

# For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Between Eaglehawk and Signal Hill were, for the absconders, other dangers. Along the indented coast of Port Bunche were constables' stations, and to avoid them it would be necessary to make a circuit into the scrub. Unwilling as he was to lose time, John Rex saw that to attempt to run the gauntlet of these four stations would be destruction. He ranged his men in single file; and, quitting the road near Norfolk Bay, made straight for the Neck. After nearly two hours of painful progress, Jemmy Vetch stopped and whispered them to approach. They were on a sandy rise. To the left was a black object—a constable's hut; to the right was a dim white line—the ocean; in front was a row of lamps and between every two lamps leaped and ran a dusky, indistinct body. Jemmy Vetch pointed with his lean forefinger.

"The dogs!"  
Instinctively they crouch down, lest even at that distance the two sentries, so plainly visible in the red light of the guard house fire, should see them.

"Well," said Gabbett, "what's to be done now?"

As he spoke, a long, low howl broke from one of the chained hounds, and the whole kennel burst into hideous outcry. John Rex, who perhaps was the bravest of the party, shuddered. "They have smelled us," he said. "We must go on. Make for the right-hand side of the jetty. I think I see a boat there. It is our only chance now. We can never break through the station. Are we ready? Now! All together!"

Gabbett was fast outstripping the others by some three feet of distance. There were eleven dogs, two of which were placed on stages set out in the water, and they were so chained that their muzzles nearly touched. The giant leaped into the line, and with a blow of his ax split the skull of the beast on his right. This action unluckily took him within reach of the other dog, which seized him by the thigh.

"Fire!" cried McNab, from the other side of the lamps.

The giant uttered a cry of rage and pain, and fell with the dog under him. It was, however, the dog that had pulled him down, and the musket ball intended for him struck Travers in the jaw. The unhappy villain fell.

Gabbett clutched the mastiff's throat with iron hand, and forced him to loose his hold; then bellowing with fury, seized his ax, and sprang forward, mangled as he was, upon the nearest soldier. Jemmy Vetch had been beforehand with him. Uttering a low snarl of hate, he fired, and shot the sentry through the breast. The others rushed through the now broken cordon and made headlong for the boat.

"Fools!" cried Rex, behind them. "You have wasted a shot! Look to your left!"

Burgess hurried down the tram-road by his men, had tarried at Signal Hill only long enough to loose the surprised guard from their bonds, and taking the Woody Island boat, was pulling with a fresh crew to the Neck. The re-enforcement was not ten yards from the jetty. The Crow saw the danger, and, flinging himself into the water, desperately seized McNab's boat.

"In with you for your lives!" he cried. Another volley from the guard splattered the water around the fugitives, but in the darkness the ill-aimed bullets fell harmless. Gabbett swung himself over the sheets and seized an oar.

"Cox, Bodenham, Greenhill! Now, push her off! Jump, Tom, jump!" and as Burgess leaped to land, Cornelius was dragged over the stern, and the whale-boat floated into deep water. McNab, seeing this, ran down to the water side to aid the commandant.

"Lift her over the bar, men!" he shouted. "With a will—so!" And, raised in twelve strong arms, the pursuing craft slid across the isthmus.

Then, for the first time, the six prisoners, fairly in the net again, became aware that John Rex was not among them.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the Pretty Mary stood out to sea with every stitch of canvas set aloft and aloft. The skipper's fishing had come to an end. He had caught a shipwrecked seaman, who had been brought on board at daylight and was then at breakfast in the cabin. The crew winked at each other when the haggard mariner, attired in garments that seemed remarkably well preserved, mounted the side. But they, none of them, were in a position to controvert the skipper's statement.

"Where are we bound for?" asked John Rex. "I'm entirely in your hands, my worthy Blunt."

"My orders are to cruise about the whaling grounds until I meet my consort," returned Blunt, "and put you aboard her. She'll take you back to Sydney. I'm victualled for a twelve-month's trip."

