

# Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Mr. Montgomery did not evince at the news the pleasure or the excitement that I expected; but a quiet smile of malignant satisfaction stole over his face. He merely remarked, "Then the Rev. Mr. Porter will have a visitor next Sunday that he little expects. Let me see," mused the Professor, "Bury St. Edmund's. I can take the early train on Sunday morning, and get back at night. I shall have plenty of time to do my business, and his, too."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Josiah.

"Never you mind; I will tell you all about it when I get back."

"Oh, what a jolly revenue it will be for all he made us suffer, to bowl the old typewriter out so clean!" cried Josiah, gleefully. "You can give mine and Silas's compliments."

"No, no; for heaven's sake, do not mention my name in any way!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Montgomery, turning sharply round and casting upon me one of his old scrutinizing glances.

"Because—because—" I could not give a reason. "Oh, please to promise that you will not speak of me!" I pleaded.

He did promise. But, somehow, I put very little faith in his keeping his word.

"When I was at old Brown's, the printer's," said Josiah, "I heard a good many things about our revered pastor, who was not in very good odor, except among his own sect, in spite of his sanctimoniousness. When he first came into the town, he was an open air preacher, with no chapel or congregation; but he managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of a bevy of old women; and upon the death of the minister of Little Bethlehem, which happened about the same time, the elders or deacons, or whatever they call themselves, of the chapel got him appointed. So he set himself up as a converted cobbler; and, as converted reprobrates of all kinds were the rage just then, he dropped into a tidy thing."

While we were yet talking, old Mr. Jennings came downstairs to go to his morning's work. We had sat up the whole night. It was just 5 o'clock. Spite of my new anxieties, I fell asleep the moment my head touched the pillow, and woke about five hours afterwards. Martha had a good laugh at my miserable looks when I went in to breakfast. Neither Mr. Montgomery nor Josiah appeared until much later. They took a newspaper between them and discussed it over their breakfast. While "the Professor" was languidly scanning the advertisement sheet, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, and read something with keen attention.

"Just cast your eye over that," he said, handing me the sheet, and pointing with his finger to a particular advertisement. With the utmost dismay, I read the following:

"Absconded, from Tabernacle House, near Bury St. Edmund, a young man, nineteen years of age, about five feet nine in height, slightly built, long, dark hair and dark eyes, small features, very pale complexion. Whoever will send information that will lead to the apprehension of the same to the Rev. Mr. Porter shall be handsomely rewarded. N. B.—Should this meet his eye, no further proceedings will be taken against him if he at once returns; but should he be apprehended, he will be proceeded against on a grave charge. The police are on his track."

The newspaper dropped from my hand and I thought I should have fainted. Martha was obliged to bathe my face with cold water to recover me. This little scene was not lost to the sharp eyes of Mr. Montgomery. I saw him quietly noting it, but he made no remark. Josiah began to hector, and boast what he would do if he were in my place.

I was to see Clara in the afternoon; and, for the first time, I felt told to meet her. That advertisement roused up a train of painful thoughts. What was I doing?—feeding a mad love for one woman, while another could claim me as her husband! How could it all end, but in misery? If Clara should learn to love me, and then discover all, what a monster she would think me!

In the face of such impending danger, but one course was open to me: to see her for the last time, bid her adieu, and then fly from her forever. Yes, I would do it, if my heart broke in the effort. I called in at Martha's as I passed by for something I had left there. Mr. Montgomery proposed to hear me company as far as our roads lay together.

"Don't you make yourself uneasy about that advertisement," he said, as we walked along. "It is half gas; especially that part about the police. He must set some value upon you to make this fuss. There's something more in this than you know of, or choose to tell," he added, with a sharp look. "I know Bill Stokes so well; he wouldn't take all this trouble without some very good reason. But, as I said before, don't frighten yourself. It is more than likely, before this day week, that he may be advertised for as 'absconded.'"

Had I looked through the newspaper that morning, I should have seen two other advertisements that concerned me equally with the one I did read. One ran thus:

"If the young man named S—C—, who left T—House, near B—St. E—, on the 31st of August last, will communicate with Messrs. Fogle & Quick, solicitors, Gray's Inn, he will hear something to his advantage."

