

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Mr. Montgomery did not evince at the news the pleasure or the excitement that I expected; but a quiet smile of malignant satisfaction stole over his face. He merely remarked, "Then the Rev. Mr. Porter will have a visitor next Sunday that he little expects. Let me see," mused the Professor, "Bury St. Edmund's. I can take the early train on Sunday morning, and get back at night. I shall have plenty of time to do my business, and his, too."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Josiah.

"Never you mind; I will tell you all about it when I get back."

"Oh, what a jolly revenge it will be, for all he made us suffer, to bowl the old hypocrite out so clean!" cried Josiah, gleefully. "You can give mine and Silas compliments—"

"No, no; for heaven's sake, do not mention my name in any way," I exclaimed excitedly.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Montgomery, turning sharply round and casting upon me one of his old scrutinizing glances.

"Because—because—" I could not give a reason. "Oh, please to promise that you will not speak of me!" I pleaded.

He did promise. But, somehow, I put very little faith in his keeping his word.

"When I was at old Brown's, the printer's," said Josiah, "I heard a good many things about our reverend pastor, who was not in very good odor, except among his own sect, in spite of his sanctimoniousness. When he first came into the town, he was an open air preacher, with no chapel or congregation; but he managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of a bevy of old women; and upon the death of the minister of Little Bethlehem, which happened about the same time, the elders or deacons, or whatever they call themselves, of the chapel got him appointed. So he set himself up as a converted cobbler; and, as converted reprobates of all kinds were the rage just then, he dropped into a tidy thing."

While we were yet talking, old Mr. Jennings came downstairs to go to his morning's work. We had sat up the whole night. It was just 5 o'clock. Spite of my new anxieties, I fell asleep the moment my head touched the pillow, and woke about five hours afterwards. Martha had a good laugh at my miserable looks when I went in to breakfast. Neither Mr. Montgomery nor Josiah appeared until much later. They took a newspaper between them and discussed it over their breakfast. While "the Professor" was languidly scanning the advertisement sheet, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, and read something with keen attention.

"Just cast your eye over that," he said, handing me the sheet, and pointing with his finger to a particular advertisement. With the utmost dismay, I read the following:

"Abandoned, from Tabernacle House, near Bury St. Edmund, a young man, nineteen years of age, about five feet nine in height, slightly built, long dark hair and dark eyes, small features, very pale complexion. Whoever will send information that will lead to the apprehension of the same to the Rev. Mr. Porter shall be handsomely rewarded. N. B.—Should this meet his eye, no further proceedings will be taken against him if he at once returns; but should he be apprehended, he will be proceeded against on a grave charge. The police are on his track."

The newspaper dropped from my hand and I thought I should have fainted. Martha was obliged to bathe my face with cold water to recover me. This little scene was not lost to the sharp eyes of Mr. Montgomery. I saw him quietly noting it, but he made no remark. Josiah began to hector, and boast what he would do if he were in my place.

I was to see Clara in the afternoon; and, for the first time, I felt loth to meet her. That advertisement roused up a train of painful thoughts. What was I doing?—feeding a mad love for one woman, while another could claim me as her husband! How could it all end, but in misery? If Clara should learn to love me, and then discover all, what a monster she would think me!

In the face of such impending danger, but one course was open to me: to see her for the last time, bid her adieu, and then fly from her forever. Yes: I would do it, if my heart broke in the effort. I called in at Martha's as I passed by for something I had left there. Mr. Montgomery proposed to bear me company as far as our roads lay together.

"Don't you make yourself uneasy about that advertisement," he said, as we walked along. "It is half gas; especially that part about the police. He must set some value upon you to make this fuss. There's something more in this than you know of, or choose to tell," he added, with a sharp look. "I know Bill Stokes so well; he wouldn't take all this trouble without some very good reason. But, as I said before, don't frighten yourself. It is more than likely, before this day week, that he may be advertised for as 'abandoned.'"

Had I looked through the newspaper that morning, I should have seen two other advertisements that concerned me equally with the one I did read. One ran thus:

"If the young man named S—C—, who left T—House, near B—St. E—, on the 31st of August last, will communicate with Messrs. Fogle & Quick, solicitors, Gray's Inn, he will hear something to his advantage."

