

# For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Roused by the morning sun streaming in upon him, Mr. North opened his blood-shot eyes, rubbed his forehead with hands that trembled, and suddenly awakening, rolled off the bed and rose to his feet. He saw the empty brandy bottle on his wooden dressing table, and remembered what had passed. With shaking hands he dashed water over his aching head, and smoothed his garments. The debauch of the previous night had left the usual effects behind it. His brain seemed on fire, his hands were hot and dry, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He shuddered as he viewed his pale face and red eyes in the little looking glass. Stealing into the sitting room, he saw that the clock pointed to half-past six. The fogging was to have taken place at half-past five. Unless accident had favored him he was already too late. Fevered with remorse and anxiety, he hurried past the room where Meekin yet slumbered, and made his way to the prison. As he entered the yard Kirkland had just got his fiftieth lash.

"Stop!" cried North. "Captain Burgess, I call upon you to stop."

"You're rather late, Mr. North," retorted Burgess. "The punishment is nearly over."

North stood by, biting his nails and grinding his teeth during six more lashes. Kirkland had ceased to yell now, and merely moaned. His back was like a bloody sponge, while in the interval between the lashes the swollen flesh twitched like that of a new-killed bullock. Suddenly Macklewain saw his friend drop on his shoulder. "Throw him off! Throw him off!" he cried, and strove hurriedly to loosen the thong.

"Fling some water over him!" said Burgess. "He's shamming."

A bucket of water made Kirkland open his eyes. "I thought so," said Burgess. "Tie him up again." cried North.

"No! not if you are Christians!" cried North.

He met with an ally where he least expected one. Rufus Dawes flung down a dripping cat. "I'll flog no more," he said.

"What?" roared Burgess, furious at this gross insolence.

"I'll flog no more. Get some one else to do your bloody work for you. I ain't."

"Tie him up!" cried Burgess, foaming. "He's in here with a fresh cat. I'll give a beggar's fifty, and fifty more to the top of 'em; and he shall look on his back cool."

Rufus Dawes, with a glance at North, led off his shirt without a word, stretched himself at the triangles, as back was not white and smooth, Kirkland's had been, but hard and dried. He had been flogged before, and he could flog a man to death on a tree no bigger than the palm of his hand. He could use his left hand equal to his right, and if he got hold of a "worrier," would "cross the cuts."

Rufus Dawes planted his feet firmly on the ground, took fierce grasp of the thong, and drew in his breath. Macklewain spread the garments of the two captives upon the ground, and placing Kirkland upon them, turned to watch this impressive in the morning's amusement.

"Rumbled a little below his breath, he wanted his breakfast, and when the commandant once began to flog, there was no telling where he would strike without a murmur, and then he'd 'crossed the cuts.' This went on to fifty lashes, and North felt half-stricken with admiration at the edge of the man. "If it had not been for that cursed brandy," thought North with bitterness of self-reproach, "I might have saved all this." At the hundredth lash, the giant paused, expecting the wretch to throw off his bonds, but he gained to "break the man's spirit," and make you speak, you dog, if I put your heart out!" he cried. "Go on, a bit."

Twenty lashes more Dawes was and then the agony forced from his throat a hideous cry. But he did not cry for mercy, as that of a man had been. Having found his wretched man gave vent to a willful passion in a torrent. He dashed imprecations upon Burgess, and North. He cursed all scoundrel tyrants, all parsons for hypocrites. He called on the earth to gape at his persecutors, for heaven to rain fire upon them, for hell to engulf them quick. It was each blow of the cat forced him a fresh burst of beast-like rant. He seemed to have abandoned sanity. He foamed, he raved, he roared at his bonds until the strong shock again; he writhed himself upon the triangles and split impudently Burgess, who jeered at his torments. North, with his hands to his cheeks against the corner of the wall with horror. He would have fled, but a horrible fascination held him back.

In the midst of this—when the cat was the loudest, Burgess laughed, and the wretch on the triangles, saw Kirkland look at him with a thought a smile. Was it a smile? He leaped forward, and uttered dismay so loud that all turned. "No," says Troke, running to the clothes, "the young 'un's slipped and was dead."

"Tie him off!" says Burgess, the unfortunate accident; and reluctantly untied the thong and Rufus Dawes. Two convicts alongside him in an instant, lines newly tortured men grow.