This advertisement, which had been inserted for three consecutive days previously, was observed by Mr. Montgomery for the first time that morning, and not pointed out to me, for certain reasons of his own.

The second was couched in these terms:

"Should this meet the eye of the young man who deposited a suit of clothes with the owner of Rose Cottage, Slipperton, he will oblige by at once sending to, or calling personally upon, J. R. Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square."

This last, it observed by Mr. Montgomery, conveyed no meaning to him, as I had told the episode, to which it referred, only to Martha.

Had I seen and attended to those advertisements, how different might have been the catastrophe of this story!

CHAPTER XVII.

I was strong in brave resolves when I knocked at the door of the little house. But they were sadly shaken the moment it was opened by Clara herself. The sight of her sweet face, smiling upon me, cowed my bravery. "Have I come here to look upon her for the last time—to bid adieu to that smile forever?" I asked myself; and my heart sank, but it gave no response.

"We are all alone," she said, as we went into the parlor. "Mary is out, and so is Mrs. Wilson, wonderful to say."

She was working hard at her painting, as usual. I sat down upon a footstool at her feet, and gazed furtively up at her face. Never, methought, had she looked so lovely as she did that morning, in the soft, hazy, autumn sunlight.

Half an hour passed away, and we had not exchanged half a dozen words; but that was not at all uncommon, for I loved better to gaze and dream than to talk; and when at her work, she spoke but little. She dropped one of her brushes; and as I gave it to her, I held her hand for a moment fast locked in mine. When she looked down at me smilingly and saw me in tears, a look of concern came across her countenance.

"Would it make you very unhappy if I were to tell you that you might never see me again after this day?" I spoke in a low, choked voice, and the gathered tears burst forth from my eyelids, and fell upon her hand.

She did not appear to comprehend my words, as she asked, in a tone of troubled wonder, "What do you mean?"

I repeated my question, in a yet more trembling tone. I felt her hand more passive in mine, and her eyes drooped, and the carnation tinge deepened in her cheeks, as she answered, softly, "It would make me very unhappy to think so."

"Listen to me," I cried, kneeling at her feet, and clasping both her hands in mine. "From the time of our meeting, five years ago, I have loved you; from the time of our meeting a few weeks back I have adored you! Oh, tell me, do you love me? Answer me but one word, my darling, my love!" I cried again.

She raised her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropped them, with her cheek as crimson as my own. "I do love you, dearest—very much," she answered, in her low, soft voice.

I took her in my arms, and kissed her fervently; and her sweet, blushing face nestled upon my bosom like a bird seeking for shelter.

Where were my resolutions now?—my heroic self-sacrifice, my stoicism? Melted—gone—disappeared like snow before a fire, in the fervid ecstasy of that moment. I had come to pronounce an eternal farewell; I stayed to pronounce an inward oath that I would sweep away every obstacle, and win her yet for my own undisputed prize in the face of the whole world.

After a time we sat together near the window—I with my arm around her waist, and her hand clasped in mine. And thus we sat, silent—she, in one of her dreamy reveries; I, filled with gloomy forebodings.

For, now that the first ecstasy was passed—now I knew that her love was mine—the unnatural excitement of my brain subsided, the tension of my nerves relaxed, and the miserable rashness of what I had done was revealed to me in the gloomiest colors. I had sealed her misery, and increased my own tenfold.

"Do you not think," she said, suddenly, "that we are very strange people, you and I? I mean, that we are very unlike other people?"

"I have often thought so," I said.

"Do you not fancy the rest of the world would think us very silly people? Now, you do not even know my name."

"But you know nothing of me, so we are well paired. I know but little myself, but that you shall know."

"Not now, please, dear. Some day, when I am very brave, I will tell you all about myself."

Immediately afterwards, Mrs. Wilson returned, looking very cross. "I never did know such a gossiping creature as that servant next door—always talking to men, too. I don't know, I am sure, what her mistress is about to keep her. There she is, talking now to some strange, queer-looking man; and I am sure she is talking about us, for I saw him point to this house, and then he said something, and she laughed; she had better not laugh at my house; I won't put up with her impudence."

A strange man pointing to the house! What was there in such a commonplace circumstance to trouble me? But it did I went to the window, but he was not visible from there. I went to the door; both he and the servant had disappeared. I came in again and asked what the man was like.

