

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
I begged her to let me know what it was, as I was so anxious for any suggestion that might help me.
"Well, there's no harm in telling you, at all events. You saw that Mr. Montgomery. Well, you see, although he's much broken down, he's a wonderful clever man, with heaps of learning, knows everything, and was once, they say, a rich gentleman. Well, now, I was thinking that if you could make up your mind to tell him a certain portion of your history, he would be the very man to advise you and help you."
No, I did not like the thought of taking Mr. Montgomery into my confidence. I could not tell why, but I was not agreeably impressed with him. Another of my strange instincts.

"Well, perhaps you're right, Master Silas, for he's a strange man. I can't make him out at all. He's the quietest man that ever breathed when sober; but he drinks hard, and then he mutters to himself, and tells stories about himself that makes your flesh creep. That young man, Fitzwalton, is regularly frightened at him when he's got one of them fits on him. He's come down here after they've gone to bed shaking with fright, saying that he could not stop in the room with him."
No, I was determined I would put no confidence in Mr. Montgomery. Martha now pressed upon me the necessity of making some change in my attire.

"She took me to a second-hand clothes shop, where, for a few dollars and my old coat to boot, I procured one 'like what civilized people wore,' as Martha phrased it. I bought a hat and necktie at the same place. Then she took me to a barber's.
When I looked in the glass I found myself completely metamorphosed. I could scarcely recognize my own face and figure. The kind-hearted girl was in raptures.

"There! I don't believe old Porter himself would know you!" she cried.
While my money lasted I insisted upon paying so much for my board. Day by day my money dwindled down, until I had not a penny left. Martha tried to cheer me with the assurance that something would "turn up" soon, and that when things came to the worst they were sure to mend, and such like bits of homely wisdom; but I was almost hopeless.

At one time I thought of writing to Mr. Jonathan Rodwell, to ask him if he could assist me in any way; he had told me to do so if all else failed; but, then, he had made an express stipulation that I was to tell him everything. How little did I know myself! And even of that little there was much that I dared not reveal. Besides which, the narrowness of his neighborhood to Bury St. Edmund's would make any confidence dangerous, for what was more probable than that he would apply to the Rev. Mr. Porter for a verification of my statements, and thus give that contemptible man a clue to my recapture?

Day after day I walked through the streets, seeking employment. I applied for a clerkship, for the situation of light porter, for that of messenger, or even errand boy; but no person would engage me without reference, even in the humblest capacity. At times, I almost fainted with heat and lack of food. I felt such a poor, wretched wretch among all that busy life, that eager crowd; every one seemed to have a purpose, work, except myself; I seemed only fit to creep into a corner and die—a mere useless incubus upon the world. I have stood upon the bridges, as many poor wretches have done before me, and will continue to do while this stony-hearted city exists, and looked down upon the turbid stream that flows beneath; while a voice whispered in my heart, "There you may find peace! Why do you hesitate? You have neither father, mother, nor friend to weep for you. Death will give rest to you, and do no wrong to any living being."

Thus did the tempter tempt me, and only by prayer could I subdue the temptation. At length I avoided the neighborhood of the river, which began to exert such an irresistible fascination over me—a fascination that I felt must overpower me at last, if I did not fly from it. I now took to wandering about the parks. It was there that an incident occurred to me that changed the whole current of my thoughts and actions.

CHAPTER XII.
It was about 6 o'clock on a fine bright evening, at the latter end of September; I had been walking the streets since 10 that morning, making a last effort to obtain employment. I might as well have asked those I applied to for their purses. Where had I been last? To whom could I refer for a character? I had never worked before—I knew no one who could give me a character. Their manner changed; they looked upon me as a suspicious individual, and I could perceive that watchful eyes followed me until I was clear of the premises. I had made up my mind that I would return to Martha's no more. I could no longer endure being a burden upon a stranger.

I dragged my weary limbs along a road, meeting happy looking couples and well-dressed people at every step, but no one like myself. It seemed as though all the misery had been swept off the face of the earth, and I alone had been forgotten. I passed a first bridge, and a second; just beyond a portion of the hoarding that separates a park from the banks of a canal was broken away. Upon that spot I threw myself down and gazed upon the dark, sluggish waters. I began to picture in my mind the finding of my body the next morning; how it would be dragged out of the water by hooks; how they would search for papers, or other means of identification. The tears were streaming down my face, and, unconsciously, I was sobbing aloud. Suddenly I was startled by a light touch upon my shoulder, and a soft, woman's voice sounding in my ears. "What is the matter—are you ill?" it said.