"Right!" cried Rex, clapping his preserver on the back. "I'm bound to get to Sydney somehow; but, as the Phillistines are abroad, I may as well tarry in Jericho till my beard be grown. Don't stare at my scriptural quotation," he added, inspired by creature comforts, and secure amidst his purchased friends. "I assure you that I've had the very best religious instruction. Indeed, it is chiefly owing to my worthy spiritual pastor and master that I am enabled to smoke this very villainous tobacco of yours at the present moment."

## CHAPTER XXV.

The lost son of Sir Richard Devine had returned to England and made claim to his name and fortune. In other words, John Rex had successfully carried out the scheme by which he had usurped the rights of his old convict comrade.

John Rex often wondered at the strange ease with which he had carried out so monstrous and seemingly difficult an imposture. After he was landed by Sydney by the vessel which Sarah Purfoy had sent to save him, he found himself a slave to a bondage scarcely less galling than that from which he had escaped—the bondage of enforced companionship with an unloved woman. The opportune death of one of her assigned servants enabled Sarah Purfoy to install the escaped convict in his room. In the strange state of society which prevailed of necessity in New South Wales at that period, it was not unusual for assigned servants to marry among the free settlers, and when it was heard that Mrs. Purfoy, the widow of a whaling captain, had married John Carr, her storekeeper, transported for embezzlement, and with two years of his sentence yet to run, no one expressed surprise. Indeed, when, the year after, John Carr blossomed as an "expiere," master of a fine wife and a fine fortune, there were many about him who would have made his existence in Australia pleasant enough. But John Rex had no notion of remaining longer than he could help, and ceaselessly sought means of escape from his second prison house. For a long time his search was unsuccessful. Sarah Purfoy did not scruple to tell him that she had bought him, and regarded him as her property. He knew that if he made any attempt to escape from his marriage bonds, the woman who had risked so much to save him would not hesitate to deliver him over to the authorities.

"I know you don't care for me now, John," she said, with grim complacency; "but your life is in my hands, and if you desert me I will bring you to the gallows."

In vain, in his secret eagerness to be rid of her, he raged and chafed. He was tied hand and foot. She held his money, and her shrewd wit had more than doubled it. She was all-powerful, and he could but wait until her death or some lucky accident should rid him of her, and leave him free to follow out the scheme he had matured. "Once rid of her," he thought, in his solitary ridd over the station of which he was the nominal owner, "the rest is easy. I shall return to England with a plausible story of shipwreck, and shall doubtless be received with open arms by the dear mother from whom I have been so long parted. Richard Devine shall have his own again."

One day the chance came to him. His wife was ill, and the ungrateful scoundrel stole five hundred pounds, and, taking two horses, reached Sydney, and obtained passage in a vessel bound for Rio.

Having escaped from thralldom, John Rex proceeded to play for the great stake of his life with the utmost caution. This was the tale he hit upon: He had been saved from the burning Hydaspes by a vessel bound for Rio. Ignorant of the death of Sir Richard, and prompted by the pride which was known to be a leading feature of his character, he had determined not to return, until fortune should have bestowed upon him wealth at least equal to the inheritance from which he had been ousted. In Spanish America he had striven to accumulate that wealth in vain. As traveler, speculator, sailor, he had toiled for fourteen years, and had failed. Worn out and penitent, he had returned home to find a corner of English earth in which to lay his weary bones. The tale was plausible enough, and in the telling of it he was armed at all points. There was little fear that the navigator of the captured Osprey, the man who had lived in Chili, and "cut out" cattle on the Carrum Plains, would prove lacking in knowledge of riding, seamanship, or Spanish customs. Moreover, he had determined upon a course of action which showed his knowledge of human nature.

