

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XX (Continued).

Montgomery did take some dinner, keeping up a running fire of sarcasm all the time, which greatly disconcerted his host, but affected Judith not at all, for she felt convinced that she had some subject of mutual interest in view, or he would not be there.

"Now," said Montgomery, after he had got himself into a more genial mood, "suppose we proceed to business; for I guess that you begin to think I am not here altogether for pleasure, much as I love you. But, ah! I forgot; you are too good to transact business on a Sunday."

"There are exceptions to all rules, you know," grinned his host.

"That is to say, you don't object to business when anything's to be got by it—on any day. This is your advertisement, isn't it?" he went on, with a sudden change of tone, and producing a newspaper from his pocket.

A look of eager interest came into Judith's face, and her father began to brighten up as he answered, "Yes."

"Very well, then; I know where to put my hand upon the lad at this very moment."

"You do?" cried the listeners both together.

"I do. But before we go any further, I have two conditions to make. In the first place, you must make a clean breast to me of everything you know concerning this youth. You must tell me your motives for hunting him down; and, lastly, if there is anything to be got, which I am certain there is by the trouble you are taking, I must have my share."

Protesting that he would speak simply the bare truth, Mr. Porter proceeded to relate the same story that he had told Silas, suppressing, however, the mention of the locker. He knew that if he could come face to face with Silas' friends that pocket would be an all-powerful lever to raise the price of his silence. To the narrative, however, he added other particulars—telling how, when he had come up to the city upon certain business of his own, he had seen the woman who had committed the child in his care coming out of the office of Messrs. Fogle & Quirk; how he had followed her and heard her talk for a while; how he had taken a ticket for the same place, and got out upon the same platform.

"And her destination was a mansion called 'The Willows'?" put in Mr. Montgomery.

"You see, I know a little," he added, in answer to the narrator's astonished look, "so be cautious."

"Her destination was 'The Willows.' He had looked about the neighborhood, in the hope of gleaming some intelligence; but all he could learn was that the woman's name was Madame Berne; that she was housekeeper and confidential friend to Mr. George Morant, the gentleman who resided at 'The Willows'; and that those two, with the servant, constituted the entire household."

"Nevertheless, I had learned quite enough to tell me that Master Silas was a family secret that might turn out unaccountably profitable one day," he concluded.

"But how did you contrive to track this woman without being recognized? Your face, once seen, is not easily forgotten."

"Well, you see, I was very cautious, and kept at a good distance behind her—except when I had to press close at the ticket office, to overhear what place she asked for. Then I put my handkerchief up to my face, as though I had the toothache. And she never once looked right or left as she walked, but stalked straight along, with her eyes right before her. Well, that Silas had not believed more than a month, when I got a letter from Fogle & Quirk, to say that he was come into an annuity, and I was to send him up to their office at once."

"But I cannot perceive what hold you have upon this youth. What is the serious charge you threaten to bring against him?"

"Well, he carried away a suit of clothes with him, for one thing," said Mr. Porter. "The other thing is for deserting his wife."

"Deserting his wife?" echoed Montgomery, in a loud tone of astonishment. "Do you mean to say he is married?"

"To Judith there," he replied.

Montgomery was struck speechless with astonishment, and, for a moment, could only stare with the most bewildered of expressions, which quickly merged into one of intense satisfaction.

"More food for revenge upon that woman," was his first thought. "Well, you have astonished me this time," he cried. "But I should have thought Silas Carston was the last man in the world that Judith would have selected. Rather a hazardous speculation to risk that much on the fellow's probable marketable value. I wouldn't for the world make mischief between man and wife," he said, sneeringly, "but I can tell you that he is knocking up to a girl in the city. He seems to have a weakness for golden hair," he added, glancing sarcastically at Judith's red tresses. "This girl has the most—that reminds me—No, such a coincidence could never occur out of a novel."

"Oh, the depravity of the human heart!" sniffed the Rev. Obadiah Porter, forgetting himself for an instant, but the color had again flushed up into Judith's face, and there was a dangerous look in her eyes.

"I met your old friend, Rodwell, the other night," said Montgomery, suddenly looking up. "We were talking about you."

