

# Bound by a Spell

## CHAPTER VIII.

Judith was quite right; although her words filled me with fear, they could not destroy, or even weaken, the fascination she exercised over me. Our marriage day was fixed. How distinctly I remember every aspect and event of that day. The ceremony was, of course, to be celebrated at Little Bethlehem by the bride's father. All the principal members of the congregation were to be of the party, and the Rev. Obadiah Porter provided the entertainment with no niggardly hand.

When I entered the parlor I found it full of people. Of these two solemn-looking young men, whom I had often seen at chapel, represented the groomsmen; and two remarkably sour-looking girls, daughters of Mrs. Humphries, the bridesmaids.

Two or three dark-looking cubs were at the gate, and when all was ready we sallied forth. Martha was standing in the hall, holding the house door in her hand. I had never exchanged a word with her since that night when she waylaid me upon the landing; indeed, had never seen her, except when she waited at meal times. How sorrowfully she looked at me that morning! As I passed out into the garden with Miss Humphries upon my arm, she threw an old shoe after me. The young lady was astounded, and I heard her master pause for a moment to rebuke her for such a "heathenish" act, as he was pleased to style it.

Although in the height of summer, it was a most miserable morning. From edge to edge of the horizon, the sky was one of uniform leaden hue; there was a fine, soaking rain, that blurred and blotted to the eye every more distant object; the saturated trees kept up a constant drip, drip; the calyx of every flower was a miniature lake; and on the point of every leaf and blade of grass quivered globules of water. Large pools lay in the gravelled path, and the earth was sodden.

The little chapel was chill and gloomy as a vault, and the damp atmosphere clung upon every object, dimming the windows, and half-veiling the cold, gray light that struggled through them.

"Not a pleasant day for a marriage," remarked Miss Humphries, solemnly; it was the first remark she had addressed to me.

"More fitting for a funeral," I answered drearily.

She looked at me rather strangely, and it certainly must have sounded a somewhat strange remark in the mouth of a bridegroom.

The ceremony, according to the tenets of these people, commenced, and as I took her hand, I looked at Judith for the first time that morning. She seemed unconscious of my glance. Her face was deathly pale, and very rigid, like one who had nerved herself to a terrible and repulsive task, as indeed she had. The touch of my hand awoke her from her reverie. She shuddered; but I thought there was less of hardness and scorn in her manner, as well I might, for her tears were falling fast.

Mr. Porter also was not quite himself; he seemed agitated and nervous. To my morbid fancy his prayers sounded like a service for the dead. At last, it was all over. The whole party was gathered near the door preparatory to leaving. Judith and her father had gone into a little room that stood near the entrance, where she had left her wraps. I was the last. Moodyly I was following the rest, when my eyes happened to fall upon a small glittering object. It was a golden locket. In picking it up my finger pressed the spring and opened it. What a thrill ran through me! It contained the portrait of a girl of about 14. It was the face of the child I had met in the Norman gateway! Who had dropped it, or how had it come here? Putting it into my pocket, I resolved to carefully note any person who should appear to or speak of having lost anything.

The cabs conveyed us home again, and the dinner was waiting. Towards evening the company dispersed, but no person spoke of a loss, and the mystery of the locket remained an inscrutable mystery. I would not make any inquiries for the owner, as I had resolved not to part with it. I hugged it as a treasure; and, somehow, amidst the misery of that day, it fell upon my heart like a gleam of hope.

While waiting at table Martha contrived to slip a piece of paper into my hand. My fingers instinctively grasped it. Our visitors had gone. Judith had retired to her room to change her dress, and Mr. Porter was in his store-room. I seized the opportunity to examine the paper. It was a note, but written in a scrawl almost illegible. It ran thus:

"This is my last day here. I leave to-morrow. Always to be heard of at No. 3 Backstraw's building, Camden Town. Take care of yourself. God bless you. MARTHA."

So I was deprived of my only friend. I was now utterly alone in the lion's den. A new feeling of fear and desolation fell upon my heart.

## CHAPTER IX.

I could endure it no longer, and so I fled. One month after my wedding night I left that roof forever. Upon what passed during that month my lips are sealed. To no living being shall I ever reveal the story of my sufferings during those thirty-one days.

On the night of the 31st of August, I crept out of my chamber, ascended to the boys' room and, unseen and unheard by them, opened their window and descended to the garden by means of the pear tree. Vividly did my frightful dream come back upon me at that moment, and I almost expected to see the red snake with his glittering eyes writhing round some leafy branch. But I reached the ground in safety, without encountering any object, fanciful or real.