This advertisement, which had been inserted for three consecutive days previously, was observed by Mr. Montgomery for the first time that morning, and not pointed out to me, for certain reasons of his own.

The second was couched in these terms:

"Should this meet the eye of the young man who deposited a suit of clothes with the owner of Rose Cottage, Sloperton, he will oblige by at once sending to, or calling personally upon, J. R. Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square."

This last, it observed by Mr. Montgomery, conveyed no meaning to him, as I had told the episode, to which it referred, only to Martha.

Had I seen and attended to those advertisements, how different might have been the catastrophe of this story!

CHAPTER XVII.

I was strong in brave resolves when I knocked at the door of the little house. But they were sadly shaken the moment it was opened by Clara herself. The sight of her sweet face, smiling upon me, cowed my bravery. "Have I come here to look upon her for the last time—to bid adieu to that smile forever?" I asked myself; and my heart sank, but it gave no response.

"We are all alone," she said, as we went into the parlor. "Mary is out, and so is Mrs. Wilson, wonderful to say."

She was working hard at her painting, as usual. I sat down upon a footstool at her feet, and gazed curiously up at her face. Never, methought, had she looked so lovely as she did that morning, in the soft, hazy, autumn sunlight.

Half an hour passed away, and we had not exchanged half a dozen words; but that was not at all uncommon, for I loved better to gaze and dream than to talk; and when at her work, she spoke but little. She dropped one of her brushes; and as I gave it to her, I held her hand for a moment fast locked in mine. When she looked down at me smilingly and saw me in tears, a look of concern came across her countenance.

"Would it make you very unhappy if I were to tell you that you might never see me again after this day?" I spoke in a low, choked voice, and the gathered tears burst forth from my eyelids, and fell upon her hand.

She did not appear to comprehend my words, as she asked, in a tone of troubled wonder, "What do you mean?"

I repeated my question, in a yet more trembling tone. I felt her hand more passive in mine, and her eyes drooped, and the carnation tinge deepened in her cheeks, as she answered, softly, "It would make me very unhappy to think so."

"Listen to me," I cried, kneeling at her feet, and clasping both her hands in mine. "From the time of our meeting, five years ago, I have loved you; from the time of our meeting a few weeks back I have adored you! Oh, tell me, do you love me? Answer me but one word, my darling, my love!" I cried again.

She raised her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropped them, with her cheek as crimson as my own. "I do love you, dearest—very much," she answered, in her low, soft voice.

I took her in my arms, and kissed her fervently; and her sweet, blushing face nestled upon my bosom like a bird seeking for shelter.

Where were my resolutions now?—my heroic self-sacrifice, my stoicism? Melted—gone—disappeared like snow before a fire, in the fervid ecstasy of that moment. I had come to pronounce an eternal farewell; I stayed to pronounce an inward oath that I would sweep away every obstacle, and win her yet for my own undisputed prize in the face of the whole world.

After a time we sat together near the window—I with my arm around her waist, and her hand clasped in mine. And thus we sat, silent—she, in one of her dreamy reveries; I, filled with gloomy forebodings. For, now that the first ecstasy was passed—now I knew that her love was mine—the unnatural excitement of my brain subsided, the tension of my nerves relaxed, and the miserable rashness of what I had done was revealed to me in the gloomiest colors. I had sealed her misery, and increased my own tenfold.

"Do you not think," she said, suddenly, "that we are very strange people, you and I? I mean, that we are very unlike other people?"

"I have often thought so," I said. "Do you not fancy the rest of the world would think us very silly people? Now, you do not even know my name."

"But you know nothing of me, so we are well paired. I know but little myself, but that you shall know."

"Not now, please, dear. Some day, when I am very brave, I will tell you all about myself."

Immediately afterwards, Mrs. Wilson returned, looking very cross. "I never did know such a gossiping creature as that servant next door—always talking to men, too. I don't know, I am sure, what her mistress is about to keep her. There she is, talking now to some strange, queer-looking man; and I am sure she is talking about us, for I saw him point to this house, and then he said something, and she laughed; she had better not laugh at my house; I won't put up with her impudence."

A strange man pointing to the house! What was there in such a commonplace circumstance to trouble me? But it did. I went to the window, but he was not visible from there. I went to the door; both he and the servant had disappeared. I came in again and asked what the man was like.

