

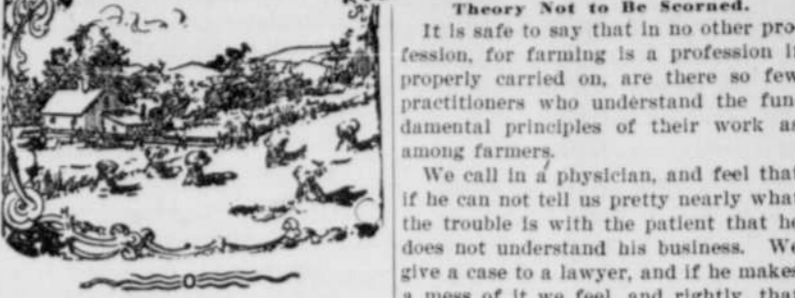
For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)
The experienced convict disciplinarian did not rate the ability of John Rex highly enough. From the instant the convict had heard his sentence of life imprisonment, he had determined upon escaping, and had brought all the powers of his acute and unscrupulous intellect to the consideration of the best method of achieving his purpose. His pretended piety had accomplished the end he had assumed it for. He had won the confidence of a clergyman of the Church of England, whose real name, such was his reverence for the cloth, should never pass his lips. He was transported for a forgery which he did not commit. Sarah Purfoy was his wife. She, an innocent and trusting girl, had determined to follow her husband to his place of doom, and had hired herself as lady's maid to Mrs. Vickers. "My great sorrow is for the poor woman. She is in Sydney, I have heard, and my heart bleeds for her." Here Rex heaved a sigh that would have made his fortune on the boards.
"You might write to her."
"You know the orders, sir—the commandant reads all the letters sent. Could I write to my poor Sarah what other eyes were to read?" and he watched the parson slyly.
"N—o, you could not," said Meekin, at last.
The next day Meekin, blushing with the consciousness that what he was about to do was wrong, said to his penitent, "If you will promise to write nothing that the commandant might see, Rex, I will send your letter to your wife."
"Thank you, sir," said Rex, and took two days to compose an epistle which should tell Sarah Purfoy how to act. The letter was a model of composition in one way. It stated everything clearly and succinctly. Not a detail that could embarrass was omitted, not a clearest possible manner. He brought his letter unsealed to Meekin. Meekin looked at it with an interest that was half suspicious. "Have I your word that there is nothing in this that might not be read by the commandant?"
"John Rex was a bold man, but at the sight of the deadly thing fluttering open in the clergyman's hand his knees knocked together. Strong in his knowledge of human nature, however, he pursued this desperate plan. "Read it, sir," he said, turning away his face reproachfully. "You are a gentleman: I can trust you."
"No, Rex," said Meekin, walking lightly into the pitfall; "I do not read private letters." It was sealed, and John Rex felt as if somebody had withdrawn a match from a powder barrel.
In a month Mr. Meekin received a letter, beautifully written, from "Sarah Rex," stating briefly that she had heard of his goodness; that the enclosed letter was for her husband, and that, if it was against the rules to give it him, she begged it might be returned to her unread.
Next morning handed to Meekin a most touching and pious production, begging him to read it. Meekin did so, and any suspicions he may have had were at once dispersed. The pious letter contained a sum of money, intended for John Rex only. The letter John Rex thought so highly of that, having read it twice through most attentively, he ate it.
The plan of escape was, after all, a simple one. Sarah Purfoy was to keep a vessel hovering round the southern coast of Van Diemen's Land without exciting suspicion. The escape was to be made in the winter months, if possible, in June or July. The watchful vessel was to be commanded by some trustworthy person, who was to frequently look out for any extraordinary appearance along the coast. Rex himself must leave to run the gauntlet of the dogs and guards unaided. "This seems a desperate scheme," wrote Rex. "But it is not so wild as it looks. I have thought of a dozen others, and rejected them. This is the only way. Consider it well. I have my own plan for escape, which is easy if rescue be at hand. All depends upon placing a trustworthy man in charge of the vessel. You ought to know a dozen such. I will wait eight months to give you time to make arrangements." The eighteen months now nearly passed over, and the hope for the desperate attempt drew near. Faithful to his cruel philosophy, John Rex had provided scapegoats who, their vicarious agonies, should assist to his salvation.
He had discovered that of the twenty in his gang eight had already determined on an effort for freedom. The names of these eight were Gabbett, John Bodenham, Cornelius, Greenhill, and others (called the "Moocher"), Cox and others. He would urge these men to a rate, and take advantage of the attention attendant on their absence to effect his own escape. "While all the eyes are looking for these eight boobies, I shall have a good chance to slip away unobserved." He washed, however, to a companion. Some strong man, if pressed hard, would turn and use without doubt; and this comrade was sought in Rufus Dawes.
Gaining from a purely selfish motive his fellow-prisoner to abscond with him, John Rex gradually found himself attracted into something like a friendship by the sternness with which Rufus was repelled.
"Have you no friends whom you wish to see?" he asked, one evening, when Dawes had proved more than usually deaf to his arguments.
"None," said Dawes, gloomily. "My only friends are all dead to me."
"Who, all?" asked the other. "Most have some one whom they wish to have resolved. I stay here."

