

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Rev. Obadiah Porter colored, hesitated for a moment, and then rising, said, with his supercilious air, "I will ask a messenger upon all here, and pray no more to-night."

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

More than a twelvemonth passed away before he came again to the house. Then, little by little, he became a frequent visitor. Miss Judith and he were very frequently together. He used to see them strolling about the road arms in arm, and by and by I began to observe how anxiously she watched for his coming. Martha soon comprehended how matters stood.

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

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

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

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

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

He leaned forward with his arms upon the table, and fixing his snake-like eyes upon me, as though to read my very soul, he began in a low voice: "I will tell you all I know; perhaps that will help your memory. Thirteen years ago, a middle-aged woman, looking like a gentleman's housekeeper, or something of that sort, called here to ask my terms for taking charge of a child of five years old. She had seen my advertisement, and thought it would suit the purpose she had in view. She was most particular in her injunctions that you should be reared strictly and religiously. Two days afterwards she brought you here. She gave the name of Carston, and said that you were to be called Silas Carston. The money was to be drawn half-yearly, of Messrs. Fogie and Quirk, solicitors. For the sake of the precious soul entrusted to my keeping, I tried as discreetly as possible to glean a little more information; but she was very close, and awfully stern, and I could not get even an address out of her. The money has always been paid regularly to the day. Once I called upon Messrs. Fogie and Quirk; but I found them stiff-necked men, of hard and unregenerate hearts. Two years ago I wrote to say that, as you had passed beyond the school boy age, I wished for further instructions. About a week after, I got a short note, saying that you were still to remain with me; but as they desired that you should not contract idle habits, I was to give you some sort of useful employment. Why don't you say something, Silas?" he cried, striking the table sharply with his fist.

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

"The truth—what you know."

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

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

"Married to whom?" she asked, drowsily.

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

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

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

"He would make a very good husband," said I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.



ENTRANCE TO THE STALACTITE CAVERNS OF PADIRAC.

One of the strangest holiday resorts, and one of the most interesting, is that recently made accessible to the public at Padirac, in the department of Lot, France. There a wonderful series of caverns, containing magnificent stalactites and a subterranean lake and river, has yielded its secrets to the adventurous explorer, and the dangers of the visit have now been ingeniously reduced, so that the average sightseer may traverse these "antres vast" with ease and safety. For ages the caves remained absolutely unexplored, but by the enterprise of M. Martel, a barrister, they have been thoroughly examined and described, and by means of iron stairways and galleries have been rendered accessible. The vast crater-like opening figured in our illustration is 300 feet in circumference, and when M. Martel made his first visit to the depths he had to descend on a board attached to two ropes after the manner of a swing. He went down 200 feet, and, with several companions, began an extraordinary series of discoveries. The chief of these is an underground river, which is navigated in a collapsible boat.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

AN ELECTION TRICK.

One Sample of the Dodges to Which They Resort in England.

Canon J. George Tetley tells the following story of the late Justice Denman, who in 1855 ran for election at Tiverton, in England. He was advertised to address the electors on a certain morning. In order to fulfill his engagement it was necessary for him to leave by the 9:15 express. He had taken the precaution of ordering a cab overnight, and was quietly eating an early breakfast when attention was called to two or three men who seemed to be hanging about in the neighborhood of his house. He thought little, however, of the matter, but presently sent his servant to put his luggage on the cab, which was due to arrive. The cab approached the door, but before the portmanteau could be located one of the mysterious strangers jumped in and was driven rapidly away.

And when this happened a second time it became evident that something very definite was intended. So Mr. Denman consulted his watch, and, directing his luggage to be sent after him, he buttoned his coat, and, calling to his aid all his old Cambridge training, took a lee line for the station. He met not one empty cab till he near the terminus to be of any service to him. He dashed through the "booking office" on to the platform, seized the handle of a carriage door as the train was actually starting, and flung himself into a compartment.

On arriving at Tiverton he found his committee in a state of extreme anxiety, which gave place to astonishment and relief on his appearance, for the walls of the town were covered with placards warning the Liberal electors that their candidate would not keep his engagement to address them.