This one, however, was sitting on the last lash, only in taking from under the body of the wretched man. "Dead!" and in his hand seemed to be a touch of an flaming his shirt over his shoulders, he walked out, dead.

"Ain't he?" said one constable

to the other, as they pushed him, not ungrudgingly, into an empty cell, there to wait for the hospital guard. The body of Kirkland was taken away in silence, and Burgess turned rather pale when he saw North's threatening face. "It ain't my fault, Mr. North," he said. "I don't know that the lad was chicken-hearted." But North turned away in disgust, and Macklewain and Burgess pursued their homeward route together.

Mr. North, in a agony of mind at what he considered the consequences of his neglect, slowly, and with head bowed down, as one bent on a painful errand, went to see the prisoner who had survived. He found him kneeling on the ground, prostrate.

"Rufus Dawes!"

At the tone Rufus Dawes looked up, and seeing who it was, waved him off. "Don't speak to me," he said, with an imprecation that made North's flesh creep. "I've told you what I think of you—a hypocrite, who stands by while a man is cut to pieces, and then comes and whines religion to him."

North stood in the center of the cell, with his arms hanging down, and his head bent. "You are right," he said, in a low tone. "I must seem to you a hypocrite. I am a servant of Christ! A bearded beast rather! I am not come to whine religion to you. I am come to ask your pardon. I might have saved you from punishment—saved that poor boy from death. I wanted to save him, God knows! But I have a vice; I am a drunkard, I yielded to temptation, and I was too late. I come to you, as one sinful man to another, to ask you to forgive me." And North suddenly flung himself down before the convict, and catching his blood-bespattered hands in his own, cried, "Forgive me, brother."

Rufus Dawes, too much astonished to speak, bent his black eyes on the man, who crouched at his feet, and a ray of divine pity penetrated his gloomy soul. He seemed to catch a glimpse of misery more profound than his own, and his stubborn heart felt human sympathy with this erring brother. "There in this hell there is yet a man," said he; and a hand-grasp passed between these two unhappy beings. North arose, and with averted face, passed quickly from the cell. Rufus Dawes looked at the hand which his strange visitor had taken, and something glittered there. It was a tear. He broke down at the sight of it, and when the guard came to fetch the tameless convict, they found him on his knees in a corner, sobbing like a child.

The morning after this, the Rev. Mr. North departed in the schooner for Hobart Town. Between the obnoxious chaplain and the commandant the events of the previous day had fixed a great grief. Burgess knew that North meant to report the death of Kirkland, and guessed that he would not be backward in relating the story to such persons in Hobart Town as would most readily repeat it.

Burgess, however, touched with selfish regrets, determined to balk the parson at the outset. He would send down an official "return" of the unfortunate occurrence by the same vessel that carried his enemy, and thus get the ear of the office. Meekin, walking on the evening of the flogging past the wooden shed where the body lay, saw Troke bearing buckets filled with dark-colored water, and heard a great splashing and slushing going on inside the hut.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Doctor's bin post-mortem the prisoner what was flogged this morning," said Troke, "and we're cleanin' up."

North, on his arrival, went straight to the house of Major Vickers. "I have a complaint to make, sir," he said. "I wish to lodge it formally with you. A prisoner has been flogged to death at Port Arthur. I saw it done."

Vickers bent his brow. "A serious accusation, Mr. North. I must, of course, receive it with respect, coming from you, but I trust that you have fully considered the circumstances of the case. I always understood Captain Burgess was a most humane man."

North shook his head. He would not accuse Burgess. He would let events speak for themselves. "I only ask for an inquiry," said he.

"Yes, my dear sir, I know. Very proper, indeed, on your part, if you think any injustice has been done; but have you considered the expense, the delay, the immense trouble and dissatisfaction all this will give?"

"No trouble, no expense, no dissatisfaction, should stand in the way of humanity and justice," cried North.

"Of course not. But will justice be done? Are you sure you can prove your case? Mind, I admit nothing against Captain Burgess, whom I have always considered a most worthy and zealous officer; but, supposing your charge to be true, can you prove it?"

"Yes. If the witnesses speak the truth."

"Who are they?"

"Myself, Dr. Macklewain, the constable and two prisoners, one of whom was flogged himself. He will speak the truth, I believe. The other man I have not much faith in."