Judith became excited. It was a chance shot, but Montgomery perceived it had told.

After a moment's deliberation he said, fixing his gaze upon her, "I know you are pretty well versed in Rodwell's secrets. Do you know anything about a girl with bright golden hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion—a relation, I should fancy, by what he has told me? I see you do, by your glances. Well, he has set me on the hunt for this girl, whoever she is, and I believe I have accidentally discovered her. I will tell you how, somehow or other, I have felt

a strange interest in this Silas Carston. Well, of late he has grown wonderfully spruce in his style; added to which, he is frequently out the whole day on one knows where. Now, putting all these signs together, I began to think, in the language of Shakespeare, 'The sweet young girl's in love.' Being naturally of a curious disposition, I thought I would watch my gentleman's movements. With some little difficulty I discovered his destination, and saw him standing at the window with his arms very lovingly round a young girl's waist. I got into conversation with the servant next door, and learned a few particulars; but until this moment I never occurred to me that this girl precisely answers to the description given me by Rodwell. It's the same, and I have killed two birds with one stone!"

Long and earnest was the conversation that ensued between the trio. But it is not necessary to repeat it in this place. Both explanations and results will appear hereafter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Between six and seven o'clock on the next evening, an elderly man, dressed like a gentleman farmer, hastily entered the shop of a picture dealer, situated in the West End, and asked, in a nervous, impatient manner, to inspect some very pretty water-color drawings that were in the window. The shopman produced them. Instead, however, of examining the picture itself, the gentleman seemed chiefly interested in the back of it. It was growing dusk, and he carried the picture to the door and carefully examined the blank surface at the back. In one corner was faintly inscribed in pencil the word "Clara."

With an exclamation of pleasure, and a brightened face, he went back to the counter, and asked the shopman for the address of the painter. The young man hesitated. "I beg pardon, sir," he said; "but it is not usual to give the addresses of the ladies and gentlemen who work for us without their permission."

"Let me see your master," said the gentleman, sharply.

In a few minutes the principal himself came forward.

"I wish to purchase all the drawings you have by this artist, and at the same time to be favored with her address. I am not asking this for the gratification of idle curiosity. The lady I believe to be a very near and dear member of my family, whom I have lost sight of for several years—whom I believed to be dead. Five days ago I was looking in at the window of a picture dealer in Strand, when I saw exposed for sale a water-color painting, representing my own cottage down in Suffolk. I have just such a picture at home, and there was a peculiarity of touch about this one that led me to believe, wild as the thought seemed then, that both were the work of one hand. I went into the shop, and purchased the picture. I was not deceived. Inscribed in a corner at the back was the word 'Clara.' But the salesman could give me no information about the artist; they had bought it about two years ago, with several others, of a young girl whom they had never seen since. My nephew dined with me that day, and I told him of the circumstance. He at once requested the affair to be left in his hands. He came to my hotel last night to tell me that he had inquired, and caused others to inquire, of every likely picture dealer, but had not met with the slightest success. As this was my last day in the city I thought I would take a look round the picture shops myself. I have been about all day, and was just about to give up my search in despair when I caught sight of these. I thought they looked like her work, and, sure enough, here is her signature in the corner. Yet, stay a moment; to make assurance doubly sure, I will show you her likeness, painted some six years ago. You will be then able to tell me whether it is the same."

He produced the identical miniature that Silas had found in Little Belbehem, and which, it will be remembered, he had left in a pocket of the clothes deposited with Mr. Jonathan Rodwell.

The shopkeeper hesitated no longer, but at once handed over to him the required address. The gentleman purchased the pictures at a very handsome price, got into a cab that the shop boy had fetched for him, and drove away in the direction of the northwest.

He arrived at Mrs. Wilson's about 8 o'clock, and knocked at the door. To his inquiries, the servant replied, "Miss Clara has gone with meals to the play-house; and I do not expect she will be home until late."

"Does she frequent places of amusement much? Is she often out of an evening?"

"Oh, dear no; this is the first time I have ever known her to go; she is never out late."

"How unfortunate! But I must see her tonight, at whatever hour she may return. I will come back at twelve."

