

Sound by a Spell

CHAPTER V.

I did not meet my reverend master until the next morning at prayer. After prayers, he went through the process of examining the boys. What a vile mass of hypocrisy all this seemed to me by the new lights that had broken upon me. Judith was not present. I felt that my manner was embarrassed, and I could not endure to meet his eye. He remarked upon my pallid looks; I had not slept a wink all night. He asked rather sharply, "What ailed me?"

"I have a headache," I had a rather night's rest last night," I stammered. "Oh! we will soon set that all right; you shall breakfast with me this morning. A cup of strong green tea will soon kill the headache."

At the table I was treated more like a guest than even a member of the family. He himself handed to me the good things, pressing me to eat and drink of all. Martha, who was waiting, could scarcely contain her wonderment.

"You have taken my place well during my absence," he said, in a faint tone. "I am only just beginning to discover the treasure I have in you. Oh, what a blessing it is to know that the seed I have sown will yield so goodly a harvest! Well, I am getting old, and shall soon want a supporter and comforter. Ah, if I had such a son! But I must not repine, for I am blessed with the best of daughters? You two must be brought more together than you have been, for you are a goodly pair."

He was in a rhapsody of hypocrisy. He drew his chair close to mine and took my hand. We were alone now; he had desired Martha to leave the room.

"Have you ever noticed Judith, Silas?" A fine girl, though I say it, and gifted with that beauty which to young blood is more attractive even than the beauty of the spirit. It she were to go forth into the sinful world she would have scores of lovers, and the children of the heavens would flock to ask her hand in marriage. But such is neither my wish nor hers. I would see her bound in the holy bands of wedlock to some pious youth. I would not ask of him the goods of Mammon, nor covet for my child either gold or jewels, or fine linen, or silken raiment; for what is all that compared to that peace of the soul which passeth all understanding?"

I know not what answer I made, or even whether I made any, to these running speeches, and others that followed in the same strain. At last, with many blessings, that sounded in my ears like benedictions, he dismissed me to the school room. To get away from his hideous hypocrisy was like emerging from the fetid atmosphere of a sick room into the pure air of heaven. Business which had accumulated during his absence kept him from home all day, and until late in the evening.

As soon as my school duties were finished, I went into the grounds—and could not bear to be in the house—and sat there until Martha came out to call me in to tea.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you, Master Silas?" she asked. "You look as white as a ghost! Are you ill?" "Oh, no, Martha! I have a headache—nothing more."

"Master Silas," said Martha, "there's something wrong with you—something's preying on your mind. Why was master so awful civil to you this morning? Don't think I'm asking you questions out of curiosity. Master Silas, you're as innocent as a lamb! That man—or anybody else, for the matter of that—could get you to do anything—get you into goodness knows what trouble. And mark my words, he's a regular bar on your neck, and he's got you by the throat. He's no good to you or anybody else!"

can't tell what to do. That once known, I shouldn't want much consideration." "Where is he now? Have you seen him lately?"

"I heard him leave the boys' room at 5 o'clock. I have not seen or heard him since then." "Go and see where he is at once; he might have left the house while we are standing here."

In an instant I heard them hurrying towards the house. I sprang to my feet, ran across the orchard into the kitchen garden, rushed into the summer house, laid my book upon the table, and resting my head upon my hands, assumed an attitude of attentive study. My breath came short and thick, and my breast was heaving when I heard my master's hasty footsteps upon the path.

He began in a bullying tone, then he thought him that he was betraying himself, stopped short. The expression of my face evidently disconcerted him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, evidently not knowing what to say to cover his blunder.

"I usually come here of an evening to read," I said quietly. "I never heard you object to it before."

"Oh, it isn't that; but get the boys in at once," he said.

"Very well, sir," I closed my book, and went to find the boys; my master advancing in the same direction, that he should not lose sight of me. I felt that from that moment a constant watch would be set upon me.

I led the boys into the house, and up into the school room. But the prayer that was in my heart and on my lips were not in unison with that which sounded on my ears. I was praying to escape from that dreadful house. I had taken the desperate resolution that I would not pass another night beneath the roof.

The boys were dismissed to bed half an hour earlier than usual. I was going down to the kitchen when Mr. Porter stopped me.

"I've some work for you, Silas. I'd and put these tracts into envelopes, and direct them; I'll give you the list of names. You can carry pen and ink, and your desk, into your own room, and do them there."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

On March 4th a President in the White House will go to the capitol for his first inauguration—something that has never yet happened.

