

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Sylvia uttered a little cry. She had become fond of her dumb companion. "Kill Nanny! Oh, Mr. Dawes! What for?"

"I am going to make a boat for you," he said, "and I want hides and thread and tallow."

A few weeks back Maurice Frere would have laughed at such a sentence; but he had begun now to comprehend that this escaped convict was not a man to be laughed at, and though he detested him for his superiority, he could not but admit that he was superior.

"You can't get more than one hide off a goat," he said, with an inquiring tone in his voice—as though it were just possible that such a marvelous being as Dawes could get a second hide by virtue of some secret process known only to himself.

"I am going to catch other goats at the pilot station."

"But how are you going to get there?" "Float across. Come, there is no time for questioning. Go and cut down some saplings, and let us begin."

The lieutenant master looked at the convict prisoner with astonishment, and then gave way to the power of knowledge, and did as he was ordered. Before sundown that evening, the carcasses of poor Nanny, broken into various most unwholesome fragments, was hanging on the nearest tree; and Frere, returning with as many young saplings as he could drag together, found Rufus Dawes engaged in a curious occupation. He had killed the goat, and, having cut off its head close under the jaws, and its legs at the knee joint, had extracted the carcass through a slit, which slit he had now sewed together with strips. This proceeding gave him a rough bag, and he was busily engaged in filling this bag with such coarse grass as he could collect. Frere observed, also, that the fat of the animal was carefully preserved, and the intestines had been placed in a pool of water to soak.

The convict, however, declined to give information as to what he intended to do. "It's my own notion," he said. "Let me alone. I may make a failure of it." Frere, on being pressed by Sylvia, affected to know all about the scheme. He was galled to think that a convict brain should contain a mystery which he could not share.

On the next day, by Rufus Dawes' directions, Frere cut down some rushes that grew about a mile from the camping ground, and brought them in on his back. This took him nearly half a day to accomplish. Short rations were beginning to tell upon his physical powers. The convict, on the other hand, trained by a woful experience in the boats to endurance of hardship, was slowly recovering his original strength.

"What are they for?" asked Frere, as he fung the bundles down. "To make a boat. You are very dull, Mr. Frere. I am going to swim over to the pilot station and catch some of those goats. I can get across on the stuffed skins, but I must float them back on the reeds."

Frere saw that his companion was cleaning the intestines of the goat. The outer membrane having been peeled off, Rufus Dawes was turning them inside out. This he did by turning up a short piece of it, as though it were a coat sleeve, and dipping the turned-up cuff into a pool of water. The weight of the water, pressing between the cuff and the rest of it, bore down a further portion; and so, by repeated dippings, the whole length was turned inside out. The inner membrane having been scraped away, there remained a fine transparent tube, which was tightly twisted and set to dry in the sun.

"There is the catgut for the noose," said Dawes. "I learned that trick at the settlement. Now, come here."

Frere, following, saw that a fire had been made between two stones, and that the kettle was partly sunk in the ground near it. On approaching the kettle, he found it full of smooth pebbles.

"Take out those stones," said Dawes. Frere obeyed, and saw at the bottom of the kettle a quantity of sparkling white powder, and the sides of the vessel rusted with the same material.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Salt."

"How did you get it?"

"I filled the kettle with sea water, and then heated those pebbles red hot in the fire, dropped them into it. We could have caught the steam in a cloth and wrung out fresh water, had we wished to do so."

Frere burst out in a sudden, fretful admiration: "What a fellow you are, Dawes! What are you—I mean, what are you?"

"A triumphant light came into the other's face, and for the instant he seemed about to reply by some startling revelation. But the light faded, and he checked himself with a gesture of pain.

"I am a convict. Never mind what have been. A sailor, shipbuilder, prodigal, vagabond—what does it matter? I won't alter my fate, will it?"

"If we get safely back," says Frere, "I'll ask for a free pardon for you. You deserve it."

