

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER III.

Four years have passed away since that October night. I am now eighteen. I am the last one left of Mr. Porter's old pupils; they have all been "bagged" by some grim custodian, and carried off I know not whither. Others have taken their places, but I am still left. I am melancholy, moody and dreamy. My reading is limited to a few semi-religious books. How ardently I long for a copy of Shakespeare, but not one penny of pocket money has ever been given me; neither would the Rev. Mr. Porter hear of such a book being brought into his house. Every image of that one break in my monotonous existence is indelibly fixed upon my memory; and I can never dissociate that mysterious child that I met under the old Norman gateway with the Juliet of the play. What a strange memory she has left upon my brain; she is ever with me in my dreams. Shall I ever see her again? I am ever asking myself. Yes; I feel assured I shall. I feel that she is in some way interwoven with my destiny.

We never saw Josiah Cook again, but I heard that he had gone away with the theatrical company, who left the town shortly after the time that marked my adventure. The Rev. Obadiah Porter, of course, at once settled his eternal prospects by condemning him to the bottomless pit.

During my boyish days the post of servant was occupied by a very cross old woman; but a twelvemonth previous to the period at which I have arrived, she left, and her place was taken by a young woman of about twenty years of age. When I ceased to attend the school room I was assigned to the kitchen, and helped in the household work. Martha and I soon became fast friends. She used to say that had it not been for her she would not have remained a month in the house. In the winter evenings, after she had finished her work, when Mr. Porter did not require our presence at Little Bethlehem, or at religious exercises, we used to sit by the fire and talk. She had but little education; but her shrewd mind was a better tutor for me at that time than would have been a more learned, sedentary companion.

The second person of whom I must speak conjures up a very different set of images. I remember the first time I saw him was the very evening after my memorable escape. We were at prayers; there was a loud, impetuous knock at the street door. The Rev. Mr. Porter paused and signed to the servant to answer the knock.

The next moment there entered the parlor a tall, elegantly dressed man, with a remarkably pale face, the pallor of which was greatly enhanced by a full, glossy black beard, black curling hair, and large black eyes. One of those strange shudders, at which the superstitious cry out that some one is walking over their grave, ran through me as I looked up at him. He stood in the doorway, and cast upon the group a glance of infinite scorn.

"When you have finished your devotions," he said, with a sneer, addressing my tutor, "I have something to say to you."

The Rev. Obadiah Porter colored, hesitated for a moment, and then rising, said, with his devotional whine, "We will ask a blessing upon all here, and pray no more to-night."

With an exclamation of contemptuous impatience, the stranger threw himself upon the sofa, his head still covered. We were quickly hustled out of the room, and the tutor and his daughter were left alone with their irreverent visitor.

More than a twelvemonth passed away before he came again to the house. Then, little by little, he became a frequent visitor. Miss Judith and he were very frequently together. I used never to see them stroll down the road arm-in-arm; and by and by I began to observe anxiously as they watched for his coming. Martha soon comprehended how matters stood.

"I don't like that Mr. Rodwell," she used to say; "and if Judith wasn't quite so high in her manner I should take the liberty of telling her so."

One evening I was summoned from the kitchen to attend Mr. Porter in his "study." When I entered the room he bade me shut the door, and take a seat. I obeyed him, wondering what was coming.

"Silas," he began, fixing his small, sharp eyes upon me, and brushing back the rebellious hair from his low forehead, "can you remember anything of your life previous to the time that Providence entrusted you to my keeping? Don't hatch a lie," he said, sharply; "remember the fate of Ananias."

"Indeed, sir, I have no such thought," I answered meekly. "Remember how young I must have been when I first came to you, and—"

"Don't beat about the bush," he cried, yet more sharply. "You are concealing something; you can't deceive me." Then suddenly changing his tone to his usual one of shuffling hypocrisy, he added: "Silas, I am asking these questions for your good—for the sake of those carnal interests that must be looked to while we are sojourners in this world of sin."

