

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

He left me. Several minutes elapsed, and he did not return. I was becoming uneasy at my absence from my companions. Then I heard the curtain fall. I was just going to leave, when Mr. Montgomery came up to me again, dressed for the street.

"I can't find it now, Silas; I will bring it home with me and you can do it tomorrow."

Vexed and annoyed at this trifling, I ran round to the front of the house. But to re-enter the pit was impossible. The people were crowding out in one dense stream; so I was obliged to stand aside until my companions should appear, or until the passage was sufficiently cleared for me to go back to seek them.

I had not stood there many seconds before I saw Mrs. Wilson forcing herself through the crowd, and looking wildly about her. She caught sight of me in an instant.

"Where is Clara?" she cried, gasping for breath. "I have lost her in the crowd. Some men pushed between us, and separated her from me; and from that moment I have lost sight of her. Look about you. She must be in the street."

The audience were now dispersing in all directions. Up and down, and out the crowd, here, there and everywhere, I eagerly sought for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Wilson, standing in a doorway, trembling and wringing her hands, soon collected a small crowd round her.

"Had they seen a young lady, in a black dress, with long golden hair?" she never ceased asking.

At last a man suggested that the policeman who had been standing about the door during the latter part of the performance was the most likely person to have seen her.

"Yes. He had seen a young person answering the description. She had been one among the first of the crowd to come down the passage. She looked as if she had lost some one. When she got into the street a young man touched her upon the arm and said something, and she walked away with him. Then he lost sight of her."

"What was the man like?" I asked.

"Oh, he was a youngish, smooth-faced fellow, with a cap on," was the reply.

The very man who had beckoned me out of the pit. It was a plot, then; but by whom originated, and for what purpose?

"Take a cab; go to Bow street police station at once, and I will follow you in a few minutes," I said to Mrs. Wilson.

Back I rushed to the stage door. Had Mr. Montgomery left the theater? He had followed out at my heels, was the answer.

Suddenly I thought me of the public house frequented by Josiah and Mr. Montgomery. Away I ran thither. No; they had not been there that evening. Then I went down to Bow street, where I found Mrs. Wilson, more dead than alive, giving her deposition.

"Are you quite certain that the young lady has not gone off of her own free will?—some sweetheating case, perhaps—only for a little walk—met some one she knew, and finding that she had missed you, he has taken her home?" suggested the functionary who was taking down the depositions.

"Pray disabuse your mind of such an idea; the young lady in question has no friends except those you see here—knows no others—associates with no others."

The solemn earnestness of my tones seemed to convince him of his error, for from that time he gave us a more serious attention.

"A description shall be sent to the different beats and police stations, and if you care to go to the expense, advertise in the daily papers. If we hear anything, we will let you know. But you can make your mind easy upon one point—at least, I think so; wherever she is, she has gone with her own free will. There's no accounting for the vagaries of girls."

Both myself and Mrs. Wilson felt very angry at the light and skeptical manner in which a subject so momentous to us was treated; but the officer only smiled at our warmth.

Mrs. Wilson expressed her intention of issuing bills early the next morning, offering a reward for her discovery. There was nothing more to be done in that place, for the cab was waiting, and I persuaded her to return home immediately. She implored me to accompany her. No, I would search the neighborhood; I might chance to get some tidings.

Finding that all her entreaties were in vain, the old lady reluctantly departed alone.

Mr. Jonathan was standing upon the doorstep when the cab drove up. Before the cabman could descend from the box, he had the door open.

"Where is she—where is Clara?" he asked, seeing but one person within.

Too utterly terrified and bewildered to think of the oddity of such a question from a stranger whom she had never seen before, Mrs. Wilson could only gasp, "She is gone—run away with."

Ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Jonathan jumped into the cab that had brought her home, and which he ordered to stay. "To the Bow street police station as fast as you can drive," he cried.