"I don't want favor at your hands, set us get to work. Bring up the rushes, and tie them with a fishing line."

"Goats are fond of salt, and when I get over to the pilot station, I shall set traps for them baited with this salt. When they come to lick it, I shall have noose of catgut ready to catch them; do you understand?"

"But how will you get across?"

"You will see to-morrow."

"CHAPTER XVI.

Frere, coming to the pier next morning, saw Dawes strip himself, and piling his clothes upon the reed bundles, stretched himself upon the reed bundles,

and, paddling with his hands, pushed off from the shore. The clothes floated high and dry, but the reeds, depressed by the weight of the body, sunk so that the head of the convict alone appeared above water. In this fashion he gained the middle of the current, and the outgoing tide swept him down toward the mouth of the harbor.

Rufus Dawes, drifting with the current, had allowed himself to coast along the eastern side of the harbor until the pilot station appeared in view on the opposite shore. By this time it was nearly 7 o'clock. He landed at a sandy cove, and, drawing up his raft, proceeded to unpack from among his garments a piece of damper. Having eaten sparingly, and dried himself in the sun, he replaced the remains of his breakfast, and pushed his floats again into the water.

Arrived at his destination about midday, he set to work to lay his snares. The goats, with whose hides he hoped to cover the coracle, were sufficiently numerous and tame to encourage him to use every exertion. He carefully examined the tracks of the animals, and found that they converged to one point—the track to the nearest water. With much labor he cut down bushes, so as to mask the approach to the water hole on all sides, save where these tracks immediately conjoined. Close to the water, and at unequal distances along the various tracks, he scattered the salt he had obtained by his rude distillation of sea water. Between this scattered salt and the points where he judged the animals would be likely to approach, he set his traps, and retired to watch the effect of his labors.

About two hours after he had gone, the goats came to drink. There were five goats and two kids, and they trotted calmly along the path to the water. The watcher soon saw that his precautions had been in a manner wasted. The leading goat marched gravely into the springs, which, catching him round the neck, released the bent rod, and sprang him off his legs into the air. He uttered a comical bleat, and then hung kicking. The other goats bounded off at this sudden elevation of their leader, and three more were entrapped at a little distance. Rufus Dawes now thought it time to secure his prize, though three of the springs were as yet unstrung. He ran down to the old goat, knife in hand, but before he could reach him the barely dried catgut gave way, and the old fellow, shaking his head with grotesque dismay, made off at full speed. The others, however, were secured and killed. The loss of the springs was not a serious one, for three traps remained unstrung, and before sundown Rufus Dawes had caught four more goats. Removing with care the catgut that had done such good service, he dragged the carcasses to the shore, and proceeded to pack them upon his floats. He discovered, however, that the weight was too great, and that the water, entering through the loops of the stitching in the side, had so soaked the rush grass as to render the floats no longer buoyant. He was compelled, therefore, to spend two hours in restuffing the skin with such material as he could find. Some light and flock-like seaweed, which the action of the water had swayed after the fashion of haybands along the shore, formed an excellent substitute for grass, and having bound his bundle of rushes lengthwise, with the goatskin as a centerpiece, he succeeded in forming a sort of rude canoe, upon which the carcasses floated securely.

The tide was now running in, and he knew it was imperative that he should regain the further shore while the current was in his favor. He touched the chilled water and drew back. For an instant he determined to wait until the beams of the morning should illumine that beautiful but treacherous sea, and then the thought of the helpless child, who was, without doubt, waiting and watching for him on the shore, gave new strength to his wearied frame; and fixing his eyes on the glow that, hovering above the dark tree-line, marked her presence, he pushed the raft before him into the sea.

Paddling and pushing, he gradually edged it toward the freight, and at last, just when his stiffened limbs refused to obey the impulse of his will, and he began to drift onward with the onward tide, he felt his feet strike firm ground. Dragging the carcasses above high-water mark, he rounded the little promontory and made for the fire. He gained the fire before the solitary watcher there heard his footsteps, and spread his hands to the blaze in silence.