"Oh, I don't know. I never notice such people. A foreign-looking fellow, with long hair," she answered, humbly.

at the thought, and talked about nothing else; and so the evening glided pleasantly along until it was time for me to go.

Clara came to the door with me, and we stood for a few minutes upon the step, looking up at the clear, frosty sky, glittering with stars. I took her in my arms, kissed her, and wished her good night. I lingered for a few moments after she had closed the door, as though loth to quit the spot. I gazed at the house, and thought of the many happy days I had spent in it—of the one that was just past—the happiest, and yet the most miserable of all.

Was there no presentiment mingled with this melancholy, that the end of all this had come? Darker and darker, closer and closer, gather the shadows round me. I must linger no longer upon the road. Events are hastening thick and fast; and I have much to tell ere I shall leave them behind, and reach the end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Saturday morning following the day with which I closed the last chapter, as the church clock was striking twelve, Mr. Montgomery, brushed up and cleaned up with unusual care, might have been seen ascending the dingy staircase that led to the offices of Messrs. Fogle & Quick, Gray's Inn.

Presenting himself in the clerk's office, he inquired if either of the principals was disengaged. As it happened, both were disengaged. His name was taken in, and immediately afterwards the messenger came back to announce that Messrs. Fogle & Quick would see him. He was ushered into an inner room, where he found himself in the presence of two dry, taciturn-looking gentlemen of some fifty to sixty years of age. Mr. Montgomery placed himself in such a position that no ray of light should fall upon his face. His voice, too, would have sounded strange, feigned, in the ears of those familiar with its usual tones.

Mr. Fogle demanded his business in the tone of a man with whom time is money, while Mr. Quick continued his examination of a box of deeds, after casting one rapid glance at the visitor.

Mr. Montgomery's answer was to produce a copy of the previous day's newspaper from his pocket, and point to an advertisement which has been already copied into these pages. He was polite in his manner, although very sparing of his speech.

"But you are not Silas Carston," said Mr. Fogle, sharply.

"I am not; but I am his representative," mumbled Mr. Montgomery, with a bow.

"Have you his written authority to represent him?"

There was the slightest shadow of hesitation in Mr. Montgomery's manner as he produced from his pocketbook a paper purporting to be written by Silas Carston, giving him, the bearer, full power to act as his, the said Silas Carston's, representative in respect to any communication that Messrs. Fogle & Quick may have to make. The lawyer minutely scrutinized the document, and then the bearer. Neither seemed to inspire him with profound confidence.

"How do we know that Silas Carston has written this?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Why does not Silas Carston come here himself? Where is he now?"

"He cannot come himself. Your second question, I profoundly regret to say, I cannot answer. I have promised my friend Carston not to do so."

Mr. Fogle passed the paper to Mr. Quick, who also minutely examined it, shook his head, and turned again to his document box without uttering a word.

"We are not satisfied with your authority, and decline giving you any information. Mr. Carston must come himself," said Mr. Fogle, curtly.

"Then I presume you will return me that paper?"

"Certainly not; we shall retain it, and hand it over to Mr. Carston when we see him."

The Professor was posed, but he was too practiced a dissembler to betray it by any outward sign, for the lawyer's eye was upon him.

There was a whispered conference for a moment between the two partners. Then Mr. Fogle said, "Stay! We will give you our client's address, under whose instructions we are acting. She can use her own discretion as to whether she pleases to transact business with you. We thus relieve ourselves of all responsibility either way."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN ARCHERY SCORES.

Best of Reasons Why England Holds Unequaled Records in This Sport.

The scores made by American archers have never equaled the best English scores, for the sufficient reason that the sport has never been practiced in this country to the same extent, either in point of time or in the number of those who engage in it, as in England, where for more than a century past target shooting has been steadily and consistently pursued by gentlemen of leisure and by ladies, who have developed a high degree of skill. There have, however, been some very creditable American scores. The best American score at a national meeting, made by Col. Robert Williams, Jr., at Eaton, Ohio, in 1885, at the double York round (985) is barely short of the 1,000 mark which is always classed as a notable score by English archers. The American championship scores made at the national meetings have usually ranged between 900 and 900. In 1903 the score was 953; in 1902, 902. L. W. Maxwell's six championship scores have ranged from 713 to 796. W. H. Thompson's best championship score is 760. Col. Williams has twice exceeded a score of 900 at a national meeting.