He leaned forward with his arms upon the table, and fixing his snake-like eyes upon me, as though to read my very soul, he began in a low voice: "I will tell you all I know; perhaps that will help your memory. Thirteen years ago, a middle-aged woman, looking like a gentleman's housekeeper, or something of that sort, called here to ask my terms for taking charge of a child of five years old. She had seen my advertisement, and thought it would suit the purpose she had in view. She was most particular in her injunctions that you should be reared strictly and religiously. Two days afterwards she brought you here. She gave the name of Carston, and said that you were to be called Silas Carston. The money was to be drawn half-yearly, of Messrs. Fogle and Quirk, solicitors. For the sake of the precious soul entrusted to my keeping, I tried as discreetly as possible to glean a little more information; but she was very close and awfully stern, and I could not get even an address out of her.

The money has always been paid regularly to the day. Once I called upon Messrs. Fogle and Quirk; but I found them stiff-necked men, of hard and unregenerate hearts. Two years ago I wrote to say that, as you had passed beyond the school boy age, I wished for further instructions. About a week after, I got a short note, saying that you were still to remain with me; but as they desired that you should not contract idle habits, I was to give you some sort of useful employment. Why don't you say something, Silas?" he cried, striking the table sharply with his fist.

"What—what do you want me to say, sir?" I stammered.

"The truth—what you know."

"I don't know anything—indeed, I do not."

There was a savage look about him, as though he would have liked to have squeezed something more out of my throat. Then he took out of a desk beside him a small gold locket, and passed it to me, saying, "This was sewn up in your frock when you were brought here. I don't think she who brought you knew anything about it."

It contained the portrait of a very beautiful young woman—a foreigner, I should have imagined; dark hair, olive-tinted complexion, also a lock of brown hair; and upon the back was engraved the initials "F. B." and "D. M." joined together by a true lovers' knot.

"The woman who brought you here," he went on, "was tall; and big-nosed; thin, white lips; a nose like a parrot's beak; light gray eyes, as cold as stone. She wore a front of dark brown hair, dressed in small flat curls, and bound round the forehead by a band of narrow black velvet; she was dressed in black silk, and wore a muslin handkerchief crossed upon her bosom."

While he spoke, a veil seemed lifted from my memory; the woman seemed to stand before me. I had trembled before those cold, stony eyes. That portrait, too—my heart told me it was my mother's, and a shadowy remembrance came upon me that I had been at some time fondled by such a face.

The Rev. Obadiah Porter was evidently disappointed at the result of his revelations. He snatched the locket out of my hand, and then locked it up in the desk again.

"Well, well, if you can't remember, you can't," he said, irritably. "But when you are alone, or in bed, try and think. Who knows?—you might be the child of some great or rich people," he added, cunningly. "Think what an advantage it would be if you could find this out! But we won't talk any more of this at present. I have something else to speak to you about. Silas, it has much troubled me, for some time, to see a youth of your appearance and probable prospects doing menial work. I've long been thinking whether I couldn't more profitably employ you; and, after a talk with my daughter, I've come to the conclusion that you shall, henceforth, assist her in the care of the boys."

My duties as tutor were to commence on the next day. I really felt very grateful to him for what appeared, to my unsophisticated mind, a great kindness; and so I told Martha when I went back to the kitchen.

"Well, I don't know about being grateful, Silas," she cried. "Depend upon it, master's serving his own turn. Miss Judith's getting very tired of the work; and if she was to go away, what would he do? It wouldn't suit him to have a stranger in the house. Now don't you see that he couldn't do without you—that you're the very thing he wants?"

Martha's worldly view of the matter somewhat dashed my exalted feelings of gratitude; yet, for all that, I still felt very thankful for the change.

CHAPTER IV.

