

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXIX.

Montgomery was alone. He tried to think out his situation; he found it a difficult task. He was utterly in Rodwell's power. Gone in the hands of the police, what would the story be could tell against the word of a gentleman? While thus revolving in his mind his perilous position, he took out of his pipe, searching in his waistcoat pocket for a match, he felt some smooth, hard substance.

It was the locket that Mr. Porter had handed him, and which he had entirely forgotten. His thoughts were too gravely engaged to give any heed to it now. But in taking it out of his pocket, the better to catch hold of a match, that struck his fingers, his gaze fell upon the back, upon which was engraved the initials F. R. and E. M., joined together by a true lover's knot. A cry of astonishment burst from his lips; he took it to the window, minutely examined it, passed his hand across his eyes, as though doubting his evidence. Then, with trembling fingers, he tried for the spring. At last he found it. Upon one side was the miniature of a beautiful woman; upon the other, which had once contained another portrait, a lock of dark hair.

He sank into a chair, trembling as with an ague fit, and gazing wildly upon the miniature. But soon his face softened, the tears gathered in his eyes, and his chest heaved with deep sobs. He kissed the picture, and murmured words of passionate love over it. In trying for the spring, Mr. Porter had bent the case a little. As Montgomery pressed it to his lips the portrait fell out and disclosed, neatly fitted at the back, a scrap of paper. There was writing upon it; but the characters were so minute that he had great difficulty in deciphering them. At last he read these words: "The child upon whom this is found is Silas Morant, son of Francis Morant, whose portrait this is, of The Willows, Herts."

For some seconds, both strength and consciousness deserted him. As first, his thoughts came back broken and confused. This portrait of his wife in Mr. Porter's possession? How came it there—a child of whose existence he was ignorant? Silas Morant—Silas Carston—and Madame Berne interested in him? Great heaven! this boy, then, whom he had given up to his bitterest enemies, whose lifelong misery he had sealed, whom he was on the brink of consigning to an awful death, was his own son! Back upon his soul like the blast of a trumpet rushed the parting words of Madame Berne—that vengeance was "held by a higher power than that of puny man."

For the first time since his childhood days, this hardened man of sin knelt down, and trembling and appalled at what had been, what might have been, and what might be yet, prayed to heaven for pardon and for succor.

What was to be done? If he could get clear of the house, there would be no difficulty. But—Rodwell behind him, the door behind him. Ah, the window! It was a French one, opening upon a garden; it was unfastened; he could see the back door before him. The next moment he was there. He could not open it.

"The door is locked, sir," said a voice behind him.

Montgomery started, and upon looking round saw a burly looking fellow, dressed like a groom, sitting under a tree. "Will you have the kindness to open it for me?" he said, in an unrecalled tone as he could assume.

"Can't, sir," was the answer. "Master has left me here with the key, to see that nobody passes out whatsoever."

For a moment, Montgomery entertained the desperate idea of trying a tussle for the key, but the powerful build of the fellow, and the thought of the noise it would create, quickly dispelled it. Another and more feasible plan crossed his brain.

"Would you like to earn a dollar, my man?" he said. "I don't mean by letting me out of that door, or by discharging your master's orders. Will you take a message for me to the telegraph office close by?"

The fellow considered for a moment. "Well, I wasn't told anything about messages, so I dare say I can get it done for you by somebody."

It was an enormous hazard to trust to this man; but it was the only chance left. There were writing materials in the room he had just left. He hastened back, and upon a sheet of paper wrote—addressed to "Jonathan Rodwell, Morley's Hotel"—the following words:

"If you wish to see your granddaughters alive, lose not a moment in going to Manor House, Essex, John Rodwell's house."

As a double security, he would send another to Bow street station. The second telegram ran thus:

"The young girl for whose discovery a reward has been offered is at Manor House, Essex. She is in imminent danger—lose not a moment."

He sealed these up in separate envelopes, and went back to the man. A youth, looking like a stable lad, was by his side; this was to be the messenger. No person was in sight. The lad departed upon his errand, and Montgomery returned to his room.

The next thing to be thought of was his own course of action, or rather, what answer he should give to Rodwell when he returned. He must feign to assent to the diabolical proposition—a difficult task in the present agitation of his mind, but the only one. But would Rodwell implicitly trust to so sudden a conversion?

