

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Rufus Dawes, overpowered by the revelation so suddenly made to him, had remained for a few moments motionless in his cell, expecting to hear the heavy clang of the outer door, which should announce to him the departure of the chaplain. But he did not hear it, and it seemed to him that the air in the cell had grown suddenly cooler. He went to the door and looked into the narrow corridor, expecting to see the scowling countenance of Gimblett. To his astonishment the door of the prison was wide open, and not a soul in sight.

He looked around. The night was falling sulenly; the wind was mounting; from beyond the bar came the hoarse murmur of an angry sea. If the schooner was to sail that night, she had best get out into deep waters. Where was the chaplain? Pray heaven the delay had been sufficient, and they had sailed without him. Yet they would be sure to meet. He advanced a few steps nearer, and looked about him. Was it possible that, in his madness, the chaplain had been about to commit some violence which had drawn the trusty Gimblett from his post? The trusty Gimblett was lying at his feet—dead drunk!

"Hil! Hoho! Hillo, there!" roared somebody from the jetty below. "Be that you, Muster Noorth? We ain't too much tiam, sur?"

From the uncurtained windows of the chaplain's house on the hill beamed the newly lighted candle. They in the boat did not see it, but it brought to the prisoner a wild hope that his heart beat. He ran back to his cell, clapped on North's wide-awake, and, flinging the cloak hastily about him, came quickly down the steps. If the moon should shine out now!

"Jump in, sir," said unsuspecting Mannix, thinking only of the fogging he had been threatened with. "It'll be a dirty night, this night! Put this over your knees, sir. Shove her off! Give way!" And they were afloat. But one glimpse of moonlight fell upon the slouched hat and cloaked figure, and the boat's crew, engaged in the dangerous task of navigating the reef in the teeth of the rising gale, paid no attention to the chaplain.

"Lads, we're but just in time!" cried Mannix; and they laid alongside the schooner, black in blackness. "Up ye go, yer honor, quick!" And the anchor was a-trip as Rufus Dawes ran up the side.

The commandant, already pulling off in his own boat, roared a farewell. "Good-by, North. It was touch and go with ye," adding, "Curse the fellow; he's too proud to answer!"

The chaplain, indeed, spoke to no one, and, plunging down the hatchway, made for the stern cabins. "Close shave, your reverence!" said a respectful somebody, opening a door. It was, but the clergyman did not say so. He double-locked the door, and, hardly realizing the danger he had escaped, flung himself on the bunk, panting. Over his head he heard the rapid tramp of feet. He could smell the sea, and through the open window of the cabin could distinguish the light in the chaplain's house on the hill. The tramping ceased, the vessel began to move swiftly, the commandant's boat appeared below him for an instant, making her way back; the Lady Franklin had set sail.

"That's a gun from the shore," said Partridge, the mate, "and they're burning a red light. There's a prisoner escaped. Shall we lie to?"

"Lie to!" cried old Blunt. "We'll have suthin else to do. Look there!"

The sky to the northward was streaked with a belt of livid green color, above which rose a mighty black cloud, whose shape was ever changing.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Blunt, recognizing the meteoric heralds of danger, began to regret his obstinacy. He saw that a hurricane was approaching.

Along the south coast of the Australian continent, though the usual westerly winds and gales of the highest latitudes prevail during the greater portion of the year, hurricanes are not infrequent. Gales commence at N. W. with a low barometer, increasing at W. and S. W., and gradually veering to the south. True cyclones occur at New Zealand. It was one of these rotatory storms, an escaped tempest of the tropics, which threatened the Lady Franklin.

Rufus Dawes, exhausted with the excitement through which he had passed, had slept for two or three hours, when he was awakened by the motion of the vessel going on the other tack. He rose to his feet and found himself in complete darkness. Overhead was the noise of tramping feet, and he could distinguish the hoarse tones of Blunt bellowing orders. Astonished at the absence of the moonlight which had so lately silvered the sea, he flung open the cabin window and looked out. The cabin allotted to North was one of the two stern cabins, and from it the convict had a full view of the approaching storm.