Occupants of the White House have gone to the capitol for their second inaugurations; this has naturally been the case with every two-term President since Washington became the seat of government. But his man already in that office has ever gone through the ceremonial for the first time. This peculiar situation arises from the fact that no one of the other Vice Presidents who has succeeded to the Presidency—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson or Arthur—was elected for a second term. When McKinley followed Cleveland in 1897, the incoming and the outgoing Presidents were, according to custom, almost inseparable companions on the inaugural journey. Four years ago, when Mr. McKinley was for a second time inaugurated, there was no outgoing President to ride through the avenue with him. This year there will be none. It has never before happened twice in succession that there was no retiring President to accompany the President-elect. The second inauguration of a President already in office has always seemed somewhat anomalous, since the ceremonial signifies no real change of administration or of policy. This will explain why, in spite of all efforts, second inaugurations seldom excite the interest, or attract the crowds, of an original induction into office. This time, however, as Mr. Roosevelt has not before been honored in this way, the celebration promises to be unusually brilliant. Preparations on an extensive scale are already under way.

The annual report of the comptroller of the currency gives, in a few figures, an amazing illustration of available wealth and financial strength of this American nation. The banking power of the world—the capital, surplus, deposits and circulation of all its banks—its gold and coinage—is closely estimated at nearly \$34,000,000,000. This aggregate all the other countries combined have a little less than \$20,000,000,000. The United States of America alone has nearly \$14,000,000,000. In other words, under the Stars and Stripes, which float over less than one-thirtieth of the land area of the globe, and to which less than one-seventeenth of its inhabitants owe allegiance, is two-fifths of the fluid, active, working wealth of the human race. Uncle Sam, the financial giant among the nations, is using his strength as beneficially to mankind as any, and more so than many, as becomes an intelligent and highly civilized giant.

According to a recent bulletin of the Agricultural Department, the United States is the richest country on the globe, and the farmer the richest of all classes of citizens. The bulletin estimates the total value of the farmer's crops at \$3,200,000,000 as against a total of \$3,078,000,000 in 1902 and \$2,845,000,000 in 1901. This year's enormous total is made up as follows: Corn, \$985,000,000; wheat, \$531,000,000; cotton, \$900,000,000; hay, \$550,000,000; potatoes, \$158,000,000; oats, rye, barley, tobacco, buckwheat, vegetables, fruits and other agricultural products, \$326,000,000. Though the wheat crop is short the price is higher and the value of the crop this year is \$108,000,000 over the crop of 1903.

The next Congress, according to complete but unofficial returns, will have in the House of Representatives only 134 Democrats in a total of 361 members. This gives the Republicans a majority of 118. All but 26 of the Democratic members are from the Southern States. Three States—Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas—send solid Democratic delegations. Ten States—California, Colorado, Kansas, Maine, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and West Virginia—have solid Republican delegations.

Five pensioners are on the roll on account of the revolution, 1,116 on account of the war of 1812, 4,734 on account of the Indian wars, and 13,874 on account of the Mexican war. The great bulk of the roll is as follows: Civil war, invalids, 703,450; widows, 248,390; Spanish war, invalids, 9,290; widows, 3,092; regular establishment, invalids, 9,170; widows, 2,598.

The place of honor in the inaugural parade March 4 will be given to the Filipino scouts, now at St. Louis. This is in accordance with the wish of President Roosevelt, which the War Department has arranged to gratify by delaying the departure of the scouts for their home until after that date.

More than 1,000,000 names are now on the pension roll of the United States, the exact number being 1,000,781, an increase of 3,781 since June 30. From present indications it will be enlarged further as a result of the operations of order No. 78, which is adding thousands of veterans who previously were ineligible. One marked effect of the rule providing for old age pensions is the decrease in the work of the pension bureau. It is estimated that about 500 clerks soon will be dismissed.

Five sheep without wool were recently imported from the Barbados by the Department of Agriculture, in the hope that they could be successfully introduced in the Southern States, where the ordinary American sheep is uncomfortable in the summer because of the thick woolen shirt which he has to wear. The Barbados sheep is either red or fawn-colored, with black shading, and has coarse hair instead of wool. The sheep look like a small cow or deer, and is highly prized for its flesh.

KNEE BREECHES VS. TROUSERS.

Arrogant Custom and the Tyranny of the Long-legged Garment.