In less than a week I found myself sole tutor to the Rev. Obadiah Porter's pupils. Martha was right; Miss Judith had grown tired of the work, and, seizing the opportunity of my initiation, relinquished it altogether. I now dined in the parlor, but took the rest of my meals in the kitchen, where I also spent my evenings. By and by Martha called my attention to a great alteration that had taken place in her mistress. There was a worn, anxious look in her face; and she seldom quitted her own room. Then we began to notice that Mr. Rodwell's visits grew more infrequent, and at last ceased altogether.

One day Mr. Porter informed me that he was going to London for a few days. Such an event had never happened in my memory; it was to me the climax of all the changes.

"To you, Silas," he said, "I commit the care of the precious lambs of my fold, and you must also give an eye to household affairs, as my daughter's health is not strong at present. It is a great trust, but you will prove worthy of it. You are almost like a son to me, Silas."

He paused upon the last words like one struck with a sudden idea, and while he stood gazing at me, a strange look stole across his face. For the first time in his life he took my hand; his clasp was cold and clammy; he meant to be kind and caressing, but I had never felt so repelled against him. I shuddered, with a boding presentiment of evil.

While he was away Miss Judith took all her meals in her own room. Thus the house was almost entirely under the care of myself and Martha. On the fifth day after his departure, at 5 in the evening, Mr. Porter returned. I was in the front garden. Now this ground was kept sacred to him and his daughter, but having a great love of flowers, and having acquired some knowledge of gardening, I had of late been privileged to tend the beds, and prune the shrubs of this exclusive spot. I had no desire to presume upon this privilege, as I greatly preferred the more extensive grounds that lay at the back, which were free to all. A wall of about ten feet in height separated this garden from the road. When I saw Mr. Porter come through the gate, I was busily employed in cutting away the dead blossoms from a very fine rhododendron bush

which stood near one of the parlor windows. Although I was in full sight, he did not perceive me. The bush stood between me and the window, which was wide open, and entirely concealed me from any one who might be within. I heard my master enter the room, and a minute afterwards he was joined by his daughter, whom I heard eagerly ask him, "What he had done—had he been successful?"

"He has gone to Paris," was the reply, in a harsh tone.

"Gone to Paris! Oh, what will become of me—what will become of me?" I heard Judith cry, in a tone of despair. "I loved him very dearly! But he cannot, he will not, he shall not desert me!"

"But he has done it. His last letter was quite enough. And now he's gone off to Paris, to get out of the way of your reproaches."

"But if he went to the world's end, he should not get beyond the reach of my revenge!" she cried, excitedly. "But how do you know he's gone? Who told you so? Perhaps you have been purposely deceived?"

"Not such a fool. They'll have to get up betimes to deceive me! In the first place, I never made any inquiries myself; a friend that they couldn't suspect did that for me. He left ten days ago."

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" "And what shall I do?" he cried, in a savage tone. And I heard him smash his fist down upon the table, and could almost fancy I heard the grinding of his teeth.

"But in the meanwhile we must think of the present time. We are in snug quarters here, and I don't feel inclined to give them up. Remember, if I lost my chapel, I should lose the boys, too; for although their friends would receive the tidings of their deaths with the utmost satisfaction, yet their consciences and their sense of duty would be troubled by the thought that the unhappy little wretches were under a master of lax morality. With such people, you know, everything is doing the proper; they don't care for the humane. Now the very day I started for the city an idea came into my head, which a chance circumstance has since strengthened. It all depends upon you whether you'll act upon it."

He paused, as though expecting an answer; but none came. After a moment, he resumed, in a somewhat hesitating tone, "You'll stare when I tell you what it is; but for your own peace of mind, as well as mine, you must be married."

"Married to whom?" she asked, dreadingly.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I had a husband in my eye? What do you say to Silas Carston?"

I could scarcely repress the cry that rose to my lips at the sound of my name so strangely associated.

"What!" she cried, impetuously, "I marry that puny, contemptible, sneaking boy? You are mad!"

"He would make a very good husband."

"A very meek one, no doubt," she said scornfully.