I turned round and half rose from my prostrate position. The sun had set, and gray shadows were falling; the night;

the thick, heavy trees darkening it yet more where I lay. My eyes were blurred with tears, and I could not see distinctly; but I was sensible that a woman dressed in black was kneeling behind me. She started back, half fearfully, as I moved; but something in my face seemed to reassure her, for the next moment she again advanced. I brushed away my tears, rose to my feet and looked at her.

She seemed about twenty; her figure very slight; a sweet, pale, melancholy face; and light, golden hair, that fell in natural ringlets down upon her shoulders. While I looked, a thrill ran through me. Was I dreaming?—had my troubles affected my brain? No, it was she! My eager looks again frightened her.

"I heard you sobbing, and I thought you were ill," she said, timidly. "Is there anything I can do for you? If not, pray pardon my intrusion."

She drew further away from me as she spoke. No; I could doubt no more. That soft, musical voice, that had haunted me in my sleep—whose tones had never ceased reverberating in my soul, from the hour in which I had first heard them—was still the same, although the face and form had grown older.

"Do you not remember me?" I cried, in a trembling, eager voice.

She thought I was mad, and a look of fear crept over her, but no sign of recognition.

"Do you not remember Bury St. Edmund's—the night I met you under the old gateway—five years next month?"

At the mention of Bury St. Edmund's I could see her face quiver. She paused for a moment after I had finished speaking; then she came close to me and looked steadily into my face.

"Yes; it is the same," she said, in a low voice. "How strange that we should meet again! I have often thought of you."

"I have never ceased thinking of you!" I answered. And I could not help my tone being a passionate one.

She did not appear to remark my manner, but seemed half lost in reverie. We were now walking away from that dismal spot; the keepers were clearing the park.

"Do you know," she said, speaking suddenly, "that I thought you were going to throw yourself into the canal, and that was why I spoke to you? Your eyes were fixed with such a strange look upon the water, and you were moaning so sadly."

I shuddered. Already, the thought of my meditated crime terrified me. The despair was lifted off my heart in the last few moments, and life seemed worth preserving, after all.

She seemed to read my guilt in my tell-tale looks.

"But for you, I should now be lying at the bottom of that canal!" I answered, in a low tone, and my tears fell fast. They relieved my sudden revulsion of feeling.

"And I have saved you from such a wicked deed! It makes me so happy to think so!" she murmured. But why did you wish to drown yourself?" she asked.

"Because my life was so wretched, so unendurable—because I have no friends, no employment, no hope!" I answered, mournfully.

"I have no friends," she answered, in a sad voice; "but I have never wished to destroy myself; it would be so wicked."

"Oh, I will never think of it again!" I said, eagerly.

"But if you have no friends and no employment, you must want money. I can spare it; indeed I can. I give away a good deal. It will please me so much if you take it."

"This was said in such a simple pleading tone, so unconscious of offense, that it could not have mortified the most sensitive delicacy. But I could not accept. "Please not to ask me; I cannot take it," I said.

We walked on until we came to a street of small, pretty houses.

"I live there," she said, pointing to one which appeared to have been recently built. "I am late to-night; Mrs. Wilson will wonder where I am."

"Is she your sister?" I asked, hazarding a guess.

"Oh no—my landlady. As I told you, I have no friends."

"How very remarkable the coincidence has been!" I said, after an awkward pause. "Do you remember when first we met?"

"You must not talk of that, please," she interrupted, hastily, with a shudder; "nor set me thinking of that time, or I shall see them all night in my sleep. But I must wish you good night."

"And shall I not see you again?" I said, mournfully.

"You shall come and see me, if you like," she said, innocently; but added, next moment, in a doubtful tone, "I do not know what Mrs. Wilson will say about it. Perhaps it is wrong. She knows all these things so much better than I do."

My countenance fell, and she observed it, for she went on in a compassionate tone: "But it is so hard to have no friend—no one to speak to, and no employment! I am so much better off than you! I have a good, kind friend to talk to, and to be good to me, in Mrs. Wilson; and then I have plenty of work. You shall come and see me, and I'll coax her to be good to you."

