

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rufus Dawes sat in a new cell. On the third day North came. His manner was constrained and abrupt. His eyes wandered uneasily, and he seemed burdened with thoughts which he dared not utter.

"I want you to thank her for me, Mr. North," said Dawes.

"Thank whom?"

"Mrs. Frere."

The unhappy priest shuddered at hearing the name.

"I do not think you owe any thanks to her. Your irons were removed by the commandant's order."

"But by her persuasion. I feel sure of it. Ah, I was wrong to think she had forgotten me. Ask her for her forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" said North, recalling the scene in the prison. "What have you done to need her forgiveness?"

"I doubted her," said Rufus Dawes.

"I thought her ungrateful and treacherous. I thought she delivered me again into the bondage from whence I had escaped. I thought she had betrayed me—betrayed me to the villain whose base life I saved for her sweet sake."

"What do you mean?" asked North.

"You never spoke to me of this."

"No, I had vowed to bury the knowledge of it in my own breast; it is too bitter to speak."

"Saved his life!"

"Ay, and hers. I made the boat that carried her to freedom. I held her in my arms, and took the bread from my own lips to feed her!"

"She cannot know this," said North.

In an undertone.

"She has forgotten it, perhaps, for she was but a child. But you will remind her, will you not? You will do me justice in her eyes before I die? You will get her forgiveness for me?"

North could not explain why such an interview as the convict desired was impossible, and so he promised.

"She is going away in the schooner," said he. "I will see her before she goes, and tell her."

"God bless you, sir!" said poor Dawes.

"Now, pray with me," and the wretched priest mechanically repeated one of the formulae his church prescribes.

The days passed swiftly, and Blunt's preparations for sea were completed. On the morning of the 19th of December, he declared himself ready to set sail, and in the afternoon.

Rufus Dawes, gazing from his window upon the schooner that lay outside the reef, thought nothing of the fact that after the commandant's boat had taken away the commandant's wife, another boat should put off with the chaplain.

The hot afternoon passed away in a sultry sunset, and it was not until the shades of evening had begun to fall that Rufus Dawes distinguished a boat detach itself from the sides of the schooner and glide through the oily water to the jetty. The chaplain was returning, and in a few hours, perhaps, would be with him, to bring him the message of comfort for which his soul thirsted. He stretched out his unshackled limbs, and throwing himself upon his stretcher, fell to recalling the past—his boat building, the news of his fortune, his love and his self-sacrifice.

North, however, was not returning to bring to the prisoner a message of comfort, but he was returning on purpose to see him, nevertheless. The unhappy man, torn by remorse, had resolved upon a course of action which seemed to him a penance for his crime of deceit. He had determined to confess to Dawes that the message he brought was wholly fictitious, that he himself loved the wife of the commandant. "I am no hypocrite," he thought, in his exaltation. "This poor wretch, who looks up to me as an angel, shall know me for my true self."

He had ingeniously extracted from Blunt the fact that he "didn't expect a wind before dark, but wanted all ship-shape and aboard," and then, just as darkness fell, discovered that it was imperative for him to go ashore. Blunt said if the chaplain insisted upon going, there was no help for it.

"There'll be a breeze in less than two hours," said he. "You've plenty of time, but if you're not back before the first puff I'll sail without you, as sure as you're born." North assured him of his punctuality. "Don't wait for me, captain, if I'm not here," said he, with the lightness of tone which men use to mask anxiety. So the boat set off. Frere observed with some astonishment that the chaplain wrapped himself in a boat cloak that lay in the stern sheets. "Does the fellow want to smother himself in a night like this?" was the remark. The truth was that, though his hands and head were burning, North's teeth chattered with cold. Perhaps this was the reason why, when landed and out of eye shot of the crew, he produced a pocket flask of rum and eagerly drank. The spirit gave him courage for the ordeal to which he had condemned himself, and with steadied step, he reached the door of the old prison. To his surprise, Gimblett refused him admission.

