

# Bound by a Spell

**CHAPTER XIII.**

It was the day that I was to visit Clara. I woke with the dawn. For the first time in my life, I took pains with my toilet. I carefully brushed my hair in different ways, trying which was the more becoming. But with all my pains, I cut but a very sorry figure.

"Dear me, how spruce you look this morning!" said Martha, as I came down to breakfast. "And you started, too!"

Before 10 o'clock I was in the neighborhood of her house. It was too early to go there yet; so I lingered about for a time. How very awkward it was that I had no knowledge of her name! I had quite forgotten to ask it. As the time drew near I began to feel nervous. A church clock struck eleven as I timidly knocked at the door. It was answered by a stout, good tempered looking old lady. "You have a young lady staying here," I began, in a hesitating tone.

"Oh, you are the young man that Miss Clara expects, I suppose." Saying which, the old lady deliberately drew a pair of spectacles out of her pocket, and adjusting them, carefully scrutinized me. My appearance seemed to satisfy her, for she said, in a more friendly tone, "Walk in, young man; Miss Clara will be with you directly."

She showed me into a neat little parlor. Upon the table were several water-colored drawings, some finished, some unfinished; also some Berlin wool work. Bouquets of flowers were everywhere; upon the table amidst the work, upon the mantelpiece in two vases, upon a little stand facing the window, and upon the cottage piano that stood in a corner. The air was loaded with their perfume. In a few moments the door opened and Clara came into the room.

"You have come, then," she said, with her sweet, melancholy smile.

As if aught but death or imprisonment could have kept me away!

She painted water-color pictures, and did Berlin wool work for the shops, she told me. She sat down at once and began her work, and I waited upon her, washed her brushes, ground her colors, adjusted the blind, and between three little offices I watched her busy fingers; but oftener my eyes were upon her face, gazing its every lineament upon my memory. Never have I looked upon another face so spiritually beautiful. It was one of those heads that the old Italian painters loved to give to their Angels and Madonnas, so perfectly serene, so utterly free from human passions. The fair wavy hair, untrammelled by art; the oval face, neither full, nor thin, but perfectly smooth; the low forehead; the blue eyes; the straight Grecian nose; the small mouth; the swelling, gracefully arched neck; the skin so delicately white, tinted upon the cheeks with the faintest carnation. Her figure was of about the middle height, exquisitely graceful, yet painfully fragile. She wore a black dress, made high to the neck, with a small, plain white collar.

"We talked very little; she was too busy with her work, and silence was more congenial with our mood.

At 3 o'clock Mrs. Wilson called us to dinner, which we took in a breakfast parlor below. The old lady was very chatty and very curious, and asked me a great number of indirect questions; those I did not care to answer I contrived pretty skillfully to evade.

"You must excuse my questions, sir," she said; "but although Miss Clara, sir, is no relation of mine, and, indeed, I know nothing about her, still I feel as much interested in her as though she were my own child; she is so innocent, and knows so little about the world, that it's quite necessary that she should have some one to look after her. Now, you are the first visitor that she has ever had, and she has lived with me these two years. But, when she came home last night she told me that she had met an old acquaintance who was coming to see her; that he had come to the city in search of employment, and had no friends nor acquaintances, and was so dreadfully miserable that it made her quite unhappy to see him. At first, I set my face against it, but she soon coaxed me over, and I compromised the matter by saying that you should come this once, but that if I did not approve of you, it was to be the first and the last visit. But I must say you seem a very nice, quiet, modest sort of young gentleman. And what kind of employment might you be seeking?"

I told her I had been usher at a school, but that at present I was doing copying. I did not say of what kind. The old lady remarked that an usher's was a very genteel sort of employment. Altogether she seemed very well satisfied with me.

In the evening Mrs. Wilson brought her sewing up into the parlor, and proposed that I should read to them. And so the evening passed on, oh, so rapidly, until I could no longer see in the darkening twilight, and then we all sat near the window; Mrs. Wilson chatting, I and Clara silent. She gazing into the street, with that absent look so common to her; I watching every motion of her face, as it grew more and more indistinct in the deepening shadows. Lights were brought, and then we went down to supper, and then it was time to go.

"You will come and see me again, won't you?" she said, as she gave me her hand at the gate.

I wanted no pressing, and arranged that I would come again on Monday. She wished me good night, and went in and closed the door, and the day was ended—the day whose blissful memories will never fade from my heart.

That day was the precursor of many like ones, until, in a short time, I could perceive that she looked forward to my coming with expectancy, and that my presence had become a thing almost necessary to her. She looked for me to hand her the painting materials, to grind the colors, to select her skeins of wool, to sit at her feet and read to her some pleasant book; while, between the lights, she would sit at the piano and improvise strange, weird, plaintive melodies.

