy with the blow she had received, she clung to him, sobbing. Twice he tried to tear himself away, but had he loosed himself she would have fallen. "Why should you be thus tortured?" he cried. "Heaven never wills you to be mated to that boor—you, whose life should be all sunshine. Leave him—leave him. He has cast you off."

"I am going," she said faintly. "I had already arranged to go."

North trembled. They looked at each other; she comprehended the "hated" he had affected for her, and, deadly pale, drew back the cold hand he held.

"Go!" she murmured. "Leave me, leave me! Do not see me or speak to me again!"

(To be continued.)

## BURGLAR'S USE OF SOAP.

It Helps Him Get Into Safes and Out of Prison.

Cleanliness, next to godliness and soap, is the right bower of physical purity. Yet the innocent bar of soap is of prime importance in the kit of the professional burglar.

The importance of soap in the raids of yeggmen from the time the crime is committed to the day the prisoner escapes from jail has been demonstrated in a single case in Wisconsin. Soap not only made the robbery of a post-office safe possible, but it was the principal factor in the escape of the leader of the band after he was arrested for the robbery.

The discovery of this use of soap was made by E. E. Fraser of La Crosse, a postoffice inspector of the Chicago district.

The safe in the postoffice at Stoddard, Wis., was blown open and three crooks were arrested for the crime. They were held in the La Crosse County jail pending trial in the United States Court. Two of the trio escaped.

An investigation was made of the circumstances in connection with the robbery. It was found that the safe had been blown up with nitroglycerin. The explosive had been poured into the safe lock through a funnel made by carving out a cake of common laundry soap.

Not long after the arrest the first prisoner, Homer Earl Trainor, escaped from his cell. How he got the saws was a mystery only until the turnkey of the jail, J. M. Childers, was convicted of assisting in the escape.

The noise of the sawing was not heard by the other attendants, and the incisions made in the bars by the prisoner were not discovered in the daily inspections of the jail. It was found afterward that soap had been used to deaden the sound of the sawing, and soap had been rubbed into the openings made, leaving the bars apparently intact during the operation.

But the most remarkable use of soap was in the escape of Andrew Cunningham, alias Patsy Flannigan, a bank sneak. He was killed January 22, 1906, in a running fight with a sheriff's posse after robbing a bank at Montague, Texas.

He got tools from his confederate, the turnkey, and cut a hole in the stone floor of his cell. The work was discovered, but in an effort to get evidence against the turnkey the authorities delayed interference. They intended to stop Cunningham before the hole in the floor was made large enough to permit the passage of his body.

Cunningham learned that he was being watched, and here the soap figured again. Though the hole in the floor was only about eight inches in diameter, Cunningham escaped. According to the story told by a fellow-prisoner on the witness stand in Childers's trial, Cunningham covered the edges of the opening with soap, lathered his naked body, and slipped through.

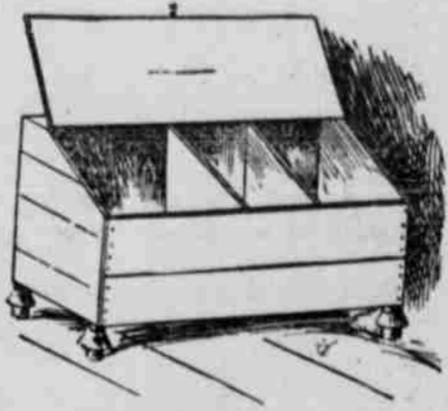
So, besides the innocent uses of the toilet, soap has properties which sneak thieves and robbers appreciate. Since the affair of Trainor and Cunningham Inspector Fraser has found that soap has first place in the crackman's kit.—Washington Post.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Home-Made Grain Box.

There is enough grain stored on every farm to warrant the building of a grain box, particularly when one can be built for a very small sum and with but little labor. Such a box is easily constructed from dry goods boxes, using a number of the same size to obtain the desired capacity and setting them end to end, fastening them together or not as desired. The fronts are cut so as to obtain the proper slant and then a cover is made so that the box or boxes may be locked if necessary. Divisions are made in the inside in accordance with the quantity of each kind of grain to be stored. The boxes are set on legs about fifteen inches high and each of these legs has an inverted cap of tin placed on it near where the leg joins



THE HOME-MADE GRAIN BOX.

the box. These tins will prevent vermin in the shape of rats and mice from easily climbing up the box and getting at the grain. If desired the several divisions may be lined inside so as to make them more vermin proof. The illustration shows how simple this grain box is.—Indianapolis News.

