

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rufus Dawes sat in a new cell. On the third day North came. His manner was constrained and abrupt. His eyes were red and unsteady, and he seemed burdened with thoughts which he dared not utter.

"I want you to thank her for me, Mr. Dawes," said North.

"Thank whom?"

"Mrs. Frere."

The unhappy priest shuddered at the name.

"I do not think you owe any thanks to her. Your iron was removed by the mandant's order."

"But by her persuasion. I feel sure she is. Ah, I was wrong to think she had gotten me. Ask her for her forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" said North, recalling the scene in the prison. "What have done to need her forgiveness?"

"I doubted her," said Rufus Dawes, "I thought her ungrateful and treacherous. I thought she delivered me again from the bondage from whence I had escaped. I thought she had betrayed me—betrayed me to the villain whose life I saved for her sweet sake."

"What do you mean?" asked North.

"You never spoke to me of this?"

"No, I had vowed to bury the knowledge of it in my own breast; it is too bitter to speak."

"Saved his life!"

"Ay, and here. I made the boat that carried her to freedom. I held her in my arms, and took the bread from my own lips to feed her!"

"She cannot know this," said North, "an undertone."

"She has forgotten it, perhaps, for she was but a child. But you will recall her, will you not? You will do justice in her eyes before I die? You will get her forgiveness for me?"

"North could not explain why such an interview as the convict desired was impossible, and so he promised."

"She is going away in the schooner," said he. "I will see her before she goes, and tell her."

"God bless you, sir!" said poor Dawes, "now, pray with me," and the wretched man mechanically repeated one of the psalms his church prescribes.

The days passed swiftly, and Blunt's operations for sea were completed. On the morning of the 19th of December, he declared himself ready to set sail, and the afternoon.

Rufus Dawes, gazing from his window upon the schooner that lay outside the reef, thought nothing of the fact that the commandant's boat had taken away the commandant's wife, another boat should put off with the chaplain, and the hot afternoon passed away in a busy sunset, and it was not until the shades of evening had begun to fall that Rufus Dawes distinguished a boat detached itself from the sides of the schooner, and glide through the oily water to the jetty. The chaplain was returning, and in a few hours, perhaps, would be with him, to bring him the message of comfort for which his soul thirsted. He stretched out his unshackled limbs, and throwing himself upon his stretcher, fell recalling the past—his boat building, the news of his fortune, his love and his self-sacrifice.

North, however, was not returning to bring to the prisoner a message of comfort, but he was returning on purpose to see him, nevertheless. The unhappy man, torn by remorse, had resolved upon a course of action which seemed to him penance for his crime of deceit. He had determined to confess to Dawes that the message he brought was wholly fictitious, that he himself loved the wife of the commandant. "I am no hypocrite," he thought, "in his exaltation. 'This angel, shall know me for my true self.'"

He had ingeniously extracted from Blunt the fact that he "didn't expect a wind before dark," and then, just as darkness fell, discovered that it was imperative for him to go ashore. Blunt said if the chaplain insisted upon going, there was no help for it.

"There'll be a breeze in less than two hours," said he. "You've plenty of time, but if you're not back before the first puff I'll sail without you, as sure as you're born." North assured him of his punctuality. "Don't wait for me, captain, if I'm not here," said he, with the lightness of tone which men use to mask anxiety. So the boat set off. Frere observed with some astonishment that the chaplain wrapped himself in a boat cloak that lay in the stern sheets. "Does the fellow want to smother himself in a night like this?" was the remark. The truth was that, though his hands and head were burning, North's teeth chattered with cold. Perhaps this was the reason why, when landed and out of eye shot of the crew, he produced a pocket flask of rum and courage for the ordeal to which he had condemned himself, and, with steady step, he reached the door of the old prison. To his surprise, Gimblett refused him admission.

"But I have come direct from the commandant," said North.

"I can't let you in, your reverence," said Gimblett.

"I want to see the prisoner Dawes. I have a special message for him. I have come ashore on purpose."

"Upon my honor, sir, I daren't," said Gimblett, "who was not without his good points. 'You know what authority is, sir, as well as I do.'"