"But I have come direct from the commandant," said North.

"I can't let you in, your reverence," said Gimblett.

"I want to see the prisoner Dawes. I have a special message for him. I have come ashore on purpose."

"Upon my honor, sir, I daren't," said Gimblett, who was not without his good points. "You know what authority is, sir, as well as I do."

North was in despair, but a bright thought struck him—a thought that in

his sober moments would never have entered his head—he would buy admission.

He produced the rum flask from beneath the sheltering cloak. "Come, don't talk nonsense to me, Gimblett. You don't suppose I would come here without authority. Here, take a pull at this, and let me through." Gimblett's features relaxed into a smile. "Well, sir, I suppose it's all right, if you say so," said he. And, clutching the rum bottle with one hand, he opened the door of Dawes' cell with the other.

North entered, and as the door closed behind him, the prisoner, who had been lying apparently asleep upon his bed, leaped up and made as though to catch him by the throat.

North, paralyzed no less by the suddenness of the attack, than by the words with which it was accompanied, let fall his cloak, and stood trembling before the prophetic accusation of the man whose curses he had come to earn.

"I was dreaming," said Rufus Dawes. "A terrible dream! But it has passed now. The message—you have brought me a message, have you not? Why, what ails you? You are pale—your knees tremble. Did my violence—"

North recovered himself with a great effort. "It is nothing. Let us talk, for my time is short. You have thought me a good man—one blessed of God, one consecrated to a holy service; a man honest, pure and truthful. I have returned to tell you the truth. I am none of these things." Rufus Dawes sat staring, unable to comprehend this madness.

"I told you that the woman you loved—for you do love her—sent you a message of forgiveness. I lied."

"What?"

"I never told her of your confession. I never mentioned your name to her."

"And she will go without knowing—Oh, Mr. North, what have you done?"

"Wrecked my own soul!" cried North, wildly, stung by the reproachful agony of the tone. "Do not cling to me. My task is done. You will hate me now. That is my wish—I merit it. Let me go, I say. I shall be too late."

"Too late! For what?" He looked at the cloak—through the open window came the voices of the men in the boat—the memory of the rose, of the scene in the prison, flashed across him, and he understood it all. "Great heaven, you would follow her?"

"Let me go," repeated North, in a hoarse voice.

Rufus Dawes stepped between him and the door. "No, madman, I will not let you go." North crouched bewildered against the wall. "I say you shall not go. You love her! So do I; and my love is mightier than yours, for it shall save her!"

North lifted agonized eyes. "But I love her! Love her, do you hear? What do you know of love?"

"Love!" cried Rufus Dawes, his pale face radiant. "Love! Oh, it is you who do not know it! Love is the sacrifice of self, the death of all desire that is not for another's good. Love is godlike! Listen, I will tell you a story."

North, enthralled by the other's overwhelming will, fell back trembling. "What do you mean?"

"I will tell you the secret of my life, the reason why I am here. Come closer."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The house of her husband was duly placed at the disposal of Mrs. Richard Devine. It only remained that the lady should be formally recognized by Lady Devine. The rest of the ingenious program would follow as a matter of course. John Rex was well aware of the position which, in his assumed personality, he occupied in society. He knew that by the world of servants, of waiters, of those to whom servants and waiters could babble; of such tusties and men about town as had reason to inquire concerning Mr. Richard's domestic affairs, no opinion could be expressed, save that "Devine's married somebody, I hear."

He knew well that the really great world, the society, whose scandal would have been socially injurious, had long ceased to trouble itself with Mr. Richard Devine's doings in any particular. If it had been reported that the Leviathan of the Turf had married his washerwoman, society would only have intimated that "it was just what might have been expected of him." To say the truth, however, Mr. Richard had rather hoped that Lady Devine would have nothing more to do with him, and that the ordeal of presenting his wife would not be necessary. Lady Devine, however, had resolved on a different line of conduct. The intelligence concerning Mr. Richard Devine's threatened proceedings nerved her to the confession of the dislike which had been long growing in her mind; aided the formation of those doubts, the shadows of which had now and then cast themselves upon her belief in the identity of the man who called himself her son.