Mary looked very much astonished at the idea of such a late visit. Mr. Jonathan Rodwell ordered the cabman to drive to the nearest hotel, where he engaged a bed and waited impatiently the passing away of time.

At 12 o'clock he knocked again at Mrs. Wilson's door. They had not returned. "Would Mary permit him to come in and wait?" Mary did not like the idea of admitting a stranger at such an hour, and she alone in the house. "But she looks a gentleman," she thought, "and he is old enough to be my father."

"Don't be afraid; I am not a burglar, my dear," said Mr. Jonathan, smiling, and slipping a coin into her hand.

He walked into the parlor, and Mary lit the lamp. One o'clock by his watch, and still they had not come. He was growing uneasy; he could not sit still; he walked up and down the room, with his watch in his hand, counting the minutes. The rattle of wheels at last. He ran out to the door; the night was dark, he could not perceive any object; but faster and faster, nearer and nearer, came the roll of the wheels, until they stopped before the house.

Flattery is a base coin which gains currency only from our vanity.—Hochefoucauld.

CHAPTER XXII.

The reader will probably remember

that Monday night had been fixed between Clara, herself and Mrs. Wilson for our visit to the theater. Having had to wait a very unreasonable time for the old lady to complete her toilette, we did not arrive until nearly half-past seven. A magnificently mounted spectacular drama was at the time in the height of its popularity; the consequence was that when we presented ourselves at the pit pay-place we were informed that every seat was full. At the upper boxes we were received with the same intimation.

On the opposite side of the road was a row of billboards of various theaters. We crossed over to read them. "Here is the play, my dear," cried Mrs. Wilson, suddenly; "the 'Lady of Lyons.' I saw it the very first night it was performed, and a lovely play it is, too. You will be delighted with it. Let me see which house it is at. The Corinthian. Oh, that is close by. We can get there in a few minutes."

I did not like this arrangement. Since I had seen Mr. Rodwell there, I desired to avoid the Corinthian; besides which, I might encounter Josiah, or Mr. Montgomery, which would be awkward; for, as I have before mentioned, neither Clara nor Mrs. Wilson knew anything of my theatrical employment. But as I could offer no plausible objection to Mrs. Wilson's proposition, I was fain to quietly acquiesce. So to the Corinthian we went.

During the whole of the play Clara had been rapt in an ecstasy of delight. The novelty of the situation, the brilliancy and bustle of the house, the delightful music, the peculiar charm of the story that was being represented, its vivid reality, the passionate earnestness of the actors, the enthusiasm of every one around, and the heat of the atmosphere—all this was overpowering to a morbidly sensitive mind, totally unaccustomed to excitement of any kind.

As I was leaving my seat, with Clara leaning upon my arm, I noticed a stage box in the upper tier. There, attentively observing us through a loggia, was Mr. Rodwell. As quickly as possible, I turned away, filled with that vague, boddy fear which always oppressed me at the sight of that man. We did not return to our first seat, but sat at the back, where it was much cooler, to witness the remainder of the performance.

Presently a man came and seated himself in the rear of us. I thought I recognized him as an employé behind the scenes, and I kept my back towards him lest he should recognize me. As the play drew towards a close I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and on turning round, saw that this man had risen from his seat and was making signs to me. Clara and Mrs. Wilson were breathlessly intent upon the scene, which was the last. I glanced at them, rose quietly and moved away without their being conscious of the movement.

"You are wanted behind," said the man, in a whisper. "Mr. Montgomery wants you directly. If the ladies miss you, I will look to them till you come back."

"Do not tell where I have gone," I said.

I passed through the pit entrance and went round to the stage door. Mr. Montgomery had been playing an officer in the previous scene, and was still in his stage dress.

"Oh! one of the parts you copied in the new drama has been lost, and you will have to do another," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will bring you the MS."

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN AND CANDY.

London Physician Blames Sweets for Young Folks' Deterioration.

In the course of a lecture delivered in London recently, Prof. Ogston said that after many years of medical experience among children he was convinced there were many in whom the tendency to sugar gluttony had become so strong in their infatuation that it resembled the craving of a drunkard for liquor, says the *St. James Gazette*. Such saccharomanias showed early disappearances of the teeth, and other grave troubles. He thought future scientists would place the evils of sugar gluttony on a pedestal as conspicuous as the drink question as causing deterioration of individuals and races.