North was in despair, but a bright thought struck him—a thought that in his sober moments would never have entered his head—he would buy admission. He produced the rum flask from beneath the sheltering cloak. "Come, don't talk nonsense to me, Gimblett. You don't suppose I would come here without authority. Here, take a pull at this, and let me through." Gimblett's features relaxed into a smile. "Well, sir, I suppose it's all right, if you say so," said he. And, clutching the rum bottle with one hand, he opened the door of Dawes' cell with the other.

North entered, and as the door closed behind him, the prisoner, who had been lying apparently asleep upon his bed,

leaped up and made as though to catch him by the throat.

North, paralyzed no less by the suddenness of the attack, than by the words with which it was accompanied, let fall his cloak, and stood trembling before the prophetic accusation of the man whose curses he had come to earn.

"I was dreaming," said Rufus Dawes. "A terrible dream! But it has passed now. The message—you have brought me a message, have you not? Why, what ails you? You are pale—your knees tremble. Did my violence—"

North recovered himself with a great effort. "It is nothing. Let us talk, for my time is short. You have thought me a good man—one blessed of God, one consecrated to a holy service; a man honest, pure and truthful. I have returned to tell you the truth. I am none of these things." Rufus Dawes sat staring, unable to comprehend this madness. "I told you that the woman you loved—for you do love her—sent you a message of forgiveness. I lied."

"What?"

"I never told her of your confession. I never mentioned your name to her."

"And she will go without knowing—Oh, Mr. North, what have you done?"

"Wrecked my own soul!" cried North, wildly, stung by the reproachful agony of the tone. "Do not cling to me. My task is done. You will hate me now. That is my wish—I merit it. Let me go, I say. I shall be too late."

"Too late! For what?" He looked at the cloak—through the open window came the voices of the men in the boat—the memory of the rose, of the scene in the prison, flashed across him, and he understood it all. "Great heaven, you would follow her?"

"Let me go," repeated North, in a hoarse voice.

Rufus Dawes stepped between him and the door. "No, madman, I will not let you go." North crouched bewildered against the wall. "So you shall not get away! You love her! So do I; and my love is mightier than yours, for it shall save her!"

North lifted agonized eyes. "But I love her! Love her, do you hear? What do you know of love?"

"Love!" cried Rufus Dawes, his pale face radiant. "Love! Oh, it is you who do not know it! Love is the sacrifice of self, the death of all desire that is not for another's good. Love is godlike! Listen, I will tell you a story."

North, intralled by the other's overwhelming will, fell back trembling. "What do you mean?"

"I will tell you the secret of my life, the reason why I am here. Come closer."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The house of her husband was duly placed at the disposal of Mrs. Richard Devine. It only remained that the lady should be formally recognized by Lady Devine. The rest of the ingenious program would follow as a matter of course. John Rex was well aware of the position which, in his assumed personality, he occupied in society. He knew that by the world of servants, of waiters, of those to whom servants and waiters could babble; of such turtles and men about town as had reason to inquire concerning Mr. Richard's domestic affairs, no opinion could be expressed, save that "Devine's married somebody, I hear." He knew well that the really great world, the society, whose scandal would have been socially injurious, had long ceased to trouble itself with Mr. Richard Devine's doings in any particular. If it had been reported that the Leviathan of the turf had married his washerwoman, society would only have intimated that "it was just what might have been expected of him." To say the truth, however, Mr. Richard had rather hoped that Lady Devine would have nothing more to do with him, and that the ordeal of presenting his wife would not be necessary. Lady Devine, however, had resolved on a different line of conduct. The intelligence concerning Mr. Richard Devine's threatened proceedings nerved her to the confession of the dislike which had been long growing in her mind; aided the formation of those doubts, the shadows of which had now and then cast themselves upon her belief in the identity of the man who called himself her son.

"His conduct is brutal," said she to her brother. "I cannot understand it. It is more than brutal; it is unnatural," returned Francis Wade, and stole a look at her. "Moreover, he is married."

"Married!" cried Lady Devine.

"So he says," continued the other, producing a letter sent to him by Rex at Sarah's dictation. "He writes to me stating that his wife, whom he married last year abroad, has come to England, and wishes us to receive her."

"I will not receive her!" cried Lady Devine, rising and pacing the room.

"But that would be a declaration of war," said poor Francis, twisting an Italian onyx which adorned his irreverent hand; "I would not advise that."