It was now quite dark. I could have lingered there all night listening to her voice, gazing upon her face. But she held out her hand. I pressed it, and we parted.

But I could not quit the street. I lingered about a long time, until lights began to appear in the bedrooms of the houses. I arrived at Rackstraw's buildings a little before eleven. Martha was quite uneasy, for I had never before been later than 10 o'clock. I told her that I had lost my way.

"Why, you don't mean to say you've been wandering about ever since? Where ever could you have got to? How flushed you look! Whatever have you been doing? I never saw you look like it before."

I tried to eat, but the food was dry

and tasteless in my mouth. I was over-excited. I was conscious, however, that Mr. Montgomery had again scanned me with the same scrutinizing gaze that had made me so uncomfortable the first morning I met him. I had scarcely seen him or Josiah since. I was usually out before they were up in the morning, and in bed before they returned from the theater at night. They were unusually early that evening, and I was unusually late.

"You can write a round, plain hand, can't you, Mr. Carston?" at length said Mr. Montgomery. "Then you're just the man I want. I can give you some copying to do. The pay is small, but a little, perhaps, may be better than nothing; until you get something more profitable to do."

I need not say how eagerly I jumped at the unexpected offer. The nature of the work was to copy some parts from a manuscript drama.

I went to bed that night with a light heart. I should rise the next morning to earn my first money. She was the good angel of my destiny; she had saved my life, and hope had at last dawned upon me. I fell asleep thinking of her, and her image followed me throughout the night. Eagerly did I await the rising of Mr. Montgomery next morning.

"He takes a great interest in you," said Martha. "He's always asking me if you've got anything to do yet, or any prospect, and he drops in other sly questions now and then. Mr. Fitzwalton seems to have told him all he knows."

It was 11 o'clock before I sat down to my work. I soon understood what I had to do, and set about it with a hearty good will.

"There! didn't I tell you, Master Silas, that when things come to the worst they're sure to mend?" cried Martha.

"You did," I said, pressing her hand. "I was a heathen to doubt it."

She little knew how fatal that doubt had like to have become. When Josiah and Mr. Montgomery returned at night my task was completed.

(To be continued.)

COULD NOT SMOKE THEM OUT.

An American naval officer who was a student at the Naval Academy with Commodore Matsumula of the Japanese navy, recently wounded on the bridge of his ship, describes an experience during their student days, when the young Japanese got the best of a hazing party. The New York Sun prints the story:

A plucky fellow than Matsumula, a more level-headed chap I never met. He was graduated in 1873. Part of the time his friend, Sartoro Ise, was in the academy with him.

At the academy "Mats," as he was called, was very popular, and he was a midshipman when hazing was at its worst. The Japs had never heard the word hazing, and had no conception of its meaning.

One night, hearing a good deal of noise in their room, I went over, and when I opened the door all I could see was a dense smoke out of which came several arms. I was jerked into the room and the door closed. The Japs were being treated to a smoker. The windows were all closed, and even the keyhole and crack under the door were stuffed.

On the narrow mantelpiece stood the future Japanese hero, Matsumula, looking like one of his old-fashioned idols, but as smiling as a basket of chips. He was ordered by the hazers to sing a song in Greek. Of the language he knew but two words, Alpha and Omega, and these he worked on so cleverly and with such good nature that he was lifted down.

Both the Japs took the medicine with a pluck that was their salvation. In half an hour the air in the room was unbearable, and even the hazers began to weaken. Two of them found it convenient to get out. Then Mats spoke up.

"We sorry you third-class men have engagement," he said. "We like you stay and smoke another pipe."

Not a word was spoken. Most of the third-class men were at that stage when they did not dare to open their mouths.

I don't know how long we could have stood it. I confess that I did not feel altogether happy myself when Mats said:

"Any third-class gentleman like another pipe? There are plenty."

The mere suggestion drove one of the hazers out. Then one of them cried out that the officer of the day was coming, and they all tossed their pipes into the chimney-place and ran.

It was a subterfuge to enable them to get out. Mats had smoked them out. "Third-class men not smoke much," he said, with a laugh, as they disappeared.

What clinched his popularity was that when the officer of the day did come along Mats' room was still full of smoke, and Matsumula took all the blame for the violation of the rule against smoking, and did not give the hazers away.

They Stand Pat.
"Anyway," said the Philadelphia man, "our ball players are no cowards."

