Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

We had left the house by this time, and were walking down the green lane, but in an opposite direction to that by which we had come from the churchyard. A little way down the lane debouched into a high road, and there my kind friend stopped to take leave of me.

"If you find things turn out badly, and you are reduced to any great strait, write to me; but, mind, in that case you must tell me all about yourself. There must be no disguise and no deceit. I must say you're rather a close customer for one so young—all the better for that, perhaps. Here's my address; and now good-by, and a safe journey and good luck."

The next moment he was gone. How full of gratitude was my heart for his kindness! I reached the railway station some minutes before the train was due. Ignorant as I was of the commonest transactions of everyday life, I was obliged to the kind offices of a friendly porter to procure me a ticket and put me on the right platform. The train came up and I took my seat.

The excitement of steam traveling was a strange one to me, and for a time I was lost in wonderment at the variety of objects we flew past, and at the rapidly changing landscape. Suddenly I remembered the address that the old gentleman had given me. I drew it out, curious to know his name. It was an old envelope, directed to "Jonathan Rodwell, Woodbine Cottage."

What a bound my heart gave as I read that name! Was it simply by a strange coincidence, or was he related to that man who had so tragically influenced my life? So astonished was I at this discovery and so absorbed in speculations, and a train of thought which it suggested, that I became quite unconscious of the progress of the train, of my fellow passengers, almost of where I was. My thoughts went back to the marriage day, and every incident passed in review through my mind. When I came to the incident of the locket, my heart gave another leap; it was gone—left behind in the suit of clothes! Of course, it was quite safe. But I was troubled that it had passed out of my possession. I prized it as the superstitious would a talisman.

Crowding quickly on the heels of this regret, came a startling revelation; that portrait that had puzzled me at the old gentleman's—it was her very image, matured to womanhood! That was the resemblance that had so powerfully struck me, and that I could not understand at the time.

Projected into this new field of thought, I was still wandering amidst its mazes when I was warned that my journey had come to an end. And, stepping out of the carriage, I found myself on the bewildering, crowded platform of a great city terminus.

CHAPTER X.

Deafened by the rush of steam, whistling engines, the shouting of men, jostled and knocked hither and thither by eager passengers seeking their luggage, and by heavily laden porters, I was quite confused. At length I inquired of a quiet-looking policeman the way to Rackstraw's buildings.

"There may be a hundred Rackstraw's buildings, for what I know," he said, with a laugh. "What part of the city is it?"

"Camden Town is the rest of the direction," I answered.

"Oh! that is miles away from here. The best way for you to get to Camden Town is to get into a 'bus that you'll see pass those iron gates below."

I thanked him for his information and managed to get into the right 'bus. I felt very sick and weary when I emerged once more into the streets. I went into a pastry cook's to eat a bun, and inquire for Rackstraw's buildings, and they directed me. Small houses, one story high; town-looking in their dirty bricks; country-looking in their little gardens that lay in front. I knocked at No. 3, and the door was answered by Martha herself.

"What! Master Silas," exclaimed she, with surprise, "is that you? Oh, what a turn you've given me! Do come in, dear. How poorly and tired you do look!"

Ejaculating astonishment and kindly welcome, she led me into the little front room, and forced me to sit down in an old armchair.

"Now sit down there and rest while I get you a nice cup of tea; I'm sure you must want it. Dear me!—the idea of seeing you! How long have you been here, and what's brought you up; something wrong down there? But there! don't answer any of my questions till you've had something, for I'm sure you look half dead."

Bustling about all the time she was talking, putting the cups and saucers, and preparing the meal. Then she called in her mother from the back to see Master Silas, whom she had talked about so much. Her mother was a very stout, kindly looking woman, who came in wiping the soap suds off her arms, and who welcomed me as sincerely as her daughter did.

After a hearty tea I felt better. I then proceeded to satisfy Martha's curiosity, which was all on edge; and while I was about it I made a clean breast of every circumstance, from the time that I overheard the first conversation between the Rev. Mr. Porter and his daughter, until the day of my marriage. Passing over the month, upon the events of which I told her my lips were sealed, I related the particulars of my flight. This long narrative, of course, was not given without repeated interruptions on her part.

"There! I always said you was bewitched. She ought to be burnt. The wicked old hypocrite, he ought to have six months! That's the reason they gave me notice, because I shouldn't see too much; but, you know, a marriage can't stand good that's brought about by witchcraft. She can't be your lawful wife."