"His conduct is brutal," said she to her brother. "I cannot understand it."

"It is more than brutal; it is unnatural," returned Francis Wade, and stole a look at her. "Moreover, he is married."

"Married!" cried Lady Devine.

"So he says," continued the other, producing a letter sent to him by Rex at Sarah's dictation. "He writes to me stating that his wife, whom he married last year abroad, has come to England, and wishes us to receive her."

"I will not receive her!" cried Lady Devine, rising and pacing the room.

"But that would be a declaration of

war," said poor Francis, twisting an Italian onyx which adorned his irresolute hand; "I would not advise that."

It was with some trepidation that Mr. Richard, sitting with his wife, awaited the arrival of his mother. He had been very nervous and unstrung for some days past, and the prospect of the coming interview was, for some reason he could not explain to himself, weighty with fears. "What does she want to come alone for? And what can she have to say?" he asked himself. "She cannot suspect me, being after all these years, surely?" He endeavored to reason with himself, but in vain; the knock at the door which announced the arrival of his pretended mother made his heart jump.

"I feel deceived, Sarah," he said.

"You are quite sure that you are ready with your story?"

He rose with affected heartiness. "My dear mother, allow me to present to you—"

He paused, for there was that in Lady Devine's face which confirmed his worst fears.

"I wish to speak to you alone," she said, ignoring with steady eyes the woman whom she had ostensibly come to see.

John Rex hesitated, but Sarah saw the danger, and hastened to confront it. "A wife should be a husband's best friend, madam. Your son married me of his own free will, and even his mother can have nothing to say to him which is not my duty and privilege to hear. I am not a girl, as you can see, and I can bear whatever news you bring."

Lady Devine bit her pale lips. She saw at once that the woman before her was not gently born, but she also felt that she was a woman of higher mental caliber than herself. Prepared as she was for the worst, this sudden and open declaration of hostilities frightened her, as Sarah had calculated. She began to realize that if she was to prove herself equal to the task she had set herself, she must not waste her strength in skirmishing. Steadily refusing to look at Richard's wife, she addressed herself to Richard. "My brother will be here in half an hour," she said, as though the mention of his name would better her position in some way. "But I begged him to allow me to come first, in order that I might speak to you privately."

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR.

Important Factors in Military Affairs in Dark Ages.

The use of dogs in the Japanese-Russian war, which attracted much attention, was really nothing new, says Leslie's Weekly. Far back in the antiquities dogs were employed in military operations with great success. The acuteness of the animal's senses, his affection for his master, his docility and intelligence made him valuable centuries ago, both in defense and attack.

In the dark ages dogs were often posted in towers to warn the garrison of the enemy's approach, and were even clad in armor to guard military camps. They were frequently used to defend convoys and luggage and to bring confusion to the ranks of the enemy's cavalry. Even fires were placed on the dogs' backs to set fire to the enemy's camps.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries several military powers had enormous packs of dogs and it was not uncommon for the animals to meet in skirmishes and between themselves fight out big battles. Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, used dogs as scouts, and in 1882 the Austrians trained dogs to scent ambushes.

More recently the Germans have been training and experimenting with dogs, while Italy, Russia and France have also taken them up. Of the European powers only England has left dogs entirely out of consideration in military affairs.

Although changes in warfare have greatly lessened the opportunity for employing dogs they still may be used to advantage in many ways in military operations. In modern campaigns the night attack appears to be taking a foremost place, and here especially the dog can play an important part, for he can detect an approaching party and prevent a complete surprise. In foggy weather or in thickets well-trained dogs can be used where signal systems cannot be operated, although the use of telephones has nearly crowded the animal out of this branch of warfare. Dogs as an auxiliary to ambulances are a great aid in locating wounded soldiers. In the Franco-German war the dog played an important part in the work of saving the wounded from dying alone, out of reach of medical assistance.