All this time he held the portrait of his wife in his hand, never taking his gaze from it. And amidst all these racking doubts and fears of the present there rose up images of the past—bright, beautiful, gloomy, and sad. Let us photograph some of these pictures, connecting them by links that have dropped out of his memory, and adding many details of which he is ignorant.

what disquieted, but not vicious, just returned from college to his stately home. But a great change has come over that home since he saw it last. His noble, loving mother is dead. His father has returned to The Willows; but not alone. Two strangers—ladies—have accompanied him from Switzerland—Madame Berne and her daughter. It was at the house of the former that his mother resided during her last illness. She is a right, austere fanatic, acting up in all things to the letter of her profession, but denying the existence of any good beyond them; all virtue and all holiness are confined within the limits of her creed—beyond it, all is sin and death. She has acquired a powerful ascendancy over Mr. Morant's mind, weakened as it is by the affliction of his beloved wife's death. He has brought her home to fill the position of housekeeper, and in a short time she reigns absolute and undisputed mistress over him and the household.

From the moment she is first introduced to Edward Morant, she conceives a hatred for him. The gray, mischievous-looking being, even subdued as it is now by the sorrow of his mother's death, is repulsive to her gloomy soul. There is soon open war between them. But Edward is no match for his powerful adversary. His father, under the proslavery of Madame Berne has become as gloomy a fanatic as herself; all gaiety of heart, all amusements, are sins in his belief. The Willows soon become an unendurable home for the young man, and were it not for one all-powerful attraction, it would have quitted it long ago.

That attraction is Frances, Madame Berne's daughter, a beautiful, melancholy girl of sixteen. He loves her passionately, possibly because she is so entirely opposite to himself; and she loves him, possibly for the same reason. In the course of time Edward prevails on Frances to consent to a clandestine marriage. They are quietly married at a suburban church, and return to The Willows the same night.

A fortnight afterwards, yielding to the prayers of his young wife, Edward declares his marriage to his father. The old man is willing to forgive the act, but Madame Berne is furious. Her daughter shall not be delivered over to the satanic influences of this vicious man.

A terrible scene ensues. Edward's fiery temper is thoroughly aroused, and all the bitterness and hatred that have been seething in his heart burst forth. There is not an insult, an epithet of loathing, that he spares his enemy. The end of all is a father's curse, and his expulsion from the home, the doors of which he will never darken again. He would claim his wife by force of law, but he has no home to take her to—he is penniless and an outcast. She is kept a close prisoner—he will never see her face again.

Very soon he falls into vagabondage, and, gnawed by the burning sense of the wrong that has been done him—savagely reckless from vagabondage he sinks into crime, becomes implicated, through his associates, in a robbery, and is condemned to three years' penal servitude.

In the meantime, a child has been born to him, of whose existence, or probable existence, he is ignorant. A sad life is that of the mother. Mr. Morant would have been kind and good to her, but Madame Berne cannot pardon her. In the eyes of that fanatic, she is a lost soul—she has strayed from the paths of righteousness, and to show mercy to her would be to participate in her guilt. In this daughter she had hoped to create a second self—a perpetuation of her own austere bigotry—a mirror in whose reflection she could worship her own image.

Frances' only consolation was her infant son; Madame Berne would have deprived her even of this had not Mr. Morant interfered, and for once carried his point. At the end of three years the poor girl died of a lingering decline.

When, at the end of his term of imprisonment, the unfortunate husband, now thoroughly vicious and hardened, came back to The Willows to claim his wife, a funeral procession stopped the way. An awful scene ensued; not even the sacred presence of the dead could check the wild tempest of passion that burst from the wretched man's lips. He knelt down and cursed the woman the cause of all his sufferings. From that time he was utterly lost—remorse, conscience, every better feeling, were crushed out of his nature.

After the mother's death, the child—against whom Madame Berne felt a virulent hatred, only exceeded by that which she felt for the father—spite of a weak opinion on the part of Mr. Morant, was banished to the care of a nurse. Two years afterwards the poor little unfortunate was consigned to the guardianship of the Rev. Mr. Porter.