The sight was one of wild grandeur. The huge black cloud which hung in the horizon had changed its shape. Instead of a curtain, it was an arch. Beneath this vast and magnificent portal shone a dull phosphoric light. Across this livid space pale flashes of sheet-lightning passed noiselessly. Behind it was a dull and threatening murmur, made up of the grumbling thunder, the falling rain, and the roar of contending wind and water. The lights of the prison-island had disappeared, so rapid had been the progress of the schooner under the steady breeze, and the ocean stretched around, black and desolate. Gazing upon this gloomy expanse, Rufus Dawes observed a strange phenomenon—lightning appearing to burst upward from the sullen bosom of the sea. At intervals, the darkly rolling waves flashed fire, and streaks of flame shot upward. The tone of a woman's voice recalled him to himself. Cautiously unlocking the cabin door, he peered out. The cuddy was lighted by a swinging lamp which revealed Sylvia questioning one of the women concerning the storm.

Locking the door, he proceeded hastily to dress himself in North's clothes. He would wait until his aid was absolutely required, and then rush out. In the darkness Sylvia would mistake him for the priest. He could convey her to the boat—if recourse to the boats should be rendered necessary—and then take the hazard of his fortune. While she was in danger his place was near her.

From the deck of the vessel the scene was appalling. The clouds had closed in. The arch of light had disappeared. Gigantic seas seemed to mount in the horizon and sweep toward and upon them. It was as though the ship lay in the vortex of a whirlpool, so high on either side of her were piled the rough pyramidal masses of sea. The vessel lay almost on her beam ends, with her helm up, stripped even of the sails which had been furling upon the yards. Mortal hands could do nothing for her. By 5 o'clock in the morning the gale had reached its height.

The sea, pouring down through the burst hatchway, tore the door of the cuddy from its hinges. Sylvia found herself surrounded by a wildly surging torrent which threatened to overwhelm her. She shrieked aloud for aid, but her voice was inaudible even to herself. Clinging to the mast which penetrated the little cuddy, she whispered a last prayer for succor. The door opened, and from out the cabin came a figure clad in black. She looked up, and the light of the expiring lamp showed her a face that was not that of the man she had expected to see. Then a pair of dark eyes beaming ineffable love and pity were bent upon her, and a pair of dripping arms held her above the brine as she had once been held in the misty mysterious days that were gone.

In the terror of that moment, the cloud which had so long oppressed her brain passed from it. The action of the strange man before her completed and explained the action of the convict chained to the Port Arthur coal wagons, of the convict kneeling in the Norfolk Island torture chamber. She remembered the terrible experience of Macquarie Harbor. She recalled the evening of the boat building, when, swung into air by stalwart arms, she had promised the rescuing prisoner to plead for him with her kindred. Regaining her memory thus, all the agony and shame of the man's long life of misery became at once apparent to her. She understood how her husband had deceived her, and with what base injustice and falsehood he had bought her young love. No question as to how this doubly condemned prisoner had escaped from the hideous island of punishment she had quit occurred to her. She asked not—even in her thoughts—how it had been given to him to supplant the chaplain in his place on board the vessel. She only considered, in her sudden awakening, the story of his wrongs, remembered only his marvelous fortitude and love, knew only, in this apparently last instant of her pure, ill-fated life, that as he had saved her once from starvation and death, so had he come again to save her from despair.

The eyes of the man and woman met in one long, wild gaze. Sylvia stretched out her white hands and smiled, and Richard Devine understood, in his turn, the story of the young girl's joyless life, and knew how she had been sacrificed.

In the great crisis of our life, when, brought face to face with annihilation, we are suspended gasping over the great emptiness of death, we become conscious that the self which we think we know so well has strange and unthought-of capacities. To describe a tempest of the elements is not easy, but to describe a tempest of the soul is impossible. Amidst the fury of such a tempest, a thousand memories, each bearing in its breast the corpse of some dead deed whose influence haunts us yet, are driven like feathers before the blast, as unsubstantial and as unregarded. The mists which shroud our self-knowledge become transparent, and we are smitten with sudden, lightning-like comprehensions of our own misused power over our fate.

This much we feel and know, but who can coldly describe the hurricane which thus overwhelms him? As well ask the drowned mariner to tell of the marvels of mid-sea when the great deeps swallowed him and the darkness of death encompassed him round about. These two human beings felt that they had done with life. Together thus, alone in the very midst and presence of death, the distinctions of the world disappeared. Their vision grew clear. They felt as beings whose bodies had already perished, and as they clasped hands, their freed souls, recognizing each the loveliness of the other, rushed tremblingly together.