It seems needless to say that Americans, if they choose to apply themselves, could excel in archery. Marksmanhood is an instinct with Americans, and, with natural aptness, all that is further necessary is perceiving practice and observation of the new fundamental rules which govern correct method. The requirements for a good archer, as stated by Ascham, are "aptness, knowledge and use."—Century.

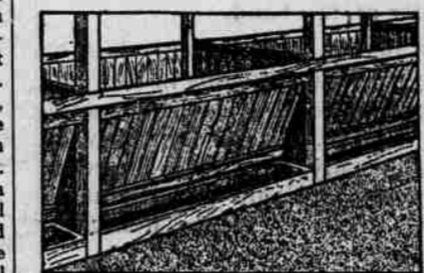
A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.—Lew Wallace.



Convenient Pig Pen Front.

The illustration herewith shows a convenient pig-pen front. The feed trough is securely fastened at the front side of the pen, and the side or wall of the pen is hinged at the top so it will swing over the trough. An iron rod is passed through the bottom cross-piece and inserted in another hole in either edge of the trough.

When feeding, the rod is lifted, the gate swung back, and the rod is dropped in the hole in the back edge of the trough. To let the pigs eat, the gate is swung toward the feeder, and the rod pushed down into the hole in outside edge of trough. Such an arrangement will save much annoyance and give each pig a chance to get his



SWINGING FRONT PIG PEN.

share of the meal. The illustration shows the front swung back so that the feed can be put into the troughs.—Exchange.

Paris Green and Weevil.

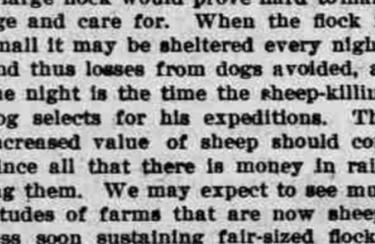
That the boll weevil is not to be driven out of our Southern cotton fields by the use of paris green is the conclusion of the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture after extensive observations and experiments. This conclusion is based upon the following facts: "1. Persistent use of paris green from the time of chopping until picking (in some cases as many as fifteen applications) has failed to materially reduce the numbers of the weevils or to increase the yield. 2. Careful examination of very many experiments with the poison made by planters in Texas has failed to reveal conclusive instances of its successful use. 3. Reasons for the impossibility of poisoning weevils successfully are to be found in the facts that only a very small percentage emerge from hibernation before the squares are set upon the plants, that they do not drink the dew on the leaves at night, and that as soon as squares are set all feeding is done within the shelter of the bracts (shuck) beyond the reach of any poison that might be applied."

Place for the Sheep.

A place for the sheep should be found in the plans of nearly every farmer. A small flock of sheep can be kept on nearly every farm, while a large flock would prove hard to manage and care for. When the flock is small it may be sheltered every night, and thus losses from dogs avoided, as the night is the time the sheep-killing dog selects for his expeditions. The increased value of sheep should convince all that there is money in raising them. We may expect to see multitudes of farms that are now sheepless soon sustaining fair-sized flocks. In the general pasture there is feed that will be eaten by no animal, if not the sheep. Breeders of rams and ewes fit for foundation stock are now experiencing a season of prosperity due to the increasing number of farmers that have concluded to keep a few sheep and are looking for material with which to begin.—Farmers' Review.

Post Puller.

The post puller illustrated is a strong and durable one. It will pull any fence post. The two uprights are 2x6 inches and 3 feet long, mortised



EFFECTIVE POST PULLER.

In 12x36-inch scantling, and 2 inches thick and braced. Bore a 1-inch hole in upper end of uprights, in which insert a small pulley wheel. Take a chain, fasten around lower end of post; put chain over wheel; hitch horse to end of chain. By this device you can pull a more solid post than by hand.

Productive Island Farms.

In some respects, American farmers might take a lesson from those of the Jersey Islands in the English Channel. On one farm of say forty acres, a man expects to keep thirty cows, a large herd of swine, and employ five or six men. The climate is very favorable for fodder crops, but a part of the success of the Channel Island farming is owing to the excellent stock kept and the care taken in saving manure and tilling the land.