PAIRING OF AGE AND YOUTH.

Rarely Does a Young Man Marry an Old Woman Except for Money.

The Countess of Havensworth, England, aged 70, has married her coachman, who is young and smart. This is her third venture in matrimony, and her friends will opine that it is not her best. Women of her age are not supposed to be consumed by the passion of a Juliet, and Rumors do not tumble head over heels in love with matrons of wide experience, who are old enough to be their mothers or grandmothers. There is a real love, to be sure, which attacks the subject at the necktie age, and is commonly disclosed by becoming enraptured with the school teacher, or with some woman cousin a dozen years older than the admirer. This is transient, and is almost never discovered in a case where the schoolmarm or the cousin is gray-haired and has rheumatism. There is, frankly, but one construction to put upon a wedding of this sort, and it is that the man has married for money, and the woman has married because she is susceptible to flattery.

Youth and age never paired well in the marital relation. If the matron is tolerably well preserved at the time of marriage, there comes a time, and it is not far, when the young husband winces for cause. He probably absent himself often at his club, if he can find one open to him, and waits in such patience as he may for his wife to die and leave her money to him. In marriages of this kind, which are fortunately few, it will generally be found that there is a social disparity between the couple as wide as their years. Self-respecting men do not marry for money, any more than they sell their honor for money. Unless, of course, they are brought up as they are in Europe, to look on marriage as a commercial convenience, and hail the arrival of an American pork packer to pay their bills. We hear a good many excuses for the commercial or the state marriage; but the cases of dissimulation which follow such are no more numerous than they are in marriages of love, and all that sort of thing, which is shown to be untrue by the conduct of kings; but in our own land we have our opinion of the man who takes a wife for the sake of her dollars, and it is not an opinion that he cares to hear.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The bodies of men who have perished in sandy deserts become so thoroughly dried by the sun and wind as to be reduced to 80 per cent of their weight in life.

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

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

He who desires is always poor.—Claudianus.

SEWER FARM OF PASADENA.

It Proves to Be a Source of Considerable Profit.

The city of Pasadena, Cal., has a sewer farm which, according to the New York Tribune, promises to be a source of great profit to the city. It is in the San Gabriel valley, a few miles north of Los Angeles. It is a ranch of 800 acres. From it last year enough English walnuts were harvested to net the city treasury from \$4,000 to \$5,000, to say nothing of the profit derived from many tons of alfalfa.

Pasadena did not go into agriculture as a business speculation, but as a public necessity. Far from the ocean and surrounded by great hills and towering mountains, and with nothing more available as a waterway in the neighborhood than the wash of the Arroyo Seco, the question of disposing of the flow from the city sewers was a vexing one. When, some fifteen years ago, it became evident to the founders of Pasadena that there was growing up among the orange groves of the original colonists a city that was becoming a home of the ultra-particular people from the East, they were wise enough to know that future prosperity and growth would depend to a great degree upon the establishment and maintenance of a perfect system of sewerage.

The pioneers of Pasadena were of a thrifty turn, so they purchased 500 acres of raw ranch land about six miles from the city, and there, by means of a great outfall pipe, was conducted all of the flow from the sewers and spread upon the land. Sixty acres of English walnuts were planted, and the water was also used to irrigate large tracts of alfalfa. The latter is yet grown upon many acres of the ranch, and not only supplies all the hay for the horses of the city's fire and street departments, but many tons are annually sold at good prices. The sixty acres of walnuts originally set out are just reaching the full bearing age, and last year produced between 400 and 500 sacks, which were disposed of in the Eastern markets at about \$10 each. So profitable has the culture of walnuts proved that another grove of thirty acres was planted some time ago, and is just now coming into bearing. When the old grove and the new grove have reached maturity the city's income from walnuts will not fall far short of \$10,000 a year. To this must be added the value of the hay, which, if not grown, would have to be purchased.