"Oh, they're not, eh?" sneered the rude New Yorker.

"No, sir," replied the Quaker. "You can't make 'em run."

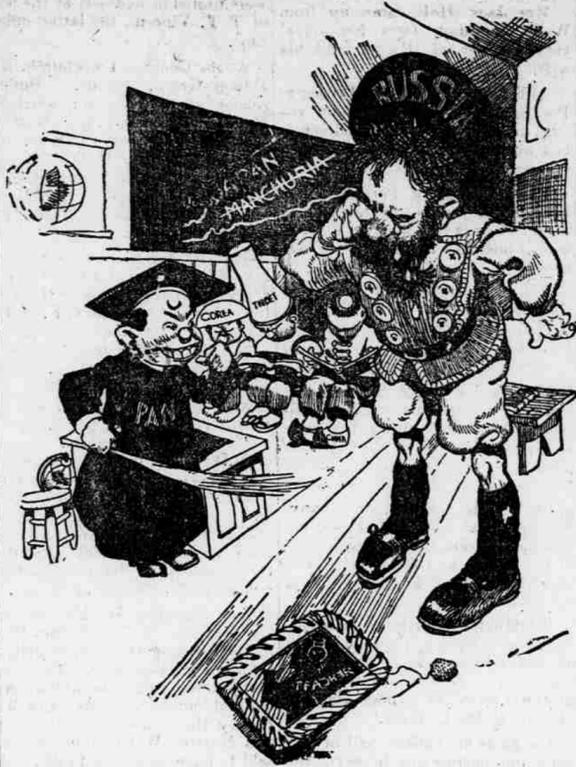
Her Mission.
Mrs. Homer—I suppose your daughter is attending cooking school so she will be able to do her own cooking after her marriage?

Mrs. Uppson—Oh, my, no! She is going to write a cook book.

Pittsburg, where General Alexander Hays was born, proposes to erect a monument to her hero on the spot where he fell in the Wilderness.

The amount invested in the Siberian Railway is \$401,700,000.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE EAST.



Little Schoolmaster—It's a shame to whip this boy so often when he has so much trouble at home, but he's got to learn that geography lesson.—Chicago Chronicle.

ONCE NEWSBOY AND BOOTBLACK

James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, Is Now a United States Senator.

Few men in the public life of the nation rose to prominence and success under such discouraging conditions as Representative James A. Hemenway, who succeeds Vice President Fairbanks in the United States Senate. His early life was a continual struggle against poverty and the limitations it imposed, but he rose superior to every difficulty, winning success by persistent effort and close and intelligent application.

Mr. Hemenway, whose ancestry dates back to colonial days, was born on his father's farm near Boonville, Ind., in 1860. He attended school at Boonville, making slow progress, however, owing to the fact that his studies were interrupted by the necessity of attending to duties at home. His father, William Hemenway, was not



J. A. HEMENWAY.

wealthy and during the time "Jim" was going to school he was forced to help his father, who was postmaster of the village. During this period the future Senator acted as newsboy of the town. At that time there were very few newspapers published, but his trade demanded some Sunday reading. Through the week a train brought his papers to town, but on Sunday he was forced to ride on horseback to Evansville, a distance of eighteen miles, and bring the Sunday papers to Boonville to supply his trade. He also shined shoes for people, earning extra money. During this time "Jim's" routine was to arise at 4 o'clock, do up the chores about home, and sweep and open the postoffice before other business houses opened their doors. Occasionally he sold a few stamps and handed out the mails to the country folk of Warrick County.

After the death of his father, to whom "Jim" was very closely attached, he decided to go West. He landed at Mason City, Iowa, from where he went to Ottumwa, Iowa, and became a "cow puncher." Returning to Indiana, and gave "Jim" \$150, upon which he and his brother Will returned to the West, this time going to Kansas. They located at Harper, and each filed a claim for 160 acres of land. "Jim's" land was taken away from him, as he was under age. On Will's land corn was grown, and the crop was prosperous and promising, when a sirocco of the prairie touched and withered it, and the labors of the season were brought to naught.

In those days Harper County was far from grain mills, and it was a necessary thing to haul the meal from Wichita to supply the settlers of the frontier. The crop of the Hemenways had been blasted, and they hitched their team to a wagon and buying meal at Wichita transported it to Harper County, where they sold it.