Frere, starting, cried, "It is you! Have you succeeded?"

"There are six carcasses down by the rocks. You can have meat for breakfast to-morrow."

The child, at the sound of the voice, came running down from the hut. "Oh, Mr. Dawes! I am so glad! We were beginning to despair—mamma and I."

Dawes snatched her from the ground, and, bursting into a joyous laugh, swung her into the air. "Tell me," he cried, holding up the child with two dripping arms above him, "what will you do for me if I bring you and mamma safe home again?"

"Give you a free pardon," said Sylvia; "and papa shall make you his servant!" Frere burst out laughing at this reply; and Dawes, with a choking sensation in his throat, put the child upon the ground, and walked away.

In the morning, however, Rufus Dawes was first at work, and made no allusion to the scene of the previous evening. By dint of hard work they got the four goats skinned, and the entrails cleaned ready for twisting, by breakfast time; and having broiled some of the flesh, made a hearty meal. Mrs. Vickers being no better, Dawes went to see her, and seemed to have made friends again with Sylvia, for he came out of the hut with Sylvia's hand in his. Frere, who was cutting the meat in long strips to dry in the sun, saw this, and it added fresh fuel to the fire of his unreasonable envy and jealousy.

Rufus Dawes took two of the straightest and most taper of some celery-top pines which Frere had cut on the previous day, and lashed them tightly to-

gether, with the butts outward. He thus produced a spliced stick about twelve feet long. About two feet from either end he notched the young tree until he could bend the extremities upward; and having so bent them, he secured the bent portions in their places by means of lashing of rawhide. The spliced trees now presented the rude outline of the section of a boat, having the stem, keel and stern all in one piece. This having been placed lengthwise between the stakes, four other poles, notched in two places, were lashed from stake to stake, running crosswise to the keel, and forming the knees. Four saplings were now bent from end to end of the upturned portions of the keel that represented stem and stern. Two of these four were placed above, as gunwales; two below, as bottom rails. At each intersection the sticks were lashed firmly with fishing line. The whole framework being complete, the stakes were drawn out, and there lay upon the ground the skeleton of a boat eight feet long by three broad. Frere, whose hands were blistered and sore, would fain have rested; but the convict would not hear of it. "Let us finish," he said, regardless of his own fatigue; "the skins will be dry if we stop."

"I can work no more," said Frere, sulkily; "I can't stand. You've got muscles of iron, I suppose. I haven't."

"They made me work when I couldn't stand, Maurice Frere. It is wonderful what spirit the cat gives a man. There's nothing like wet to get rid of aching muscles—as they used to tell me."

"Well, what's to be done now?" "Cover the boat. There, you can see the fat to melt, and sew these hides together, two and two, do you see? and then sew the pair of the weeks. There is plenty of catgut yonder."

"Don't talk to me as if I were a dog!" says Frere, suddenly. "Be civil, can't you?"

But the other, busily trimming and cutting at the projecting pieces of sapling, made no reply. It is possible that he thought the fatigued lieutenant beneath his notice. About an hour before sundown the hides were ready, and Rufus Dawes, having in the meantime interlaced the ribs of the skeleton with wattles, stretched the skins over it, with the hairy side inward. Along the edges of this covering he bored holes at intervals, and passing through these holes thongs of twisted skin, he drew the whole to the top of the boat. One last precaution remained. Dipping the pannikin into the melted tallow, he plentifully anointed the seams of the sewed skins. The boat thus turned topsy-turvy, looked like a huge walnut shell covered with red and reeking hide, or the skull of some Titan who had been scalped. "There!" cried Rufus Dawes, triumphant. "Twelve hours in the sun to tighten the hides, and she'll swim like a duck."