"Very well; then there is only a prisoner and Dr. Macklewain; for if there has been foul play the convict-constable will not accuse the authorities. Moreover, the doctor does not agree with you."

"No," cried North, amazed.

"No. You see, then, my dear sir, how necessary it is not to be hasty in matters of this kind. I really think that your goodness of heart has misled you. Captain Burgess sends a report of the case. He says the man was sentenced to a hundred lashes for gross insolence and disobedience of orders; that the doctor was present during the punishment; and that the man was thrown off by his directions after he had received fifty-six lashes. That, after a short interval, he was found to be dead, and that the doctor made a post-mortem examination of the body and found disease of the heart."

North started. "A post-mortem? I never knew there had been one held."

"Here is the medical certificate," said Vickers, holding it out, "accompanied by the copies of the evidence of the constable and a letter from the commandant."

Poor North took the papers and read them slowly. They were apparently straightforward enough. Aneurism of the ascending aorta was given as the cause of death; and the doctor frankly admitted that had he known the deceased to be suffering from that complaint he would not have permitted him to receive more than twenty-five lashes.

North, going out with saddened spirits, met in the passage a beautiful young girl. It was Sylvia, coming to visit her father. He lifted his hat and looked after her. He guessed that she was the daughter of the man he had left—the wife of the Captain Frere concerning whom he had heard so much. North was a man whose morbidly excited brain was prone to strange fancies; and it seemed to him that beneath the clear blue eyes that flashed upon him for a moment lay a hint of future sadness, in which, in some strange way, he himself was to bear part. He stared after her figure until it disappeared; and long after the dainty presence of the young bride—trimly booted, tight-waisted and neatly gloved—had faded, with all its sunshine and gaiety and health, from out of his mental vision, he still saw those blue eyes and that cloud of golden hair.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Maurice Frere found his favorable expectations of Sydney fully realized. His notable escape from death at Macquarie Harbor, his alliance with the daughter of so respected a colonist as Major Vickers, and his reputation as a convict disciplinarian, rendered him a man of note. He received a vacant magistracy, and became even more noted for hardness of heart and artfulness of prison knowledge than before. The convict population spoke of him as "that Frere," and registered vows of vengeance against him, which he laughed in his bluffness to scorn.

One of the first things this useful officer did upon his arrival in Sydney was to inquire for Sarah Purfoy. To his astonishment, he discovered that she was the proprietor of large export warehouses in Pitt street, owned a neat cottage on one of the points of land which jutted into the bay, and was reputed to possess a banking account of no inconsiderable magnitude. He in vain applied his brains to solve this mystery. She had not been rich when she left Van Diemen's land—at least, so she had assured him, and appearances bore out her assurance. How had she accumulated this sudden wealth? Above all, why had she thus invested it? He made inquiries at the banks, but was snubbed for his pains. Sydney banks in those days did some queer business.

He had not been long established in his magistracy when Blunt came to claim payment for the voyage of Sarah Purfoy.

"Well," said Blunt, "I've got a job on hand."

"Glad of it, I am sure. What sort of a job?"

"A job of whaling," said Blunt, more uneasy than before.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Your old line of business. And who employs you now?"

"Mrs. Purfoy."

"What?" cried Frere, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"She's got a couple of ships now, captain, and she made me skipper of one of 'em. We take a turn at harpooning sometimes."

Frere stared at Blunt, who stared at the window. There was—the instinct of the magistrate told him—some strange project afoot. Yet that common sense which so often misleads us urged that it was quite natural Sarah should employ whaling vessels to increase her trade.

"Oh," said he, "and when do you start?"

"I'm expecting to get a word every day," returned Blunt, "and I thought I'd just come and see you first, in case of anything falling in."

Maurice Frere, oppressed with suspicions, ordered his horse that afternoon, and rode down to see the cottage which the owner of "Purfoy Stores" had purchased. He found it a low white building, situated four miles from the city, at the extreme end of a tongue of land which ran into the deep waters of the harbor. A garden, carefully cultivated, stood between the roadway and the house.

(To be continued.)

**Force of Habit.**

Charon smiled as he piloted his ferry boat across the Styx.

"I bet that chap over in the stern is from Chicago," he whispered.

"What gave you the impression?" asked the friend.

"Why, he asked what time the ice closed navigation down here."