In less than three minutes more I was in the high road, a vagabond, a homeless outcast, but a free man. All my worldly possessions were the suit of clothes I wore, and my wedding suit and a change of linen that I carried tied up in a bundle. It was a bright moonlight night.

I cast one farewell glance upon the only home I had ever known and walked swiftly onward.

I made towards Bury. I passed Little Bethlehem, and thought, with a shudder, of my marriage day. Then I entered the town, and took the street that led me past the old Abbey ruins. I had never seen them since that October night. I stopped at the old Norman gateway, and peered into its shadows, almost expecting to encounter the sweet, pale face again. But all was silent and deserted—not a soul was in sight.

Whether was I going? I was going to Martha. I had carefully preserved her note. I knew she would give me a shelter until I could obtain some kind of employment. When I reached the next town I would sell the bundle of clothes, and the money would provide me with food and lodging on the way. I had no conception of the road, but I resolved that I would take the one down which I had seen her disappear. She said that she understood that to be the right one. I would follow in her steps.

The day was just dawning when I came upon a large, old-fashioned village. Unused to violent exercise, and exhausted for want of food, for I had eaten nothing since dinner time the day before, my steps began to flag. I looked round some place to rest; there was no sign of life in any of the houses—all seemed buried in sleep. I walked slowly on until I came to a little swing gate, which led to the village church—an ancient looking building, embossed in trees. Here, I thought, is a quiet spot where I can rest a little while. I opened the gate, and passed through.

It was a pretty, quiet spot. I could not have found a better for an hour's rest. There was a heavy dew upon the long grass, so I stretched myself upon a high, flat tombstone, and placed my bundle beneath my head. I was very weary, and in spite of the cold air of the dawn, that made me shiver, I fell fast asleep, with the twittering of the waking birds sounding in my ears.

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were in full song. For a moment I could not comprehend my position. I sat up and looked round, but my doubts were only of a second. Then I knelt down against my stone bed and offered up a thanksgiving for my deliverance, and a fervent prayer for my future safety.

When I rose from my knees I became conscious that I was not alone. Seated upon a tomb a little distance from me, and attentively watching me, was an old gentleman dressed like a respectable farmer.

"Good morning, young man," he said, in a cheery voice; "you've had rather a cold bed, I'm thinking. I suppose you've been traveling all night?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "From Bury."

"Why, that isn't more than ten miles! You should have had a little more sleep in your bed, my lad, and have started about this time. Enough to give you your death of cold to lie out here and go to sleep in the dew. You don't look very strong, either. Wherever you're going, you won't get on now till you've had a bit of breakfast."

I colored up at the mention of breakfast. I had not a farthing of money, and until I could dispose of the contents of my bundle, I could not procure a mouthful. I thanked him, took up my bundle, wished him good morning and turned to go.

"Stop, stop! come here a minute," he called out.

I advanced a few steps nearer to him. He scrutinized me more carefully, however, with the expression of a man who was about to make a proposition of doubtful prudence.

"Here, here! you shall come and breakfast with me," he said, after a minute's pause. "I like the look of you, and I don't think you're a tramp."

I thanked him very much for his kindness, which, under the circumstances, I certainly had not strength of mind enough to decline. We left the churchyard and proceeded down a lovely green lane canopied with trees.

"I always rise at five," said the old gentleman, as we walked along; "and, unless it is very bad weather, take a walk as far as the churchyard. It's been my custom for many years, and, I suppose, will continue to be so until some morning I am carried there never to come back again. Nothing like exercise, however, and the early morning air, to delay that little event; but not sleeping on tombstones," he added, with a laugh.

After about ten minutes' walk we stopped before a door in a high garden wall, which my conductor opened with a key, and facing us at the end of a garden path was the prettiest cottage I had ever seen, very old-fashioned, and curiously covered with roses and woodbines, that loaded the whole air with delicious perfume. The garden was beautifully laid out in flower beds; on one side was a grape house, on the other a conservatory, filled with the most brilliant colored plants. The rays of the morning sun were slanting brightly across the scene, and imparting to it the most joyously cheerful air.

"How different to the house I have just left!" I thought.

"Pretty place, isn't it?" said the old gentleman.

"Sweetly pretty," I murmured.

He led the way into a little low-roofed room, darkened by the overhanging blossoms that hung thickly over the latticed window. It was comfortably, indeed, handsomely, furnished. The table was laid for breakfast. A second cup and saucer and plate were soon produced by a kind-looking, middle-aged woman, and I was soon sitting before a substantial meal of eggs and bacon, and cold beef, to be washed down by plenty of strong coffee. Never had food been so grateful to me before, and I certainly did ample justice to it. I could perceive that my host every now and then cast a curious glance at me, as though I presented something of a puzzle to him.