"Oh, I don't know. I never notice such people. A foreign-looking fellow, with long hair," she answered, humbly.

Foreign looking, and long hair! Such a description would apply to Mr. Montgomery. Could he have followed me? And if he had, why should that disconcert me? He could not possibly have any motive beyond idle curiosity. Nevertheless, I could not reason myself out of a certain uneasiness respecting this strange man.

Mrs. Wilson did not recover the serenity of her temper until after tea. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I had visited a theater on the previous night. They did not know of my connection with the stage.

"I have never been to a theater but twice in my life, and then only when I was a little child, to see the pantomime," said Clara. "I thought it, then, the most glorious place I had ever seen. I wonder what I should think of it now? Oh, I should! so much like to go."

So it was arranged that we should go on Monday night. Clara was delighted

at the thought, and talked about nothing else; and so the evening glided pleasantly along until it was time for me to go.

Clara came to the door with me, and we stood for a few minutes upon the step, looking up at the clear, frosty sky, glittering with stars. I took her in my arms, kissed her, and wished her good night. I lingered for a few moments after she had closed the door, as though loth to quit the spot. I gazed at the house, and thought of the many happy days I had spent in it—the one that was just past—the happiest, and yet the most miserable of all.

Was there no presentiment mingled with this melancholy, that the end of all this had come? Darker and darker, closer and closer, gather the shadows round me. I must linger no longer upon the road. Events are hastening thick and fast; and I have much to tell ere I shall leave them behind, and reach the end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Saturday morning following the day with which I closed the last chapter, as the church clock was striking twelve, Mr. Montgomery, brushed up and cleaned up with unusual care, might have been seen ascending the dingy staircase that led to the offices of Messrs. Fogle & Quick, Gray's Inn.

Presenting himself in the clerk's office, he inquired if either of the principals was disengaged. As it happened, both were disengaged. His name was taken in, and immediately afterwards the messenger came back to announce that Messrs. Fogle & Quick would see him. He was ushered into an inner room, where he found himself in the presence of two dry, taciturn-looking gentlemen of some fifty to sixty years of age. Mr. Montgomery placed himself in such a position that no ray of light should fall upon his face. His voice, too, would have sounded strange, feigned, in the ears of those familiar with its usual tones.

Mr. Fogle demanded his business in the tone of a man with whom time is money, while Mr. Quick continued his examination of a box of deeds, after casting one rapid glance at the visitor.

Mr. Montgomery's answer was to produce a copy of the previous day's newspaper from his pocket, and point to an advertisement which has been already copied into these pages. He was polite in his manner, although very sparing of his speech.

"But you are not Silas Carston," said Mr. Fogle, sharply.

"I am not; but I am his representative," mumbled Mr. Montgomery, with a hesitation.

"Have you his written authority to represent him?"

There was the slightest shadow of hesitation in Mr. Montgomery's manner as he produced from his pocketbook a paper purporting to be written by Silas Carston, giving him, the bearer, full power to act as his, said Silas Carston's, representative in respect to any communication that Messrs. Fogle & Quick may have to make. The lawyer minutely scrutinized the document, and then the bearer. Neither seemed to inspire him with profound confidence.

"How do we know that Silas Carston has written this?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Why does not Silas Carston come here himself? Where is he now?"

"He cannot come himself. Your second question, I profoundly regret to say, I cannot answer. I have promised my friend Carston not to do so."

Mr. Fogle passed the paper to Mr. Quick, who also minutely examined it, shook his head, and turned again to his document box without uttering a word.

"We are not satisfied with your authority, and decline giving you any information. Mr. Carston must come himself," said Mr. Fogle, curtly.

"Then I presume you will return me that paper?"

"Certainly not; we shall retain it, and hand it over to Mr. Carston when we see him."

The Professor was posed, but he was too practiced a dissembler to betray it by any outward sign, for the lawyer's eye was upon him.

There was a whispered conference for a moment between the two partners. Then Mr. Fogle said, "Stay! We will give you our client's address, under whose instructions we are acting. She can use her own discretion as to whether she pleases to transact business with you. We thus relieve ourselves of all responsibility either way."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN ARCHERY SCORES.

Best of Reasons Why England Holds Unequaled Records in This Sport.

