

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER III.

Four years have passed away since that October night. I am now eighteen. I am the last one left of Mr. Porter's old pupils; they have all been "bagged" by some grim custodian, and carried off I know not whither. Others have taken their places, but I am still left. I am melancholy, moody, and dreamy. My reading is limited to a few semi-religious books. How ardently I long for a copy of Shakespeare, but not one penny of pocket money has ever been given me; neither would the Rev. Mr. Porter hear of such a book being brought into his house. Every image of that one break in my monotonous existence is indelibly fixed upon my memory; and I can never disassociate that mysterious child that I met under the old Norman gateway with the Juliet of the play. What a strange memory she has left upon my brain, she is ever with me in my dreams. Shall I ever see her again? I am ever asking myself. Yes; I feel assured I shall. I feel that she is in some way interwoven with my destiny.

We never saw Josiah Cook again, but I heard that he had gone away with the theatrical company, who left the town shortly after the time that marked my adventure. The Rev. Obadiah Porter, of course, at once settled his eternal prospects by condemning him to the bottomless pit.

During my boyish days the post of servant was occupied by a very cross old woman; but a twelvemonth previous to the period at which I have arrived, she left, and her place was taken by a young woman of about twenty years of age. When I ceased to attend the school room I was assigned to the kitchen, and helped in the household work. Martha and I soon became fast friends. She used to say that had it not been for me she would not have remained a month in the house. In the winter evenings, after she had finished her work, when Mr. Porter did not require our presence at Little Bethlehem, or at religious exercises, we used to sit by the fire and talk. She had but little education; but her shrewd mind was a better tutor for me at that time than would have been a more learned, sedentary companion.

The second person of whom I must speak conjures up a very different set of images. I remember the first time I saw him was the very evening after my memorable escape. We were at prayers; there was a loud, imperious knock at the street door. The Rev. Mr. Porter paused and signed to the servant to answer the knock.

The next moment there entered the parlor a tall, elegantly dressed man, with a remarkably pale face, the pallor of which was greatly enhanced by a full, glossy black beard, black curling hair, and large black eyes. One of those strange shudders, at which the superstitious cry out that some one is walking over their grave, ran through me as I looked up at him. He stood in the doorway, and cast upon the group a glance of infinite scorn.

"When you have finished your devotions," he said, with a sneer, addressing my tutor, "I have something to say to you."

The Rev. Obadiah Porter colored, hesitated for a moment, and then rising, said, with his devotional whine, "We will ask a blessing upon all here, and pray no more to-night."

With an exclamation of contemptuous impatience, the stranger threw himself upon the sofa, his head still covered. We were quickly hustled out of the room, and the tutor and his daughter were left alone with their irreverent visitor.

More than a twelvemonth passed away before he came again to the house. Then, little by little, he became a frequent visitor. Miss Judith and he were very frequent together. I used often to see them stroll down the road arm-in-arm; and by and by I began to observe how anxiously she watched for his coming. Martha soon comprehended how matters stood.

"I don't like that Mr. Rodwell," she used to say; "and if Judith wasn't quite so high in her manner I should take the liberty of telling her so."

One evening I was summoned from the kitchen to attend Mr. Porter in his study. When I entered the room he bade me shut the door, and take a seat. I obeyed him, wondering what was coming.

"Silas," he began, fixing his small, sharp eyes upon me, and brushing back the rebellious hair from his low forehead, "can you remember anything of your life previous to the time that Providence entrusted you to my keeping? Don't hatch a lie," he said, sharply; "remember the fate of Ananias."

"Indeed, sir, I have no such thought," I answered meekly. "Remember how young I must have been when I first came to you, and—"

"Don't beat about the bush," he cried, yet more sharply. "You are concealing something; you can't deceive me." Then suddenly changing his tone to his usual one of shuffling hypocrisy, he added, "Silas, I am asking these questions for your good—for the sake of those carnal interests that must be looked to while we are sojourners in this world of sin."