"Now, if I might be permitted to hazard a guess, I should fancy you were something in the parson line," he said, leaning back in his chair.

I disclaimed the honor.

"Well, it was the long hair and the queer-looking black clothes that put that idea into my head; and you look so serious for a lad of your years. I have it! You're a school usher."

I confessed that his last guess was correct.

"Ah, poor fellow! No wonder you look so miserable!" he said, compassionately. "It must be a hard life, and a badly paid one; and I suppose you've left your place? Where are you going now?"

"I am going to the city."

"You've friends there, I suppose?"

"I have one, sir, who I think will help me."

He must have thought me very close and churlish, to be so sparing of my answers after his kindness; but the fact is, that I was undecided at the moment whether I should make a clean breast of all my troubles to him; he seemed so kindly hearted that I felt sure he would pity me. But the natural reticence of my disposition, rather than any feeling of mistrust, prevented me.

"But you're not going to walk?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir. I have no other means of getting there. I have a suit of clothes in this bundle, that I intend to sell as soon as I come to a town," I faltered.

The old gentleman paused, and looked very hard at me—for a moment, to revolve an idea—and then said, "Leave the clothes with me. I don't want to look at them. I will lend you five dollars. That will take you to your friend, and leave some money to boot in your pocket. Any time you bring me or send me the money you shall have your clothes back again. A mile and a half from here is the railway station. In half an hour a train will stop there. You will be able to catch that comfortably. I will walk a little distance with you, and put you in the right path. Stop a minute, and I'll bring you the money."

Without waiting to listen to my fervent thanks, he left the room. Never in my life had I felt so light-hearted and hopeful.

I rose from the chair to take the clothes out of the handkerchief and smooth them, as they must have been somewhat crumpled by doing service as a pillow; also to take out the change of linen which I could not do without. In doing so, my eyes fell upon a portrait, hung in a dark corner of the room. It was that of a woman, with bright auburn hair, transparently fair complexion, blue eyes, a very beautiful, pensive face, with something in it that came back upon me like a memory. It seemed to me that I had seen that face somewhere. While I stood trying to remember, the old gentleman re-entered the room.

"Ah, you're looking at my poor girl's portrait," he said, in a sad voice.

"Your daughter's, sir?"

"Yes—my only one."

"Is she still living?" I asked, somewhat hesitatingly.

"She has been dead these eighteen years," he answered, sorrowfully.

"I must be mistaken; I was only an infant in arms at that time," I thought.

He gave me the money, but would not listen to my thanks.

"But, sir," he said, "that's nothing. I'd give you more, if I really knew you were all right; but I have been so often taken in that I'm doubtful of everybody now. But I like your looks; but I've liked others that have been the property of great vagabonds."

(To be continued.)

## DRAUGHT DOGS IN HOLLAND.

Animal Does the Work of the Donkey in the Low Countries.

In Holland and Belgium the dog occupies the place which the donkey does in several other countries. In the former the sight of a couple of dogs dragging along a pushcart loaded with vegetables, flowers or shining milk cans is a familiar one. They trot along underneath the cart, without easy reach of the blunt toe of the sabot of the woman, who walks behind it to guide it by the handles attached at that point.

In Belgium the dogs are hitched in front, as the Russians attach their horses to their droshkies, three abreast, and are guided by a pair of rope reins fastened to a muzzle about the nose of the dog in the middle.

Recently the National Cart Dog Association, organized to regenerate the original race of Belgian mastiffs, held its first exhibition of cart dogs. The Flemish breeders have found that in crossing the Belgian mastiffs with the Great Danes, with the idea of increasing the size of the cart dogs, and so securing additional strength, they made a mistake. The result proved to be animals with weak hindquarters and disproportionate limbs. Now they are endeavoring to revive the original stock.

The women and dogs of these two little countries are another evidence that human and canine nature are the same the world over. When one sees the white-capped Belgian milk woman with her dogs standing near a well, the woman having a battered cart slung on her forearm, one instinctively becomes suspicious. The suspicion is confirmed when one discovers a policeman detaining at the roadside a pair of sulky-faced milkmaids, with their dog team and cart laden with slender-necked milk cans, while he jots their names in his little book against a charge of watering milk.

When the cart comes to a standstill the dogs are no longer draught animals, but dogs. They sit or lie placidly down and lol their tongues from their open mouths. Apparently they have forgotten that they are animals intended for human companionship, but condemned to hard labor for life.

**Cold-Blooded.**

"I came very near freezing last night," said the mosquito.

"But it wasn't cold," protested the fly.

"No," rejoined the mosquito, "but I tackled a Boston man by mistake."