It was a strange communion, ours. In it we lived only in the present moment. We never spoke of a past or of a future, for we wished to be happy; and, to both, the past was hideous, the fu-

ture ominous. Thus I knew nothing of her past life, nor did I wish to know. Like her, I did not wish the happiness of the present to be marred by one painful image.

She had lived with Mrs. Wilson above two years, yet even she knew nothing of her life for a single day before she came to her. "I have always had good references before I would take any one into my house," said the old lady, "especially young ladies without friends; but she said she could give me none, and she looked so innocent and good that I took a fancy to her upon the spot; and I have never had cause to regret it, for a dearer, purer creature never entered a house, and I feel for her quite as if she was my own child. But I must say that I do feel curious about her, and often think what a mystery she is. She is so strange at times, and so unlike any other young lady I ever met."

With my old reticence, I told Martha no word of Clara. I begged my secret with selfish tenacity, as something too precious to be shared. She wondered at my unaccounted for absences, and I think felt hurt that I did not confide in her. She frequently remarked upon my changed appearance.

"I do declare," she used to say, "that I never saw any one so altered for the best as you are, Master Silas! Why, you've got to look quite handsome lately!"

In the meantime I was not idle. Mr. Montgomery brought me more copies to do, and in order that my visits might not interfere with my work, I frequently sat up all night writing. My expenses were very small, and even with the little I earned, I contrived to cover them. What more could I desire? I was more than happy, for I was living in an ideal world.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

One day Mr. Montgomery invited me to pay a visit to the Royal Corinthian Theater. There had been a time when no proposition could have been so delightful to me; but since those days I had soared into higher regions of idealism than the theater could represent. Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation, and one evening I accompanied him and Josiah.

While I was standing in the side scenes, looking at the play, some strangers came through a private door that led from the boxes. They were gentlemen, dressed in full evening costume. After a casual glance I again gave my attention to the stage. Presently I heard a noise close behind me, whose tones sounded familiar in my ears. Turning round, I saw one of the gentlemen talking to an actress. In an instant I recognized Mr. Rodwell. It was a shock, in which, for an instant, I forgot the stage and everything about me. I averted my head, and dared not move lest he should recognize me. But I soon began to think how improbable this was that he would do so in such a situation, and with my altered appearance.

I screwed up my courage, and turned round to leave the spot, when, just as I was brushing past the object of my fears, adverse fortune brought Josiah Cook across my path.

"Hello, Silas, old fellow, how are you enjoying yourself?" he cried, as he passed me.

Instinctively I cast a glance upon Mr. Rodwell. I saw him start and look me full in the face. A row of gaslights leaning against the side scene glared full upon us both. His gaze dwelt upon me for an instant, but he gave no sign of recognition, and went on talking as before. I fondly hoped that he did not remember me.

Quick on the heels of Josiah followed Mr. Montgomery. He nodded to me, and was passing on when, observing Mr. Rodwell, he stopped suddenly, stared at him for a moment, then, clapping his hand upon his shoulder, cried in a familiar tone, "How do you do, Mr. Rodwell?"

He was dressed as an old man, wore a wig, and was otherwise disguised. The gentleman whom he addressed honored him with a haughty stare.

"It is some time since we have met, and I suppose you do not remember 'the Professor' in this dress?"

Mr. Rodwell looked disconcerted at this remark.

"I certainly did not remember you," he said, coldly.

I did not hear more of what passed between them, and should not have heard this had not my passage been blocked for a moment by a change of scene. I was only too glad to get away from the vicinity as soon as I could make my escape.

All enjoyment was over for that evening, and I would have chosen rather to have gone home at once; but as I had accompanied my fellow lodgers to the theater, I thought it would appear strange to leave without them. So, having obtained permission, I went into the pit to witness the rest of the performance. I did not see anything more of Mr. Rodwell that night, but I could not shake off a feeling of depression, and a presentiment that this meeting boded me some ill.

I waited at the stage door until my companions were dressed. But instead of immediately wending their way homeward, they expressed an intention of adjourning to a public house, and insisted upon my accompanying them. I had never been in such a place before, and the noise and smoke quite mazed me.

Mr. Montgomery called for supper, and threw down a coin.

"Hello!" cried Josiah, staring in blank astonishment; "have you been robbing a bank?"

"No; I have only been bleeding a friend," was the answer.