The next day was spent in minor preparations. The jerked goat-meat was packed securely into as small a compass as possible. Water bags were improvised out of portions of the intestines of the goats. Rufus Dawes, having filled these with water, ran a wooden skewer through their mouths, and twisted it tight, tourniquet fashion. He also strapped cylindrical pieces of bark, and having sewed each cylinder at the side, fitted it to a bottom of the same material, and calked the seams with gum and pine tree resin. Thus four tolerable buckets were obtained. One goat skin yet remained, and out of this it was determined to make a sail. "The current was strong," said Rufus Dawes, "and we shall not be able to row far with such oars as we have got. If we get a breeze it may save our lives." It was impossible to "step" a mast in the frail basket structure, but this difficulty was overcome by a simple contrivance. From thwart to thwart two poles were bound, and the mast, lashed between these poles with thongs of rawhide, was secured by shrouds of twisted fishing line running fore and aft. Sheets of bark were placed at the bottom of the craft, and made a safe flooring. It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day that these preparations were completed, and it was decided that on the morrow they should adventure the journey. "We will coast down to the bar," said Rufus Dawes, "and wait for the slack of the tide. I can do no more now."

(To be continued.)

SENSIBLY ARRANGED.

Among the traditions of old-time courtship in New England the risks, rivalries, schemings and elopements to be expected of youthful impetuosity are not absent; but surely no other region preserves so many anecdotes of tranquil, unhurried and unfurried lovers.

One recently related of a trio of natives of old Norley a century ago is certainly an instance rather of sense than of sensibility.

Abiel came courting to Amanda; neither was young. Amanda listened politely when Abiel proposed, looked him up and down, considered, and announced, with considerate regret:

"It'll have to be no, Abiel; it really will. I'm sorry, but I can't make it my duty to say otherwise, and it certainly ain't my pleasure. I'm satisfied with a single life. But if you'll take it in the spirit it's offered, I'll give you a piece of advice. Try Peter Forney's Abigail. She's better-looking than I be. She's got faculty, and I kind o' think she ain't averse to marriage."

Abiel, gratefully accepting the advice, proceeded at once to Abigail, who justified Amanda's guess at her attitude toward matrimony. She and he were soon married, and in due time Amanda came to call, and expressed during her stay a warmer appreciation of the furnishings of the new home than Abiel deemed in good taste. It struck him as too nearly approaching envy.

"It might have been yours, Amanda," he announced, with reproachful dignity, in the presence of his quite unruined bride. "It might have been yours, but you wouldn't have it. And if now it's Abigail's, why, nobody's to blame. Abigail had sense."

COAST QUAKE UNIQUE

FLAMES ADD AWFUL HORROR TO DESTRUCTION.

No Part of Globe Immune from Earth's Shocks—Some Portions, However, Are More Liable to Seismic Disturbances than Others.

Among the great disasters recorded in history there have been few in which earthquake and fire have combined to destroy life and property as in San Francisco. Volcanic eruptions have been frequent accompaniments of earthquakes, and, as in the recent catastrophe around Naples, have been responsible for great destruction, but there is no parallel to be found for the calamity which descended upon the city of the Golden Gate. There nature worked with a vengeance, first overthrowing the buildings and then making futile the efforts of man to subdue the flames which attacked the ruined structures.

No portion of the globe, scientists declare, is absolutely immune from earthquakes, but there are circumscribed regions in which the surface is liable to be shaken which are described as "earthquake areas." San Francisco is situated within one of these areas, and has experienced numerous shocks in the past sixty or seventy years.

Italy has for ages been peculiarly subject to these seismic disturbances, its recent experience in connection with the eruption of Vesuvius being one of scores occurring in the last century. Japan, China, India and the western coast of South America all have been the scenes of appalling earthquakes, hundreds of thousands of human beings losing their lives.

Compared with other countries, the United States has suffered but little from earthquakes, the most notable disturbances of the earth's surface oc-



TERRITORY IN EARTHQUAKE AREA.

curing in 1811-1812 near the head of the Mississippi delta, in Inyo Valley, California, in 1872, and at Charleston, S. C., in 1886. The earthquake at Charleston destroyed a large number of buildings and killed twenty-seven persons outright, others dying later from injuries. Eight or ten villages located in Inyo Valley were destroyed and one-tenth of the population was killed. The New Madrid earthquake of 1811-1812 affected a dozen or more counties in southern Missouri and northern Alabama.