## Shearing Sheep by Machine.

I have used a sheep-shearing machine for the last five or six years, says a correspondent of Rural New Yorker. The machines have been very much improved in that time. The first knife, or clippers, that I had very soon got clogged, and did poor work on sheep that had fine or oily wool, or had any wrinkles. The one I now have, used on the same machine, will clip any kind of a sheep or wool. Now as to the direct question, Has the machine any advantage over hand work? So long as we had the old-fashioned shearers, who could turn off thirty to forty sheep a day, well sheared, I had no need of a machine. As the old men died off, or were unable to shear any longer, and because of the scarcity of sheep—few young men took up shearing—it became a problem to know how to get the sheep well and economically sheared. The men who were unused to it not only cut the sheep and tangled up the wool, but they would shear only a few sheep per day, which made it expensive. For this reason I put in a machine.

## Seed Corn Breeding Pays.

Corn-breeding work, still in its infancy, already has spelled profit for many growers. Material increases in yield, due in large measure to planting improved tested seed, have been so general that farmers everywhere are adopting better methods of seed selection. And other countries, noting what has been accomplished by American corn breeders, have taken steps to follow their example. Recently an American seed-corn breeding company shipped 1,300 bushels of corn to the agricultural department of the Egyptian government. The same company has also exported an order of 10,000 pounds of seed corn to Australia, where it will be used in breeding work conducted by the agricultural authorities of that country. It is to the corn belt of America that the peoples of the earth come for corn. Our corn crop is the envy of all civilized countries which cannot or do not grow corn.

## White Pekin Ducks.

The White Pekin is a popular duck which has a distinctive type especially its own, and differing from all others in the shape and carriage of its body. The legs are set far back, which causes the bird to walk in an upright position. In size these ducks are very large, some reaching as high as twenty pounds to the pair. Their flesh is very delicate and free from grossness, and they are considered among the best of table

## Field of a Million Acres.

The largest fenced pasture field in the United States is on the Blackfoot Indian reservation, in Montana. This field contains 1,500,000 acres, and the 200 miles of barbed wire fence inclosing it have been completed. About 400,000 pounds of wire were required for the work. There are 60,000 head of cattle wintering in this pasture, half of which belong to the stockman, who are paying for the privilege of pasturing.

## Feed for Mare in Foal.

While in foal the mare does not necessarily require food different in quality from that fed at other times, but, all things being equal, the quantity should be somewhat larger. Oats are the best feed, yet shorts and bran may be fed with beneficial results. Mash can be given occasionally, and where possible cooked feed may be supplied at night three times a week.

## Good Tonic for the Hogs.

If the hogs are growing as fast and doing as well as they can do, nothing is needed in the way of medicine. But if they are a little off in any way, a few doses of the following will straighten them up.

Wood charcoal, 1 pound; sulphur, 1 pound; sodium chloride, 2 pounds; sodium bicarbonate, 2 pounds; sodium hyposulphite, 2 pounds; sodium sulphate, 1 pound; antimony sulphide, 1 pound. Pulverize and thoroughly mix. The dose is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs to be treated, given once a day. The hogs will eat this mixed in their food, unless very ill, when it should be poured into them, mixed in water.

## Beardless Barley Crop.

Beardless barley is entirely free from barbs, unless the seed is accidentally mixed with some other variety. It does not yield so well as some of the bearded sorts, nor is it a good malting barley. It is a good feed for pigs, sheep or fowls and for horses when crushed. Its distinguishing advantage is that it stands up well and ripens very early, coming off the ground soon enough to let the clover or alfalfa sown with it take possession before it is much weakened by shading. It is the best nurse-crop yet found for clover or alfalfa, and for that purpose is recommended.

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## Guineas.