It was with some trepidation that Mr. Richard, sitting with his wife, awaited the arrival of his mother. He had been very nervous and unstrung for some days past, and the prospect of the coming interview was, for some reason he could not explain to himself, weighty with fears. "What does she want to come alone for? And what can she have to say?" he asked himself. "She cannot suspect anything after all these years, surely?" He endeavored to reason with himself, but in vain; the knock at the door which announced the arrival of his pretended mother made his heart jump. "I feel dazed, shaky, Sarah," he said. "You are quite sure that you are ready with your story?"

He rose with affected heartiness. "My dear mother, allow me to present to you—" He paused, for there was that in Lady Devine's face which confirmed his worst fears.

"I wish to speak to you alone," she said, ignoring with steady eyes the woman whom she had ostensibly come to see.

John Rex hesitated, but Sarah saw the danger, and hastened to confront it.

"A wife should be a husband's best friend, madam. Your son married me of his own free will, and even his mother can have nothing to say to him which is not my duty and privilege to hear. I am not a girl, as you can see, and I can hear whatever news you bring."

Lady Devine bit her pale lips. She saw at once that the woman before her was not gently born, but she also felt that she was a woman of higher mental caliber than herself. Prepared as she was for the worst, this sudden and open declaration of hostilities frightened her, as Sarah had calculated. She began to realize that if she was to prove herself equal to the task she had set herself, she must not waste her strength in skirmishing. Steadily refusing to look at Richard's wife, she addressed herself to Richard. "My brother will be here in half an hour," she said, as though her mention of his name would better her position in some way. "But I begged him to allow me to come first, in order that I might speak to you privately."

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR.

Important Factors in Military Affairs in Dark Ages.

The use of dogs in the Japanese-Russian war, which attracted much attention, was really nothing new, says Leslie's Weekly. Far back in the antiquities dogs were employed in military operations with great success. The acuteness of the animal's senses, his affection for his master, his docility and intelligence made him valuable centuries ago, both in defense and attack.

In the dark ages dogs were often posted in towers to warn the garrison of the enemy's approach, and were even clad in armor to guard military camps. They were frequently used to defend convoys and luggage and to bring confusion to the ranks of the enemy's cavalry. Even fires were placed on the dogs' backs to set fire to the enemy's camps.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries several military powers had enormous packs of dogs and it was not uncommon for the animals to meet in skirmishes and between themselves fight out big battles. Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, used dogs as scouts, and in 1882 the Austrians trained dogs to scent ambushes.

More recently the Germans have been training and experimenting with dogs, while Italy, Russia and France have also taken them up. Of the European powers only England has left dogs entirely out of consideration in military affairs.

Although changes in warfare have greatly lessened the opportunity for employing dogs they still may be used to advantage in many ways in military operations. In modern campaigns the night attack appears to be taking a foremost place, and here especially the dog can play an important part, for he can detect an approaching party and prevent a complete surprise. In foggy weather or in thickets well-trained dogs can be used where signal systems cannot be operated, although the use of telephones has nearly crowded the animal out of this branch of warfare. Dogs as an auxiliary to ambulances are a great aid in locating wounded soldiers. In the Franco-German war the dog played an important part in the work of saving the wounded from dying alone, out of reach of medical assistance.

In marches the dog can be used effectively as a scout for the body of troops to which he is attached, and might often prevent a detachment from being ambushed. The animal has also been used to transport ammunition and to carry relief to the wounded, while in many other ways his warrior-master has made use of the dog's keen sense and docility.

Knew the Price.

They had all been to church, and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given.

"It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money."

"Do you have any idea how much?"

"I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine."

"No it didn't, either," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost \$14.10."

"Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?"

"Because, mamma, it said at the bottom of the window: 'Job 14-10.'"—New York World.

Pop's Specialty.

He—I must be going.

She—But what's your hurry?

"I understand your father wears heavy boots."

"That is so; but you are the second caller I have had this evening, and you know father is not strong enough to eject two men in one night."—Yonkers Statesman.

Shadow of Discontent.

"It is upon the farmer that the greatness of this country really depends," said the persuasive statesman.

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "but sometimes I think I'd like to be one of the fellows that didn't have so much dependin' on 'em so's I could have time to wear good clothes and go to a few parties."—Washington Star.

One on Him.

Redd—I understand it takes more to keep that automobile of yours than it originally cost.

Greene—That's right.

"Well, I don't want anything that takes more money to keep than it does to get."