All that night I wandered about in a frenzied state up and down the streets, down by the river, I know not where. It came on to rain, and I was soaked to the skin. Still, hour after hour, I lingered about the same spot; the dawn broke and merged into broad daylight, and the bustle of the day began, yet still I could not tear myself away; the passers-by shrank from me—they must have thought me an escaped lunatic. At last, I felt that nature could hold out no longer; that I must fall down upon the pavement if I walked about any longer.

I can remember dragging myself down to my lodging, throwing myself in my wet clothes upon the bed, and then—

CHAPTER XXIII.

Wild, grotesque phantasma—a sense of intense suffering, aching pains, parching thirst, and an awful oppression upon the brain. And then I seemed to awake from a long, troubled sleep, and an agony beyond my power to describe.

I made an effort and succeeded in drawing a little apart the curtains at the foot of the bed. Almost within my reach stood a table, upon which was a moderator lamp, burning low, a jug, tumbler, and some bottles.

The faint rays of the lamp showed me a large, gloomy oak-paneled room, with the ceiling painted to match. The windows opposite me were covered with heavy curtains, and the furniture was dark and very old-fashioned. On one side was a huge fireplace, decorated with oak carvings; in the grate burned a cheerful fire, and there, sitting beside it, dozing, with her face half towards me, was an elderly woman, a stranger to me.

Having finished my survey, I crawled back to my pillow and lay still for a time, feeling very much exhausted with my slight exertion. Presently the woman awoke up, came to the side of the bed, drew the curtains, and looked at me.

"You are better," she said, kindly. "I am so glad. You have had a long, weary time of it, but the doctor said there would be a change one way or the other to-night. You're with friends, who have taken every care of you."

"Tell me, is Clara found?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, she's all right, and will come and see you as soon as you grow stronger, but you mustn't talk, or you'll have a relapse."

If I had asked for the Emperor of Russia, I believe she would have told me that he was coming to see me as soon as I was better. Her answers were by no means satisfactory, but I could perceive that it was useless to try to extract others from her.

Several days passed, and I saw no person except the nurse and the doctor. I put some questions to the latter, but he answered crabbly, that if I wished to get well, I must keep my mind calm, and not ask questions.

To keep my mind calm with such memories as were haunting me was impossible, yet, in spite of my anxieties, I grew stronger and better day by day.

But the anguish of my mind waxed strength with my body.

"Nurse," I said one day, determinedly, "I must know where I am, under whose care, and I must have certain questions of vital importance to me solved. I know you are concealing these things from me for a good motive, but it is a mistaken one. Instead of calming, this incertitude is torturing me, retarding my recovery. For heaven's sake, tell me where I am, whose house this is, and what people I am with?"

"Well, sir," she answered, "I am only obeying my instructions; if I was to go from them, I should offend my employers and the doctor, too, and I can't afford to do that. I will ask leave to tell you what I know, which I can assure you is very little. But if you make haste and get strong, and get about, you will be able to find out everything for yourself."

That day I got out of bed for the first time, and sat at the window. It looked into an extensive garden, encompassed, as far as I could see, by a high wall, lined within by rows of tall poplar trees. My room was upon the ground floor, and this wall and the trees bounded my vision. I could see naught beyond them.

One afternoon I had fallen asleep over the fire, suddenly I awoke with a jerk; the rays of a red, autumn sun were streaming across me, and falling full upon the face of Judith, who was leaning against the fireplace, looking at me.

At first, I thought it was a specter of my sleep. I could not believe my eyes; but I was not long left in doubt as to the reality of the vision. An ironical smile curled her lips at the sight of my dismay.

"A visit from your wife is evidently an unexpected pleasure," she said, mockingly.

I could not answer her; I could only bury my face in my hands and shudder at her appearance.

"Is this my reward for all the tender care that has been given you during your illness?—for bringing you away from those wretched lodgings, where you might have died? Our married life seems likely to be a bright one."

"Would to heaven you had left me to die!" I cried. "You are no wife of mine."

"You will find it rather difficult to prove that, or to shake me off."

"What pleasure can it be to you to torture me in this manner?" I cried. "Why not leave me to myself?"