The sewer farm is almost a hobby with Mayor Weight, who is of a very practical and utilitarian turn of mind. Under his direction and that of William A. Heiss, a practical farmer from the live stock districts of Iowa, the extensive raising of swine for the market has been undertaken. The present herd of 100 head is to be increased to 300 and possibly 500, the number, in fact, to be limited only by the ability of the ranch to produce feed. Their staple provender is corn and pumpkins, which grow luxuriantly under sewer irrigation. It is believed by the present administration that when the herd of swine has reached the proportions indicated it will prove as remunerative to the city as walnuts. The sewer farm is also convenient as a retiring place for the horses of the fire and street departments that have grown old in service and too slow for active work.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The arrest of a foreigner suspected of being a spy during the naval maneuvers at Milford Haven, England, reminds a correspondent of Smith's Weekly of the narrow escape of a friend of his, a retired officer of the German army, who made himself useful to his government by gathering information in and round Paris. He was walking in the neighborhood of fortifications, making mental notes of what he saw, when suddenly three policemen jumped out upon him, and asked him what he was doing there.

He had a plausible answer ready, but their suspicions were roused by his accent and his soldierly bearing, and they insisted on his accompanying them in the police-station. Then the situation became serious, for he was carrying three compromising letters in his pocket.

On their arrival at the station they found the inspector was out, and that they must wait for his return. The spy said he supposed he might smoke, and the policemen said, "Certainly." Then he offered each a cigar, took one himself, brought out one of the compromising letters from his pocket, solemnly twisted it into a spill, lighted it at the fire in the most careless way imaginable, gave a light to each of the policemen, lighted his own cigar, and swung the rest of the letter into the fire.

There were still two letters to be got rid of, and the inspector was expected every instant. If he were caught it meant at least five years' penal servitude. He had never known such an anxious moment.

He decided it would be quicker to let his cigar go out rather than smoke it through and light another. It seemed as if the cigar would not go out, and every instant he thought he heard footsteps outside.

At last he got rid of the second letter without exciting suspicion. Then he puffed away at his cigar with all possible speed, and had just lighted another when the inspector came in.

The spy was astonished, and the search revealed nothing that compromised him, he was released with apologies. But had the inspector arrived a quarter of a minute sooner the German would have been undone.

LIONESS GOES BAD.

Animal Trainer Who Knows His Hints.

Drunk or sober, Sterrett knew things about animals that all his years of experience and study never taught me. It wasn't that he got on better with them than most, for his own lions hated him, which is unusual. But he had some method of interpreting their signs that was beyond me. When the Tiger Princess was going to give up one of her old performers because he was getting sulky and peevish, Sterrett looked over the troupe and said:

"That one is all right, but the one over in the corner will bear watching."

"Why, the man talks like a fool," said the princess. "That's Zulus. She's the best actor I've got."

Sterrett laughed. "Train an understudy," he advised. "I'll give Zulus three weeks to retire from the stage. She's going bad."

Zulus was a very beautiful young lioness; one of the best trick beasts I've ever known and one of the very few that seemed to have a genuine affection for the trainer. As a rule, the felines don't exhibit the softer emotions. They feel for man either indifference or distaste. But this lioness used to show signs of pleasure when her mistress entered the cage, and I've seen her put her muzzle up against the bars to fawn on the queen. Two weeks after Sterrett's advice, to which we paid little heed, it was when I knew less about him than I subsequently learned I saw the lioness cowering the woman at the close of the performance. As the Tiger Princess entered the cage the next day there was a snarl and a scream, and she was down. Zulus had her. Fortunately, some of us were near. We beat the animals off—of course, some of the other beasts had to pitch on, seeing their tyrant down—and got the woman out with no worse injury than a broken arm and a badly clawed back.—McClure's.

NO CHILDREN AS BEARERS.

Undertaker Protests Against Youthful Officiating at Funerals.

"My patrons usually find me very accommodating," said the undertaker, "but there is one arrangement they frequently make that I fight against religiously. That is the impressment of children into service as pallbearers. To my mind it is a reprehensible practice. From the purely sentimental standpoint it probably looks pretty to see a little child carried to the grave by its playmates. Doctors and undertakers, however, are seldom sentimental, and as they look at the thing from a strictly professional point of view they see harm in the custom rather than beauty.