"She is no more my wife than you are, Martha," I answered; but, the next moment, for various reasons, I was sorry that I spoke so openly.

"Only think of that, now! What a wicked, unnatural creature she must be!" cried Martha. "But what a mercy it is that you're out of their clutches; I'm sure my heart always felt for you. I was in a way when I heard you was to be married. I knew some awful villainy was going on. But what a pity you didn't hear more about that grim old woman that he followed from Gray's Inn! You might have found out your relations, and—who knows?—they may be rich people."

"Rich people wouldn't be likely to own one of the Rev. Mr. Porter's boarders," I answered bitterly.

"Ah, poor lads, they're much to be pitied," sighed Martha. "And now, Master Silas, what do you mean to do?"

"I must get some employment," I answered, vaguely.

Martha brightened up. "Well, well, we must see about something for you; but there's one thing I can tell you—you shan't want a meal's victuals while I've one to share with you."

I pressed her hand warmly, assuring her, however, that I could not think of taking anything from her.

"Nonsense, nonsense! if you say that again, you'll seriously offend me. I shall never miss whatever I give to you; and who knows but what you may be rich some day, and then think what a profit I shall get out of your gratitude! But the first thing we must see about is your dress; you can't go about like that. The idea of dressing a young man up that fright! It's shameful!"

It was now night, and just as the candles were lit Martha's father came in. He was a porter at a railway station; a melancholy, wiry looking man, who sat in a corner without speaking a word.

The next consideration was where I should sleep. "We haven't an inch of room here; mother's got two lodgers, who sleep in the second room upstairs and I've to make a shift down here."

After a little discussion it was discovered that Mrs. Jackson, two doors above, had a spare bed, and thither I went.

The lodging was neither particularly comfortable nor particularly clean, but I was too worn out with fatigue to be fastidious; and in spite of its shortcomings, I fell asleep almost the moment I laid my weary head upon the pillow.

CHAPTER XI.

Until 10 o'clock next morning I slept a calm, dreamless sleep, and arose more fresh and invigorated than I had felt for months. It had been arranged that I should breakfast at Martha's. So accordingly, as soon as I was washed and dressed, I adjourned to No. 3. Two strange men were in the room when I went in.

The elder of the two was a tall, thin man, with a sallow complexion, sharp, aquiline features, hollow cheeks, full beard and mustache, and dark, grizzled hair, which he wore very long and parted in the center. He was dressed in seedy black; an extremely open waistcoat displayed a somewhat dilapidated fancy shirt front, very much soiled and crumpled. A frayed black satin necktie surrounded a very frayed and limp shirt collar; his boots were old and patched, but they were the remains of what had once been radiant patent leather. His hands were white, and carefully tended, and ornamented with two large brass rings. He greeted me with great politeness as I entered.

His companion was a young man of about twenty; full-faced, rather sanguine complexion, with an expression of oddly mixed good-nature and self-satisfaction. His dress was less pretentious than that of the elder, although there was the same style of shabby gentility and the second-hand clothes shop.

Martha introduced the elder as "Professor Montgomery," and the younger as Mr. Fitzwalton. The elder acknowledged the introduction with an air of great politeness; the younger, with a familiar nod, and a twinkle of amusement in his eye at my odd appearance, which slowly changed to one of doubting recognition; an expression which was reflected in my own face; for, in Mr. Adolphus Fitzwalton, I believed that I recognized my whilom bed-fellow, Josiah Cook. We both came to the same conclusion at the same moment.

"Can it be possible——"

"It can't be——"

"That you are Josiah Cook?"

"What! Silas Garston?"

Martha, who was preparing my breakfast, looked very much astonished at this recognition.

"One of the Rev. Mr. Porter's old boarders," I said, in explanation.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you know that old hypocrite?" cried Josiah, turning round to her.

"She was servant there for two years—only left about a month ago," I said, answering for her.

"Well, if this isn't the queerest start I ever knew," cried Josiah. "Whoever should have thought of seeing you here. What are you doing? How's old Snuffles getting on? Has Miss Gooseberry eyes got a husband yet?"

These questions were very embarrassing, and I should have been greatly put to for an answer, but Martha came to my assistance.