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In a stately home in "dear old England" a bronzed, serious-faced man knows the peace and contentment that come only with the calm after the storm—the rare joy of love requited, the solemn satisfaction of innocence vindicated, the "glory of sunlit lawns" and "green pastures and still waters."

They who had robbed Rufus Dawes, convict, of the best years of his life could not restore their golden promise or atone for the shipwreck of youth and early manhood.

But they could tear the false veil from the past. The storm that swept the Lady Franklin to the cruel rocks drifted to a friendly shore the man and woman who, clasped in each other's arms, saw love ineffable in each other's eyes for the first time.

Rufus Dawes escaped to England, Sylvia Frere followed on the next steamer, for, at the first port, she had learned of the death of Maurice Frere, brained by the manacles of a convict he had goaded to desperation the very night of the escape of the man he had so cruelly wronged.

Then the world knew the story of the man who had twice saved her life—knew as well of his innocence, and Mr. North, reformed, repentant, from a quiet parish in Australia, supplied the final evidence that cleared his name of every black vestige of guilt.

As Sir Richard Devine, as a ship-

wrecked mariner safe with home, love and mother, the old Rufus Dawes became a man among men, notable for charity, probity and justice—famous as the first to lift his hand to strike from the fair, false face of Tasmania the hideous mask that had converted into a living hell an earthly paradise, the foul plague-spot of the universe to which he had been condemned "For the term of his natural life."

(The end.)

STRIKING FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

One of the Most Mysterious of the Ways of Nature.

"Shakespeare," said a scientist, "called sleep the ape of death. That is a striking name for a striking thing. Sleep is a wonderland. Let us explore it."

"Self-hypnotism is a mysterious force that we can exercise on ourselves in sleep alone. We are all self-hypnotists. We all, on certain nights, tell ourselves firmly that we must not oversleep; that the next morning—at 4, at 5 or 6 precisely we must wake up. Our sleeping selves respond to the hypnotic suggestion made the night before by our waking selves. That is mysterious and striking, isn't it? Still more mysterious and striking, though, is the fact of our keeping track of the time somehow in our slumber. How on earth do we do that?"

"It is impossible to do without sleep. Men have slept standing, even running. They have slept in battle, under fire, with guns roaring on all sides. They have slept in unendurable and deadly pain."

"There is no torture equal to that which the deprivation of sleep entails. The Chinese are the cruellest folks on earth, and the most ingenious of torturers. Well, the Chinese place the deprivation of sleep at the head of their torture list."

"Sleep is a state of rest. The heart rests in sleep. The heart is a rhythmic muscle, not one that never reposes, but one that works at short shifts, like a puddler, a moment on, a moment off. Well, when we sleep, the heart's shifts of rest are redoubled. It works then, one on, two off, getting, indeed, pretty nearly as much repose as we do."

"The brain in sleep becomes pale and sinks below the level of the skull. When we are awake the brain is high and full and ruddy."

"Not only the brain and heart, but even the tear glands rest in sleep. That is why when we awake we always rub our eyes. The rubbing is an instinctive action that stimulates the stagnant tear glands and causes them to moisten properly our eyes, all dried from their inaction."

Dust on the Ocean.

"To talk of a 'dusty' ocean highway sounds absurd, but the expression is perfectly accurate," states a writer. "Everyone who is familiar with ships knows that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed in the morning, a great quantity of dust will collect by nightfall. You say, 'But the modern steamship, burning hundreds of tons of coal a day, easily accounts for such a deposit.'"

"True, but the records of sailing vessels show that the latter collected more dust than a steamer. On a recent voyage of a sailing vessel—a journey which lasted ninety-seven days—twenty-four barrels of dust were swept from the decks! The captain was a man of scientific tastes and made careful observations, but could not solve the mystery. Some, no doubt, comes from the wear and tear on the sails and rigging, but that accounts for only a small portion. To add to the mystery, bits of cork, wood and vegetable fiber are frequently found in this sea dust. Where does it come from?"—*Corona Daily News.*

Right to the Letter.

A New Yorker was once referring to the stolidity and literal-mindedness of the British shopkeeper, when he was reminded of an amusing experience of a friend in London.