"Listen to me. Worm as he is, it may be a better match than you suspect. I thought I would call upon Fogle and Quirk. In the first place, to endeavor to get the money increased, in consideration of his age; and in the second place, to try and glean a little information. Just as I got within sight of the door, who should I see coming out but the identical old woman that brought the boy here. There was no mistaking her; she seemed to have on the very same dress that she wore thirteen years ago; and as to her face, it is one of those iron faces upon which years seem to have no power. 'Here's my chance,' I thought; 'I don't lose sight of you till you're earthed.' So, instead of calling upon the lawyers, I followed the old woman at a respectful distance."

At this point of the dialogue, to me the most interesting, I lost the thread. Two pleasure vans, full of people who had been out holiday keeping for the day, were returning to the town; and the occupants were singing, shouting and laughing, in a most vociferous strain. To make the matter worse, just as they got beyond the house, a delay of some kind occurred; either something was wrong with the carriages or the horses. Whatever it might have been, it detained them for two or three minutes, during which the bawling and shouting continued so loudly that I could not catch a word that was spoken in the parlor. When at last the noisy crew drove away the revelation that I so eagerly desired to hear had passed.

"May be he would not have me," were the first words that fell upon my ears.

"How could he help himself, if I were determined upon it? Besides, you could soon make him a puppet in your hands."

"Don't let us talk any more now."

"Very well. And here comes Martha with the dinner."

And so the conversation ended. I heard Martha come and close the window, and draw down the blind—and then I crept from my hiding place, and got round to the back garden. For a time I could not go into the house; every nerve was trembling. I felt like one surrounded by a circle of fire—the victim of some foul plot, the exact nature of which I could not understand, but from which I could perceive no escape.

(To be continued.)

Cost of Running a Creamery.
The total cost of running a creamery and marketing the product, including interest on the investment and provision for a sinking fund, ought not to exceed 3½ cents for every pound of butter made. Under favorable conditions this cost ought to be reduced to 3 or even as low as 1½ cents. The smallest practical creamery cannot be operated for less than \$4 or \$5 per day. It becomes evident then that the daily product should be over 150 pounds as a safe minimum. Consequently no creamery should be put into operation unless having control or a promise of about 300 cows.—Oscar Erf, University of Illinois, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The bodies of men who have perished in sandy deserts become so thoroughly dried by the sun and wind as to be reduced to 30 per cent of their weight in life.

The light of the firefly is produced by some combination of phosphorus, though in what manner has not yet been determined.

He who desires is always poor.—Claudianus.

Boys And Girls

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

We Ain't A-Scairt o' Pa.
Us boys ain't scairt o' Pa so much. He only makes a noise, An' says he never did see such Onmanageable boys.

But when Ma looks around I see Just somethin' long an' flat An' always make a point to be Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises, But never does a thing; But what Ma says she does she does, An' when I go to bring Her slipper or her hair brush when She says she'll dust my pants, I think I could be better then If I had one more chance.

Pa always says nex' time 'at he Will have a word to say, But Ma she is more apt to be A-doin' right away; Pa turns around at us an' glares As fierce as he can look, But when we're out of sight upstairs He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa, Or make as big a fuss, But what she says is law is law, And when she speaks to us She's lookin' carelessly around 'Er something long an' flat, And when we notice it we're bound To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all, Although he thinks we are; But when we hear Ma come an' call, No difference how far We are away we answer quick, An' tell her where we're at, When she stoops down an' starts to pick Up something long an' flat.

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Raisins.



Said Ann
I'm feeling crusty—
I will eat this bit of
Yeast.
It ought to make my
spirits rise
To say the very
least!

Hiding.
Little Peter hid from Paul,
In the corner of the house;
There he stood a long, long time,
Quiet as a little mouse.

On the other side the barrel
Little Paul from Peter hid,



Each expecting to be found
By the other little kid.

Mamma called quite loudly: "Oh,
Come to supper, Pete and Paul!"
But they stood and waited there
For each other—that is all.