100,000 Die in Quake.

Most disastrous of all earthquakes, so far as authentic records show, was that which occurred in Calabria, Italy, in 1783, and which killed 100,000 persons. It originated in the center of the province, and extending to the eastern coast of Sicily destroyed the city of Messina, a tremendous tidal wave engulfing the greater portion of the city.

Among the earthquakes of early date in Italy was that of A. D. 63, which wrecked the cities of Pompei and Herculaneum, sixteen years before they were buried under the ashes and lava thrown out by Vesuvius. The most notable earthquake in Italy in the last century, preceding the one which swept over the northern part of the country in 1895 and caused tremendous damage, took place in 1857 in the kingdom of Naples.

The earthquake which visited Lisbon, Portugal, Nov. 1, 1755, was one of the most appalling and remarkable manifestations in the history of modern times. Sixty thousand lives are believed to have been lost in six minutes. It was All Saints' day, and the churches were filled with worshippers, when the rumbling noise which invariably precedes an earthquake was heard. A few moments passed, and then came a great shock which threw down the greater portion of the city before the people had a chance to escape from the buildings. The sea rushed back in a wave fifty feet high, engulfing part of the city permanently to a depth of 900 feet. The shock was felt in the Alps and on the coast of Sweden. The waves of the shock reached as far north as Scotland.

South America has been subjected to many severe earthquakes. The city of Caracas, Venezuela, was destroyed by three shocks within a minute in 1812. Quito, Ecuador, was almost obliterated by an earthquake in 1859. The city of Lima, Peru, and its harbor, Callao, were destroyed by an earthquake in 1746. The latest of the great seismic upheavals in South America occurred

MAP OF THE BURNT DISTRICT IN SAN FRANCISCO.



The burnt district of San Francisco is shown on the map, the numbered sections showing the devastating progress of the fire on the first, second, third and fourth days of the conflagration. The boundary as given is drawn from a description by representatives of the Associated Press, who made a tour around the district and who estimate the circumference at twenty-six miles. The boundary of the district is so irregular that it is impossible to give an accurate estimate of the area, but it is said to be something less than five miles square.

The Chicago fire, Oct. 9, 1871, burned over a district that was about four miles in extreme length from south to north, the width being averaged at about two-thirds of a mile. There were some 2,100 acres in the burnt territory, or about three and one-third square miles. The fire started at 9 o'clock p. m., or near that hour, Oct. 8, and reached its boundary on the extreme north about midnight of the following day. The number of buildings burned is placed at 17,450, the deaths by the fire estimated at 200, and some 70,000 people were made homeless. Estimates on the total loss of property vary, but \$190,000,000 may be taken as a fairly accurate figure. The insurance written was \$100,225,000 and the amount paid \$50,178,925.

The Baltimore fire, Feb. 7, 1904, burned for thirty-six hours and covered an area of 140 acres, extreme length 3,800 feet, breadth 2,900 feet. Seventy-three city blocks were destroyed, besides certain isolated sections on the water front. Property was insured for \$50,000,000 and \$32,000,000 was paid.

The Boston fire, Nov. 9, 1872, burned for seventeen hours over an area of sixty-five acres and destroyed 800 buildings. The total property loss is estimated at \$80,000,000 and the insurance was \$52,976,000. Fifteen lives were lost by this fire.

In 1808, on the western coast of the mountain region of the Andes from Chile to Ecuador, a distance of over 1,600 miles.

Great Area Is Lifted.

