

# For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

### CHAPTER II.

In the breathless stillness of a tropical afternoon, when the air was hot and heavy, and the sky brazen and cloudless, the shadow of the Malabar lay solitary on the surface of the glittering sea.

The sun had just got low enough to peep beneath an awning and awaken a young man, in an undress military uniform, who was dozing on a coil of rope.

"Hang it!" said he, rising, with the weary sigh of a man who has nothing to do. "I must have been asleep," and then, holding by a strap, he turned about and looked down into the waist of the ship.

Sure for the man at the wheel and the guard at the quarter railing, he was alone on the deck. On the fore-castle, some half-dozen soldiers were playing at cards, or watching the fishing lines plying over the cat heads.

So far the appearance of the vessel differed in no wise from that of an ordinary transport. But in the waist a curious sight presented itself. It was as though one had built a cattle pen there. At the foot of the foremast, and at the quarter deck, a strong barricade, loop-holed and furnished with stools for ingress and egress, ran across the deck from bulwark to bulwark. Outside this cattle pen an armed sentry stood on guard; inside, standing, sitting or walking monotonously, within range of the shining barrels in the arm-chests, were some sixty men and boys, dressed in uniform gray. The men and boys were prisoners and the cattle pen was their exercise ground. Their prison was the main hatchway, and the barricade, continued down, made its side-walls.

It was the far-end of the two hours' exercise, graciously permitted each afternoon, and the prisoners were enjoying themselves. It was not, perhaps, so pleasant as under the awnings, but that sacred shade was only for such great men as the captain and his officers, Surgeon Pine, Lieut. Maurice Frere and, most important personages of all, Captain Vickers and his wife.

That the convict leaning against the bulwarks would like to have been able to get rid of his enemy, the sun, for a moment, was probable enough. His companions, sitting on the combings of the main hatch, or crouching in careless fashion on the shady side of the barricade, were laughing and talking, with a contemptuous indifference to the sun, but with cap pulled over his brows, and hands thrust into the pockets of his worn gray garments, heid aloof from their dismal joviality.

On the extreme horizon, just to the left of the sinking sun, rested a tiny black cloud. The gold and crimson, splashed all about the sky, had overflowed around it, and rendered a clear view almost impossible.

"I can't quite make it out," says Frere, handing back the telescope. "We can see as soon as the sun goes down a little."

By and by Captain Blunt appeared, and taking the glass from his officer, looked through it long and carefully. Then the mixzen tent was appealed to, and declared that he could see nothing; and at last the sun went down with a jerk, as though it had slipped through a slit in the sea, and the black spot, swallowed up in the gathering haze, was seen no more.

As the sun sank, the relief guard came up the after hatchway, and the relieved guard prepared to superintend the descent of the convicts. At this moment Sylvia missed her ball, which, taking advantage of a sudden lurch of the vessel, hopped over the barricade, and rolled to the feet of Rufus Dawes.

The bright spot of color rolling across the white deck caught his eye; stooping mechanically, he picked up the ball and stepped forward to return it. The door of the barricade was open, and the sentry did not notice the prisoner pass through it. In another instant he was on the sacred quarter deck.

Heated with the game, her cheeks aglow, her eyes sparkling, her golden hair afloat, Sylvia had turned to leap after her plaything, but even as she turned, from under the shadow of the caddy glided a round white arm; and a shapely hand caught the child by the sash and drew her back. The next moment the young man in gray had placed the toy in her hand.

Maurice Frere, descending the ladder, had not witnessed this little incident; on reaching the deck, he saw only the unexplained presence of the convict uniform.

"Thank you," said a voice, as Rufus Dawes stooped before the pouting Sylvia.

The convict raised his eyes and saw a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, tall and well developed, who, dressed in a loose-sleeved robe of some white material, was standing in the doorway. She had black hair, coiled around a narrow and flat head, a small foot, white skin, well-shaped hands, and large, brown eyes; and as she smiled at him her scarlet lips showed her white, even teeth.

He knew her at once. She was Sarah Purfoy, Mrs. Vicker's maid, but he never had been so close to her before; and it seemed to him that he was in the presence of some strange tropical flower, which exhaled a heavy and intoxicating perfume.

Rufus Dawes was seized from behind by his collar and flung with a shock upon the deck. Leaping to his feet, his first impulse was to rush upon his assailant, but he saw the ready bayonet of the sentry gleam, and he checked himself with an effort, for his assailant was Mr. Maurice Frere.

"What do you here?" asked that gentleman. "You lazy, skulking hound, what brings you here? If I catch you putting your foot on the quarter deck again I'll give you a week in iron."

Rufus Dawes, pale with rage and mortification, opened his mouth to justify himself, but he allowed the words to die on his lips. What was the use?