"Well, look here, Mr. Fitzwalton," she said with a sign to me; "Master Silas has got some very particular business on hand just now that obliges him to be cautious, so I know you'll excuse him answering your questions for a day or two."

"Oh, I don't want to pry into anybody's secrets," retorted Josiah, with something of pique in his tone.

There was an awkward silence for some minutes, during which I discussed my breakfast, with the embarrassing sensation that the "Professor," as I afterwards heard he liked to be called, was sharply scrutinizing me.

It was impossible for Josiah to keep silent for any length of time, or to refrain from talking about himself. So, in spite of my reticence, he soon put me in possession of the whole of his history, from the time he quitted Mr. Porter's establishment up to the time in which I found him sitting in Mrs. Jennings' parlor.

"Do you remember that night you got out of window, and I took you to the theater? Well, you see, I didn't care for the printing business much. I had a soul above scraping rollers and rolling ink; and, from the first night I went into the theater I was 'stage struck.' It seemed such a jolly, easy life; and such a glorious thing to see all the plays, and act in them, and get rounds of applause, and wear fine clothes, so I determined to be an actor. I had the impudence to apply to old Tomkins, the manager of Bury, for an engagement. His answer was to kick me out of the theater as a presumptuous young ape. But, although this hurt my pride, it did not damp my ardor. I heard of a booth two or three miles off. One evening I walked over to the village and offered my services there. They happened to be in want of some one to pull up the scenes, deliver the bills and go on for small parts. I was engaged at once. The printing business saw me no more. So instead of rolling ink, I rolled up scenes. I was very happy for a time, especially when I got a few lines to speak. By and by I grew ambitious and soared in imagination from the first officer to Macduff, and even to Macbeth. I got disgusted with the menial portion of my work; and one fine morning, at a fair, deserted to an opposition show, next door, where, in a spangled tunic, and a pair of russet boots, I scowled ferociously at my old companions. Then I managed to get taken on as super at one of the big theaters, and knowing something about the business, got promoted to super-master. There I met my esteemed friend, 'the Professor,' a gentleman who can write B. A. after his name; who has moved in the most distinguished circles, but who, being at present under a cloud, is compelled to play General Util at the Royal Corinthian Theater."

"But what sort of characters do you take?" I inquired, referring back, in my mind, to my solitary theatrical experience.

"Oh, I veer between the heavy business and the light comedy," he answered carelessly.

"Yes; between carrying on the chairs and tables and the candles," dryly remarked his friend, speaking for the first time.

"Oh, hang it, I say, now!" expostulated Josiah. "You know the stage manager is very much struck with me, and intends giving me a small part in the new piece. Once let me get my nose in, and I'll show them what I can do."

"You may more correctly say that the stage manager was struck by you," again remarked the Professor, in the same sarcastic vein. "I thought you had broken his nose with that banner the other night; in his best scene, too—just as he was working up. He expressed his admiration of you in very strong terms; it is a wonder you did not get your nose between his fingers."

Josiah was getting very angry. To avert a quarrel, I asked who "General Util" was.

"A person who's supposed to be able to do everything, and consequently do nothing, and who's bullied for everybody else's blunders," spitefully replied Josiah.

After a little more bickering, the two friends, as I suppose I must style them, went out for a walk. I felt quite relieved at being freed from the strange, scrutinizing glance of Mr. Montgomery's eyes, that had scarcely ever been taken off me the whole time he remained in the room. After this, Martha came, and I had a little quiet talk.

"I couldn't go to sleep for hours last night, thinking of what you'd better do," she said. "A clerkship is what you want; but, you see, you've got no references, and it is so hard to get a situation without them—and, indeed, with them, for the matter of that. I think you ought to try and find out your friends; you know the name of the lawyers that Mr. Porter drew the money from. I think you ought to go to them."

"Suppose they were to hand me over to that man again?" I said, shuddering.

"True!—and not being one-and-twenty yet, you are not your own master. Now, there was a thought came into my head, though I scarcely think it worth while to mention it, as I should hardly like to advise you on such a point."

(To be continued.)

HAIR COMBING IN PUBLIC.

Foreigners Cannot Understand the American Girl.

"It is the most extraordinary thing the way you women over here comb your hair at the theaters," exclaimed a foreigner. "I've just been watching that girl over there.

"She has taken every comb out of her hair, run it up the back of her head several times and then replaced it. Now she is patting her hair to see that it is all as she wishes it to be.