I soon began to very heartily wish that I had gone home by myself. Mr. Montgomery insisted upon drinking; and that, together with the atmosphere I was inhaling, quickly affected my brain.

When we reached Kacketra's buildings they would not permit me to go to my own lodgings. I must go into Mrs. Jennings' and spend half an hour with them.

"You don't smoke, Silas?" he said to me.

# AGRICULTURAL



## Retaining Manure Values.

There is probably no better way of handling manure made in feeding cattle loose in stables than to apply litter daily to absorb the liquids and keep the cattle clean and allow the manure to accumulate under the cattle.

It was once supposed that if manure was kept under cover its fertility would not be appreciably wasted. The Department of Agriculture finds that large losses may occur, though not to such an extent, of course, as from the open yard manure pile.

The best way to keep manure seems to be to pack it into a solid mass, and exclude the air. In a somewhat similar manner to the way silage is put up. The department notes experiments where steer manure was kept in deep stalls under the feet of the animals for months, as against the method of cleaning the stall out daily and storing in a compact heap under cover, enough fine cut litter being used each day to apparently absorb all the liquid manure. The deep stall manure was trampled to a very dark, compact mass and there was very little loss of the valuable fertilizing constituents—nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. With the manure kept in heaps one-third of the nitrogen, one-fifth of the potash and one-seventh of the phosphoric acid was lost, the total money value of the losses being equivalent to \$2.50 for each steer stalled for six months.

Manure, it is stated, can be kept almost perfectly, so far as the fertilizer constituents are concerned, by use of the "deep stall" system. Experiments show, however, that nitrogen is lost very rapidly by such a method, if it be allowed to lie after the removal of the stock, without such covering as will retain the moisture and exclude the air.

## Egyptians Beat Harvey.

Circulation of the Blood Known to Their Doctors 5,000 Years Ago.

The Harvey oration at the Royal College of Physicians, London, was delivered this year by Dr. Richard Caton, F. R. C. P. In the course of his remarks he said that Harvey was almost anticipated 5,000 years ago by the priest-doctors of Egypt in his momentous discovery of the circulation of the blood.

As far back as 4000 B. C. Egypt had works on medicine and anatomy, and one brilliant genius—forgotten nowadays and omitted from the cyclopedias—Im-hotep, priest of the sun god Ra, and physician to King Torsotrotho, became so eminent that he was revered as a demigod after death, a temple was built over his tomb, and in his honor hospitals were raised in Memphis and other cities. Here the priest-physicians treated the sick and embalmed the bodies of men and sacred animals.

These were probably, Dr. Caton thinks, the first of mankind to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the movement of the blood. Their papyrus contain intelligent references to the heart, the blood vessels and the pulse. Of the heart in particular they knew much, and their writings refer to its enlargement, fatty degeneration, displacement, palpitation and pericardial effusion. One remarkable passage of these old-world inquirers speaks of distension of the heart and shortness of breath as occurring because the blood has stagnated and does not circulate properly.

Not Greece, therefore, but Egypt, long before Galen and Hippocrates, was the motherland of rational medicine and anatomy. The views of the Greeks on the circulation of the blood were almost exactly those which the Egyptians had taught many centuries earlier.

On one remarkable means of treatment for incipient valvular disease of the heart which these long-forgotten Nile doctors taught Dr. Caton laid great stress. It was the method recommended at least 4,000 years ago to let the heart have as much rest as possible—a wise injunction, said the Harveian orator, which we may yet practice with advantage. Im-hotep seems to have been an all-round genius—physician, architect, astronomer, alchemist—so illustrious that after death he was reputed the son of the supreme deity, Ptah—all this and yet nearly lost to fame.

## The Modern Farm in Germany.

Electricity for farming purposes has probably been developed more in Germany than in any other country. A large number of German estates are now run almost entirely by it, the smaller ones being equipped usually in groups from a single power plant, as at Chottorf, while many of the large estates have their own private plants. A striking example of this latter class is the farm of Prof. Backhaus, at Quedau, in the eastern part of Prussia, which covers an area of 450 acres and has a dairy producing about 1,000 gallons of milk per day. The buildings are all lighted by incandescent lamps and the grounds, in places, by arc lights. The current is supplied from a small central station containing a 50-horse power engine direct coupled to two generators, and a switchboard for the control of the various circuits, all parts of which are so simple and plainly marked that any farm hand can understand and operate it. In addition to the lighting, power is supplied for the pumping of water and the driving of saws, feed-cutting machines, a threshing and a grist mill, and an electric churn in the dairy. Besides these stationary power appliances there are a number of electrically-driven agricultural machines for use in the fields, including an automobile plow, all of which are run by storage batteries and may be charged at conveniently sub-stations. To round out the completeness of the equipment the barns are heated by electricity and ventilated by motor-driven fans and all parts of the farm have telephone intercommunication.—Engineering Record.