The views expressed by the eminent specialist, however sensational they may appear, are amply borne out by facts, and medical opinion generally holds that the serious deterioration of children is directly attributable to the great consumption of sweets and to the ingredients of which the bulk of these are compounded. A well-known doctor said that pure sweets in themselves, and taken moderately, would not be seriously harmful. But confectionery was made so cheap nowadays that the poorest ingredients and many dangerous chemicals had to be used.

One of the largest confectioners in London revealed the methods employed in the manufacture of cheap sweets by the unscrupulous firms in the east end of London, who do a huge business in these goods at four ounces a penny.

"There is a lot of adulteration in the sweet trade, unfortunately, and, strangely, it has never received proper attention. Cochineal is used on a very large scale to color lozenges and in the making of several varieties of drops. Tons of the fruit sweets are quite innocent of fruit and are colored by chemicals. Chocolates are another line which lends itself to adulteration, and some vile substitutes for the pure cocoa butter are in the market."

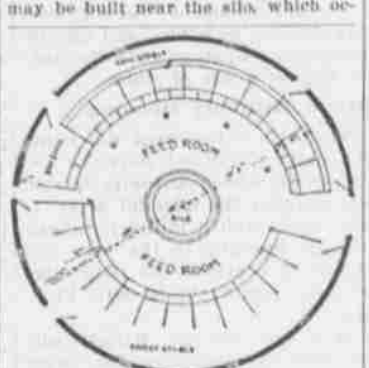
"Then these firms use cheap glucose, which, as has been found over and over again, contains arsenic or some other poisonous matter, and since brewers have fought shy of the material, huge quantities of inferior glucose have found their way to these back-stairs confectioners. Some of these people, too, make their lozenges and stieplaw from treacle of the most injurious kind, and much of the butter lozenges and butter scotch sold at abominably low prices contain more bad fat grease than butter."



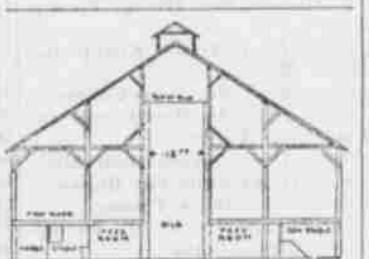
AGRICULTURAL

Circular Stock Barn.

The accompanying ground floor and cross section plans are for a circular barn 72 feet in diameter. The basement walls are of concrete, 8 feet high and 12 inches thick. The posts of the superstructure are 10 feet high. The frame can all be constructed by splitting 2-inch planking. The basement provides room for 20 cows, 10 horses and one box stall. Other box stalls may be built near the silo, which oc-



cupies the space in the center of the building. The silo is 12 feet in diameter inside, and 35 feet high. The wall of the silo is 18 inches thick for the bottom, and one foot thick for the remaining 27 feet. The log in the silo walls provides a rest for the joints of the barn floor. The silo will hold sufficient corn silage for 20 cows for about 170 days. The small squares shown in the ground floor plan in the feed room in front of the cows indicate the position of the partition posts. The horse stable carries the remaining partition posts. If a silo is not desired, the center of the basement could be used for a root house, which might be made 20 feet across. A rectangular



CROSS SECTION OF STOCK BARN.

barn of the same capacity as this one could be built more cheaply.

Tomatoes Sold in England.

Consul Stephens asserts that, during last August, there were one hundred thousand packages of tomatoes shipped weekly into English ports, bringing an average of two shillings per package. He states further that, although the American tomato is recognized as the equal of any other, it is not superior to it, yet the American product is not to be found in the English markets, but that the whole amount imported comes from France and Italy. Here is a broad hint to the American farmer for his surplus summer crop, and perhaps to the shippers of early vegetables in the South, who might send, with great profit, some of their early spring vegetables, particularly the tomato, to the London market.—*American Agriculturist*.

Simple Bag Holder.

Take a firkin. Take out the bottom, drive three wire nails from the inside, three inches from the bottom,



GOOD BAG HOLDER.

to hang the bag on. Make a hole three inches from top large enough to hang on nail, then drive nail in post on side of barn, hang up the firkin, fasten bag to it, and you are ready to shovel in the grain.