Progress and Cost of Irrigation.

The Census Bureau has issued a report on the condition of irrigation in the United States in 1902, showing that 33,415 systems with 59,311 miles of main canals and ditches were irrigating 9,487,077 acres on 124,036 farms. The amount expended in constructing

all these systems was \$98,320,492. The average cost of construction per acre in the arid region was \$9.14, and the average per irrigation system was \$2,710. The report says that the great obstacle to the development of irrigation in Texas and New Mexico is the present treaty between Mexico and this country, which prohibits the impounding of the waters of the Rio Grande.

Owners Want More Money.

A farm exchange says:

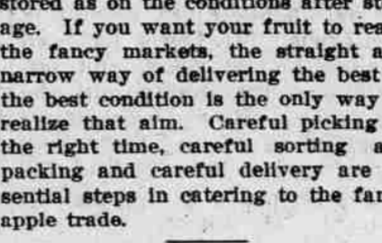
It is reported that in some sections where there are many hogs their owners are positively refusing to take less than 4 cents a pound for them on the farm, and buyers are finding themselves "up against a hard proposition," as they put it, for the packers' price will not allow the farm price demanded. But it looks as if the farmers are standing pat, judging by the receipts of hogs at the big markets. For instance: For the week closing with the writing of this the receipts at Chicago alone were 62,000 head, against 98,000 head the previous week, and 92,000 head the corresponding week last year. It will not be necessary to keep up such light receipts more than a week or two to bring the packers to terms. And at this season that much more feeding can doubtless be done without loss to the feeders. At all events, with feeding stuffs at their present price, hogs cannot and should not be sold at less than 4 cents, if cost of production is considered a factor in the business.

Handling the Apple Crop.

If apples are picked too early they are apt to lose their firmness and color; and if too late, the keeping quality is greatly affected. The proper time to pick is when the color is brightest and while the fruit is yet hard. Do not let the apples stand out after picking, any longer than is absolutely necessary, especially if they are to go to the cold storage. The investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture show that the keeping qualities of apples depend as much on the handling before being stored as on the conditions after storage. If you want your fruit to reach the fancy markets, the straight and narrow way of delivering the best in the best condition is the only way to realize that aim. Careful picking at the right time, careful sorting and packing and careful delivery are essential steps in catering to the fancy apple trade.

Handy Farm Cart.

I have found that a cart with two wheels made as shown in the illustration



HANDY FARM CART.

tion by using the rear wheels of an old buggy with the axle clamped to the frame by clamp bolts to be a nice cart for almost any purpose, and especially for garden use. I recently took the milk to the cheese factory when all the horses were in use.—H. F. Jahnke, in Iowa Democrat.

Bad Way to Break a Colt.

A great many people believe that the only way to break a colt is to throw him, hobble him or tangle him with straps or ropes. An Indiana horseman tells how he prepares a colt for his first visit to the blacksmith's shop by putting a strap around his neck, passing it along the near side and between the hind legs, then up and through the strap around the neck and back to his hind leg. The idea is to hold on to this strap while you lift the colt's leg, and if he kicks or struggles pull on the strap until he falls down. This is an excellent way of frightening a colt half to death, and rendering him vicious. Every colt ought to be handled in such a way until, by the time he is a year old, his feet can be picked up easily and without the aid of straps or ropes. The best appliances for breaking colts are the naked hands and a good halter.

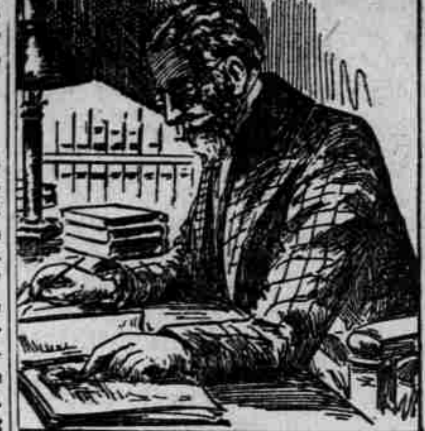
Checking Root Galls.