of it. "It's no use making a fuss, Jones! There are eight of us. Oblige me by attending to your signals."
Jones knew the voice. It was that of John Rex. "Reply, can't you?" said Rex, coolly. "Captain Burgess is in a hurry." The arms of the semaphore at the settlement were, in fact, gesticulating with comical vehemence.
Jones took the strings in his hands, and, with his signal book open before him, was about to acknowledge the message, when Rex stopped him. "Send this message," he said. "Not seen! Signal sent to Eaglehawk!"
Jones paused irresolutely. He was himself a convict, and dreaded the inevitable cat that he knew would follow this false message. "If they find me out—" he said. Rex cocked the carbine with so decided a menacing in his black eyes that Jones banished his hesitation at once and began to signal eagerly. There came up a clinking of metal and a murmur from below. "What's keeping yer, Dandy?"
"All right. Get those irons off, and then we'll talk, boys. I'm putting salt on old Burgess' tail." The rough jest was received with a roar, and Jones, looking momentarily down from his window on the staging, saw, in the waning light, a group of men freeing themselves from their irons with a hammer taken from the guard house; while two, already freed, were casting buckets of water on the beacon woodpile. The sentry was lying bound at a little distance.
"Now," said the leader of this surprise party, "signal to Woody Island." Jones perforce obeyed. "Say, 'An escape at the mines! Watch One-tree Point! Send on to Eaglehawk!' Quick, now."
Jones, comprehending the force of this maneuver, which would have the effect of distracting attention from the Neck, executed the order with a grin. "You're a knowing one, Dandy Jack," said he.
John Rex acknowledged the compliment by uncocking the carbine. "Hold out your hands! Jimmy Vetch! Come up, and our friend Jones, Gabbett, have you got the axes?" "There's only one," said Gabbett. "Then bring that, and any tucker you can lay your hands on. Have you tied him? On we go, then." And in the space of five minutes from the time when unsuspecting Harry had been silently clutched by two shadows, who rushed upon him out of the shadow of the huts, the Signal Hill station was deserted.
At the settlement Burgess was floating. Nine men to seize the Long Bay boat, and get half an hour's start of the alarm signal was an unprecedented achievement! What could Waddell Troke have been about? Waddell Troke, however, found eight hours afterward, disarmed, gagged and bound in the scrub, had been guilty of no negligence. How could he tell, that at a certain signal from Dandy Jack, the nine men he had taken to Stewart's Bay would "rush" him; and, before he could draw a pistol, truss him like a chicken? The worst of the gang, Rufus Dawes, had volunteered for the hated duties of pile driving, and Troke had felt himself secure. How could he possibly guess that there was a plot in which Rufus Dawes, of all men, had refused to join?
Constables, mounted and on foot, were dispatched to scour the bush round the settlement. Burgess, confident from the reply of the Signal Hill semaphore, that the alarm had been given at Eaglehawk isthmus, promised himself the recapture of the gang before many hours; and giving orders to keep the communication going, retired to dinner. His convict servant had barely removed the soap when the result of John Rex's ingenuity became manifest. The semaphore at Signal Hill had stopped working.
"Perhaps the fools can't see," said Burgess. "Fire the beacon—and saddle my horse." The beacon was fired. All right at Mount Arthur, Mount Communication, and the coal mines. To the westward, the line was clear. But at Signal Hill was no answering light. Burgess stamped with rage. "Get me your boat's crew ready; and tell the mines to signal to Woody Island." As he stood on the jetty, a breathless messenger brought the reply. "A boat's crew to One-tree Point! Five men sent from Eaglehawk in obedience to orders!" Burgess understood it at once. The fellows had decoyed the Eaglehawk guard. "Give way, men!" And the boat shooting into the darkness, made for Long Bay. "I won't be far behind 'em," said the commandant, "at any rate."
(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURAL



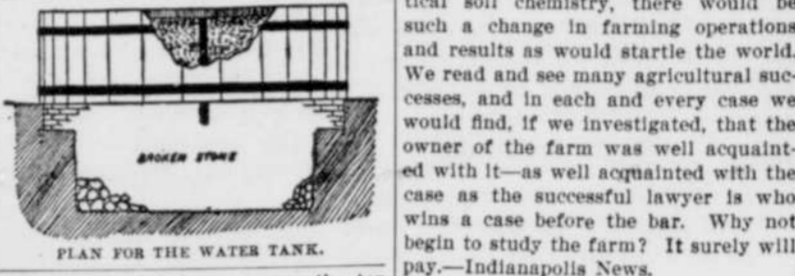
Theory Not to Be Scorned.

It is safe to say that in no other profession, for farming is a profession if properly carried on, are there so few practitioners who understand the fundamental principles of their work as among farmers.

We call in a physician, and feel that if he can not tell us pretty nearly what the trouble is with the patient that he does not understand his business. We give a case to a lawyer, and if he makes a mess of it we feel, and rightly, that he is not up in his profession. We of the farm have a poor crop under normal weather conditions, and guess at the cause.

If we plow and sow we hope the soil will bring a certain return. If it does not, how many of us can tell why? The truth of the matter is, we plow and sow without much regard to why we do it, and with even less regard of what our soil needs are and whether we have supplied them.

If every soil worker in the country could take a course of one year in practical soil chemistry, there would be such a change in farming operations and results as would startle the world. We read and see many agricultural successes, and in each and every case we would find, if we investigated, that the owner of the farm was well acquainted with it—as well acquainted with the case as the successful lawyer is who wins a case before the bar. Why not begin to study the farm? It surely will pay.—*Indianapolis News.*



making a mud hole runs over the top of the waste pipe in the center of the tank and runs down to seep away in the broken rock and porous sub-soil. The accompanying illustration will indicate how it is constructed and the manner of disposing of the overflow of water from a stock tank. It will be better to have the water line a few inches lower than the top edge of the tank so as to preclude the possibility of any water escaping and making a mud hole.

Crops Following Cow Peas.