"Why? You've got a wife, haven't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.



LUZON'S LONGEST RAILWAY.

New Government Line Runs Through a Fertile Country.

The longest railway in the Philippines will be the government line leading through the wonderfully fertile interior of Luzon from Manila to Aparri, the northernmost port of the island. It will be, as it were, the great transcontinental system in the islands.

The survey calls for a line 336 miles in length. With the exception of one difficult grade, the road will be comparatively level, and trains should make the trip in ten hours. Recently the writer traveled over the line of this survey on horseback. In all the trip there was only seen one hillside of about three acres which was barren land, and here it was being worked for a lime quarry.

From Manila the road will run northeast 125 miles through the valley of the Pampanga to the Caraballo Mountains, which run north and south from ten to thirty miles from the west coast of Luzon. It will cross these mountains over the South Caraballo pass, elevation 3,750 feet. The summits are covered with immense hardwood trees.

The railroad will climb for thirty-five or forty miles through these mountains. The country reminds one of the Cumberland mountains of Tennessee. There are occasional little settlements in the valleys where the Indians—Igorrotes from Benguet Province—grow coffee. Every little farm is protected with a bamboo fence to keep out the deer and wild boar. There are no native Tagalogs dwelling in the mountains. These Indians are stronger and more industrious than the Filipino of the plains.

About twenty-five miles above Bambang in Nueva Vizcaya Province the survey strikes a tributary of the Magat River at an altitude of a little more than 2,500 feet. From this point until near Aparri there is an almost imperceptible decline in the grade.

Bambang is the prettiest little town in the Philippine Islands. The people are "pacifists" and took no part in the insurrection. Only one company of American troops has ever been in Bambang. Fifty years ago the Spanish built great cathedrals and bridges and improved the roads. The country is rolling and the valley is open. The long, low, sinuating foothills are densely covered with timber. The country is capable of supporting an immense population.

From Bambang the railroad will run almost directly east down the Magat Valley to the Cagayan Valley, fifty-nine miles by the rail, then down the Cagayan Valley almost due north to Aparri.

In all this traveling one is impressed by the fact that the Philippine Islands still possess vast stretches of immensely fertile but unsettled country.

CARELESSNESS IN AMERICA.

Larger Percentage of Accidents than in Other Lands.

Our national carelessness is the explanation given by the Literary Digest for our dreadful record of accidents, says American Medicine. In reviewing



LUZON RAILWAY ROUTE.

Permanent "museums of security," such as that in Amsterdam, Walsh says, should be established. In these there are on constant exhibition every conceivable device for lessening risk to life from accident. They will educate the public, and the workmen will gradually be brought to the point of demanding protection. It is suggested that employers be held to a stricter accountability and be compelled by law to safeguard employes, as in Europe, but it can be replied that American workmen will not submit to restrictions easily imposed in Europe. They are free agents, with a right to kill themselves, if they please, or injure others. No man is his brother's keeper here, and this is probably the real basis for our national disregard of the rights of others. It is more than carelessness.

The surgeons of the country see all these accidents, and carefully investigate each case. It seems reasonable to suggest that they should be able to see the causes and suggest remedies. Knowing more of the matter than any other body of men, can they not take some concerted action which would make life safer in America?

American disregard for human life is the fact which seems to impress European visitors more profoundly than any other characteristic. Since we claim to be the most democratic people on earth, it seems remarkable that with more power in our hands than any other nation, we are unable to safeguard ourselves to anything like the extent accomplished by monarchic nations of the enlightened parts of Europe.

Her Idea of Gentle Folk.

The following anecdote recently brought to Richmond by a Georgia woman is a true story:

A Boston couple were recreating near Augusta and met an old negro woman to whom they took a fancy. They invited her to pay them a visit and the black woman accepted, especially as her expenses were paid. In due time she arrived in Boston and was installed in the house of the white folks. She occupied one of the best rooms and ate at the same table with her host and hostess. At one of the meals the hostess said:

"Mrs. Jones, you were a slave, weren't you?"

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Jones. "I belonged to Mar's Robert Howell."

"I suppose he never invited you to eat at his table," remarked the Boston woman.

"No, honey, dat he ain't," replied Mrs. Jones. "My master was a gentleman. He ain't never let no nigger set at de table long er him."