The will under which Richard Devine inherited had been made when the testator was in the first hopeful glow of paternity. By its terms Lady Devine was to receive a life interest of three thousand a year in her husband's property—which was placed in the hands of two trustees until her eldest son died, or attained the age of twenty-five years. When either of these events should occur, the property was to be realized, Lady Devine receiving a sum of a hundred thousand pounds, the remainder going absolutely to the son, if living. The trustees appointed were Lady Devine's father, Col. Wotton Wade, and Mr. Silas Quaid, Sir Richard's solicitor. Col. Wade, before his death, had appointed his own son, Mr. Francis Wade, to act in his stead. When Mr. Quaid died Francis Wade continued alone in his trust. Sir Richard's sister and her husband, Anthony Frere, of Bristol, were long ago dead, and their representative, Maurice Frere, content at last in the lot that fortune had sent him, had given up all thought of meddling with his uncle's business. John Rex, therefore, in the person of the returned Richard, had but two persons to satisfy—Mr. Francis Wade and Lady Devine.

This he found to be the easiest task possible. Francis Wade was an invalid

virtuoso, who detested business, and whose ambition was to be known as a man of taste. The possessor of a small independent income, he had resided at North End ever since his father's death. When, at his sister's urgent wish, he assumed the sole responsibility of the estate, he put all the floating capital into three per cents, and was content to see the interest accumulate. Lady Devine had never recovered the shock of the circumstances attending Sir Richard's death, and clinging to the belief in her son's existence, regarded herself as the mere guardian of his interests, to be displaced at any moment by his sudden return. The retired pair lived thus together, and spent in charity and bric-a-brac about a fourth of their mutual income. By both of them the return of the wanderer was hailed with delight. To Lady Devine it meant the realization of a lifelong hope. To Francis Wade it meant relief from the responsibility of looking after another person's money.

"I shall not think of interfering with the arrangements which you have made, my dear uncle," said Mr. John Rex, on the first night of his reception. "It would be most ungrateful of me to do so. My wants are very few, and can easily be supplied. I will see your lawyers some day, and settle it."

"See them at once, Richard; see them at once. I am no man of business, you know, but I think you will find all right."

Richard, however, put off the visit from day to day. He desired to have as little to do with lawyers as possible. He had resolved upon his course of action. He would get money from his mother for immediate needs, and when that mother died he would assert his rights. "My rough life has unfitted me for drawing rooms, dear mother," he said. "Do not let there be a display about my return. Give me a corner to smoke my pipe and I am happy." Lady Devine, with a loving, tender pity, for which John Rex could not altogether account, consented, and "Mr. Richard" soon came to be regarded as a martyr to circumstances, a man conscious of his own imperfections, and one whose imperfections were, therefore, to be lightly dwelt upon. So the returned prodigal had his own suite of rooms, his own servants, his own bank account, and was merry.

Thus taken upon trust, Mr. Richard Devine mixed in the very best of bad society, and had no lack of agreeable friends to help him to spend his money. So admirably did he spend it, that Francis Wade became at last alarmed at the frequent drafts, and urged his nephew to bring his affairs to a final settlement. Richard Devine—in Paris, or Hamburg, or London, or elsewhere—could never be got to attack business, and Mr. Francis Wade grew more and more anxious. The poor gentleman positively became ill through the anxiety consequent upon his nephew's dissipation. "I wish, my dear Richard, that you would let me know what to do," he wrote. "I wish, my dear uncle, that you would do what you think best," was the nephew's reply.

Mr. Wade began to repent of his too easy taking of matters in the beginning. Not that he had a suspicion of Rex, but that he remembered that Dick was always a loose fish. He grew pale and hollow eyed. His digestion was impaired. He ceased to take the interest in china which the importance of that article demanded. In a word, he grew despondent as to his fitness for his mission in life. Lady Ellinor saw a change in her brother. She wrote a long letter to Mr. Richard, who was at Paris, and begged him to come over at once. Mr. Richard replied that some horse racing matter of great importance occupied his attention, but that he would be at his town house on the 14th, and would "go into matters." "I have lost a good deal of money lately, my dear mother," said Mr. Richard, "and the present will be a good opportunity to make a final settlement." The fact was that John Rex, now three years in undisturbed possession, considered that the moment had arrived for the carrying off at one swoop of the whole of the fortune he had gambled for.