English is taught in the public schools of Japan. The Japanese youths in the towns and cities are all eager to learn English, as a passport to wealth, position and employment.

## HOW SHE REJECTED A MAN.

Sad Fate of a Young Woman Who Had It All Fixed Up.

There was once a young lady of tender feelings but firm resolves who was inflexibly determined to live unmarried, even at the risk of living an old maid, but who wished so much to spare the susceptibilities of her potential admirers that she long made it her study how to refuse them without wounding them. To this end she read all the novels she could lay her hands on and as much poetry as she could bear. She went constantly to the theater, and in the intervals of her social duties she took serious books, like biographies and memoirs, out of the libraries, and informed herself of the methods and manners of the heroines who declined offers from high motives.

She was, upon the whole, a good deal disappointed, especially with the novels. These manuals of the impassioned emotions seemed to render in almost every case a blind allegiance to the law of ending well, which in the low conception of the author was getting the hero and heroine married, and then dropping them; in the very, very few cases where they suffered a girl to refuse a lover it was that she might leave him to some other girl who secretly loved him and who would probably pine away, or partly away, if she did not have him. This the young lady thought simply disgusting and idiotic; she was a young lady of strong expressions as well as tender feelings and fixed resolves, and she found the poets not much, if any, more instructive than the novelists.

They gave examples enough of girls who did not marry, but it was because their lovers died, or did not ask them; when their lovers both survived and proposed the girls refused them from pride or from shame or from want of presence of mind and bitterly regretted it ever afterward. The personal histories were largely those of women distinguished in the arts, letters and sciences, whose courtships and marriages were dismissed in a few cold and indifferent phrases, as incidental of small consequence in their several careers. Where they did not marry they seemed not to have been courted, and where they were loved it was in a vague, tentative sort that never arrived at passion.

In spite of all, however, the young lady did evolve, though from the observation of life rather than her acquaintance with literature, a formula of sympathetic rejection which entirely suited her. We will not reveal it because it was so charming that if put in the possession of young girls generally it would tempt them to its use in the case of every offer of marriage. But we may confide that the young lady, having lived to witness the comparative failure of marriage among her friends, and always liking her friends' husbands better than her friends themselves, though she blamed them for their friends' unhappiness, made such a study of their varying temperaments that she knew just where men's sensibilities would suffer most, and so contrived a form of refusal that would justly flatter their vanity and console their affections, and at last leave them grateful for having been rejected.

The only difficulty she experienced was in the application of her formula. It happened that the very first man who offered himself was one whom she had long secretly loved, and she instantly accepted him, without, as it were, thinking. She did not even appear chagrined at the waste of the time she had spent in acquiring the useless information stored up for a contrary eventuality. Unless she should become a widow hers must ever remain the most signal instance of misspent research that we could offer.—Harper's Magazine.

**A Desert Lighthouse.**

There is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona Desert, and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place that water may be had for at least thirty miles in any direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

**A Little in Doubt.**

A district visitor once went to see an old Scotchwoman who was dying. Noticing that her talk was all about herself and the minister, he said: "Well, really, Jeanne, I believe you think there will be nobody in heaven but yourself and the minister."

"Ah, weel," said the old man, "an' I'm no' sae sure about the minister!"—London Telegraph.

**Coolie Power Car Line.**

A curious street car line is that between Atami and Yoshitama, two coast towns in the province of Izie, Japan. The line is seven miles long, the rolling-stock consists of a single car, and the motive power is furnished by a couple of muscular coolies, who push the car along wherever power is necessary.

**Obtuse.**

"Pa," said little Willie, who was struggling over his lessons, "what is an obtuse angle?"

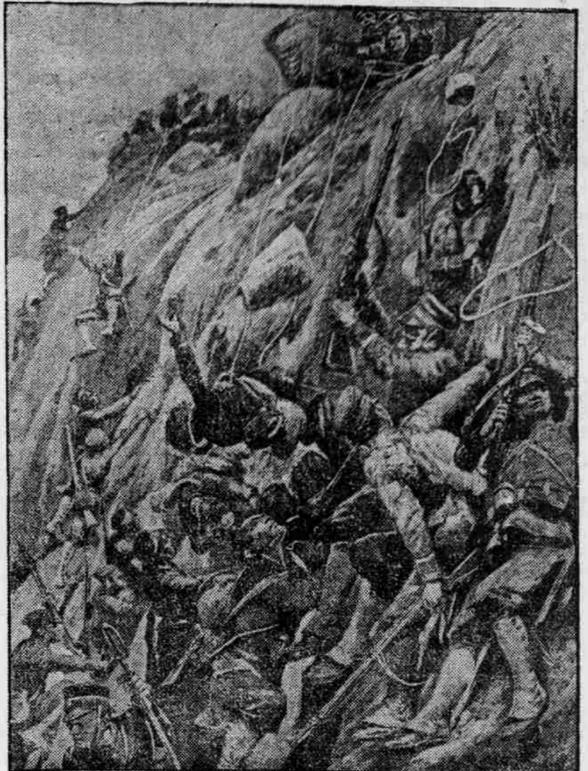
"An obtuse angle," replied his father, "is an Englishman to whom you try to explain a joke."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Anything but That.**

The Lawyer—Do you want a divorce without publicity?