Soon, however, their occupation was changed again, and that was to gather buffalo bones on the plains and haul them to Wichita, a distance of fifty miles. Wichita was at that time the

center of the "buffalo industry." The price on the market was \$5 a ton. Two round trips a week was the limit, but through one entire summer and fall young Hemenway and his brother Will loaded the wagon and hauled the buffalo bones to market. They realized in this way between \$6 and 10 a week.

In 1880 Hemenway returned to Boonville and went to work in a tobacco factory. Later he engaged in the livery business at Rockport and to augment his income became also a sewing machine agent.

While selling sewing machines and making other odd trades the opportunity was given him of reading law and he entered the office of John L. Taylor, a prominent Democratic lawyer, whose partner he subsequently became. Here one day he was waited upon by a Republican politician and asked to accept the nomination for district prosecutor. There did not seem to be any chance for his election, the district being strongly Democratic. Mr. Hemenway made an active canvass of the district, and to the surprise of everyone was elected. In those days a man could be chosen prosecutor before being admitted to the bar, and it was Hemenway's fortune to be one of those men. When the first case came up there were several good lawyers opposed to him and the presiding judge suggested that Hemenway secure assistance. He declined, wishing to refute one of the arguments made against him during his canvass—that he was not competent to fill the place. He won his case and thereby greatly enhanced his reputation.

In 1894 he entered Congress, to which he has been elected ever since. He at once took a prominent place in House affairs, becoming the head of the most important committee in the government—the National Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. Hemenway is married and has an interesting family of three children—the eldest of whom, Miss Lena, is a beautiful girl of 18. The other children are George, aged 15, and Miss Estelle, aged 7.

Boy Weavers of Persia.

Boys from 8 to 12 years old do a great part of the carpet and rug weaving in Persia. They are very dextrous. Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work the boys rely on their memories for the rest of the task. It is very seldom that you will see on any of the looms a pattern set before the workers. The foreman of a loom is frequently a boy of from 12 to 14. He walks up and down behind the workers calling out in a sing-song manner the number of stitches and the colors of the threads to be used. He seems to have the design imprinted in his mind. A copy of a famous carpet now at the South Kensington Museum is being made. The design and coloring are unique, but the boys who are working on the copy are doing it without the design before them and at the rate of from 30 to 35 stitches a minute. Nothing but hand work is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs, and none but natural or vegetable dyes are used. This accounts for the superior quality of the Persian products. The secret of the beautiful dark-blue dyes used in the older days has been lost.

Mixing His Metaphors.

A warrior, who is also a politician, has recently been welcomed home with effusion. In one of the speeches the case was put in a nutshell. "We rejoice," said the chairman, "to see the old war horse back again in the saddle, ready once more to help us guide the ship of state!"

There is one thing we have remarked about a very swell young man: he wears his overcoat very long or very short.

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hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

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Mrs. J. H. Fiske, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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Short Hair

His Dyspepsia Better.

Butts—I got a wire from Sniggs today saying his dyspepsia was much better.

Cutts—You don't mean to say he telegraphed the news. What did he say?

Butts—He said there was a strong rally in the wheat pit.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Parental Diplomacy.

"Here is a book that our daughter should read," said Mr. Wisewun. "It contains some excellent advice for a girl of her age."

"Very well, dear," replied his better half. "I'll lay it on the table and forbid her to look at it."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Other Side of It.

She (at the depot)—It must be awfully trying on those poor foreigners who come to this country and find themselves strangers in a strange land.

He—Oh, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands, you know.

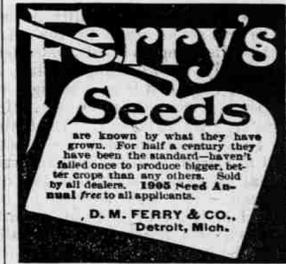
She—Why, of course, I never thought of that.

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Quaint Scotch Custom.

Natives of the northeast coast of Scotland observe a curious custom at funerals. After the burial service the coffin is carried outside the house and placed upon the two chairs on which it had rested within doors. As soon as the pallbearers lift up their burden and begin their journey to the graveyard these chairs are at once thrown sharply on their backs. In this position they are kept until the interment has taken place, when they are taken indoors again. Any attempt to place the chairs on their legs or to take them in before the proper time is at once frustrated by the relatives of the dead.



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