This does not pretend to be an impartial sunning up of the great suit, so to speak, knee breeches vs. trousers. It is a frankly partisan plea for the plaintiff, says a writer in the London Chronicle. I have never given a previous thought to the question and have no idea of the latent antagonisms that, now flaming out so suddenly, have divided us into a nation of pro-breechers and their opposites, the trouserites.

First, let us calmly philosophize. Those hardly pioneers who have clubbed together to dine in public and in knee breeches deserve well of their age and race on general grounds and without reference to the particular dispute. They stand in the breach, as one might say, against tyranny, against convention, against the stupid thing that is—in a word, against trousers.

Take trousers only as a symbol, representing established, despotic, unreasoning custom. Is not that enough? They have put custom—symbolized as trousers—on her trail and have challenged her to justify herself. And custom, arrogant as any Louis, says, "L'habitude, c'est moi," and can get no further. Such an attitude in itself justifies revolt. Why should custom hold trousers in her feudatory clutch? 'Twas not always so and arrogant custom, which now sums herself up in trousers, has been represented in many forms in her time.

In a word, we make custom, her subjects set her aloft and we who enthroned her dethrone. Trousered custom should therefore walk more humbly and at least partay with the enemy at the gate.

And now let us descend from the general to the particular. Once men wore togas, and custom, an elective monarch, reigned only on toga terms. Imagine that we were now a togated people and what decision would have been adequate to the trousered upstart? Think of the nicknames that would have pelted him—Longshanks, Propsticks, Old Doublebarrel, Heavenly Twins and what not. Yet custom, throned high on her trousered seat, now scornfully scoffs at the pro-breechers, who once were her masters. You see the absurdity of it? Consider the suit. Dare custom deride the Bilt? Say, she curtsies to it. It is true that only a portion of the body politic clothes itself in the suit, but were we all suit entirely, what could trousered custom say? There would be nothing left but abdication, and, in fact, by the coming of the suit, trousered custom would be an outlaw in her own dominions and could only reign again by kissing the hem of the conquering garment. A precarious tenure, then, has naughty trousered custom.

A POSTPONED SALE.

It was the dull season in New York. Fifth avenue was unusually quiet and free from the noise of the motor car and the crowding of the gay equipages of fashionable life, says a writer in the Sun. A junk collector's cart stopped in front of what is, during most of the year, a crowded millinery establishment, and the horse dropped. It was a poor, dilapidated beast, looking more fit for the interior of the junk cart than for the shafts, and its owner was nowhere to be seen.

A woman, evidently a stranger in the city, was in the shop, looking at some marked-down articles. She glanced to look into the street and saw the horse. The sale was off in a moment. The woman customer went out and inspected the poor beast, which was sadly out of repair. The shop-woman came out also and joined in the examination. This caused a third woman to stop. Other casual passers turned in, and a crowd was formed.

A policeman—a solitary policeman—sauntered that way, and asked what was the matter. Then the women all talked together until the policeman went to a call-box and communicated with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Then he returned and told the people they must not block the way.

"We are here to stay until the wretch who drives such a horse is arrested," said the woman customer. Thereupon the officer walked away. When the S. P. C. A. man arrived, he looked at the horse; he said he would lead it to the office, and if the owner came somebody could tell him.

"I'll keep a lookout if it takes till night," said the shop woman. The woman customer turned to the shop woman and remarked: "You keep that hat until I come back."

Then she started to accompany the horse and the S. P. C. A. man. Several men who had been drawn into the crowd laughed, and one said, "Good for that woman! If she can't pay for the hat, I will."

INTERESTING NEW INVENTIONS

Screen and Guard for Windows.

The modern office building, generally a skyscraper divided into hundreds of small rooms, has reached such perfection, both in its interior and exterior construction, that it is difficult



for the inventor to devise anything that would add to its convenience. Here, however, is a contrivance for preventing papers blowing from the window, a most aggravating annoyance in a high building, where draughts are plentiful. The invention consists of any suitable number of hazy tongs, which are secured to the lower part of the sash and to the sill of the window frame by strips. The hazy tongs are pivoted to a number of horizontal guide bars, the ends of the bars engaging with upright grooved guides in the window frame, the whole forming a guard sufficient to screen the opening between the sill and the lower rail of the sash when the latter is raised, to prevent bills, checks and other papers upon the desk of an office from blowing out of the window. Abner Johnston, of Long Island City, is the patentee.