"Go down below, and remember what I've told you," cried Frere; and comprehending at once what had occurred, he made a mental minute of the name of the defaulting sentry.

The convict, wiping the blood from his face, turned on his heel without a word, and went back through the strong oak door into his den. Frere leaned forward and took the girl's shapely hand with an easy gesture, but she drew it away, with a flash of her black eyes.

"You coward!" she said.

The stolid soldier close behind them heard it and his eye twinkled. Frere bit his thick lips with mortification, as he followed the girl into the caddy. Sarah Purfoy, however, taking the astonished Sylvia by the hand, glided into her mistress's cabin with a scornful laugh and shut the door behind her.

a mania for story telling, while if Vickers was sometimes dull, Frere was always hearty. Moreover, the table was well served, and the snuff evenings passed away with a rapidity of which the wild beasts 'tween decks had no conception. On this particular evening, however, the caddy was dull. Dinner fell flat, and conversation languished.

"No sign of a breeze, Mr. Best?" asked Blunt, as the first officer came in and took his seat.

"None, sir."

"These—he he!—awful calms," says Mrs. Vickers. "A week, is it not, Captain Blunt?"

"Thirteen days, mum," growled Blunt. "It is infamous the way they crowd these ships. Here we have over two hundred souls on board, and not boat room for half of 'em."

"Two hundred souls! Surely not," says Vickers. "By the regulations—"

"One hundred and eighty convicts, fifty soldiers, thirty in ship's crew, all told, and—how many?—one, two, three—seven in the cuddy. How many do you make that?"

"We are just a little crowded this time," says Best.

"It is very wrong," says Vickers, pompously, "very wrong. By the regulations—"

But the subject of the regulations was even more distasteful to the cuddy than Pine's interminable anecdotes, and Mrs. Vickers hastened to change the subject.

"Are you not heartily tired of this dreadful life, Mr. Frere?"

"Well, it is not exactly the life I had hoped to lead," said Frere, rubbing a freckled hand over his stubborn red hair; "but I must make the best of it."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, in that subdued manner with which one comments upon a well-known incident, "it must have been a great shock to you to be so suddenly deprived of so large a fortune."



### Protecting Plants.

Often there are plants in the garden which can not well be taken up and placed in the cellar to winter, yet which are too tender to leave without protection of some kind. The plan described will give ample protection in any section, the straw being added in locations where the winter is very severe. Take an old splint basket, such as are now generally used for vegetables, and remove the bottom. Give the plant what protection is needed at the base with soil heaped up and then set the basket over it. In locations where the winters are very severe the plant should first be protected by wrapping it in straw and mounding up the soil at the



### About the Codling Moth.

At the Ohio station, in studies made by Professor W. J. Green and J. S. Houser on the codling moth, it was found that 72 per cent of the worms left the apples before they fell. The destruction of windfall apples, therefore, seems to be of little avail. About 16 per cent of the worms were caught under bands. Adult larvae were found throughout the growing season until Oct. 13. The evidence obtained by the experts indicated two annual generations.

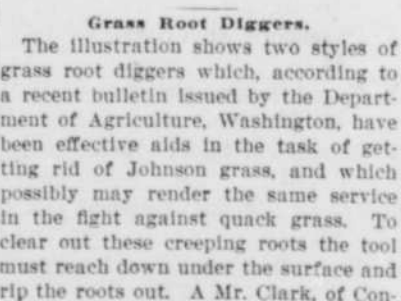
### Raising Pork at Low Cost.

It is so easy to feed corn and hogs like it so much better than anything else that it is little wonder that most pork is raised on corn. But as The Farmer says:

It is now being found that swine can be pastured in good form on rape or clover or both, and finished on cowpeas or soy beans. Of course, if a certain amount of corn can be made to supplement the foods mentioned, the swine will do much better. This method of raising swine can be done without great labor. The growing of these crops has a tendency in itself to enrich the land, and when they are pastured off by swine the increase in fertility is just so much greater. There is another very great advantage in growing pork in this way. Swine are likely to keep in condition and they will make a quality of pork that is if anything ahead of that grown in the corn country. We have often wondered that this method of growing swine did not commend itself to farmers earlier. That it did not, however, is just in keeping with the slowness with which many other important crops engaged the attention of those who ought to be most interested in them.

### Grass Root Diggers.

The illustration shows two styles of grass root diggers which, according to a recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, have been effective aids in the task of getting rid of Johnson grass, and which possibly may render the same service in the fight against quack grass. To clear out these creeping roots the tool must reach down under the surface and rip the roots out. A Mr. Clark, of Connecticut, uses the upper one like a one-horse cultivator in preparing old sod land for reseeding to grass with good effect.