When new apple trees are received from the nursery they should be carefully inspected to make sure that they are not affected with root gall. This disease is now very prevalent in some nurseries, and great care must be exercised. It is a disease, that spreads through the soil, and a single tree may introduce it into an orchard, where it may undo the work of years. We have several times illustrated root gall in these columns, and it does not seem advisable to repeat the illustration at this time. Suffice it to say that it is a gall appearing on the roots, and any tree affected with a protuberance of this kind should be discarded. This is the first thing to be looked out for in planting trees. The shape of the tree is important, but it is less important than to know whether or not the tree has a disease that will prove deadly to itself and to other trees in the same orchard.

Illinois Farms Sell High.

Why do Illinois farm lands sell for \$125 to \$200 an acre? Because they are productive. This year one Christian County farmer gathered a field of corn which yielded 119 bushels to the acre. The corn was sold for 37 cents a bushel, a gross return of \$43 per acre. Taking out the cost of growing the crop, there still remains a big interest on the investment, even if the land be valued at \$200 per acre. While yields as large as this are exceptional, they are becoming more and more common. With improved seed and improved methods of culture, the average yield on good land is increasing. This is one of the reasons land is going up.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

England levied an additional duty on salt.

The first iron bridge across the River Thames was opened for traffic, proving satisfactory.

The King of Sweden acknowledged the Emperor of Germany in his new character of Emperor of Austria.

Congress counted the electoral vote. For President—Thomas Jefferson, Republican, 162; Charles C. Pinckney, Federalist, 14.

The British captured two French war vessels and lost twelve men in the engagement. The French loss was fifty-seven men.

John Randolph of Virginia, enraged by the acquittal of Judge Chase, moved for an amendment to the constitution that judges might be removed by the President.

Work was begun on a new city called "Napoleon," which the emperor ordered built near Fontenoy, France.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

A new administration under Lord Palmerston was formed in England.

The steamer Will o' the Wisp was wrecked off Burn Rock, Lambay, and eighteen drowned.

A family of six suffocated at their home near Paris by the effects of charcoal, accidentally ignited.

Don Miguel, king of Portugal, unable to obtain money from other quarters, levied a tax on all monastic orders.

All sailors of Havre, Fecamp and Dieppe were forcibly enrolled in the French service and merchant vessels were left without crews.

Intense cold prevailed in northern Europe. The Baltic, as far as the eye could reach, was a plain of ice.

France decided to use American vessels for the transportation of troops to Algiers, as these ships could be gotten cheaper than French ones.

Fifty Years Ago.

Two severe shocks of earthquakes were felt in Columbia County, New York.

The island of Cuba was declared in a state of siege, coasts and circumjacent waters in blockade.

Congress conferred the rank of lieutenant general upon Major General Winfield Scott.

Slaves on the royal domains of Portugal were freed.

Prussia was excluded from the conference at Vienna.

The cortes voted that all power proceeded from the people, they permitted liberty of belief, but not of worship.

Congress approved the act to secure the rights of citizenship to children of American citizens who had been born in foreign countries.

Forty Years Ago.

The members of the Illinois General Assembly voted to pay themselves in gold.

The report of the capture of Branchville by Sherman was confirmed.

General Grant rejoined his army after a visit in Washington, D. C.

President Lincoln made public the correspondence which had passed between him and Jeff Davis in the peace negotiations carried on through F. P. Blair.

The Rev. Dr. Garnett, colored, preached in the hall of representatives at Washington, D. C.

Dr. I. Winslow Ayer exposed before the military trial at Cincinnati the operation of the Knights of the Golden Circle in Chicago.

Thirty Years Ago.

News from China declared civil war imminent.

Congress repealed the Pacific mail subsidy.

It was reported the French ministry had accepted the resignations of President MacMahon, who accepted them.

The Indiana block coal region was tied up by a strike of miners.

Great Britain recognized Alfonso as king of Spain.

Twenty Years Ago.

Leopold Damrosch, the musician, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, died.

London announced the fall of Khar-tum and the stabbing to death of Gen. Gordon.

Grover Cleveland was declared President-elect at a joint session of the houses of Congress, the first Democrat in twenty-eight years.

Ten Years Ago.

For the first time the mail trains brought Chicago morning papers into Duluth and West Superior on the day of publication.