**Altering the Case.**

"You ain't at home, are you, ma'am?"

"Of course I'm at home."

"But it's Mrs. Nox at the door, ma'am."

"Then I ain't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**They Were Happy.**

"Miss Screecher is going to cease her vocal exercises and travel."

"It will be the rest cure."

"I don't see how she can rest while traveling."

"No, but the neighbors can."

**Dilution.**

"You wouldn't think of watering your milk?"

"No," answered Farmer Cornstossel.

"The best I can do now is to capitalize my dairy business an' water the stock."—Washington Star.

**Extremes.**

Ida—She hates Jack.

Belle—And why?

Ida—Because when he meets her he always says: "There is nothing like old friends getting together." She objects to the "old."

Manners carry the world for the moment, character for all time.—A. B. Alcott.

## THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.



The marriage of King Alfonso of Spain and Princess Ena (now Queen Victoria) of Battenberg, niece of King Edward of England, was celebrated in the Church of St. Jeronimo, Madrid, while bells chimed and cannon thundered and thousands of people applauded. The wedding was the culmination of a genuine love romance. Alfonso, not the government, nor the Queen regent, selected his bride and the latter fell as genuinely in love with the King as the latter with her. Probably never before did royal lovers act in such purely democratic ways. In England at first deep opposition to the union was stirred because the princess had to change her religion, but this feeling has been practically obliterated by the romance of a genuine love match and now there is rejoicing in the United Kingdom over the marriage in Madrid. Politically, the union will add to Spain's stability and prestige, for it will win English sympathy and support if the country is exposed to the risks of foreign complications.

## AN IDEAL HOME LIFE.

The Fire-Eating Tillman Is a Model Husband and Father.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina, exponent of the strenuous and aggressive life in the Senate, is one of the most pronounced exponents of the simple life in his home. Perhaps there is no man in public life who lives as simply and quietly as does the Senator from South Carolina. His home life is ideal—gentle, healthful and happy. Born and reared on a farm, he early contracted the love of a country life, and he brought the sturdy habits and customs of a farmer with him when he first went to Washington.

The famous South Carolinian has a wife and five children, the youngest one being 10 or 12 years old. The oldest is his son, Benjamin R. Tillman, Jr., who was his father's secretary for many years. This family idolizes the father, and in turn he takes the greatest delight in fulfilling their every want.

A person who did not know Senator Tillman other than in his senatorial capacity might think that he is high-strung, irritable, and hard to get along with. They might pursue his strenuousness, aggressiveness, and fiery, debating temper into his home, and believe that these characteristics were the dominant features of his private life. No one could make a greater mistake. Just as the farmer goes out and leads a busy life all day long, plowing, harvesting, cutting down wood, etc., to come in at night and quietly spend the rest of the hours before retirement, so Senator Tillman lives. Active, ever on the hustle, fiery of temper on the floor of the Senate, he goes home and forgets the cares of the day, simply to enjoy a few hours with his family.

When Congress adjourns and the Senators hurry to their homes, none is quicker to get away than Mr. Tillman.

Down near Trenton, S. C., he has a big farm. On this plantation the senator spends most of his time in the summer, except in campaign years, and there goes out and actually tills the soil, just as he did fifteen and twenty years ago, before his remarkable abilities and characteristics brought him into public life.

It is at Trenton that Senator Tillman lives the ideal life. Call upon him there and you will be received with all the hospitality of any Southern gentleman. You will meet all the members of his family. You will hear him up early in the morning, and unless he is studying some speech, he will go to bed early at night. Senator Tillman in every respect is the ideal father and husband.—Utica Globe.

## No Music in It.

Patrick Mulhoolly's daughter was within a few weeks of her twenty-first birthday, and her proud father decided that he would buy her a music stool, one of those that can be lowered or raised by twisting the seat round. A few hours after he had brought his purchase home his wife discovered him with his coat off and great beads of perspiration on his brow diligently screwing the seat up and down. "Arrah, Pat," said she, "what have ye got there?"

"It's a little present for Kathleen," he explained between his gasps. "Ye know she has a liking for music. Sorra a bit of good this will be to her at all, at all. Shure I've been winding the blisid thing up for the last two hours and niver a tune has it played yet."