"Because I hate you, and because I have motives of my own. It gives me pleasure to torture you. No living being has ever made me feel so deeply the degradation of my life as you have; you, a miserable, spiritless outcast; you, whom, as a brat, I have beaten with a rod, and always despised; you shudder at my approach, and turn your eyes from me with loathing; and you ask me what pleasure it can be to me to torture you! From the hour of my birth, my life has been one torture. I have ever been the victim. At last, the tables are turned—you are my victim; and as others have dealt by me, so will I deal by you. No mercy was ever shown to me; why, then, should I show it to others?"

She was still standing against the fireplace. I dared not look at her, but I could feel the tigerish ferocity of her eyes.

"But I did not come here to rave. First, I came, like a dutiful wife, to congratulate my husband on his convalescence," she went on, resuming the old irony of voice; "and to comfort him with the knowledge that he is in affectionate hands; and, in the second place, to arrange certain matters of business with him, which, if he will oblige me with a few moments' attention, I will explain. In the course of to-morrow a woman will come here—in short, the woman who committed you to my father's charge. I require that you shall unhesitatingly acknowledge me as your wife in her presence."

"Never!" I exclaimed, firmly. "You may kill me, but I will never utter such words!"

"I have the means of forcing you to speak them, or any other words that I may choose to dictate to you."

At that moment the door was thrown open. I turned my head and saw Mr. Rodwell standing upon the threshold.

er's charge. I require that you shall unhesitatingly acknowledge me as your wife in her presence."

"Never!" I exclaimed, firmly. "You may kill me, but I will never utter such words!"

"I have the means of forcing you to speak them, or any other words that I may choose to dictate to you."

At that moment the door was thrown open. I turned my head and saw Mr. Rodwell standing upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I was sitting in a large easy chair, with my back towards the door, and he did not see me for a time, although, by a sidelong glance, I could distinctly see him. He started at the sight of Judith, as though he had not expected to see her, exclaiming, "You here!"

"Pray walk in, and allow me to introduce you to my husband," she said, with the old irony. "Another unexpected pleasure, no doubt?"

Mr. Rodwell advanced into the room, looking somewhat bewildered; but when he saw me, he started up with indignant surprise.

"What is the meaning of this? Who has dared to bring this fellow here?" he cried. "This is too much, Judith. How came you here? How did you know of this place? I cannot understand all this!" He spoke in a more modified tone, but still looked vexed and wrathful.

"It is very easily explained. My husband being away from his loving wife, was seized with brain fever in some wretched lodging; the parish doctor, who was attending him, said that it would not be safe to remove him any great distance. In this dilemma, Mr. Montgomery, who lived a door or two off, proposed that he should be taken to a house of yours, of which, for certain reasons of your own, you had given him the keys. As my husband's life is very precious to me just now, I thankfully accepted the offer."

"Cease this mockery, Judith, and tell me the meaning of all this."

"Do you wish me to be serious?" she asked, menacingly.

"I wish to know by what right you have brought this fellow into my house?"

"By the right of my own will, John Rodwell; dispute it at your peril."

"If you desire a scene, it had better be out of the presence of witnesses," he said, quietly.

"What I have to say shall be said here. I have no secrets from him, and what I have to say I will have him hear!"

"I decline the conference." He was moving away.

Like a panther she bounded past him, and placed her back against the door. "You do not leave this room until you have heard all I have to say! Disobey me, and I will show you no mercy. I will ruthlessly crush every plan and hope of your life!"

"You?" he sneered.

"Yes, I. Suppose I were to send information to Bow street of the whereabouts of a certain young lady, for whose discovery a reward is offered, where would be the fortune you have been scheming, and sinning, and fawning for through your whole life?"

(To be continued.)

FRUITS OF CALIFORNIA.

Watermelons and Strawberries Grow to Remarkable Size.

"Talking about strawberries," said the Californian, "but you ought to see some of our fruit. Why, man alive—"

"You raise big strawberries, do you?" queried the Pennsylvanian as the other hung on.

"Yum—yum!"

"I hesitate to tell you. I don't want to be thought a liar."