"I've seen lots of girls over here go through the performance. Rather shocking, when you come to think of it. Look at this one—she's going to do the same thing!"

It was a very fuzzy blonde head that was being combed this time. A good many sweeps of the big side combs were needed to bring together the little frowsy curls that had sprung their confines and were hanging down from the pompadour.

The girl's gestures in arranging her hair were not in the least furtive. They were as deliberate as though she were standing before her bureau at home.

"Can't see exactly how it ever started," murmured the American whose attention had been called to her countrywoman's action. "I never do it myself, but I'm afraid that I have seen so many girls do it that I have become hardened to the sight.

"I remember an American woman's look of disgust when she saw a Frenchman comb his mustache in public. That's pretty bad, too; but this is in my eyes the more awful, for one expects daintiness and charm from women, and this energetic combing and arrangement of hair in public places is extremely vulgar."—New York Sun.

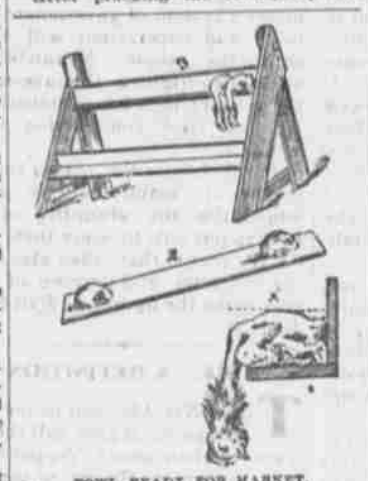
In buying fish, the gills should be red.

FARM AND GARDEN

Fowls For Market.

While the main consideration to the consumer is that the fowl should be reasonably plump and properly picked, the large city merchants demand certain things in the way of packing which the poultry raiser must carry out if he would be successful in such markets. One of the things is that the fowls be "shaped" before they are packed, and while this process makes a form that is not particularly pleasing, it is, perhaps, better than the misshapen fowls which would result if they were placed in boxes or barrels without any sign of packing. To make a shaper, first build a frame and then in this frame construct two troughs, each ten feet long. These troughs are constructed by nailing together two boards, seven-eighths of an inch thick and six inches wide, at right angles.

After plucking the fowls, lay the

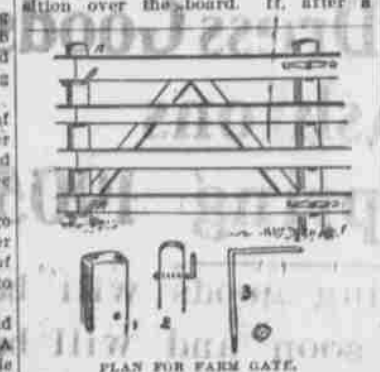


FOWL READY FOR MARKET.

carcasses in the trough, with the heads hanging down, the legs alongside the breast and the breast downward. By gentle pressure force the carcass down into the angle of the trough. Cover each carcass with oiled paper; then have an inch board six inches wide to lay on the carcasses, and weight this board down with a brick or heavy stone at either end. As the carcass of the bird is slipped under the board, move the lower brick or stone to obtain the weight. The carcasses should be kept in this position for six or seven hours, and they will then be shaped and ready for packing in crates. The illustration shows the construction of this shaper in detail, and, as will be seen, any handy man can construct it readily.—Indianapolis News.

Making a Farm Gate.

When a gate is of considerable length, as farm gates must be to let a wagon pass through, there is always danger that they will sag, and mainly because the device used for the latch is faulty. Try the following plan of constructing a latch and see if it does not work well: Have the blacksmith bend a piece of half-inch round iron in L shape, making one arm one-quarter of an inch longer than the thickness of the post and the gate-board; the other arm should be about ten inches long. Bore a hole through the post under the board near the edge of the post, put the threaded end of the bent iron through and screw on the nut. Have the same arrangement at the lower part of the gate. When the gate is to be closed, turn the bar so that it will not be in the way and so when the gate is closed it will rest on the bar. Then turn the bar back so that the upright piece will be in position over the board. If, after a



PLAN FOR FARM GATE.

while, the bar works too readily, a nail may be placed in position, against which the bar will rest when it is turned.

The illustration, with the drawn details, shows the whole plan in such a clear manner that anyone can construct such a gate and attach the latches.

Artichokes.