### Alfalfa Widespread Crop.

Only a few years ago, alfalfa was practically unknown in most parts of the United States, but it is now grown in all parts of the country. A writer truly says:

Alfalfa has conquered. There is practically no part of the United States where this will not grow and flourish, if seeded in the proper manner and on inoculated soil if inoculation is necessary. This is a triumph of scientific agriculture and the co-operation of practical farmers. Such success encourages agriculturists to persist in trying to grow profitable crops even though these crops are not commonly produced in their locality.

### Points in Caring for an Incubator.

Study your incubator.  
Read the manufacturer's directions for setting it up.  
Set it up carefully and according to instructions.  
Never try to run an incubator in a drafty place, nor near a stove, nor where the sun shines upon it.  
Set fertile eggs only. Waste no effort upon those that are doubtful.

### Cost of Producing Milk.

The New Jersey Experiment Station summarizes its record of the cost of producing milk from the college herd as follows: "The daily cost of total food per cow varied from 11.60 cents in 1896 to 12.88 cents in 1901. The daily cost for fine feed varied from 4.96 cents in 1896 to 7.62 cents in 1901; the cost of roughage varied from 5.23 cents in 1902 to 6.61 cents in 1896. The cost of production per quart varied from 2.26 cents in 1902 to 2.49 cents in 1896, and the average annual yield per cow was 6,528 pounds. The study of the records of individual cows also showed that but little profit can be derived from a cow that does not produce 5,000 pounds of milk per year, particularly if the product is sold at the low price of 1 cent per pound; no stronger argument is needed in favor of the necessity of testing the animals, and thus learning their exact value, than is afforded by these records. Furthermore, the facts brought out by the records indicate that there is but little profit from a cow that does not produce 200 pounds of butter per year, and point to the necessity of a careful selection of cows for the butter dairy."

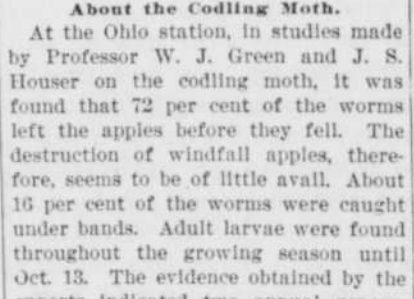
### Fault Finding.

Unfortunately a great many farmers and farmers' wives are addicted to fault finding. Nothing causes more unhappiness in a family than continual nagging. There is no sense in it, it does no good and it always makes for mischief. Fault finding turns more children away from home than anything else. Some men are enjoyed better out of sight just for this reason. Their room is preferred to their company.

Usually fault finding is confined to the little things—things that should be passed over lightly. The big things are taken philosophically enough, talked over and remedied or borne with as seems best. But the little petty things are talked over and over, each one thinking that the other should give in. The habit grows. It has sent many a woman to an early grave, wrecked many a man's usefulness and scattered families that otherwise would have lived happily in the farm home.

### Simple Mouse Trap.

For a simple mouse trap all you need is an old bottle with a mouth or opening in the neck about one and one-half inches in diameter. Place this in the position shown in the illustration, inclined by means of bricks or blocks of wood. Leading up to the mouth of the bottle place a board or a piece of cardboard, and on the cardboard lay a train of crumbs of cheese. Drop some larger bits in the mouth of the bottle and the trap is set. The mouse will enter



### Japan Raising Horses.

In getting a foundation for horse breeding Japan shows the same disposition to begin with the best that can be obtained that has characterized her efforts in other directions. Representatives have been sent to the different countries to see for themselves the character of the horses raised in each, and it is a distinct compliment to the breeders of the United States that this country was selected as the one to draw on for foundation stock. It may be noted, too, that the greater part of the horses purchased in this country by the Japanese have been trotting horses. They have bought some thoroughbreds to use in the building up of cavalry horses, but as the general purpose horse it seems evident that the trotting-bred horse will take the same prominence in Japan as it has in this country.

### Give Plants a Drenching.

When one waters plants it is best to make the soil really wet, and then wait till they need water again before giving them more. An old gardener says that the little squirts every few minutes are worse than useless. They wet only a small part of the soil and the remainder often becomes actually dry. When the soil is really wet it is time to soak them. Then do it thoroughly and stop. Why, you drink only when you are thirsty, not all the time.

### Political Notes.

Gen. Theodore Alfred Bingham, New York's new police commissioner, West Point graduate, 47 years of age, and as brisk as a dynamo.

Henry Labouchere, who is speaker from Parliament, has spent more than \$1,000,000 in defending himself against him as editor of the "Daily Post".

The remark attributed to James H. Wilson, that the President would accept of a term if he should not have been re-elected, appears to have been incorrectly reported.