## Fence Rail Philosophy.

Knowledge is valueless if ignored. The man that saves his time saves his money.

A job that's worth doin' is always worth doin' about right.

Vim and vigor are the vital forces in achieving success.

The smallest event often becomes the greatest achievement.

If every man saved his time as he saves his money he would have money.

It's generally the afternoon farmer that goes into agony about hard times.

To have a show in these days a man must be an accumulator.

Failure establishes one thing—that your determination to succeed was weak.

It's no use denying when you've been outdone—better acknowledge the corn.

## Broken Branches.

When from accident, the effect of snow or ice, a large branch of a tree is broken, cut temporarily, leaving a foot or more to be cut again close to the trunk in the month of June, advises a Country Gentleman correspondent.

## Hog Notes.

Milk and bran make an excellent slop.

A strong maternal appearance should be the first consideration in a brood sow.

No sow carrying her young should be allowed to become constipated.

The brood sow and the growing pig should not be fed as the fattenings animal.

A sow may often be kept as a profitable breeder until she is seven years old.

Too early breeding weakens the material forces of the sow, causing small and weak litters.

To obtain the best results a sow should be in good flesh and gaining, not overfed when bred.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## One Hundred Years Ago.

French troops were ordered into the Neapolitan provinces.

The French fleet in the West Indies captured Nevis, the town of Basseterre, in St. Kitts.

England ordered that vessels carrying corn should be allowed in the ports of Spain, provided they carried no guns.

The court of Lisbon declared itself an ally of Spain and not of England.

The French fleet sailed from Toulon, with 8,000 troops, to occupy the ports of Sicily and Naples.

## Seventy-five Years Ago.

The Mormon church was organized at Manchester, N. Y., by Joseph Smith.

Daniel Webster made his great speech for the Union, in reply to Hoberst Y. Hayne, who was a radical upholder of State rights.

The Spanish government failed to raise the loan from the French capitalists to fit out an expedition against South America.

Ten thousand Mexicans were ordered to the borders of Texas to prevent the smuggling so largely carried on through Texas by Americans.

Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, made his famous speech in Congress in defense of State rights.

## Fifty Years Ago.

The French spoliation bill passed the House by a vote of 110 to 70 and went to the Senate.

The United States surveying steamer Water Witch, in ascending the Passaic, was fired on from the fort and one man killed.

The British home ministers resigned and Lord Palmerston later succeeded in forming a new ministry.

The first train passed over the Panama railroad.

The chapel and west wing of Rutledge College, South Carolina, was destroyed by fire.

## Forty Years Ago.

Navigation in the Potomac river was blocked by ice twelve inches thick below Washington.

F. P. Blair returned to Washington from his second trip to Richmond, and all sorts of reports were current as to the hearing of his visit on the outcome of the war.

The Illinois and Maryland legislatures ratified the anti-slavery constitutional amendment passed by Congress.

The constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery in the United States was passed by the House of Representatives.

The military court at Cincinnati sentenced S. B. Davis to be hanged as a Confederate spy.

## Thirty Years Ago.

News of the death of Tsai Shun, Emperor of China, reached London.

The constitutional commission of Maine turned down a woman's suffrage plank.

Day and night were spent in the national House of Representatives in repeated roll calls in an effort to take action on the civil rights bill.

A lockout in the coal mines of South Wales threw 120,000 men out of work.

An attempt to capture the James brothers at their home in Kearney, Mo., resulted in the killing of their young brother and the maiming of their mother, Mrs. Samuels, by a bomb.

The court declared his evidence admissible, and Theodore Tilton told from the witness stand in New York his charges against Henry Ward Beecher.

## Twenty Years Ago.

The big dry goods house of Garry Bros. in New York was wrecked by dynamite, supposedly by striking clerks.

John C. Spooner was elected United States Senator by the Wisconsin Legislature.

The inauguration of Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, delayed because of the death of his son, took place at Springfield.

The New Haven, Conn., Savings Bank weathered a run in which \$250,000 was paid out to depositors.

Fourteen persons were killed at Iverna, Italy, by a snowslide.

Capt. Crouch and his associate Oklahoma boomers were arraigned at Wichita, Kan., and held for trial.

## Ten Years Ago.

Ward McAllister, society director and organizer of the 400, died at his home in New York.

Mexico refused the proffer of Secretary Gresham to mediate in the Guatemala troubles.