The town house of Mr. Richard Devine was decorated in conformity with the tastes of its owner. The pictures were pictures of horses; the books were records of races, or novels purporting to describe sporting life. Mr. Francis Wade, waiting for the coming of his nephew, sighed as he thought of the cultured quiet of North End House.

Mr. Richard appeared in his dressing gown. Three years of good living had deprived his figure of its athletic beauty. He was past forty years of age, and the sudden cessation from severe bodily toil had increased Rex's natural proneness to fat, and instead of being portly he had become gross. His cheeks were inflamed with the frequent application of hot and rebellious liquors to his blood. His hands were swollen, and not so steady as of yore. His whiskers were streaked with unhealthy gray. His eyes, bright and black as ever, lurked in a thicket of crow's feet. He had become prematurely bald. He spoke with assumed heartiness, in a boisterous tone of affected ease.

"Ha, ha! My dear uncle, sit down. Delighted to see you. Have you breakfasted?—of course you have. I was up rather late last night. Quite sure you won't have anything? No—then sit down and tell me all the news of Hampstead."

"Thank you, Richard," said the old gentleman, a little stiffly, "but I want some serious talk with you. What do you intend to do with the property? This indecision worries me. Either relieve me of my trust, or be guided by my advice."

"Well, the fact is," said Richard, with a very ugly look on his face, "I am much pushed for money. The fact is, that—that I am thinking of selling every-

(To be continued.)

# Tour of Europe

The great Rock of Gibraltar, on Europa point, looks lion-like in its solitary majesty. The town proper climbs the mountain's lower slope. All about it are turbaned Moors, who walk along proudly, with the slow, but swinging, kingly tread of desert tribes. There is the sound of bagpipes, and the famous Black Watch march by. They are tall, handsome Highlanders, and impressive because of the plaid. The most formidable parts of the defenses of Gibraltar are invisible. There are



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

many places where strangers may not go, marked by patches of light green at regular intervals upon the outside of the rock, which, though apparently moss, are actually the covering of batteries that command the harbor.

Gibraltar marks a definite point in the progress of the tourist. It is the big mountain dog of the British, which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, with a fortress and a tower that hugs the rock below. Traversing the neutral ground along the sandy isthmus beyond it, the traveler has a view of the outskirts of Algiers, where the Franco-German conference over reforms in Morocco was recently held. It is here that the traveler has his first glimpse of the far-famed Mediterranean sunsets, with Algiers the next stopping point of the steamer, 410 miles away.

A panoramic view of France's North African possessions as they look from half a mile or less at sea is something to remember. Algiers itself is beautiful, rising to the old fortress on the height above it in an unbroken mass of minarets and cupolas and white houses, on whose terraced roofs the flowers bloom. Westward the hills decline to a promontory, Sidl Ferruch, nineteen miles away, and eastward to Cape Matifou, so that the land where Algiers is built is crescent-shaped. Far away to the south the Atlas mountains rise. Nearer this side of the fertile plain of the Metjeda are the picturesque and fertile highlands of the Sahel, just behind the city, where are palm trees and eucalyptus, cypress and olive, where fruits grow in abundance.

The entrance to the city is decidedly pleasing, for the fine esplanade of the lower French quarter faces the sea. Immaculate French officers and officials fill the foreground, and pretty women

in Parisian toilettes, and handsome carriages and automobiles whizz by. Omnibuses are labeled with the names of various hotels, such as "The Lion of the Desert," "The Panther," "The Beautiful Englishwoman." Moorish ladies of high degree, faces half covered, shrouded in white, ride on donkeys led by coal black Nubians. A slave girl swings along, poising a water jar upon her head.