Madame Berne determined that Edward Morant should never know of its existence, neither should the child be made acquainted with its parentage. Before it left the care of the nurse a friend of the lovers, and who frequently paid a secret visit to the child, sewed up in its frock a locket containing its mother's portrait and a lock of her hair, adding thereto the scrap of writing which Montgomery had now so strangely discovered.

The locket had been given her by poor Frances on her deathbed. It was all she could do—dared do. Slight as was the link, it might one day prove useful to the boy in establishing his identity.

When, after his death, Mr. Morant's will was opened, Madame Berne was discovered to have inherited his estate and fortune; but attached was a codicil of a very recent date, making hereditary upon the same an annuity of \$2,500 a year to Silas Morant, known as Silas Carston.

The unlocking and opening of the door aroused the dreamer, calling him back from ghosts of the past to the horrors of the future, in the person of Mr. John Rodwell, who at that moment re-entered the room.

"Well," was Rodwell's first word; "do you consent?"

"Needs must," answered Montgomery

sullenly; he feared to change his tone so suddenly. "By the bye," he added, "I am forgetting all about the Corinthian. I am due there at seven, and is it now five?"

"The public will certainly be deprived of your brilliant talents this evening," sneered Rodwell. "We shall start about ten. You do not suppose that I would trust you to go alone after what has passed? The night air might affect your delicate conscience if you had not a friend by your side."

"But who will carry out the second part of your scheme? Who will be your messenger to your uncle?"

"Would not a telegram serve the purpose?"

Montgomery started. Was it a stray shot? or was he discovered?

There was a dark, malicious smile upon Rodwell's face. "Whatever clever plots you may have been revolving in your fertile brain to overmatch me, will only rebound upon yourself. But, in the meantime, dinner is waiting for us in the next room. Let us eat, and let the matter rest. Who knows whether we shall ever eat another? Life is so very uncertain."

Montgomery was not a coward, but there was something in the callous-hearted levity of this man, who could thus jest upon the eye of an awful crime, that made his blood run cold. Admitted to the table, he did not feel by any means certain that the telegram had not fallen into his hands. If so, what then? He shuddered at the thought.

Before the dinner was half over, a strange, drowsy sensation began to steal over him. Ten minutes more, and he had fallen senseless from his chair onto the floor.

"Case of an overdose," said Mr. Rodwell to the servant who was waiting, coolly continuing his meal. "Lay him gently upon the couch, and then tell John to put the mare into the dog-cart. I'll drop the gentleman into his home as I go along. I shall drive myself, and shall not require any one with me."

About 10 o'clock Montgomery, still insensible, was lifted into the dog-cart. Mr. Rodwell took the reins, and drove away. But not in the direction of Camden Town; on the contrary, he made towards the open country, taking the same road that Montgomery had traversed in the opposite direction a few hours before. He stopped at a wooded, solitary spot about half a mile off the roadway, and, about three miles from the Manor House, unharnessed the mare, took out a saddle and bridle that he had concealed in the boot, and, by the light of a bull's eye lantern, put his helpless companion, threw him across the front of the saddle, leaped into the seat, and after casting a look at the vehicle, which was ensconced under a tree and quite hidden by the darkness, he galloped away.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was a wild night. The wind howled mournfully through the passages and corridors of the house down in Essex, swaying the shivering poplars, stripping them of their leaves, and scouping among the branches. Heavy masses of cloud drifted rapidly across the sky, and large drops of rain pattered occasionally upon the dry leaves. At times, the moon broke forth in fitful radiance, but only to render the succeeding darkness deeper.

There was a terrible spirit abroad that night—a spirit of destruction on land and sea.

Before the fire in his somber bedroom sat Silas Carston, watching sadly the flickering flames blown about by the draught that came roaring down the huge chimney. He was alone; the nurse had been removed, and his door securely locked. Dark and despairing were his thoughts, and over all there hovered the spirit of the night, boding death.

In the chamber above him, watching the tempestuous changes of the sky, with her eyes, but not with her mind, sat Clara, sad, dreary, hopeless, the mercy of her enemies. She also was a prisoner fast secured, and over her brooded the spirit of the night, boding death.