In marches the dog can be used effectively as a scout for the body of troops to which he is attached, and might often prevent a detachment from being ambushed. The animal has also been used to transport ammunition and to carry relief to the wounded, while in many other ways his warrior-master has made use of the dog's keen sense and docility.

Shadow of Discontent.

"It is upon the farmer that the greatness of this country really depends," said the persuasive statesman.

"Yes," answered Farmer Cortnossel, "but sometimes I think I'd like to be one of the fellers that didn't have so much dependin' on 'em so's I could have time to wear good clothes and go to a few parties."—Washington Star.

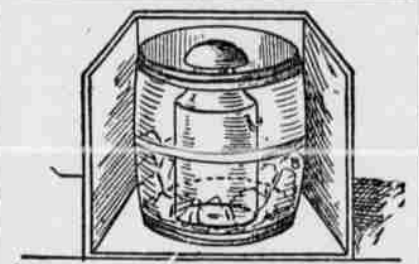


Grain and Silage.

The object of an experiment at the Ohio station was to determine whether silage might not be substituted for a considerable portion of the grain usually fed to dairy cows. Two rations were fed carrying practically the same amount of dry matter. In one ration over 50 per cent of this dry matter was derived from silage, and less than 18 per cent was derived from grain. In the other ration over 57 per cent of the dry matter was derived from grain, no silage being fed. The cows fed the silage ration produced 96.7 pounds of milk and 5.08 pounds of butter fat a hundred pounds of dry matter. The cows fed the grain ration produced 81.3 pounds of milk and 3.9 pounds of butter fat a hundred pounds of dry matter. The cost of feed a hundred pounds of milk was \$0.687 with the silage ration and \$1.05 with the grain ration. The cost of feed a hundred pounds of butter fat was 13.1 cents with the silage ration and 22.1 cents with the grain ration. The average net profit a cow a month (over cost of labor) was \$5.864 with the silage ration, and \$2.465 with the grain ration.

Home-Made Milk Cooler.

It is not an easy task for those who have but a small quantity of milk to cure for to do it with economy. The large cooling tanks or refrigerators which dairymen on a large scale can afford are not for the man with the single can, hence he must resort to some plan on the home-made idea. Take a box, which may be bought at



GOOD MILK COOLER.

any store for a low price, high enough to contain a barrel of good dimensions. Fill in the bottom of the box several inches deep with sawdust, and on this set a barrel cut down so that when a milk can is set into it it will come just below the level of the top of the barrel. Around this barrel, eight inches deep, pack sawdust. Set the can of milk in the barrel and pour in cold water and, if possible, add several large pieces of ice. Arrange a faucet which shall run through the barrel and the box so that the water may be drawn off when it gets warm. The illustration shows the idea plainly. In the small drawings at the bottom "M" represents the box, "L" the barrel and "A" the can of milk, and in the drawing to the left "G" shows how the faucet is placed near the bottom of the box. Any one can readily make this milk cooler at small expense.—Indianapolis News.

Lime and Salt Keep Eggs.

The water-glass method is not the only one of keeping eggs in fairly good condition for quite a long period. Some years ago the Rhode Island Experiment Station tested a number of different methods, and found that salt brine and lime water stood second only to water-glass as a preservative. The eggs were held over a year in the pickle, and all came out good. The station reported as follows: The surface of the liquid was crusted, and considerable silt had settled to the bottom of the jar. The shells of the eggs which were sunken in this silt appeared very fresh. The exteriors of the shells were clean and clear. The air cells were not increased in size. The whites and yolks were normal in appearance. The whites beat up nicely, but had a slightly saline taste. Several used as dropped eggs appeared to be nice, but had a slightly sharp taste. This old-fashioned method of preserving eggs is thus again proved effective.