The Lady—Sir, you seem to have forgotten that I am an actress.

## AN HISTORIC FIGHT.



A FIGHT WHICH IS DESTINED TO BE HISTORIC.

When some future historian writes the story of the siege of Port Arthur many will be the graphic and thrilling scenes he will be called upon to depict. One such scene deals with the deadly struggle on the slopes of Ojikeishan, where Jap and Muscovite struggled with ropes, rocks, clubbed rifles and bullets for supremacy. During this particular combat, says the Illustrated London News, from which we reproduce the accompanying picture, the Japanese stormed a position so steep that they could obtain cover only by standing with their backs to the rocks and firing their rifles over their heads. The Russians finding they could not reach their adversaries so sheltered lowered ropes with running nooses and tried to lasso their assailants. As soon as they had caught a man they pulled him from cover and disposed of him. One Russian was dragged down by his own rope and broke both legs. The hurling of huge boulders also played a prominent part in the struggle.

## FAMOUS INDIANA TRAGEDY.

James Gillespie Found Guilty of the Murder of His Sister.

The conviction of James Gillespie, on the charge of murdering his sister, Miss Elizabeth Gillespie, in Rising Sun, Ind., on Dec. 8, 1903, and his sentence to life imprisonment for the crime, meets with the approval of all persons who are familiar with the details of this tragedy which, at the time of its occurrence, awakened interest all over the United States. This was James Gillespie's second trial. A year ago he, with his sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron Barbour, were tried together for the murder and the jury disagreed. When the case came into court again, Gillespie demanded to be tried alone. His request was granted and after trial the jury, after three hours' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The circumstances surrounding the murder of Elizabeth Gillespie and the social prominence in Indiana of all the actors in the tragedy, attracted widespread attention to the case. The Gillespie family was one of the oldest and proudest in Indiana. James Gillespie and his sister, Elizabeth, were twins. They were inseparable as children and young people. The girl became engaged at the age of 20, but on her brother's account broke the engagement. Though no word of trouble leaked out this beautiful society woman from that time grew in appearance from a young girl to an aged woman, her hair turning almost snowy white within a year. She never married nor did her brother, James.

Elizabeth devoted herself to the care of her widowed mother and threw herself heart and soul into plans which afforded pleasure to others. She was a leader in the social world and in church work. Then came trouble between her and her brother, and a family feud was brought on which culminated in murder. James Gillespie left his mother's house and went to live with his other sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, across the street. Dr. William Gillespie had married a niece of Dr. Thad Reamy, a noted Cincinnati physician, and had moved to that city. His wife's sister married Myron Barbour, and they lived directly across the street from the Gillespie household, adjoining the Seward residence.

On the evening of Dec. 8, 1903, Elizabeth Gillespie was preparing to receive at her home the Women's Literary Club, of Rising Sun. As she passed a window looking into the

street from her parlor the report of a gun rang out in the darkness and Miss Gillespie fell to the floor, blood streaming from a jagged wound in her head. She died the day following. Suspicion at once fastened upon James Gillespie and he with the others named above were arrested and indicted for murder. It was shown at the trial that Elizabeth Gillespie lived in mortal terror of her brother. On the other hand, members of the family from all over the State, all of whom are wealthy, made a strong effort to save the family name and to free James Gillespie. The two trials were bitterly contested and thousands of dollars were lavished on lawyers by the defense. The State, however, won.

## THEBES GLASS WORKERS.

The High Art that Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago.

The glassblowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine articles from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and coloring, they also used the diamond in cutting and engraving. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved emblazonment of the monarch Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago.

**Future of the Indians.**

James Mooney, attached to the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology, sees a hopeless future for the Indians, among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He believes that it is practically impossible to civilize the Indian; that, having no ambition for improvement or progress, they will continue in their present state, dying out in numbers till they become simply roving bands.

**Strong Love.**

Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong?

Patrice—Because it broke him.

If genius and egotism always went together there would be a lot more genius.



JAMES GILLESPIE.