In fattening hogs, and in providing a special class of suitable fodder for sows just over the weaning of their pigs, artichokes give splendid results and pay well to grow. Pigs turned into a patch of artichokes regain healthy digestive functions, and secure exercise in rooting up the tubers. Deep cultivation is essential to a good crop, as well as heavy manuring with farmyard manure.

Honesty in Horse Trades.

To recover damages in a horse trade, it is necessary to prove willful deception. A horse was sold represented to be all right in every way, but when the buyer placed it in the wagon, it kicked the front of the vehicle to pieces. In the lawsuit following, the defense was that the horse was a quiet worker when the defendant had it, but that it had never drawn any vehicle of the kind in question. The judge said he believed that the defendant represented what he believed to be true when selling the horse, which was a young and only partly trained animal, and the verdict was for the defendant.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

The Boy on the Farm.

Have you got a boy? Does he get up early, milk cows, feed team, cattle and pigs? Does he take the team and plow or drag, or rake, or mow all day? What are you doing for him? Do you give him anything at all except his board and clothes and a little schooling in winter? What inducement do you offer him to stay with you and help you on the farm?

Suppose that instead of enforcing your legal claims to his services until he is of age, and thus disgusting him with farm life, and paving the way toward an unloved, neglected old age for yourself, you do the fair thing by this boy. Give him something for his own, let him be earning and saving a little money. Don't deny him the opportunity of an education if he desires one, for an ignorant man is surely going to be placed at a fearful disadvantage in the coming years; give him the best team and the best tools to work with and encourage him by kind appreciation. The reason so many boys leave the farm disgusted is because they are treated like little slaves by selfish, avaricious parents. You can treat a boy like a horse, or an ox, but the horse or ox will not run off, and the boys can and will, and we don't blame them.—Home Monthly.

Measuring Corn in Crib.

The common practice is to call two bushels of corn on the cob a bushel of shelled corn. This is not strictly correct, and in some States the legal bushel of ears is seventy pounds. But assuming that two bushels make but one, it will be easy to multiply the length, breadth and height of the crib in inches and thus get the number of cubic inches it contains. Then divide this by 2,150, the number of cubic inches in a bushel, and you have the number of bushels of ears. This divided by two will give you the approximate shelled corn. Another rule is that two cubic feet of dry corn on the cob will make a bushel of shelled corn. Then measure the length, breadth and height of the crib and divide these cubic feet by two to get bushels of shelled corn. These two methods will give a wide difference, for in a crib measuring twenty feet long, ten feet high and ten feet wide there should be by the first method a little over 800 bushels, while by the last method there would be 1,000 bushels. We do not believe that either method is perfectly accurate, and that the true measure lies between the two, the first being too small and the last too large.—St. Louis Republic.

Use For Old Axes.

Cast-off axes can be made useful, as shown in the cut. The best use for this tool is for loading and unloading ties off a truck. It will save a lot of heavy lifting and tugging. A slight blow will sink it into a tie. The part shown by dotted line, is cut out, while the remaining part is hammered out and pointed. I am a blacksmith by trade, and made twenty-five of these useful implements last winter.—W. B. Kelley, in Farm and Home.

MADE OVER AX.

Loss in Cured Fodder.

It has been found at the Ontario Experiment Station that the smallest necessary loss in curing occurs when the corn is fairly well matured and well eared, and contains not less than 30 to 35 per cent of dry matter. For clover the results indicate that 28 to 32 per cent of dry matter is better than a lower or higher per cent. Corn well matured and just in the glazing stage with the leaves still green is in the proper condition for the silo, and clover in full bloom, or a trifle past, and in good condition for hay, but not too dry, is the proper stage for this.

English Wheat.

The wheat crop of England is the smallest on record, surpassing even the previous lowest record of 1895. The trouble is not wholly due to an unfavorable season, but is the result of the steady shrinkage in acreage caused by the land being used for other crops.

Sheep Notes.

Feed only what the sheep will eat up clean.

Divide the flock according to age, size and sex.

Arrange to afford the ewes plenty of opportunity to exercise.

Feed the fleece and at the same time feed the body which is to produce it.

The foods which conduce most to bodily growth will make the best wool.

In order to get a good fleece the sheep must be kept in a vigorous condition.

A well-growing and vigorous condition in the sheep is best for wool growing.

Don't buy a ram unless he has a good length of wool on his belly and legs.