Economy in the Legume.

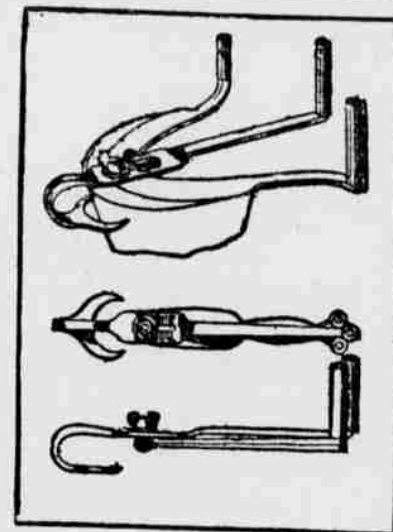
Agricultural chemists tell us that while two tons of timothy hay, or a good average crop from an acre, takes away fifty pounds of nitrogen, a crop of clover of same weight takes over eighty pounds; likewise while the timothy hay takes off thirty-six pounds of potash, the clover takes nearly ninety pounds. With phosphoric acid it is different; the timothy takes twenty-one pounds and the clover only fourteen pounds. But the nitrogen which is the most expensive element is drawn from the air, to a large extent, in the case of clover, and so need not be supplied in the fertilizer. Here is the economy in growing the legume, which has the power, as it were, of making its own fertilizer, or most of it.

Summer Grain for Poultry.

It is not to be expected that the fowls can be taken care of wholly on the range during the summer no matter how extensive it may be so that the grain must be fed in a greater or less amount. During the summer we do without the mashes and the corn, feeding wheat and buckwheat and, beginning in June, more or less cottonseed meal, adding it in very small quantities and increasing it gradually until about one-tenth of the daily ration consists of the oil meal.

Horse-Hoof Cutter.

In reshoeing a horse the horse-shoer does not trim the hoof smoothly, and the shoe consequently does not fit the foot perfectly, the horse thereby feels uncomfortable, would be a question very difficult to answer. It is natural to infer, nevertheless, that when such is the case the horse is under more or less strain. To accomplish a more uniform and even paring of the hoof a Canadian inventor has devised the hoof-cutter shown in the illustration. In this cutter two knives are pivoted to a central bar, which terminates into a hook. This hook is clamped in position on the hoof as shown. The operator then grasps the center handle and one of the knife handles firmly in one hand. With the other hand he swings the remaining handle back to the point indicated by the dotted lines. Thus with one stroke he is able to pare one side of the hoof from heel to toe. The other knife is then swung back in the



TRIMS THE HOOF.

same manner, trimming the other side of the hoof. A quicker or more efficient manner of trimming a horse's hoof would be hard to imagine.

Manure Aid to Fruit Trees.

A Pennsylvanian states that he has never used commercial fertilizers in an apple orchard. If the ground is too poor to produce apples, nothing is better than barnyard manure, which answers every purpose, both for a mulch or for enriching the ground. In planting an apple orchard the ground should be farmed every year for about ten years, growing such crops as potatoes, truck, etc., so that the ground will get manure as often as the crops will require it, and that will be sufficient for the growth of the apple trees and fruit. After that time the land may be seeded down and occasionally farmed and manured sufficiently to keep the land in a fertile condition.

Greatest Alfalfa Field.

Kansas has the largest continuous alfalfa field in the world. This belongs to Colonel J. W. Robinson, Eldorado, and includes more than 2,500 acres, the product of which brings a small fortune to its owner each year.

Save Ammonia from Manure.

All stable manure will be improved if potash in some form is added, especially of the potash salt. Kanit has been found useful for this purpose. It is crude sulphate of potash and contains a large proportion of salt. It will arrest the escape of ammonia and prove valuable of itself when applied to the land. It is also excellent on land infested with grubs, though not a complete remedy for such pests. It is cheap and should be used more extensively where manure is being saved.