To Heat or Cool the Bed.

The invention shown in the illustration below reminds us of some of the methods used by our forefathers. This device, for heating or cooling beds, is taken from the old custom of placing bottles or other receptacles containing hot water in the bottom of the bed, and sometimes under the pillows. In those days steam heat or furnaces were unknown, and the only rooms which were kept warm were the kitchen and the reception room, with its time honored open grate and



hearth. This invention of an Indianapolis man comprises a mattress having numerous hollow tubes for receiving the heating and cooling mediums, with valves in the tubes for dividing them into separate chambers. A main

tube acts as an inlet at one end and an outlet at the other, with valves to regulate the inflow and outflow. Modern, up-to-date hotels and apartment houses, where every possible want is provided for, would find this device of advantage. Connections could be made with the steam hot radiators to supply heat to keep the bed warm, while in the hot summer days ice water or cold air could be supplied, as is done in a number of the latest improved theaters. The idea is more practical than appears at first sight.

The inventor is Isaiah H. Finchum, Indianapolis, Ind.



REMOVES THE BEEHIVE FROM THE GROUND.

less time and labor. A very simple agricultural implement is shown here, the invention of a Wisconsin farmer. It is designed for toppling and rolling beehives, and by its use the beehives can be easily and quickly removed from the ground. One portion of the contrivance is made of a long handle, with one end pointed and shaped to fit around the beehive. Pivotaly attached to this is another handle, provided with a fork at its lower end. The stationary handle is first inserted into the ground around the beehive, and by operating the pivoted handle the other fork is brought against the beehive and the latter pulled from the ground. It is not necessary to stoop and dig the beehive up by the hand, the operation at all times being done while standing up.

Ebon O. Cady, of Aunburndale, Wis., is the patentee.

TORPEDO BOAT SMUGGLED TO LIBAU, RUSSIA.



The torpedo boat Caroline, recently smuggled from England to Russia, is shown in the illustration. Mr. Smett and James Boothby Burke Roche engineered the venture, and warrants for their arrest have been issued in London. The boat was purchased as a turbine yacht for \$125,000. She left the Thames, crossed the North Sea at a thirty-knot pace, and arrived at Cuxhaven. Here two of the crew deserted and gave information to the German Government, which attempted to stop the craft in the Kiel Canal, but the attempt proved futile, and Libau was reached in safety. There the boat was turned over to the Russians. Roche is the heir of Lord Fermoy, and is the divorced husband of Fanny Roche, daughter of the late Frank Work, a millionaire stock broker of New York. Smett is an Irishman who is fond of adventures and excitement.

COTTON IN DUTCH COLONIES.

Government to Cooperate with Citizens in Promoting the Culture.

In the Netherlands a committee has been formed for the promotion of the culture of cotton in the Dutch colonies, according to a report from United States Consul Pitcairn. The Dutch government is reported to have promised its support and assistance. A report recently published by the committee had annexed to it as exhibits copies of letters from Surinam containing information of the result of culture, by way of experiment, of sea island and upland cotton. Samples accompanying such letters furnished proof of the possibilities of successful culture.

Experiments in the culture of cotton have been made on the island of Java also, two different species having been planted, of which one is domestic and the other was imported from the United States in 1861. The latter is said to have a longer staple than the former. The exports of cotton from the Dutch East Indies in the year 1902 amounted to 5,300 tons, of which almost one-half was of Javanese growth. The administration of the residency of Samarang, is chief center of the cotton culture, is promoting and protecting the interests of the cotton planters in every respect. The government has placed at the disposal of

the said administration the sum of \$2,416, to be used as loans and advancements to the native population for improvements and extension of the cotton culture.

Another report has been received from Paramaribo, in which it is said that extensive experiments are also being made in that district.

The Dutch committee, the experiments having now sufficiently advanced, intends to establish a permanent business office.

Telegraphes on Gould System.

The Gould lines of railroad in Colorado are being equipped with telegraphes, which enable a conversation to be carried on over a telegraph wire without interfering with the sending of a telegraph message over the same wire at the same time. Instruments are placed in cabooses and coaches so that in case of wrecks communication can be established with headquarters immediately by throwing a hook over a wire and grounding the other end of the wire to the rail or car wheel.

So the Poor Dog Was Gone.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard and rubbered. The cupboard was bare. She looked mournfully at her poor dog. Then an idea struck her, and she had sausage for supper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.