## Not a Dealer.

Frith, the English painter, tells this story of a fellow artist: "Huskison was an extraordinarily clever fellow, who died quite young. He used to paint imaginative pictures, fairies and that sort of thing. He was entirely uneducated. At a big dinner party at Cheltenham I heard Lord Northwick ask him all down the length of the table who bought his last picture. Was it a dealer? 'No, my lord,' said Huskison, 'it were a gent.'"

If a woman has no intention of buying anything but calico, she collects samples of silk at the silk counter on her way.

## MORE GRADUATION QUESTIONS ANSWERED.



—Cincinnati Post.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



**A**PPETITE is often mistaken for aspiration. The Holy Spirit is not selecting churches according to their style. Heavenly considerations often appear trifling to a man until he has some treasure there.

A woman with a new hat never gets settled before the sermon.

The man who syndicates his sermons always tries to corner his bliss.

Restoring the credit is a much simpler matter than rebuilding the character.

The man who is all sounding brass thinks that he strikes the keynote for the universe.

The sermon will not furnish food for faith if you use it only to find flaws in the preacher.

Many men are anxious to get on the payroll of life who have no interest in the shop-tickets.

When a man is sad on his own account it can be usually laid either to selfishness or to sin.

People who are doing God's work have no time to worry over the way they look while doing it.

The man who has faith in some way is always more persuasive than he who simply preaches by rote.

A good many of us will carry scars to our graves, earned by trying to make things hot for others.

It is safe to keep away from the amendment that acts as an invitation to the devil to come and tempt us.

One of the most certain signs of backsliding is when you begin to congratulate yourself on your broad-mindedness.

## FUTURE FORETOLD BY MIRROR.

Relic of Oriental Mystics Owned in Washington Still Doing Business.

There is a magic mirror here which is supposed to have come from the temple of Ajoera, in the Himalayan Mountains, where a monastery of ascetic monks devoted their time to the development of psychic powers, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. It is oblong, a foot and a half long and a foot wide. It has a black wooden frame three inches wide inclosing a highly polished glass perfectly black, due to the back being polished with asphaltum.

The mirror was owned by Dr. Leroy Taylor, a student of the occult, who got it from a woman who had passed much of her life in foreign travel. Just before his death he gave the mirror to Mrs. Gordon, who lives on 10th street between M and N streets. From her the psychological societies have been trying to purchase the glass, offering large sums for it.

A person who wishes to consult the mirror goes into a room by himself and holds the mirror in his lap at an angle which meets the eye without causing a reflection on the polished surface. It is asserted that if the user possesses any psychic power there will appear on the glass a filmy white cloud, which will pass across and disappear in the frame, while out of the mist will appear faces and scenes of happenings to come.

There are many persons who declare they have seen visions in the mirror—prophecies which have come true. The late Judge Caswell of California, while visiting in the home of Dr. Taylor looked in the mirror and saw the face of a near relative then living in Pittsburg. He was struck by the peculiar way in which the hair was combed back off the forehead. Two weeks later Judge Caswell died at the funeral of this relative and the hair was combed back in exactly that manner.

Mrs. Gordon, on looking in the mirror recently, saw the picture of a house on a lawn, near a river, on fire. The next day a telegram was received saying that the home of Dr. Taylor's son on the Potomac River had been burned the day before. Dr. Taylor's grandchildren saw the face of their dead grandmother in the mirror.

## Easy to See His Finish.

A Philadelphia politician was talking about the late Samuel H. Ashbridge, former Mayor of the city.

"I worked under Mr. Ashbridge for three years," he said, "and found him a good master. But one thing he always insisted on. That was implicit obedience to orders. If he told you to do a thing, that, and nothing else, was what you were to do. He didn't like to have a subordinate try to improve on his orders."

"I once tried to improve on an order of Mr. Ashbridge's. An errand I had been sent on I did better, as I thought, than I had been told to do. But when I came back, the Mayor smiled and told me a story."

"He said that there was a young man in love with a rich and beautiful girl. The girl informed him one afternoon that the next day would be her birthday. He said he was glad to hear it. He said he would send her the next morning a bouquet of roses, one rose for each year."

"So that night he wrote a note to his norist, ordering the immediate delivery of 20 roses to the young lady. But the florist, reading this order, thought he would please the young man by improving on it, and so he said to his clerk: 'Here is an order from young Smith for 20 roses. Smith is one of my best customers. Throw in 10 more for good measure.'"