He leaned forward with his arms upon the table, and fixing his snake-like eyes upon me, as though to read my very soul, he began in a low voice: "I will tell you all I know; perhaps that will help your memory. Thirteen years ago, a middle-aged woman, looking like a gentleman's housekeeper, or something of that sort, called here to ask my terms for taking charge of a child of five years old. She had seen my advertisement, and thought it would suit the purpose she had in view. She was most particular in her injunctions that you should be reared strictly and religiously. Two days afterwards she brought you here. She gave the name of Carston, and said that you were to be called Silas Carston. The money was to be drawn half-yearly, of Messrs. Fogle and Quirk, solicitors. For the sake of the precious soul entrusted to my keeping, I tried as discreetly as possible to glean a little more information; but she was very close, and awfully stern, and I could not get even an address out of her.

The money has always been paid regularly to the day. Once I called upon Messrs. Fogle and Quirk; but I found them stiff-necked men, of hard and ungenerous hearts. Two years ago I wrote to say that, as you had passed beyond the school boy age, I wished for further instructions. About a week after, I got a short note, saying that you were still to remain with me; but as they desired that you should not contract idle habits, I was to give you some sort of useful employment. Why don't you say something, Silas?" he cried, striking the table sharply with his fist.

"What—what do you want me to say, sir?" I stammered.

"The truth—what you know."

"I don't know anything—indeed, I do not."

There was a savage look about him, as though he would have liked to have squeezed something more out of my throat. Then he took out of a desk beside him a small gold locket, and passed it to me, saying, "This was sewn up in your frock when you were brought here. I don't think she who brought you knew anything about it."

It contained the portrait of a very beautiful young woman—a foreigner, I should have imagined; dark hair, olive-tinted complexion, also a lock of brown hair—upon the back was engraved the initials "F. B." and "E. M." joined together by a true lovers' knot.

"The woman who brought you here," he went on, "was tall; and big-boned; thin white lips; a nose like a parrot's beak; light gray eyes, as cold as stone. She wore a front of dark brown hair, dressed in small flat curls, and bound round the forehead by a band of narrow black velvet; she was dressed in black silk, and wore a muslin handkerchief crossed upon her bosom."

While he spoke, a veil seemed lifted from my memory; the woman seemed to stand before me. I had trembled before those cold, stony eyes. That portrait, too—my heart told me it was my mother's, and a shadowy remembrance came upon me that I had been at some time fondled by such a face.

The Rev. Obadiah Porter was evidently disappointed at the result of his revelations. He snatched the locket out of my hand, and then locked it up in the desk again.

"Well, well, if you can't remember, you can't," he said, irritably. "But when you are alone, or in bed, try and think. Who knows?—you might be the child of some great or rich people," he added, cunningly. "Think what an advantage it would be if you could find this out! But we won't talk any more of this at present. I have something else to speak to you about. Silas, it has much troubled me, for some time, to see a youth of your appearance and probable prospects doing menial work. I've long been thinking whether I couldn't more profitably employ you; and, after a talk with my daughter, I've come to the conclusion that you shall, henceforth, assist her in the care of the boys."

My duties as tutor were to commence on the next day. I really felt very grateful to him for what appeared to my unphilosophical mind, a great kindness; and so I told Martha when I went back to the kitchen.

"Well, I don't know about being grateful, Silas," she cried. "Depend upon it, master's serving his own turn. Miss Judith's getting very tired of the work; and if she was to go away, what would he do? It wouldn't suit him to have a stranger in the house. Now don't you see that he couldn't do without you—that you're the very thing he wants?"

Martha's worldly view of the matter somewhat dashed my exalted feelings of gratitude; yet, for all that, I still felt very thankful for the change.

CHAPTER IV.

In less than a week I found myself sole tutor to the Rev. Obadiah Porter's pupils. Martha was right; Miss Judith had grown tired of the work, and, seizing the opportunity of my initiation, relinquished it altogether. I now dined in the parlor, but took the rest of my meals in the kitchen, where I also spent my evenings. By and by Martha called my attention to a great alteration that had taken place in her mistress. There was a worn, anxious look in her face; and she seldom quitted her own room. Then we began to notice that Mr. Rodwell's visits grew more infrequent, and at last ceased altogether.

One day Mr. Porter informed me that he was going to London for a few days. Such an event had never happened in my memory; it was to me the climax of all the changes.

"To you, Silas," he said, "I commit the care of the precious lambs of my fold, and you must also give an eye to household affairs, as my daughter's health is not strong at present. It is a great trust, but you will prove worthy of it. You are almost like a son to me, Silas."