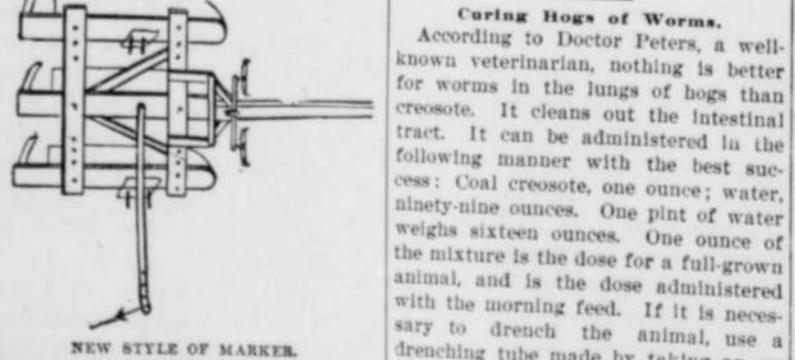
One ought not to get the idea that a worn out piece of ground can be planted to cow peas one year and be sown to seed so as to raise a paying crop the following year. Cow peas renovate the soil and supply nitrogeen, but they can not and do not entirely rebuild it in a short period. If one has a worn out strip of soil, he must expect to spend some time and energy on it to get it in proper condition. A plan somewhat after the following would work well: Sow five pecks of cow peas per acre broadcast and with them four or five hundred pounds of some good fertilizer, using a fertilizer more heavily endowed with potash and phosphoric acid than with nitrogen, although it should contain some nitrogen. About the middle of the summer plow the cow peas under, lime the soil heavily, five hundred pounds or more to the acre, harrow in and sow to a mixture of crimson clover and rape. This, plowed under the following spring, would give one a soil fairly good for some cultivated crop upon which a liberal quantity of fertilizer should be used.—*Exchange.*

Trap for English Sparrows.

In many localities the English sparrow has become a great nuisance. To



poison them is dangerous. To make an effective trap, buy wire screening and make a box cage. Cover the top with thin boards; make a large, round hole in center, inserting a wire funnel just small enough for the bird to pass through at lower end. Bait well. The bird lighting on the cage and seeing bait through the funnel will readily pass in.



Marker for Corn and Beans.

The runners of this marker for corn, beans, etc., are of ash, with pieces of oak 1x4 nailed on top. The crosspieces are of spruce, 1x6. Can mark rows 2½, 3, 3½ or 4 feet, with guide pole to swing either way. What makes this

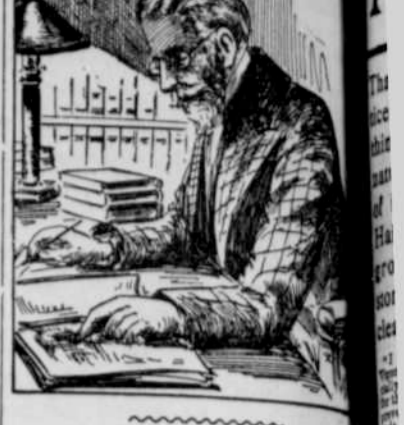
Caring Hogs of Worms.

According to Doctor Peters, a well-known veterinarian, nothing is better for worms in the lungs of hogs than creosote. It cleans out the intestinal tract. It can be administered in the following manner with the best success: Coal creosote, one ounce; water, ninety-nine ounces. One pint of water weighs sixteen ounces. One ounce of the mixture is the dose for a full-grown animal, and is the dose administered with the morning feed. If it is necessary to drench the animal, use a drenching tube made by taking an ordinary tin funnel and a rubber tube, place the rubber tube into the animal's mouth and allow it to bite on it, and pour the drench into the funnel. It is better to place a piece of metal on the end of the rubber tube so that the animal may bite on it continually without stopping the flow by pinching the rubber tube.

Heavy Draft Animals.

At a recent Missouri Association meeting, Prof. Kennedy spoke as follows about the heavy draft horse: "The heavy draft horse weighs from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds, and is worth, at a minimum, \$200. Each of the first two additions of a hundred pounds above 1,600 increases the value of the horse \$25, after which every addition in weight means \$50 a hundred pounds. So a draft horse of 2,000 pounds is worth \$500. Light draft horses, weighing from 1,300 to 1,600 pounds, are used for express wagons, fire engines and other heavy but quick work. These bring about \$125 to \$200. The highest acting carriage or coach horse is worth from \$200 to \$2,000. The roadster or gentleman's driving horse, and the gaited saddle horse vary from \$200 to \$300 respectively up to \$1,000. In the last ten years there has been an advance of 25 per cent in the draft horses of Iowa and Missouri.

THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



- 1416—Jerome of Prague burnt at stake.
- 1431—Joan of Arc burned as a heretic in Rome.
- 1453—Fall of the Eastern Empire.
- 1492—Granada surrendered; end of the dominion of Moors in Spain.
- 1498—Columbus sailed on his third voyage to America.
- 1521—Siege of Mexico begun by Cortes.
- 1536—John of Leyden tortured and put to death.
- 1539—De Soto landed on the west coast of Florida.
- 1546—Cardinal Beaton assassinated at St. Andrews.
- 1561—St. Paul's church, London, burned.
- 1572—Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, executed.
- 1581—James Douglas, Earl of Morton, beheaded at Edinburgh.
- 1588—The Spanish Armada sailed from Lisbon.
- 1600—Sir Thomas Gates and party of colonists sailed from England for Virginia.
- 1690—Charles II. made his entry into London. Execution of Mary Dyer, a Quakeress, on Boston Common.
- 1672—Union between colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Plymouth.
- 1754—Thousands killed in earthquake at Cairo, Egypt.
- 1763—Indian massacre at Fort Mackinac, Mich.
- 1770—Stony Point evacuated by the Americans.
- 1790—Copyright law passed by American Congress. Rhode Island adopted the federal constitution. Independence declared by Belgian provinces.
- 1792—Kentucky admitted to the Union.
- 1793—Democratic society formed in Philadelphia.
- 1794—Lord Howe defeated and almost destroyed the French fleet.
- 1796—Tennessee admitted to the Union. Bonaparte dissolved the Great Council and took possession of Venice.
- 1801—Embargo of Great Britain removed.
- 1802—Charles Emmanuel IV, of Sardinia, abdicated in favor of his brother, Victor Emmanuel.
- 1804—Jefferson issued proclamation erecting district of Mobile.
- 1805—Treaty of peace between United States and Tripoli.
- 1813—Battle between Shannon and Chesapeake off Massachusetts bay.
- 1814—Peace between Great Britain and France proclaimed in London.
- 1819—First lodge of Odd Fellows in United States organized at Baltimore.
- 1832—James Mackintosh, English statesman, died.
- 1833—Louis McLean of Delaware appointed Secretary of State.
- 1840—Canton ransomed from the British for \$6,000,000.
- 1848—Wisconsin admitted as a State.
- 1854—Kansas and Nebraska territories formed.
- 1858—Donati's comet first observed by Dr. Donati, Florence.
- 1861—U. S. mail service discontinued in seceding States.
- 1862—Fort Pillow, Tenn., evacuated by Gen. Beauregard. Battle of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, Va. Beauregard evacuated Corinth, Miss.
- 1864—Grant repulsed by Lee at battle of Cold Harbor, Va. Maximilian arrived at Vera Cruz, Mexico.
- 1865—Proclamation of President Johnson stating conditions of amnesty. Gen. Kirby Smith and Magruder formally surrendered their forces at Galveston.
- 1870—Civil rights bill approved.
- 1875—Steamship Vicksburg sunk by an iceberg off Cape Race; 65 lives lost. Paul Boynton floated across the British channel.
- 1878—German naval vessel Grosser Kurfirstern sunk in English channel; 300 lost. Wreck of the steamer Idaho on the coast of Ireland.
- 1879—Prince Louis Napoleon killed by Zulus in Africa.
- 1883—Ten persons killed in panic on Brooklyn bridge.
- 1885—World's Exposition at New Orleans closed.
- 1886—Hon. Grover Cleveland married Miss Frances Folsom.
- 1887—Earthquake shook in City of Mexico. Island of Cyprus ceded to England.
- 1880—Forty lives lost in floods at Prentiss, Va., and Washington, D. C. Johnstown flood; 2,500 lives lost.
- 1892—The "High-Water Mark" monument at Gettysburg dedicated.
- 1893—Trial of Dr. Briggs for heresy by Presbyterian general assembly. Body of Jefferson Davis placed in Holywood cemetery, Richmond.
- 1894—Field Columbian Museum at Chicago dedicated.
- 1895—Eugene V. Debs, leader of the Chicago railway strike, sentenced to six months' imprisonment.