"It is harmful to the children. This thing of serving as pallbearers is not a pleasant duty for anybody not inured to the business and naturally it is particularly trying on the nerves of children. Many a time I have seen the little tots shaking in their boots as it came time for them to lift the coffin and on a few occasions I have seen one of them keel right over. By the friends that sudden weakness was attributed to grief, but it was nothing of the kind. Probably the child did feel badly over the loss of its companion, but sorrow would never afflict it so sorely. It was pure nervousness that caused the collapse. I have known an exceedingly sensitive child to be all unstrung for weeks after such an ordeal.

"Fortunately, parents do not insist upon the practice so much as formerly. Even if they do decline to the idea at first, I generally find it possible to talk them out of the notion unless the child has been precocious in such matters and has requested that certain little friends act as pallbearers, which sometimes happens. In that case I find all arguments unavailing and, much as I dislike the custom, I am obliged to conduct a funeral with youthful pallbearers."—New York Press.

Never Was a Wild Animal.

Of all domesticated animals the sheep has from time immemorial been most closely associated with mankind. An erudite author sixty years ago, having laboriously culled an assortment of allusions to sheep made by sacred and profane writers, concluded that "the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man that they never existed in a wild state at all.

"Biblical history from the time of Abel is full of allusions to the flocks which formed the chief possessions of the Jewish people and their neighbors. The spoils of war and the tribute of vassal kings largely consisted of sheep. Thus we read that Meshu, king of Moab, was a sheep master, and rendered unto the king of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool. Moses after his victory over the Midianites obtained as loot no less than 675,000 sheep and long before the Christian era sheep were cultivated in western Europe.

Spain and Italy possessed them from an unknown period, although long after Rome was founded the inhabitants had not learned to shear the fleece, and, until the time of Pliny, the practice of plucking it from the skin was not wholly abandoned, so that the humble shepherds of Syria preceded, in their knowledge of necessary arts, the future conquerors of their country."—Outing.

Its Appointed Work.

Does the sun undertake to do the work of the rain, or Aesculapius the work of the Fruit-bearer (the earth)? And how is it with respect to each of the stars, are they not different, and yet they work together to the same end?—Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

The first Mormon temple ever erected in Europe has been completed in Stockholm.

Too Much of a Countdown.

Highwayman—How much money have you got?
Heldup—I couldn't guess.
Highwayman—You can't guess the amount?
Heldup—No.
Highwayman—Then give it up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hall of Fashions.

Where are the fashions of yesterday?—(Garments our elders sometime wore?)
Styles that, smiling, we now survey
In many a magazine of yore.

Where are those garbs ourselves forswore
And scornfully dropped beside the way?
Engaging in trush, at To-morrow's door?

There are the fashions of Yesterday!
Peg-top trousers that long held sway,
Casing the legs of far-back beaus,
Of tailors' gooses were late the lay
(Is it green, or gooses, who knows,
who knows?)
Skirts that flared over dainty toes
Flare again o'er the toes of May!
So chic a daisied you'd scarce suppose
Would wear the fashions of yesterday!

And points, outre, are again a' fait!
(Ring the knell of the bul-dog last.)
And thicker and thicker come tripping gay

Those high French heels of the
frowned-on past!
And punctured sleeves are inflating
fests.
And leech slip from retirement gray.
And pokes and bonnets their shadows cast—
Hail to the fashions of yesterday!

Man and maiden, who'd scorn, ead,
Tings in the slightest sense passe,
This very moment, dear hearts, you're
eld
Simply is fashions of yesterday!
—Edwin L. Sabin in Puck.

First Campaign Emblem.

So far as known, the first campaign emblem was a finger ring of copper. It was worn by the adherents of John Quincy Adams in 1825, when he ran for President, and was inscribed, "Join Quincy Adams, 1825." Typelines and medallions were among the insignia of the 1860 campaign.