He paused upon the last words like one struck with a sudden idea, and while he stood gazing at me, a strange look stole across his face. For the first time in his life he took my hand; his clasp was cold and clammy; he meant to be kind and caressing, but I had never felt so repelled against him. I shuddered, with a boding presentiment of evil.

While he was away Miss Judith took all her meals in her own room. Thus the house was almost entirely under the care of myself and Martha.

On the fifth day after his departure, at 5 in the evening, Mr. Porter returned. I was in the front garden. Now this ground was kept sacred to him and his daughter, but having a great love of flowers, and having acquired some knowledge of gardening, I had of late been privileged to tend the beds, and prune the shrubs of this exclusive spot. I had no desire to presume upon this privilege, as I greatly preferred the more extensive grounds that lay at the back, which were free to all. A wall of about ten feet in height separated this garden from the road. When I saw Mr. Porter come through the gate, I was busily employed in cutting away the dead blossoms from a very fine rhododendron bush

which stood near one of the parlor windows. Although I was in full sight, he did not perceive me. The bush stood between me and the window, which was wide open, and entirely concealed me from any one who might be within. I heard my master enter the room, and a minute afterwards he was joined by his daughter, whom I heard eagerly ask him, "What he had done—had he been successful?"

"He has gone to Paris," was the reply, in a harsh tone.

"Gone to Paris! Oh, what will become of me—what will become of me?" I heard Judith cry, in a tone of despair. "I loved him very dearly! But he cannot, he will not, he shall not desert me!"

"But he has done it. His last letter was quite enough. And now he's gone off to Paris, to get out of the way of your reproaches."

"But if he went to the world's end, he should not get beyond the reach of my revenge!" she cried, excitedly. "But how do you know he's gone? Who told you so? Perhaps you have been purposely deceived?"

"Not such a fool. They'll have to get up betimes to deceive me! In the first place, I never made any inquiries myself; a friend that they couldn't suspect did that for me. He left ten days ago."

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" "And what shall I do?" he cried, in a savage tone. And I heard him smash his fist down upon the table, and could almost fancy I heard the grinding of his teeth. "But in the meanwhile we must think of the present time. We are in snug quarters here, and I don't feel inclined to give them up. Remember, if I lost my chapel, I should lose the boys, too; for although their friends would receive the tidings of their deaths with the utmost satisfaction, yet their consciences and their sense of duty would be troubled by the thought that the unhappy little wretches were under a master of lax morality. With such people, you know, everything is doing the proper; they don't care for the humane. Now the very day I started for the city an idea came into my head, which a chance circumstance has since strengthened. It all depends upon you whether you'll act upon it."

He paused, as though expecting an answer; but none came. After a moment, he resumed, in a somewhat hesitating tone, "You'll stare when I tell you what it is; but for your own peace of mind, as well as mine, you must be married."

"Married to whom?" she asked, dreadfully.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I had a husband in my eye? What do you say to Silas Carston?"

I could scarcely repress the cry that rose to my lips at the sound of my name so strangely associated.

"What!" she cried, impetuously, "I marry that puny, contemptible, sneaking boy? You are mad!"

"He would make a very good husband," he said.

"A very meek one, no doubt," she said scornfully.

"Listen to me. Worm as he is, it may be a better match than you suspect. I thought I would call upon Fogle and Quirk. In the first place, to endeavor to get the money increased, in consideration of his age; and in the second place, to try and glean a little information. Just as I got within sight of the door, who should I see coming out but the identical old woman that brought the boy here. There was no mistaking her; she seemed to have on the very same dress that she wore thirteen years ago; and as to her face, it is one of those iron faces upon which years seem to have no power. 'Here's my chance,' I thought; 'I don't lose sight of you till you're earthed.' So, instead of calling upon the lawyers, I followed the old woman at a respectful distance."

At this point of the dialogue, to me the most interesting, I lost the thread. Two pleasure vans, full of people who had been out holiday keeping for the day, were returning to the town; the occupants were singing, shouting and laughing, in a most vociferous strain. To make the matter worse, just as they got beyond the house, a delay of some kind occurred; either something was wrong with the carriages or the horses. Whatever it might have been, it detained them for two or three minutes, during which the howling and shouting continued so loudly that I could not catch a word that was spoken in the parlor. When at last the noisy crew drove away the revelation that I so eagerly desired to hear had passed.

"May be he would not have me," were the first words that fell upon my ears. "How could he help himself, if I were determined upon it? Besides, you could soon make him a puppet in your hands."