What Will This Boat Do?
It is very easy to see by looking at the picture just how this boat is made, but it is not so easy to tell what it will do. We will assume that the shaft works easily, without friction, and that a good, strong wind blows steadily. Now, what will the boat do? Will it go forward, backward, or stand still? It is not answered as easily as you



may at first think. Who can tell what it will do? Of course the very easiest way to find out is to make a boat and try it.

The only part that might give you any trouble is the propeller or screw,

and you can make one pretty easily. Get a piece of tin and cut out a circle or a round piece about six inches in diameter. Now draw a pencil line across the circle, and another line across the tin at right angles to the first, so that the circle will be divided into four equal parts. Get a heavy pair of scissors and cut along each of these lines to within half an inch of the center. You may easily bend back the pieces of tin so formed until they have the position shown in the picture. This screw can be nailed to the end of the shaft, or by punching a hole in the center of the tin you may run the shaft through it and fasten it by copper wire.

No matter what the boat will do, when made it will be well worth the trouble, for if it should stand still and refuse to go ahead, even in a strong wind, then you will have something which will fool every one of your friends and raise many a laugh at their expense.

Practical Education.
Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to—
Write a good, legible hand.
Spell all the words in ordinary use.
Know how to use these words.
Speak and write good English.
Write a good social letter.

Add a column of figures rapidly.
Make out an ordinary account.
Receipt it when paid.

Write an ordinary promissory note.
Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.
Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.
Make neat and correct entries in day book and ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.
Measure the pile of lumber in the shed.

Tell something about the laws of health, and what to do in case of emergency.
Know how to behave in public and society.

Have a good knowledge of the Bible.
Have some acquaintance with the three great kingdoms of nature.
Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.

New Kind of Lamps.
A little country boy visited his aunt in the city and when he returned home his mother asked him what kind of lamps his aunt had. He said, "They don't have any lamps at all; they light the end of the towel rack." This is an actual experience and the boy is a relative of that little boy who, eating some pineapples for the first time and being asked his opinion of it, said: "I think it is a wooden lemonade." These bright and pleasing things coming from young America make wholesome reading.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
Nelle (aged 5)—Mamma, do you really and truly love me? Mamma (a widow)—Of course I do, dear. Nelle—Then won't you please marry the man who owns the candy store?

Little Margie—Mamma, do you think grandpa has really gone to heaven? Mamma—Certainly, my dear. Little Margie—Well, I guess he sneaks out once in a while to smoke his pipe.

"Willie," said the teacher, "what would you do if you had the goose that laid golden eggs?" "Why," answered the loud golden egg, "I'd make her set on some of the eggs and hatch out more geese of the same kind."

Harry had been teasing his little sister. "Why, Harry," said his mother, "I'm surprised at you!" "Oh, that's nothing," replied the incorrigible youngster. "I'll be surprised if you ever quit being surprised at me."

"Now, sir," said the indignant mother to her naughty 5-year-old son, "I'm going to give you a good whipping." "If you'll cut it out, mamma," rejoined the diplomatic youngster, "I'll use my influence with papa to get you a new sealskin sack."

A Striking Individuality.
It does not pay to be too striking in one's individuality unless that characteristic is the outspringing of one's own nature. Directly little eccentricities are assumed criticism is invited. We become conspicuous and the unconventional beauty which we wish to achieve turns to gall and wormwood in what the world calls only "queerness." Unless you can be artistically out of the ordinary do not try to be other than commonplace. It does not pay to bring down reproach and sarcasm upon your unprotected head for the sake of winning notoriety. Better by far to pursue the even tenor of your way, exactly as thousands of other mortals do, than to strike out into new paths which lead only into the jungle of ridicule and condemnation.

Child Weddings in India.
The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of nine or ten years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen.

No Wonder They Lose.
"Is them the Senators?" asked the low-browed and square-jawed individual who surveyed the scene from the gallery at the opening of Congress.

"Yes," answered the friend.

"Well," was the response after some critical examination, "it ain't no wonder every other club in the league beats 'em."—Washington Post.