"I know you raise large berries, and am prepared to believe anything you say. I suppose you grow strawberries as big as beer kegs?"

"Humph!"

"Well, then, as big as barrels?"

"Humph!"

"You don't mean as big as hog-heads?"

"My dear man. I am living in a house at present which has eight rooms and bath."

"But you don't mean to tell me—"

"Eight rooms and a bath, sir, and every room of good size."

"And you had all the rooms cut out of a big strawberry? I said I was prepared to believe—"

"Eight rooms and a bath, sir, and one of the coziest brick houses you ever saw. The bricks were made on the premises. I have been offered \$7,500 for the house."

"Yes, but you rather led me to believe that the house was one of the monstrous strawberries you raised out there."

"Then I beg your pardon, sir. It is a brick house. It cost me over \$5,000. The money obtained to build it was obtained from the sale of watermelons."

"But about your strawberries?" protested the disappointed Keystoneer, "you started out to tell me how big they were."

"Strawberries? Strawberries? Oh, well, I'm using one for a toothbrush and another for a stable, but I'm not bragging about them. It's when you get on the subject of watermelons that I'm ready—"

But the other took up his paper and said he guessed he'd see what was fresh from Port Arthur.

Improvement.

"Your wife is improving with her baking, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes."

"Her cakes and pies now are good enough to eat, eh?"

"Oh, no; but she's getting so she can make them look good enough to eat."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Two Tests.

"Darum is an awful coward."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he's afraid of his wife."

"Well, of course. But I saw him step a runaway horse last night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

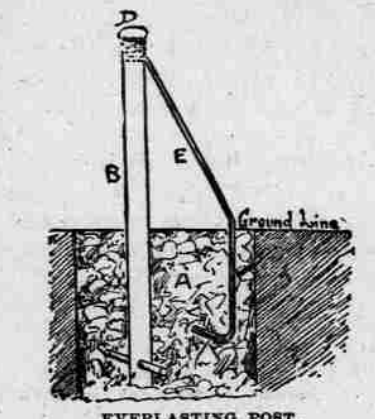
Temper, if uncontrolled, governs the whole man.—Shaftesbury.



FARMERS CORNER.

An Everlasting Post.

A correspondent in a farm exchange gives the following method of making an everlasting post: A is a cubic pit 4x4x4 feet filled with cobble stones and Portland cement, about 8 inches of the top being strong as used for walks. Post B is 3 inches gas pipe, well galvanized, with screw cap on top at D, and short piece of 1/2 rod C through hole in lower end, and top end also has 1/4-inch hole to receive top end of 1/4-inch brace rod E, which has short double bend at top as shown, so as to hold firmly when in position shown. For gate post, I use 1 1/4-inch rod brace drawn at top so end will



EVERLASTING POST.

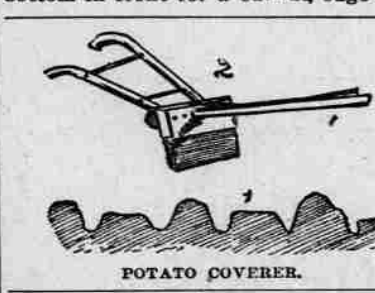
enter the 1/4-inch pole, and place the brace on other side of post, forming brace instead of tension brace in the other style. Possibly a smaller cube of cement might hold, but I wished to make sure, so used 4 feet cube. I have four of these posts, which have been in use nearly four years and they show no indication of moving or of deterioration. The materials cost me about \$5 each, which some may consider expensive, but for roadway or other places where a post will always be needed, they are not expensive, when durability is considered, for they may well be called everlasting.

Sugar and Tobacco.

The proposal being made to secure the reduction of the duty on Philippine sugar and tobacco promises to bring on another fight similar to the sugar war over Cuban reciprocity. It is proposed now to lower the tariff on sugar and tobacco coming from the Philippines 25 per cent, although it is understood that Secretary Taft proposes to continue a fight from session to session of Congress until free Philippine sugar and tobacco are secured. In this connection it is interesting to know the great and varied development which is going on in beet sugar affairs. In fact, a strong argument which the beet sugar people advance why Philippine sugar production should not be unduly stimulated is that if the beet sugar industry is given a reasonable period, say of ten years, the industry will be upon such a basis where it can stand alone. No less an authority than Secretary Wilson himself is credited with this belief and the statement that it will be possible to produce beet sugar in this country at 2 cents a pound.