The American had been making several purchases in a jewelry establishment, among others a silver set, and finding that he had with him insufficient funds to defray the entire cost, he desired the clerk to send the set to his hotel, marked "C. O. D."

Due note was made by the clerk; but when the articles arrived at the hotel the purchaser was surprised to find that no charges had been collected. Opening the package the American was dumfounded to discover that each piece of silver had been carefully engraved, in a beautiful monogram, "C. O. D."

Success Magazine.

Taken at Her Word.

Green Servant—Hi, mum, they's a man at the dure.

Mistress—Tell him to take a chair, I'll be down directly.

Servant (a moment later)—He's gone, mum.

Mistress—I thought I told you to give him a chair and—

Servant—An' so I did, mum, the big leather one, an' he's gone wid it on his wagon.—*Cleveland News.*

Where He Was.

"Major Longbeau tells such exciting stories of the civil war, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does tell some good ones."

"Which side was he on during the war?"

"The other side."

"Confederate?"

"No—the other side of the Atlantic."

—*Cleveland Leader.*

On the Go.

Mrs. Stubb—John, that new cook says she used to be on the stage during her younger days.

Mr. Stubb—I don't doubt it. Her past record shows that she has been doing one-night stands with every family that engaged her.



Protected Milk Pail.

That many of the odors and much of the dirt which gets into milk is during the process of milking, most of us know, hence every precaution to overcome this should be taken. One of the best methods of protecting the milk in the pail is to arrange a cover of tin and cheese cloth. Have a tin cover made to go over the pail loosely so as to allow for the space taken by the cloth strainer. The tin cover should be higher in the center than at the sides (see small cut



THE PROTECTED MILK PAIL.

to right) and a hole about four inches in diameter made in the front center through which the milk is directed. Then have plenty of cheese cloth covers large enough to reach five or six inches over the side of the pail, where it may be secured by a tape or by slipping a hoop of sheet iron of proper size over it, and pushing it down hard. Put on one of these covers, then the tin cover, and you are ready for milking. The cheese cloth will prevent any filth getting to the milk, and if these covers are washed in boiling water and sundried they may be used a number of times. The illustration shows the idea plainly, the cut to the lower left showing the pail complete with the strainer and the larger cut showing how the cloth is slashed at intervals so it will fit around the pail without trouble.—*Indianapolis News.*

Handling Guinea Fowls.

Young guinea fowls are quite tender and need feeding frequently, say every two hours, for a week or two. They can be raised successfully if fed similar to turkeys or young chicks with a variety of feed, including small seeds, etc. They must have pure water and shade and some animal feed, such as worms, grubs, or green bone. Mrs. Tate wrote to Farm and Home that her chicks are fed equal parts of bran, cornmeal, crushed rice, and a little bone-meal, and some ground raw potatoes each day after the first week. Chicks are fed all dry food in hoppers, so none is wasted or soiled. They are fed all they can eat of the dry corn, meal, bran and crushed rice. Gravel and fresh water are kept before them all times. Water must be in tin and galvanized drinking fountains so chicks can just get their heads in, but not their feet.

Economy Horse Manger.

This is intended for 6-foot stall and can be any width. Stall posts are set up in front of troughs also, two feet back, with cross piece mortised into each, two feet from floor, for trough to rest on. Trough two feet wide, 7-inch breast plank, 9-inch front. Entire trough made of 2-inch oak plank. Hay board two feet wide, one inch thick, hinged to edge of trough. Brace on outer edge of board to bottom of trough. I use an old buggy top joint. Board can be dropped down out of way when not in use. Rack fits space between stall posts, hinged at top so as to swing back when placing grain feed in trough. Rack is made of 2x2-inch hemlock, corners smoothed off. Horses will not chew hemlock. Rack can be

made of iron or any kind of wood. No animal can toss hay from this manger or waste any grain.—*C. E. Scroggs, in Farm Progress.*

Peaches Peeled with Lye.

The method of the California Fruit Canners' Association at San Jose of using lye for eating off peach skins as a substitute for paring was investigated by a member of the California State Board of Health. By this process the fruit is immersed in the hot lye and quickly passed into pure cold water, which is constantly changing and which washes away the alkali. The process is believed to be entirely clean and the fruit healthful, the peaches not being handled as they must be when peeled by hand. Two cans of peaches thus prepared were analyzed with reference to acid content. In both practically the normal amount of acid was found. It is stated that the same process is used with prunes.