The native city is higher up the hillside. It has Moorish cafes where men sit cross-legged, smoking long pipes of kief, little shops where native tailors work with gold and silver threads on colored cloth. The streets are so narrow that a camel could not enter them, and arms outstretched touch either side. The residences have no windows, only peepholes by the door, and but for the street noises and the people passing, the place would seem lifeless—a prison city of blank walls. Some of the roads are paved, but others are nothing more than stairways that lead up, up, interminably. Occasionally arches span the way, with rooms above them.

The whole city has been built with a view to shutting out the heat of the African sun. Each successive story of a house projects beyond the one below it, the projection being supported by inclined props that rest against the wall. The sky is thus pretty well shut out, and progress resembles journeying in a covered passage. The swarthy natives wear white turbans, the Jews are brightly garbed, and have silver buttons on their blue gray jackets. The Arabs wear burnouses. Boys leave their shoes in a row outside of the schoolhouse, and heelless slippers ornament the entrance to the mosques.

Altogether, Algiers is an odd city, full of interest. In tailor shops, where



STREET IN ALGIERAS.

they embroider clothing, the workman uses his great toe to hold the thread, which is twisted around it. In another hole in the wall is a shoemaker, seated on a dirty mat, and stitching away in leisurely fashion on red and yellow footgear for Moorish women. Almost next door, in the tiniest of tiny shops, is a fruit and flower dealer, who claims to be a descendant of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, while here and there in coffee houses a chorus of sad voices sing "The Lament of Grenada."

# Science AND INVENTION

A new gutta percha, that of Herr Gentsch of Vienna, is obtained from a mixture of caoutchouc and palm resin. It is claimed to have an elastic resistance superior to the natural product, and to cost only two-thirds as much.

"Hydrolithe" is a new compound of calcium and hydrogen. It gives off its hydrogen when immersed in water, as calcium carbide evolves acetylene, and M. George Jaubert, a French engineer, urges that the new material be adopted as a convenient means for carrying gas to inflate military balloons.

Inventive effort should be turned into a new path by the \$20,000 prize of French manufacturers for a new application of sugar in the industries, other than the food industry. The award is to be made after the French consumption of sugar is increased at least one hundred thousand tons a year.

A peculiarity of the eyeball of the mole is that it can be projected forward several times its own diameter beyond the orbit and retracted in like manner. Dr. Lindsay Johnson notes that this is necessary for vision, as the animal's dense fur so covers the eyes that the making of an opening is the only way to see.

Dr. Jensen, chief of the Swiss bureau of superintendence over the milk industry, says that it is a common error to suppose that milk submitted

for a considerable time to a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit is better for nourishment than that boiled for a short time. When the heating is prolonged the alteration in the valuable properties of the milk begins as low as 100 degrees, but with quick heating it does not begin below 110 degrees. Tuberculosis bacilli are destroyed by heating to 105 degrees for five minutes, and such heating does not alter the properties of the milk. Dr. Jensen advises that the pasteurization of milk be done in the home, and but shortly before the milk is used, care being taken not to go above the temperature necessary to kill the pathogenic germs.

The De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, in announcing recent successful experiments in sending code words across the Atlantic from Coney Island to a receiving station in the south of Ireland, calls attention to an interesting peculiarity connected with the varying distances to which wireless signals are sent. It seems that every specific distance has, to use the analogy of sound, a key, pitch, or tone of its own, which can only be determined by experiment. Thus, if the operator at Coney Island should send the same message simultaneously to Boston and Philadelphia, using the Philadelphia "pitch," the receiver in Boston would get the message in bad shape. But if the Boston "pitch" were used, Philadelphia and all near-by points might intercept the message. In the transatlantic signaling a great variety of pitches were tried in the search for the proper one. The signals could not be returned from Ireland because no sending station yet exists there.