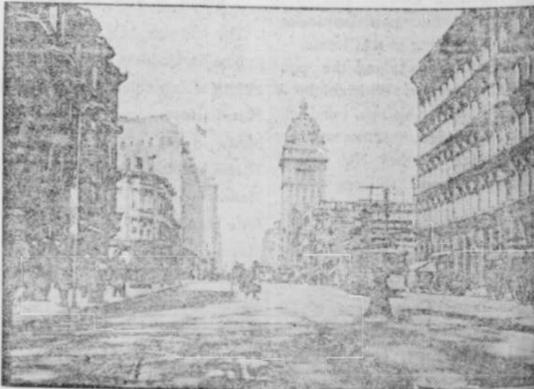
In 1822 an earthquake permanently raised 100,000 square miles of land from two to seven feet. The city of Concepcion was destroyed in 1835 for the fourth time, and 300 shocks were felt within three weeks. In 1861 the city of Mendoza, Argentine Republic, was destroyed, and 12,000 persons were killed.

The Mississippi Valley earthquake of 1811-12, known as the New Madrid earthquake, was characterized by the great prolongation of its phenomena. Severe shocks occurred at short intervals for several months, and the entire series of shocks covered a period of about two years. As the country was sparsely settled little is known of the distance to which the vibrations extended, but in the central tract the phenomena were of a most impressive character. It is related that alluvial land was traversed by visible waves, which rocked the forest trees to and fro, uprooted some, and permanently entangled the branches of others. An area between sixty and eighty miles

The great conflagrations of history, recorded in the order of their importance, begin with the destruction of London in 1212 and the loss of thousands of lives. In 1696 London again was burned, and thousands more of lives were lost. In 1779 a conflagration in Constantinople caused the death of 7,000 persons. These three great fires were without rivals in their extent until the Chicago fire of 1871, in which 1,214 acres were devastated, 11,450 buildings reduced to ashes, 200 lives lost and 98,000 people were made homeless.

The Baltimore fire in 1904 swept away eighty blocks, covering 140 acres, and destroyed property valued at more than \$50,000,000. A fire in San Francisco in 1851 leveled 2,500 buildings, chiefly small frame structures, and scores of persons were burned to death. Another city that practically was wiped out was Troy, N. Y., which burned in 1862, with considerable loss of life. Another disastrous fire killed 2,000 persons in 1863 at Santiago, South America.

Considered from the standpoint of lives lost, however, the Troquels Theater fire in Chicago, Dec. 30, 1903, ranks as the most destructive in the history



VIEW OF MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

long and half as broad sunk from six to ten feet below its former level.

The earthquake which devastated Charleston, S. C., in September, 1886, was preceded by minor tremors, to which little attention was paid by the inhabitants of the city. The disturbance covered a tract of country extending from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley, and from Alabama to Lake Michigan. The principal shock lasted about one minute, and other shocks followed at intervals with gradually diminishing violence. A large number of houses were thrown down, and nearly every building in the city was damaged, the loss being estimated at millions of dollars. For four days the population camped out, afraid to risk their lives within walls that might be shaken down.

Of recent earthquakes, that which occurred in Italy last September throughout Calabria and Sicily was one of the worst. The shock came on Sept. 8, a few minutes before 3 a. m., and was of brief duration. In that brief time 400 persons were killed, about 600 were injured, and thousands were left homeless and destitute.

of this country, and has no rival in its horror elsewhere. In this awful disaster 652 lives were snuffed out in a few minutes, with but slight damage to the theater. Next to this fire, reckoning its attending loss of life, was the burning of Conway's Theater in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1876, when 250 persons perished in the flames.

Her Negligence.

"Yes, he actually had his wife arrested." "What did he charge her with?" "Contributory negligence." "How was that?" "Why, it seems that he struck at her fiercely, and she dodged, and he smacked his hand against the wall."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Apprehension.

Life's gentle gastronomic charms—Ere long, no doubt, will rudely stop. No more far food we'll seek the farms. We'll buy it at a chemist's shop.—Washington Star.

After a man has passed the critical stage of his illness he begins to worry about his doctor's bill.