In the kitchen below sat two female servants cowering over the blazing fire, shuddering at the howling wind, and "sipping full of horrors" on ghost stories.

In a small room upon the same corridor in which Clara's apartment was situated, sat the Rev. Mr. Porter, trying to drown dark memories and stupefy remorse, the specters still floated upon the surface, and the worm gnawed ceaselessly. He shivered and looked around, and then crept closer to the cheerful fire. Over him hovered the spirit of the night, boding death.

(To be continued.)

Married Unaware.

An astonishing story of involuntary marriage is brought to England by the steamer *Auversville*, which has just arrived from the Congo.

The Belgian officials declare the incessant risings in the Congo Free State to be due to the missionaries, and they are alleged to lose no opportunity of making things uncomfortable for these self-sacrificing evangelists.

Sites for new mission buildings are refused, natives are forbidden to sell food to the missionaries, an exorbitant tax has been put on fuel, and numerous petty measures of irritation are devised.

Recently one of the missionaries died on an Upper River station, and in accordance with Free State law, three of the dead man's colleagues—a lady and two gentlemen, who were present at the deathbed—traveled to the nearest state post to report the matter to a Belgian official.

This official professed to be unable to speak any language but Flemish, which none of the party understood. He made them repeat after him in Flemish what they believed to be a declaration as to the cause of death, and then swear to it and sign it.

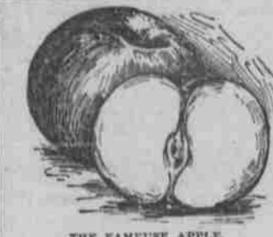
A week later they discovered to their horror that the document they had signed was not a death return, but a marriage certificate, and that the lady, who is over fifty, had been legally married to the younger of her two companions.—*London Express*.

The colossal statue of Prince Bismarck being erected at Hamburg, will be unveiled in 1906. Its height is over 90 feet, and the sword is 96 feet long.



A First-Class Market Apple.

Wherever the Baldwin, Northern Spy and similar varieties of apples can be grown successfully, the Fameuse, shown in the illustration, should have a place, for it is one of the most desirable varieties for commercial purposes. In quality it is one of the best, and its attractive skin, highly colored and tender, makes it a sort easy to sell to consumers. The flesh is white, with generally red streaks and of good quality. The trees are productive, come into bearing quite early, and, with proper care, bear consecutive seasons. In season it is a late fall or early winter sort and is a good keeper and a good shipper, if care is used in packing, so that the rather delicate and thin skin is not bruised. All things considered the Fameuse may be classed



THE FAMEUSE APPLE.

ed among the very few really desirable sorts for market use.—*Indianapolis News*.

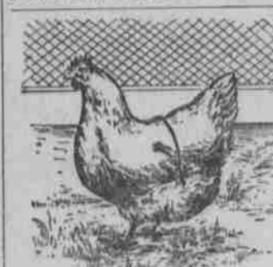
Raising the Bacon Hog.

Outside of what is known as the corn belt farmers will make more money in hog raising by putting animals on the market of moderate weight than by the heavy weights which have long been so popular. The streak of lean and streak of fat hog is the most profitable one to-day, but to raise such an animal requires a radical departure from the old methods of close pens and an almost exclusive corn diet. Oats, barley, skim milk and plenty of good pasture during the summer enter very largely into the makeup of the bacon hog. Some corn is fed, but mainly at the finishing off period, the main dependence being placed on the other grains with the pasture. In the case of the latter good pasture must be supplied.

It will not do to turn the hogs on any worn-out strip of grass land. The pasture of mixed grasses must be good and the results will be better if a range of rape is used by way of variety. When the hogs follow the harvest in the fall, particularly in the corn field, and they will pick up nearly all the corn they should have during the period of growth.

Subduing Flying Fowls.

When fowls are kept confined they get uneasy and long for freedom; this is particularly the case with the smaller breeds, says an exchange. The common method of prevention is to clip the wings of the birds, not a desirable thing to do if they happen to be high-class fowls. A better plan is to attach the little arrangement here described. Take a stout cord and tie around the points of the feathers on the wings mainly used in flying. Tie one wing in this manner, then pass the cord over the back and tie the other wing. Be careful not to draw the cord too tight, but leave it so that the fowl can carry



HARNESS FOR FLYING FOWLS.

the wings in a natural position and it will do no harm, yet the bird will not be able to fly any distance.