Thirsty Lands.

According to an expert in the employ of the Interior Department, the enormous basin drained by the Missouri River absorbs no less than 88 per cent of all the rain that falls upon it, whereas the basin of the Ohio River absorbs only 70 per cent. The amount of rainfall in the course of a year is proportionately greater in the Ohio than in the Missouri basin, and so the former river, although much the shorter of the two, contributes more water to the Mississippi than does its gigantic rival from the west.

New System of Cheese Making.

A large cheese factory is projected in the province of Ontario, Canada, by New York produce merchants, reports Consul Van Sant from Kingston. The factory is to be operated on an entirely new system of cheese-making. White cheese is now in great demand at Liverpool, being 48 cents higher than colored.

Weeds in Corn.

The corn plant is a gross feeder and accepts any kind of manure that may be applied, but it will not thrive in partnership with any other plants, for which reason it must be kept free from grass and weeds, in order to have it mature before frost comes in the fall, which necessitates the frequent use of the cultivator. The clean preparation of the land before planting and the stirring of the surface soil after every rain destroys weeds and grass, which permits the farmer to accomplish such task at the least cost, as he benefits the corn crop while preparing the land for another the following season. For this reason, where large fields are cultivated, there can be no substitute for corn, and whether prices rise or fall the corn crop is a necessary adjunct to farming in this country. On the farm its value is not confined to its grain alone, but the entire plant can be utilized for some purpose. It is, therefore, the most inexpensive preparatory crop known. Every farmer aims to secure a crop of corn, and late planting is resorted to rather than incur total failure. Success with a late-planted crop depends upon the condition of the soil, the variety and the mode of cultivation, but the main drawback is the appearance of frost early in the season, which, however, does not frequently occur.

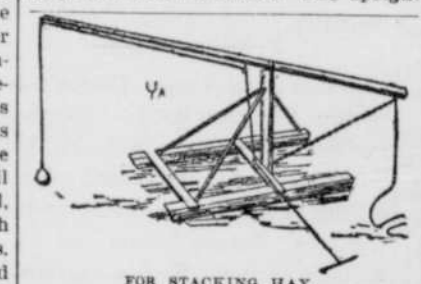
Poultry Instruction.

In response to the urgent demand for instructional and investigation work along poultry lines, the board of trustees of the Iowa Agricultural College, at a recent meeting, created a new position in the animal husbandry department, that of instructor in animal husbandry, in charge of poultry. Howard Pierce, a graduate of Cornell University, has been placed in charge of the work. Mr. Pierce is one of the best-trained men in America along all lines of work pertaining to the poultry industry, and the college authorities consider themselves most fortunate in securing the services of so competent a man to build up this new and important line of college work.

Plans are now being prepared for the erection of the most modern and complete poultry plant to be found at any educational institution in America. The plant will be located on the farm recently purchased for the dairy herd and poultry work. Both instructional and investigation work will be commenced with the opening of the college year. During the first few years special attention will be devoted to the most economical methods of feeding for egg production, and of fattening chickens for market.

Hay Stacker.

The hay derrick shown here is for stacking hay in the field. The skids are 10x12 inches, 16 feet long. The two cross pieces are 8x10 inches, 8 feet long, each set in 2 inches. The upright



FOR STACKING HAY.

post is 8x8, and 9 feet high. The three braces are 4x4, or round poles. The boom pole is 32 feet long, 4 inches at top and 8 or 10 at butt. The chain can be shortened to raise the boom or lengthened to lower. The boom is swung by a swing rope, as can be seen. "A" shows the fork on which boom pole is swung. The hole in the post is lined with a piece of gas pipe with solid plug in bottom. A 6-tine grapple fork can be used.

To Drive Away the Green Fly.

Next to clean water for the destruction of green fly upon the majority of plants, gardeners value soft soap the most; when judiciously used it is an unfailing remedy and attended with no risk. Dissolved in water, at the rate of two ounces of soap to one gallon of water, and the plants dipped in the liquid, or syringed with it, so that it reaches insects in sufficient quantities to thoroughly wet them, it will do its work in the most effectual manner. It is, however, a remedy that requires the exercise of a little forethought. If it is to be used in houses it should be applied in the evening, when the house will be closed for several hours, and when it will not dry up too quickly. When the liquid is to be applied to plants or trees growing in the open air it should be done in the evening of warm and still days. If there is only a little wind blowing the liquid so quickly disappears that it is dried up before it has time to complete its work of destruction.