Useful Potato Coverer.

When we plant potatoes we furrow with a plow drawn by two horses. When the furrows are made there are ridges in half of the spaces and the other half are level (Fig. 7). When covering we use what we call a scraper. (See Fig. 2). It is made of a plank, tongue, handles and several braces and bolts. The length of the plank should be about twice the distance between the rows. The plank should have a strap of iron at the bottom in front for a cutting edge and



POTATO COVERER.

to prevent wear, says a correspondent of Ohio Farmer. The tongue should be fastened to the plank at right angles, and securely braced. The handles, which may be taken from an old plow or walking cultivator, should also be fastened and braced to the plank. We let each horse walk in a furrow, but it is better to use a long doubletree and neckyoke or shafts and but one horse, so the potatoes do not get moved and tramped. The scraper carries some ground ahead of it, which it pulverizes. It may be used to scrape the barnyard if the ground is smooth.

The Sitting Hen.

Eggs intended for early sitting should be gathered at least twice a day and kept where there will be no danger of chilling. Hens that want to sit early in the spring are apt to be rather unreliable and should be allowed to become thoroughly started over a nest of china eggs before being entrusted with a valuable sitting. When a hen really means business, her skin feels hot and feverish, and she usually sheds a few feathers from the breast. Early sittings should not be more than the hen can very easily cover, eleven or twelve being better than a larger number for hens of average size. Build up the nest with

plenty of straw, filling with chaff to make a smoother surface, and see that the curve toward the bottom is smooth, so that the eggs roll easily and cannot work into corners.

Good Income from Hens.

In a prize article in a Philadelphia paper, B. F. Lake, of West Virginia, tells how he makes \$1,000 a year from 400 hens. The houses are simple, the climate not being severe. They are 10x40 feet, facing the south, divided into four compartments, two roosting rooms and two scratching rooms, after the usual plan, each house being used for fifty to sixty-five fowls. Each house is expected to pay a profit above cost of food of \$100. The food is wheat, oats, bran, cut clover and dry blood or beef meal, with plenty of sharp grit, plenty of water, and the lice kept in check. The stock is kept up by incubators and setting hens are also used. In short, the success of this establishment seems to be the result of adopting the thorough-going Northern methods in an especially favorable climate.

Hills for Apple Orchards.

Where there are hills and a clay soil the conditions are suitable for the raising of apples. In the southern part of Illinois and Indiana the land is admirably adapted to the raising of apples, and as yet is but little used for that purpose. The apple tree seems to want air drainage. The drainage in the soil is better on the hills than in the valleys, and this is an advantage that the apple tree appreciates. There is a difference in trees as to the amount of air that must come to their roots to permit them to grow, as is evident in the fact that some trees will die if their roots are in water, while others grow best in swamps where the water covers their roots at all times. The apple tree is never a swamp loving tree. It prefers the dry land, where its roots can get air as well as water.—St. Louis Republic.

Wholesome Milk.

In a bulletin of the Connecticut Storrs station W. A. Stocking, Jr., reports the results of comparative studies of the sanitary condition of milk drawn in open and covered pails. Two pails were used in these experiments. One was a regular open pail; the other was a pail with a cover of special design. An illustration of the latter is here given. It is an ordinary milk pail with a closely fitting cover, which has an opening near one side, into which is soldered a funnel four inches in diameter having a wire gauze of fine mesh soldered across the bottom. This funnel extends slightly above and below the cover and slopes somewhat toward the side of the pail. Another funnel, which is loose, fits inside of the first one. When the pail is to be used a few layers of clean cheesecloth are placed across the opening of the lower funnel and the loose funnel is pushed in to hold the cheesecloth in position. The whole apparatus is simple in structure and can be easily cleaned. By the use of the covered pail an average of 29 per cent of the total number of bacteria and 41 per cent of the acid producing bacteria were excluded from the fresh milk.