Ration for Horses.

Experimental feeding in the United States army has resulted in establishing the following ration of forage for horses: Twelve pounds of oats and fourteen pounds of hay every day, with a salted bran mash twice a week. This may be the best way to feed an army horse, but a shipper who wants to put a high stepper in condition for the market usually feeds him all he will eat of a steam-cooked mixture made up of one part cracked corn, one part of oats, two parts bran and one-half part whole flaxseed. An experienced feeder says this ration,

BERLIN'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

The Westminster Abbey of Germany and a Protestant Mecca.

With great pomp Berlin recently dedicated the cathedral which is to rival St. Peter's at Rome and the Westminster Abbey in London. It is the shrine of Lutheranism and the Emperor has done everything to make it magnificent. The dedication was accompanied by a military pageant, in which princes and grand dukes of Germany and other lands participated. The remainder of the ceremony was religious and musical. When the structure was undertaken the Emperor said, "We are not building a church for the province of Brandenburg, nor for Prussia, but a cathedral for the Protestants of the world. I should like Protestants everywhere to feel that they have an interest in this building; a pride in it and feel welcome here. The cathedral will be open day and night."

It was the purpose of the Emperor Frederick and the Empress, under whose short reign the initial steps were taken to build the cathedral, to make it the Westminster Abbey of Germany. So it is to be, in the immense crypts already in the bones of eighty-seven Hohenzollerns, and in the future, besides the sovereigns,



NEW CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN.

there will also be placed the bodies of great German dead.

The organ, which is the largest in the world, except that at Riga, is the gift of Prince Henkel of Demourenmark. It has 115 so-called voices and 7,000 tubes, and cost \$37,500. The chancel is of marble and bronze, and is the gift of Prince Countess Passet.

The cathedral stands on the banks of the Spree where Unter den Linden ends. Surrounded by grand buildings on all sides, the new cathedral stands in one of the finest squares in the world. It is 341 feet in length. The cupola, with its lantern, rises to a height of 325 feet. The bell towers at both ends of the porch flank rise to a height of 211 feet. The cathedral consists of four principal parts—the church for divine service, the crypt, destined as a pantheon, encircled by chapels; a church for marriages and christenings and the long porch.

The memorial church in the crypt was originally intended for the reception of the coffins of the Hohenzollerns, and many of these were transferred in due course from the old cathedral vaults, but Emperor Frederick resolved that the church should also be used as the burial place of the nation's illustrious dead. By Kaiser Wilhelm's direction an epitaph in memory of Bismarck will be placed at the entrance.

The central cupola is surrounded by four towers situated at the corners of the building, of which the front two are 210 feet high and hold the bells. The entrance to the church is formed by a great arch with fine columns on either side, over which is placed in a niche a figure of Christ, wrought in bronze and over sixteen feet high. At the same height on the far side are figures of the twelve apostles, and at the foot of the two pairs of great columns are grouped the four great prophets of the Old Testament. The cathedral is distinguished by its beautiful proportions, its simple grandeur and perfect distribution and harmony of its mass.

Grandmother Knew.

The lore of grandmothers exceeds even that of mothers, for they have the experience of two generations instead of one. A certain Massachusetts grandmother has grandchildren in Honolulu, and last winter, musing over their daily life, she said to her daughter at home:

"I must knit those children some mittens."

"Mittens, mother?" cried the younger woman. "Mittens for that climate? When are they going to wear them?"

"I can't help the climate," said the grandmother, placidly. "Climate has nothing to do with it. All children like mittens, and all children should have them. I shall take them up to-morrow."

She did take them up, knit and bound them off, and sent them to Honolulu.

She was justified by the event. For the children's mother wrote her on the hottest day of the year: "I must tell you, though in this heat I have hardly the energy to hold my pen, that, although we grown people are torpid under the infliction of the weather, the children have demanded their mittens, and are parading up and down, wearing them and very little besides. No matter how high the mercury climbs, it is evident that those mittens are bound to be an unflinching joy."

After a girl has celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth she stops seeking an ideal husband and begins to look around for a real one.