Choosing a Drag Saw.

In choosing a saw, hold it up clear of everything with one hand, and ring the blade with the other. It will hum where your knuckles hit it, according to the temper and quality of carbon in the blade. The longer it hums or vibrates the better the quality of the steel. Then look down the teeth from end to end and see that the blade is straight, and look along on the flat of both sides to see that it is not "bumpy"—that is, hollow in some places and full in others. This is a great drawback to a saw, as it pulls hard through the full spots or bumps, knocking against the cut ends as it runs through the log. It is a fault very hard to detect in a new saw, in an old one very easy, as the bumps show bright and polished from knocking, and the hollows dull from escaping the friction. See that the saw is not too thick, or it wastes too much strength to saw with it.

An Egg Producer.

Green cut bones are not used as extensively as they should be, because grain can be obtained with less difficulty and at a minimum cost, but as egg producing material the bone is far superior to grain and does not cost

more than grain in some sections. The cutting of the bone into available sizes is now rendered an easy matter, as the bone cutter is within reach of all. Bones fresh from the butcher contain more or less meat, and the more of such meat the better, as it will cost no more per pound than the bone, while the combination of both meat and bone is an excellent food from which to produce eggs.

How Should a Cow Be Milked?

Opinions differ very much as to the manner in which the operator should proceed in milking a cow. Some contend that the proper plan is to draw the near fore and the off hind teats simultaneously, and then the off fore and the near hind teats; while others argue that both the hind teats should be first drawn; and still others contend that the whole of one side of the udder should be drawn ere the other side is touched. We are not aware that there is really very much in it either way, but it is suggestive to learn that in an investigation conducted some time ago by Prof. Babcock, the well-known dairy expert, it was found that the order in which the teats were milked exercised considerable influence on the quality of the milk obtained. It was found that the teat that was drawn second in order almost invariably yielded the richest milk; then came the teat that was first milked, and next in order the third and fourth, the last one drawn invariably giving the poorest milk. From these results Prof. Babcock argues that milk is pretty largely formed during the act of milking, and that it does not accumulate to any extent in the ready-made condition of the udder.—*American Cultivator*.

Two Spraying in One.

Recent tests at the Geneva (N. Y.) experiment station suggest that the thorough spraying of scale-infested trees with a sulphur wash may take the place of the first one of the combined treatment with bordeaux mixture and paris green for scale and scab. It is found that the sulphur washes kill many other insects besides the scale and result in considerable benefit to the tree. On the other hand, it was noticed that in spraying old orchards some of the buds were killed on the lower branches by the large quantity of the spray which they received. The effect was to thin the fruit and decrease its number, while improving the size and quality. The lime and sulphur washes proved efficient scale destroyers on all treated trees.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

In cutting seed potatoes, Farm and Home says, take the potato in the left hand with the stem end toward you.

If it is large cut off a good sized piece with two or three eyes. Revolve the potato to the right and keep cutting off about the same sizes, pieces, finishing the potato by splitting the seed end. Cut potatoes as you want to use them and after they are cut never expose to the sun or air to dry out.

If you cannot use them immediately pour out on damp ground in the shade of trees or building and cover with a blanket. Seed the least bit dry comes up slower, blights easily, and yields lighter, just in proportion as it is dried out.

Lettuce.

Lettuce is a salad plant, a salable greens, extensively forced in greenhouses during the winter, and in hotbeds and cold frames in early spring. It can be sown from spring till fall, and is remarkable for being able to stand quite severe frosts. Lettuce thrives best in clay loam soil well treated with well-rotted baryard manure. In early spring the seed is sown in rows a foot apart and thinned to stand about six inches apart in the row. For the very early and very late crops, the loose-growing varieties are best for the reason that they mature the quickest. For early summer and fall crops, the larger head lettuces are the finest. In order to have crisp, tender lettuce, the crops must be sown rapidly. To secure a quick growth, the soil must be very rich. Nitrate of soda scattered broadcast along the rows and well raked in, will generally give a quick growth. It can be used at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds to the acre.

General Farm Notes.