What he did say was that the President would continue his fight, not in the House, perhaps, but in Congress.

A bill has been introduced in the Jersey Senate asking for legal action against the Standard Oil Company and its subsidiary corporations, and for the purpose of forfeiting their charters on grounds of violating the common law of monopolies and the Elkins law on interstate commerce.

Representatives Huff of Pennsylvania and Haskins of Vermont and Combs of New York so closely resemble one another that only their most intimate friends can distinguish them apart.

When asked about the report that President had issued an ultimatum to the Senate Republican leaders on the subject of railway rate legislation, Aldrich replied that the President and leaders in Congress were "in perfect accord so far as the general principle involved are concerned," and that the differences which remain to be settled are of comparatively minor importance.

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1827—Edward II. of England resigns the crown.  
1564—Pope confirmed by a bull the decrees of the Council of Trent.  
1579—Dutch Republic proclaimed.  
1641—Union of Catalonia with France.  
1738—First stone laid of Westminster bridge, over the Thames river.  
1777—Americans under Gen. Mifflin capture Elizabethtown, N. J.  
1788—First settlement in Australia.  
1796—James McHenry became Secretary of War of the United States.  
1807—Prince of Wales attacked in his carriage by the populace of London.  
1807—Fall Mall lighted by gas; the street by them lighted.  
1814—Battle of Enotochopoco, Ga.  
1815—Congress purchased Thomas Jefferson's library for \$25,000.  
1815—Thanksgiving in New Orleans.  
1820—Gen. Jackson's victory.  
1830—Robert Haynes' great speech in favor of the Foote resolution.  
1833—First Reformed Parliament of the United Kingdom opened.  
1837—Michigan admitted into the Union.  
1841—First conviction of a woman in Philadelphia for murder.  
1843—Edward Drummond assassinated in London.  
1847—Battle of Canada.  
1850—Henry Clay introduced resolutions for compromise on slavery question.  
1854—Many perished in burning steamer Georgia at New Orleans.  
1855—Rutledge College, South Carolina destroyed by fire.... First train in ocean to ocean passed over Pacific railroad.  
1856—Steamship Pacific lost between Liverpool and New York; 156 lives lost.  
1861—Kansas admitted to the Union.  
1861—U. S. arsenal at Augusta, Ga., captured by Georgia State troops.... Louisiana adopted the ordinance of secession.  
1863—Maj. Gen. Burnside relieved Maj. Gen. Hooker.  
1866—Freedman Bureau bill passed United States Senate.  
1867—The President vetoed the Colorado admission bill.... East river bridge by ice. Thousands of persons on foot.  
1870—Massacre of the Piegan Indians by Col. Baker's force.  
1871—Paris capitulated to the Germans.  
1874—Olympic theater, Philadelphia destroyed by fire.  
1882—Guineau convicted of the murder of President Garfield.  
1885—Parliament buildings and Tower damaged by dynamite explosions.... Fall of Khartoum, assassination of Gen. Charles Gordon.  
1886—Senator Sherman introduced a suspension bill coinage.  
1887—U. S. Senate passed Canadianation bill.  
1889—Pensacola, Fla., had second fall in twenty-two years.... New York City over street cars.  
1893—Eighty miners killed in explosion at Dux, Bohemia.  
1894—James J. Corbett defeated Mitchell in fight at Jacksonport.  
1895—Steamer City of Macon wrecked in Delaware bay.  
1896—Large loss by fire at Lewiston.  
1904—Mrs. Agnes Sofel arrested at Leesville, Pa., for aiding the escape of the Biddle brothers from the burg jail.... Mrs. Florence Mills released from prison.... Col. Richard Boer war, released from Brixton prison.  
1906—Largest diamond ever discovered in history found in the Transvaal.  
Great blizzard along the coast of North America.

"Thank you, Mr. Frere. These horrible ladders. I really—he, he!—quite unable to them. Hot! Yes, dear me, most oppressive. John, the camp stool, say, Mr. Frere—oh, thank you! Sylvia! Sylvia! John, have you my smelling salts? Still a calm, I suppose, these dreadful calms!"

Vickers, with a bow to Frere, saw his way up the ladder, and then turned to his daughter. She was a delicate-looking child of six years old, with blue

### CHAPTER III.

Convictism having been safely got under hatches, and put to bed in its governmental allowance of sixteen inches of space per man, cut a little short by exigencies of shipboard, the cuddy was wont to pass some not unpleasant evenings. Mrs. Vickers, who was poetical, and owned a guitar, was also musical, and sang to it. Captain Blunt was a jovial, coarse fellow; Surgeon Pine had

### A True Philosopher.

A dog has attained the highest eminence ever reached by a philosopher when he can forget his deas.—Somerville Journal.