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THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1191—Christians took possession of city of Acre, in Palestine.

1414—Henry V. claimed restoration of English possessions in France.

1537—Janet, Lady Glamis, burned as a witch on Castle Hill, Edinburgh.

1546—Anne Askew burnt in London.

1584—William, Prince of Orange, assassinated.

1609—Henry Hudson first obtained sight of the American continent.

1691—English defeated French and Irish at battle of Aghrim.

1713—Treaty of peace of Portsmouth; British and Indians.

1771—Mission of San Antonio, Cal., founded.

1779—Stony Point taken by the Americans.

1780—American force under Sumter defeated British at Williamson's plantation, South Carolina.

1782—Savannah, Ga., evacuated by the British.

1786—Treaty of peace between Morocco and the United States.

1788—Russia declared war against Sweden.

1789—Bastille of Paris taken and destroyed.

1793—Charlotte Corday, assassin of Marat, guillotined.

1804—Alexander Hamilton mortally wounded in duel with Aaron Burr.

1806—Mutiny of the Sepoys at Vellore, India....Confederation of the Rhine formed.

1812—Gen. Hull, with force of American volunteers, invaded Canada.

1832—President Jackson vetoed bill to recharter United States Bank.

1857—Evacuation of Crimea by the allies.

1861—Confederates victorious at battle of Rich Mountain, Va....Payment of foreign debt suspended by Mexico.

1862—Gen. H. W. Halleck made commander-in-chief of the United States army.

1863—United States ship Wyoming defeated Japanese in naval battle of Shimonoseki....Mexican empire proclaimed; Maximilian as emperor....Draft riots in New York.

1864—Gen. Hood superseded Gen. Johnston in command of Confederate forces.

1866—Freedmen's Bureau bill vetoed by President Johnson.

1870—Congress granted pension of \$3,000 per annum to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

1872—Voting by ballot became a law.

1873—Don Carlos entered Spain and assumed command of his partisans.

1874—Attempted assassination of President Bismarck at Kissingen.

1878—Creation of Bulgaria by the treaty of Berlin.

1882—British bombarded Alexandria, Egypt.

1883—Henry M. Stanley discovered Lake Mantumba in Central Africa.

1884—Survivors of Greely expedition reached St. John's, Newfoundland.

1885—Arrival in Chicago of first carload of fruit shipped from Oregon.

1886—Gov. West of Iowa issued a proclamation against the Mormons.

1887—Cyclone nearly destroyed town of Waupaca, Wis.

1888—Brakemen on C. B. & Q. railroad went on strike.

1890—President approved act for admission of Wyoming to statehood....Many persons killed by tornado at Lake Pepin, Minn.

1891—George Francis Train completed circuit of the world in sixty days....Niagara Falls crossed on wire cable by D. J. Dixon....Great Chesler ship canal opened.

1893—Score of lives lost in cold storage fire at Chicago world's fair.

1894—Hundreds killed by earthquake at Constantinople....President Cleveland signed act admitting Utah to statehood.

1897—Andree balloon expedition north pole started from Tromsø.

1898—Gen. Miles landed in Cuba....Transfer of Santiago by Gen. Torro.

1902—Explosion of fire-damp in mine near Johnstown, Pa.; more than 100 killed....Celebrated Campanile bell tower, of Venice fell.

1903—Cuban Senate ratified treaty granting United States naval and coaling stations.

1904—Paul Kruger, Boer leader, died in Switzerland.

1905—Franco-German agreement of Morocco was announced....President Taft sailed from New York in north pole expedition.

Remarkable Resuscitation Case.

The life-saving service has received report of the resuscitation of R. L. Mooney near Wakefield, R. I., after had been under water for twenty minutes. The man had been thrown overboard on July 4 by the capsizing of a boat. In the operation one gallon of water was expelled from his lungs. Artificial respiration was kept up for an hour and forty-eight minutes before first signs of returning consciousness appeared. The patient did not recover complete consciousness until the next day.