Following the careful selection in buying and judicious breeding come the factors of care and feed.

Sheep are rustlers, gleaners, scavengers and quarterly dividend payers, for they give you wool, lambs and mutton.

Wool is very nitrogenous, and to grow a good fleece of wool with a strong fiber and of good quality, feed something rich in nitrogen.

FACTS ABOUT KISSING.

Japanese and South Sea Islanders Only Nations Not to Indulge.

Kissing is a science, a convention, an ethnological trait, and many other things, says the London Free Lance. This is not very clear, but those who have endeavored to explain all that underlies it have written bulky volumes sufficient in themselves to fill the shelf of a fair-sized library.

Mr. Squeers' educational method was, as every student of Dickens knows, at once direct and unequivocal. He didn't bother about books or professional disquisitions. To such of his pupils as had an inquiring mind on the subject his injunction was: "Learn to spell it, and then go and do it, and then you'll know all about it!" A process which, if Mr. Squeers' pupils grew up as all other people grow up, they would undoubtedly exploit. At the tender period at which the advice was received the trouble involved in the spelling was probably far greater than the after demonstration of the effect.

But kissing is not always unattended with danger. In the year 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, Thomas Savuland was ungallant enough to bring an action against Miss Caroline Neuton for having bitten a piece out of his nose when he attempted to kiss her for a joke. The judge held that he tried to kiss her in earnest and laid it down as a definite ruling that "when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she pleases."

This ruling stands, and so those who have not yet learned that kissing is no joke had better be wary of their noses.

A dictionary has defined a kiss as "a pressure of the mouth against the body;" but this is spiritless, even if accurate.

It would be just as satisfactory to define a picture as "a pressure of paint against canvas." It leaves untouched the whole indefinable pleasure of kissing, the fact that it is indefinable being perhaps its best excuse, as it is Mr. Squeers' justification.

Our allies, the Japanese, share with the South Sea Islanders the unique distinction of being the only nations to whom kissing is unknown. If, however, the new treaty leads to much practical intercourse, it is fairly certain that Jack ashore (in Japan) will teach the geisha how much they have yet to learn.

It is almost impossible to subdivide the various kisses which one is obliged to give in one's lifetime, all of which are very different from the kiss one gives one's best girl.

You are bound to kiss your maiden aunt or your mother-in-law or your friend's new baby. There are kisses which you give, well, because you have to, and kisses which you give as you cast bread on the waters, hoping that they will return to you after as few days as possible and not in kind.

The Romans had three kinds of kisses, which they termed oscula, basia and suavia. Martial, when he returned to Rome after a few years' absence, was so deluged with "suavia" that he wrote furious epigrams about them to stem the flood of admirers. Lieutenant Hobson, in our times, was almost similarly overwhelmed. In the German dictionaries there are definitions of some thirty different sorts of kisses, in addition to the world-wide "liebes kuss," which every one, except the Japs and the South Sea Islanders, fall into the habit of giving and taking quite easily.

Another kiss, which one might call the diplomatic kiss, is reserved almost exclusively for royalties. This is always seized on by the illustrated papers as good pictorial copy, but the artist has not yet been caught who managed to invest the function with that ideality which would successfully hide its clumsiness.

ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST SCULPTORS.

James Edward Kelly is one of America's foremost sculptors. His most recent achievement has been the beautiful bronze panel entitled "The Prayer of Washington at Valley Forge." This notable work of art represents the figure of Washington, in the familiar uniform of a Continental officer kneeling in the attitude of prayer, his eyes lifted heavenward. In the thicket in the background his horse awaits impatiently his master's coming. The bronze commemorates an actual incident in the life of Washington. Mr. Kelly is a native of New York City and was educated in the public schools. He studied art in the National Academy of Design and began his artistic career as a wood engraver, finding an excellent field in the magazines. When wood engraving was supplanted by the less expensive process illustration Mr. Kelly turned his attention to sculpture and soon made a reputation. He was one of the founders of the Art Students' League.

JAMES E. KELLY.

Very Considerate.

Careful Husband—Bye the bye, I noticed a mistake of five shillings in the butcher's bill this morning, Laura. Wife—Then I had better drive around there and see about it. Careful Husband—I was thinking of that, but the mistake is in our favor. Wife—Oh, then we had better take no notice of it. We might get some one into trouble, you know.—Tit-Bits.

Half the things people say are regretted later.