It is well to mark the eggs on which the hen is placed for hatching purposes.

A dog that worries the fowls should be broken of the habit without delay, for a hen will not do her best while such nuisances exist.

If you find that the young chicks are disappearing, keep an eye on the family cat. It may develop that this animal is doing the damage.

Dampness will cause more troubles in the brood than any other condition in the poultry house. Dry floors are as necessary as proper food.

Agricultural implements to the value of \$2,835,850 were exported from this country during the month of January, 1905, the exports for the same month of 1904 being valued at \$1,987,985.

For the tree lices, the New Hampshire Station successfully dips the infested twigs of young trees in a weak solution of tree soap. Probably kerosene emulsion would answer the same purpose.

A Chilean government expert asserts that at the end of twenty years, when thirty-five million tons of nitrate of soda have been extracted from the great mines on the coast of Chile, the exhaustion of the nitrate deposits will have been accomplished.



One Hundred Years Ago.

The Jewish oath bill, several times passed by the Commons, was thrown out by the House of Lords.

About 500 Indians held a council of war at the mouth of the Wabash. Emanuel Lisa founded the first trading post in Nebraska, at Bellevue.

New Hampshire passed a law dividing its towns into school districts.

The United States government was negotiating for 2,000,000 acres of Indian land west of the Wabash, opposite Vincennes.

The Spanish consul at Philadelphia informed the merchants of the United States that the port of St. Augustine, Fla., was opened for importation of provisions.

Russian troops were assembling at Corfu and adjacent islands.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Uprisings in Belgium were daily occurrences, the country being on the verge of a revolution.

The Legislature of Georgia annulled all laws made by Cherokee Indians.

The State road from Lake Michigan to Madison, on the Ohio, was begun.

The parish prison at New Orleans was erected at a cost of \$200,000.

East Tennessee was swept by a cyclone.

Work was begun by the surveyors for the laying out of the city of Chicago.

France addressed its ultimatum to the Dey of Algiers, demanding a public reparation and \$16,000,000 indemnity for the expenses of the war.

Fifty Years Ago.

Butler University at Irvington, Ind., was opened.

Charlotte Bronte, the English novelist, died.

England signed a treaty of peace with Mohammed of Cabul, India.

Sir George Gore left St. Louis with forty men to explore the head waters of the Powder River in Montana.

The bronze equestrian statue of General Jackson was unveiled in the Place d'Armes, New Orleans.

Four sons of John Brown, abolitionist, settled on the Pottawatomie River, eight miles from Osawatomie, Ark.

Was election day in Kansas and the polls were invaded by "emigrants" from Missouri, who carried the State.

Forty Years Ago.

Sheridan overtook Lee's army at Sailor's Creek and defeated it after a day's fighting.

A new stringent tariff law went into operation.

Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated by the Confederates and occupied by Union forces.

Peace rumors based on President Lincoln's visit to the army at City Point were telegraphed over the North.

The Wisconsin Legislature memorialized the Postoffice Department to establish railway distributing stations in that State.

Municipal elections held in many cities throughout the North showed great strength of the Union party.

Dispatches from President Lincoln at City Point announced that the Union army, after three days' fighting, succeeded in breaking the Confederate center at Petersburg and flanking Lee on the left.

Thirty Years Ago.

The Illinois Legislature passed the municipal incorporation act.

Charles R. Ingersoll, Democrat, was elected Governor of Connecticut.

The monument to the late Emperor Maximilian at Trieste, Austria, was unveiled.

Through a telegraph operator's blunder two trains came together at Burlington, Iowa, killing several and injuring many persons.

Archbishop Manning was created a cardinal, the ceremony taking place before many English and American pilgrims at Rome.

The Pope issued an encyclical renewing the excommunication of the old Catholics of Switzerland.

Henry Ward Beecher began his testimony in his own defense in the Brooklyn court which was hearing the Tilton-Beecher case.

Twenty Years Ago.

The British forces under General Graham captured and burned the Arab village Tama.

General Grant's condition was such that the end appeared to be near.

A Cabinet meeting decided that while this nation was not concerned with the internal affairs of Colombia, then in a state of revolution, it was responsible for free and uninterrupted transit across the isthmus.