Idiotic.
A girl had a hat of chenille, With ornaments made of cut stilla, And she wore on her back An elegant sack, And of course it was made out of silk. —Chicago Chronicle.

WOMEN WEAR POISON RINGS.

Jewelry of Days When Murder Was Fashionable the Fad.

Society women have a brand new fad, and even the most blase of the "500" can't deny that the smart matrons have started an interesting novelty, says the New York World. The newest sensation among the ultra-smart set is the poison ring.

Not that the swell matrons are contemplating any "Lucrezia Borgia" act, nor are they followers in the footsteps of the Medici, but the poison ring is a real affair just the same.

The fad was started by Mrs. Granville Kane.

The rings first appeared at a dance, and immediately Mrs. William Pelron Hamilton, who is known for her love of quaint and oriental jewelry, became a follower of the fad.

Mrs. Hamilton's love of quaint designs in jewelry became known most prominently at the time of her marriage, when as Juliet Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, she received a handsome bracelet, an ancient Italian design from an Italian nobleman. The bracelet was sent in a book and was discovered by the customs officers, and J. Pierpont Morgan paid \$475 duty in order to avoid its seizure and the publicity of an auction sale.

The other beautiful society matrons who are wearing the poison rings on their fair fingers are Mrs. Arthur E. Grannis and Mrs. Henry Trevor.

Mrs. Trevor's ring is historical and said to have belonged to a member of the house of Richelieu. The ring is of exquisite workmanship and is set with a sapphire hedged with alternating diamonds and topazes.

Now, in spite of the fact that these interesting rings are causing the more conservative of society to raise their eyebrows, there is a little secret about them that robs them of part of their romance. They do not contain a single drop of poison.

The little chamber that used to contain the deadly poison which brought swift and sudden death on desired occasions in those days of sudden murder and secret plotting, now holds only a tiny bit of rich and powerful smelling salts.

Mrs. Trevor's ring is made so that pressure on a spring in one side of the hoop distills a microscopic drop of liquid through one of the surrounding stones. This is necessarily hollow, but the aperture is so small as to be imperceptible except on the closest examination.

The rings, which have given society something to talk about, are extremely rare, for all are relics of ancient houses and have been procured for their new owners only after careful search. Modern rings are made in this form, and the new society fad indicates that up to date jewelers will henceforth offer rings that dispense sweet perfume and smelling salts, but the old historic rings, with their clustering memories of sudden death, are the ones the women of the "500" covet for their bejeweled fingers.

TOURISTS PESTS IN ROME.

Tip-Seekers, Beggars and Venders Fleece the Foreigners.

One hears a great deal about the "Association to Facilitate the Movement of Foreigners" in Italy, but of the good accomplished by these well-meaning persons, says the London Pall Mall Gazette, one hears much less.

There is no doubt that there is a crying evil in the peninsula, which to some people overbalances her undoubted attractions—that of the continual necessity to pay out money in small sums if you wish any peace.

Take, for instance, the trip from Naples to Sorrento and Capri. When you return you are shorn of perhaps 3 lire, not more, but the giving of that 3 lire has been such a weariness to the flesh that you feel that you have given thousands. First you fall into the hands of the boatman to go on board; getting down to Capri there are fresh payments and on visiting the grotto there are further disbursements, with innumerable tips to odd people and beggars, while illustrated post cards and coral venders make life a burden. And this is only one example of what the press aptly calls the "hunt of the foreigners." It is argued that this would be avoided if the tourist paid something more for his round ticket and had not to disburse these small sums.

The Swiss and Germans are no less anxious to make money out of travelers, but so marvelous is their organization that the victim is to some extent unaware of the fact and pays cheerfully whatever is asked. This being so, it is proposed to invite the above-mentioned society to move in the subject and see if they cannot justify their existence.

Statistics show that the number of beggars along the beaten track of travelers has very much decreased and that those who do exist are much less importunate and although the "Society for Foreigners" claims the credit, it is more due to the "Association Against Begging" and still more to the chiefs of police.

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