The scores made by American archers have never equaled the best English scores, for the sufficient reason that the sport has never been practiced in this country to the same extent, either in point of time or in the number of those who engage in it, as in England, where for more than a century past target shooting has been steadily and consistently pursued by gentlemen of leisure and by ladies, who have developed a high degree of skill. There have, however, been some very creditable American scores. The best American score at a national meeting, made by Col. Robert Williams, Jr., at Eaton, Ohio, in 1885, at the Double York round (665) is barely short of the 1,000 mark which is always classed as a notable score by English archers. The American championship scores made at the national meetings have usually ranged between 600 and 800. In 1902 the score was 653; in 1902, 622. L. W. Maxwell's six championship scores have ranged from 713 to 795. W. H. Thompson's best championship score is 700. Col. Williams has twice exceeded a score of 900 at a national meeting.

It seems needless to say that Americans, if they choose to apply themselves, could excel in archery. Marksmanship is an instinct with Americans, and, with natural aptness—all that is further necessary is practice and observation of the new fundamental rules which govern correct method. The requirements for a good archer, as stated by Ascham, are "aptness, knowledge and use."—Century.

A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.—Lew Wallace.

## VICE OF MONEY BORROWING.

Efforts to Clip the Claws of Modern Shylocks.

The Western Union Company has adopted a drastic remedy in New York for the curing of the borrowing habit among its employees and the suppression of the voracious money lenders who encourage the vice for self gain. Operators who are addicted to borrowing and patronize the Shylocks are being weeded out of the service. The practice of paying orders for salaries given to the money lenders as security for the loans grow into an intolerable nuisance. It is assumed that the discharge of the borrowers will drive the usurers out of business. It may have this result, but it is doubtful. The only effect it will probably have will be to discontinue the use of the cashier's office as a collection agency, for money lending on these lines is too profitable to be easily relinquished by the men engaged in it.

It would doubtless be a great boon to every large corporation in the country if the habit of borrowing by its employees could be permanently abolished. The corporations doing business in this city are afflicted by this practice. The voracious Shylock is in evidence in the neighborhood of the cashier's window every pay day to collect his "pound of flesh." And the warrant shaver is the curse of the City Hall, where the vice of borrowing from professional money lenders who carry their offices in their pockets has grown to enormous proportions.

If the history of many of the defaulters and embezzlers in private and public service could be fairly followed in nine cases out of ten probably the foundation for the crime would be traced to the act of borrowing from one of these accommodating money lenders to meet what may seem an urgent necessity at an outrageous rate of interest and the embarrassments which the act subsequently entailed. There are times in the career of most wage-earners when they must borrow to bridge over periods of financial distress. This is ordinarily the professional usurer's opportunity and he seizes it with avidity. Once his prey is in his net he keeps him there as long as he can continue to collect his victim's wages. The latter is seldom allowed to escape, and each month makes it more difficult to get out of the tangle which are constantly tightening around him. If this kind of borrowing and money lending could be effectually stopped it would be a blessing to society and it would doubtless remove one of the chief sources of anxiety of employers regarding those occupying positions of trust in their establishments. It would certainly go far toward elevating the standard of honesty in the public service.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## SAVES HIS LIFE BY NERVE.

Subway Trackman, Caught by Third Rail, Amazes Passengers by Coolness.

Thrown into panic by the blinding flash and loud report of an explosion on the third rail near the subway station at Ninety-sixth street yesterday afternoon, the terror of passengers was increased by seeing Michael Kennedy, a track overseer, being runstomped in the electric tangle. His timely turn to admiration for the man's nerve when they saw him running his rubber-gloved hand along the third rail to remove a cold chisel that had fallen and caused the explosion. After he had done this he was taken to an ambulance and hurried to the J. Hood Wright hospital, where he was swathed in bandages.

"I guess it's because it's Thanksgiving day and a lucky day for almost everybody that I lived through it," was all he said.

Kennedy had been detailed to tighten the nuts and bolts on the north-bound express tracks. When he had almost reached the station at Ninety-sixth street he discovered he could not use his wrench on the nuts because they were partly embedded in concrete. The only way he could tighten them was by using a cold chisel. This he held in his rubber-gloved hand. At the third blow the chisel slipped from the nut and hit the third rail. In a second Kennedy was enveloped in flame. It burned off his beard, seared his face and scorched his clothes. Only by shutting his eyes at the first flash did he save them from being burned out. Then he dragged himself away from the rail on which he had fallen, fortunately on his shoulder, with his clothing as insulation.