The Guinea is said to be a native of western Africa and is a very active bird of a rather wild nature. The wild nature of the beautiful fowls is an objection with many poultrymen. There are two breeds of guineas, the pearl and the white guinea. The pearl guinea is of a wilder disposition than the white guinea. Both breeds are about the same size. The flesh of the pearl guinea is darker than that of the white, which makes the white guinea preferable as a table fowl. Both breeds of guineas are good summer egg producers. They begin laying in April or May and continue to lay until late in the fall. The pearl guinea is very sensitive about having her nest disturbed and often leaves the nest if a part of her eggs are removed. The white guinea is not so particular about her nest and will continue to lay in the nest if only one egg is left in it. Our white guineas often lay in the nest boxes in the poultry house with the chicken hens. Guineas are valuable insect destroyers. They will eat insects that the chickens will not, such as the potato bug and gooseberry worm. I noticed our guineas picking the worms off the gooseberry bushes and not a worm escaped that the guineas could reach. They picked the worms off as high as they could jump.

## How to Girdle Grape Vines.

The girdling or ringing of grapevines is done to increase the size of each cluster. It is not done generally, however, although some find the method profitable. The bark is entirely removed below the fruit cluster about a month before the period of ripening which hastens maturity about a week or two and enlarges the bunch and berries. The sap ascends through the pores of the wood to sustain growth, but the elaborated sap descends through the wood and the bark and can go no lower than the point at which the girdle is made, where it stops and is utilized in feeding the grapes. Some injury is done the vine below the girdle, and hence it may not pay on an extensive scale.

## Jumper to Break Colts.

A Canadian farmer says that there is nothing yet discovered so useful in breaking a colt in winter as the old-fashioned "jumper." A jumper is sim-

## THE OLD-FASHIONED JUMPER.

ply made of two saplings twenty feet or more long, weakened about five feet from the butt ends by shaving the upper sides half through, so that the poles sag when the rider is on the seat and the colt bitches. The seat is supported by four posts and the horse is placed far out in the shafts. A colt cannot go over backwards with this.

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# PULSE OF THE PRESS

Life Insurance, Standard Oil, road stock, deviled ham. What's such.—Philadelphia Sentinel.

The anarchist is an enemy of the man race, and should be dealt with such.—Philadelphia Press.

San Francisco school children are to go to school in tents. Will they be able to enjoy a circus in after years.—New York Commercial.

No doubt the Pullman partners lining on the Pennsylvania lines are jealous of the higher officials who joyed the coal stock graft.—Post.

Mr. Rockefeller goes through a \$700 state room, but then it is remembered that he is taking a specialist physician along.—New York World.

President Baer now takes up muck rake. If the practice of professional wielders of that instrument will find their occupation gone.—New York World.

It is reported from Washington Senator Beveridge is troubled with indigestion. Been reading the book of missionaries' report, eh?—Philadelphia North American.

Some old letters of Rockefeller's just come to light, and show that he was in favor of the simple spinning fore Carnegie ever thought of.—Philadelphia Ledger.

That old, old joke about the man jumping from the butcher's block and whistling for and called Edna—have been grossly flattering to the age.—New York Press.

Trust magnates may be very busy men in their own offices, but a witness stand they do not appear to have any more sense than ordinary men.—Washington Star.

A Salt Lake woman who was expelled to chase between her husband and her dog stood by the latter, not an easy matter to get a really dog.—New York Herald.

The business talent of some of the railroad clerks was so pronounced, if they had not been found out, they might have owned the road in a lifetime.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Cassatt is reported to be turbed over that railroad graftiness. This is disheartening to be believed that he would be at located.—New York World.

Jesse E. James of Missouri, the notorious Jesse James, seems of quite a different sort. He has been admitted to the bar. Outside in law!—New York Commercial.

The Anthracite Trust has just price of coal up 15 cents just to be that the miners aren't the only people who can be magnanimous to the.—Philadelphia North American.

Why should there be sympathy for railroad clerk who is dismissed accepting coal stock? Such gifts the inalienable prerogatives of the higher up.—New York Herald.

San Francisco makes the wisest announcement that its marriage bureau and the detention ward those suspected of insanity are in same building.—New York Herald.

J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased the noted art collection of Earl Kann for five and a fifth million. Which reminds us that some Kansans can't.—New York Commercial.

We have not been able to determine whether the conviction of the on the charge of rebating is against the courts or a blow at our agricultural interests and foreign trade.—Philadelphia North American.

If the Panama Canal is really dug to music, there ought to be a did dance down there for some er-lunged band to put the life touches to "Everybody Works for Father."—Washington Post.

Sarah Bernhardt took a day on Coney Island to shoot the electric do other girlish stunts. It gives us that there are many, many facework tours yet in store for our country.—Philadelphia North American.

# OLD WORLD NOTABLES

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