And in making this speech she meant no disrespect to her hostess. She meant merely to point out a natural distinction."—Baltimore Sun.

Stopped Walking.

"I suppose your husband hasn't done much walking since he bought his new auto?"

"No, indeed. He broke his leg the first time he went out in it."—Cleveland Leader.

Of course it's all right to be born a leader, but the man in the rear has a better opportunity to get away.

NOT HIS LINE.

Not all men are fitted for all things. The fact that an individual shines in one profession is no proof that he may adopt any career with equal success. Rob, whose adventures are recorded in Mr. Whitmarsh's "The World's Rough Hand," was a good fellow, and doubtless played his part in the world with credit to himself, but he was not born to be a diver, as his experiences show. One of the greatest dangers in diving is that of panic.

The quality a diver needs more than any other is presence of mind. A young Scotchman, six feet tall, by the name of Rob, applied to me for a position as diver. He had a sweetheart at home, and, tempted by the high wages, was anxious to learn the business. One time, when work was slack, I let him go down.

I told him minutely how to manage, screwed on his face glass and sent him under. I felt him land on the bottom and signal that all was right. Then he walked away from the boat, paying out most of the line. After a little he stopped. I imagined him resting, and thought he was doing remarkably well.

All at once I noticed a dark, bladder-like object floating at some distance from the boat. At first I thought it was a turtle. Something made me look at it more carefully, and then I began to haul the line in. The "turtle" was Rob. As he drew nearer we could hear him screaming his loudest inside the swollen dress. I got him alongside, unscrewed the escape valve, and hauled him on deck. All the time he was crying, "Let me out!"

When Rob came to his senses, we learned that he had become frightened lest his dress should burst, and had screwed the escape valve the wrong way, keeping in the air instead of letting it escape. He lost his presence of mind altogether, and fell down. The confined air accumulated in the bulkiest part of the dress and floated him.

The second attempt Rob made as a diver nearly cost him his life. He made the very same mistake with the valve. Then, crazed by fear, he began to unscrew his face glass. Fortunately for his sweetheart, he lost consciousness before he got it off. He was delirious for some hours after we had hauled him up. We decided he was not fit for a diver, and that his road to fortune lay in some other direction.

HOUSE KEPT ON PROBATION.

After a Week's Trial Widow and Widower Are Duly Married.

Lamar County furnishes a case of marriage after probation that is unique and suggestive.

A widower farmer desiring a wife was introduced by a mutual friend to a widow with children temporarily abiding in a charity institution.

Both were favorably impressed at first acquaintance, but the woman suggested that she keep house for the farmer for a week and at the end of that time each could more intelligently determine the grave question of a union for life. Accordingly she went with her children and was duly installed as housekeeper.

The experiment was eminently satisfactory to both parties and at the end of the week they were married.

Perhaps it will shock the sentimental and the romantic, but the incident contains the wise suggestion that folk desiring to become husband and wife should be sure of knowing each other in their common clothes and under workaday conditions.

Parlor manners on the part of the woman and plenic gallantry on the part of the man are not conclusive indexes of character, nor is the yummum ecstasy of infatuation sufficient evidence of compatibility.

Keeping company nowadays runs too much to bonbons and embossed stationery. Of course, there is abundant opportunity to get acquainted after the engagement, but it is before the avowal that the pair ought to put each other through the practical paces.

It would save many a heartache, though it may play the dickens with the business of the divorce lawyers—Fort Worth Record.

The World.

They tell us in our childhood days
The world is round and w,
With youthful heedlessness, accept
The doctrine easily.

When we are grown to man's estate
We are so overwrought
With constant struggling we've no time
To give its shape a thought.

At last when we approach the end
And see how small a lo:
Of stuff we've gathered as compared
With what some folks have got.

What we were told comes back and we
Are quite prepared to swear
Whatever other shape it has,
It surely isn't square.
—W. J. Lampton in Judge.

Not His.

"I don't see why Peckham should make a poor mouth all the time. He commands a good salary every week of his life."

"He may command it, but his wife demands it every week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Lawyer—Has there ever been any insanity in your family?

Witness—Well—er—I have a daughter who jilted a plumber and ran off with a poet.—Judge.

Best Thing to Do.

Cremnitz White—I'd do anything in the world for art.

J. Canstic—Well, why don't you quit painting?—Judge.