COVERED MILK PAIL.

Good Prices for Produce.

From prices quoted at Panama there is a chance for truck growers within reach of the line of the proposed canal. Apples are selling for 15 cents each, lettuce 25 cents a head and cabbages \$1.50 apiece. Chickens and eggs are selling at high prices and board costs from \$3 to \$5 a day in the better class hotels.

Garden Hints.

Study the seed catalogues.

Sow peas as soon as the ground can be worked.

Now will you be good and test your seeds?

Cherries and plums should be among the trees grafted earliest.

An "earliest green eating onion" is one of the new things of 1905.

"Trimming time"—the milder days of late winter and early spring.

"Prune when the knife is sharp," but never when the wood is frozen.

Lettuce and radish seed can go into the ground as soon as the surface can be scratched.

Plowing the garden when the ground is wet makes bad work. Better a good job a few days delayed.

Farm Notes.

Spring trimmed trees produce the most suckers.

Wasteful feeding may mean too much or too little.

Farming is poor business when the farming is poor.

One way to increase the profits in farming is to reduce the cost of production.

The early killed is the easy killed weed and the weed that robs the crop the least.

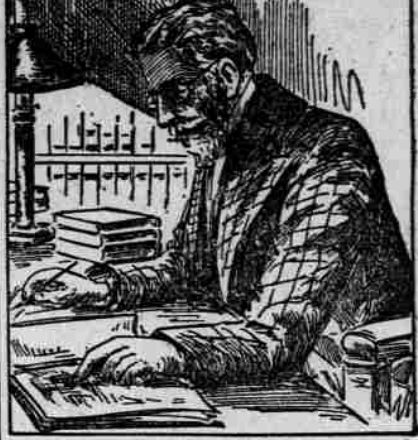
But few plants will thrive in a wet soil. A good drain is sometimes better than manure.

It is the vigor and not the size of the seed potato that determines the size of the product and the amount of the crop.

With the majority of fruits the aim should be for a few fine, large, smooth and plump specimens rather than for many small ones.

Plants to be kept in pots or tubs and needing more sun, should be given a larger size just as the fresh growth is about to be made, generally early in the spring.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Snow and ice made all roads between Switzerland and Italy impassable.

Five thousand negro soldiers were enlisted to serve in the Leeward Islands.

With the closing of the Eighth Congress the political life of Aaron Burr ceased.

Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated for the second time President of the United States.

Minnesota, east of the Mississippi, was made a part of Michigan territory.

The mouth of the Cuyahoga river, where the city of Cleveland now stands, was made a part of entry on Lake Erie.

Nine French gunboats, attempting to get into Brest, were captured by British frigates.

Seventy-Five Years Ago.

Bread riots occurred in Liverpool. The French Chamber of Peers and Deputies met at Paris.

The "Book of Mormon," written by Solomon Spaulding, was published in New York.

William Cramp established his famous shipyards at Philadelphia.

The Indiana State road from Lake Michigan to Madison, on the Ohio, was begun.

Abraham Lincoln's father moved with his family from Indiana to Macon county, Ill.

The first regular news boat to intercept packet ships for foreign intelligence was put in commission in New York.

Fifty Years Ago.

Fire destroyed the quarantine station at Staten Island.

The government hospital for the insane of the army and navy at Uniontown was opened.

The law excluding from the California courts negro and Indian evidence was amended by adding Chinese.

President Pierce vetoed the French spoliation bill, and it failed in the House of the requisite vote to pass over the veto.

The House of Representatives received President Pierce's veto of the ocean steamer bill and attempted to pass it over the veto, but failed.

Ratifications of the treaty of alliance between Sardinia and the western powers were exchanged. Sardinia transmitted to other governments the declaration of war against Russia.

The first steam fire engine built for the city of Boston was exhibited in Baltimore.

Forty Years Ago.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President for the second time.