Knowing the chisel rested on the third rail and that the flames would continue until it was removed, Kennedy slid his gloved hand beneath the wooden cover and finally dislodged the piece of steel, thus ending his torture and the terror of the passengers, and, incidentally, a lot of trouble for the company.—New York Press.

## INDUSTRY IN HIS CALLING.

Father—And so you want to marry Mr. Brown, my dear. Well, now, do you think he shows proper industry in his calling? Daughter (indignantly)—I should think so. Why, he's called nearly every night for a month.

## THERE ARE DOGS AND DOGS.

Cynical Bachelor—You don't catch me tying up to some fleecy creature and leading a dog's life.

Would-Be Benedict—Oh, I don't know; it depends a good deal on the dog.—Baltimore American.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but there are times when a double-barrel shotgun is worth a carload of either.

No man particularly admires a woman who is so good that all her woman acquaintances like her.

## NOTED SOLDIER AUTHOR IS DEAD.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

General Lew Wallace, who died recently at his Crawfordsville (Ind.) home, crowded vast activity into his seventy-eight years of life. Born of distinguished stock and scoring early schooling, he took up law, interrupted it to serve in the Mexican War and resumed it when the fighting was over. His history in the Civil War is one of signal distinction and his services as governor of New Mexico and minister to Turkey are worthy no less honor. As an author his ability is best understood through "Ben-Hur," though he wrote several other books of high quality. In his long illness he showed the superb vitality that animated all his earlier years.

to coast lands in the Southern States supposed before then to be suitable for pasturage only. Now they are producing big crops of rice upon thousands of acres. American rice is a crop with a vast future.

Texas and Arizona are curiously handicapped as to irrigation by the present treaty with Mexico which forbids the impounding of any part of the waters of the Rio Grande. Probably in the future there will be no difficulty in arranging this matter. Streams subject to sudden floods, like the Rio Grande and the Mississippi, are improved by the construction of head-water storage systems. These tend to diminish floods. Extreme low water is also indirectly minimized by head-water impounding. Rain tends to increase in frequency in the dry season upon lands abundantly supplied with water from reservoirs. Evaporation cools the air and promotes rain.

Desert Tracts East Going. Irrigation is as useful in New York State farming as it is in many places where it is supposed to be more applicable to the conditions. The new census bulletin just issued states that artificial provision against drought is used in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. Exceptionally high yields of fruit and vegetables are reported as made possible by its use.

Thousands of miles of canals, says the bulletin, are distributing water upon more than 8,000,000 acres of land, producing crops worth \$100,000,000 a year.

The increase from 1899 to 1902 was 20 per cent; \$63,000,000 has been invested in irrigation works. Running streams provide three-fourths of the irrigation now in use, wells and springs the remainder.

California leads in cost of irrigation works, Utah coming next. The Mormons settled in an arid tract which they have made to blossom like a garden by bringing water down from the mountains. In irrigated area Colorado ranks first. But the California irrigated land averages more valuable and is more intensively worked.

More than 90 per cent of the country's irrigated farms are in the semi-arid region between the Rockies and the Mississippi, using the headwaters of the latter stream. This takes in part of the "Great American desert" of old geographies.

The Columbia river basin is third in importance in irrigation projects. It alone supplies nearly 20,000 farms with water. The Colorado river through much of its course lies in a canyon so deep that it cannot be coaxed out to work. Only twenty systems are supplied from the main stream. Systems heading near Yuma, Ariz., are turning desert lands into a region of marvelous richness.

Not until 1897 was irrigation applied

ward 14 miles to Wadsworth, Nev., and thence 18 miles to the great "Carson Sink," a desert plain. The canal will be 23 feet wide at the bottom, 53 feet at the top, and 15 feet deep and will receive 1,400 cubic feet of fresh mountain water per second.

About 2,000 men are employed in this work, which will cost the government nearly \$1,000,000. The canal will open vast areas, hitherto arid and waste, to the homesteader and to agriculture, and will greatly promote industries in contiguous tracts.

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