"Don't let us talk any more now," he said. "And here comes Martha with her dinner."

And so the conversation ended. I heard Martha come and close the window, and draw down the blind—and then I crept from my hiding place, and got round to the back garden. For a time I could not go into the house; every nerve was trembling. I felt like one surrounded by a circle of fire—the victim of some foul plot, the exact nature of which I could not understand, but from which I could perceive no escape.

(To be continued.)

Cost of Running a Creamery.
The total cost of running a creamery and marketing the product, including interest on the investment and provision for a sinking fund, ought not to exceed 3½ cents for every pound of butter made. Under favorable conditions this cost ought to be reduced to 3 or even as low as 1½ cents. The smallest practical creamery cannot be operated for less than \$4 or \$5 per day. It becomes evident then that the daily product should be over 150 pounds as a safe minimum. Consequently no creamery should be put into operation unless having control or a promise of about 300 cows.—Oscar Erf, University of Illinois, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The bodies of men who have perished in sandy deserts become so thoroughly dried by the sun and wind as to be reduced to 30 per cent of their weight in life.

The light of the firefly is produced by some combination of phosphorus, though in what manner has not yet been determined.

He who desires is always poor.—Cicero.



FARM AND GARDEN

Ravages of the Brown-Tail Moth.
The ravages of the brown-tail moth have become so great in different parts of the country that some concerted effort should be made to exterminate the pest. The eggs of the female are laid on the leaves of the tree, and are hatched in midsummer, and the pest of the moth in the caterpillar state begins its ravages on the tender foliage. On the approach of winter the caterpillars construct heavy webs, in which



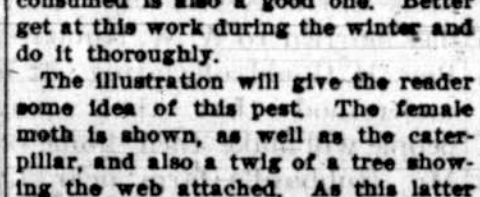
MOths, CATERpillars AND WEBS.

they live until spring, when they come out to feast on the buds, blossoms and leaves. It is at this season of the year, and later, while the trees are devoid of foliage that the main work to exterminate them must be done.

While the moth is in winter quarters he and she can be readily reached. Obtain a pruning shears mounted on a long handle and operated by a wire in the hands, go through the trees of the orchard and anywhere on the grounds and cut off the twigs on which the mass of web hangs. Lay them in piles carefully, then gather them, and, after taking them out of the orchard, burn them. Only in this way can one be certain of their destruction. The plan of fastening a bunch of cotton waste to a pole, setting fire to it and holding the lighted torch to the web until it is consumed is also a good one. Better get at this work during the winter and do it thoroughly.

The illustration will give the reader some idea of this pest. The female moth is shown, as well as the caterpillar, and also a twig of a tree showing the web attached. As this latter has been accurately drawn it will not be difficult to identify the web of the brown-tail moth.—Indianapolis News.

Practical Poultry House Idea.
The cut shows the result of mature experience in housing fowls. This house has a small roosting and laying room and one very small window. This insures a warm roosting place in winter (a slat outside door can be used in summer) and a dark place for laying, which gives an ideal condition. Instead of an open shed scratching room (which will fill with snow in a Northern climate), a large room with two large sliding windows is provided. Wire netting can be placed over these to keep the fowls in and the windows can be opened to any width, permitted by the prevailing weather conditions. This gives the benefits of the open scratching shed plan without its decided disadvantages. The nests should have closed (hinged) fronts and should



YARD FOR LOADING HOGS.

plank from the ground of the pen to the lower side of the wagon opening, as shown by the cut, up which to drive the hogs. Then scatter a little corn on the floor of the incline and also on the floor of the wagon, start the hogs and they will go up and in. No fuss, no torn or soiled clothes and a lot of quiet hogs.—H. T. Vose, in Farm and Home.

Agriculture in Japan.
A report prepared by the American Consul-General at Yokohama gives some particulars as to agriculture in Japan. He states that only 14,965,272 acres, or 15.7 per cent, of the total area of the country, exclusive of Formosa, are in arable cultivation. About 55 per cent of the agricultural families cultivate less than two acres each; 30 per cent, two acres to less than three and three-fourths acres, and 15 per cent, three and three-fourths acres to more. It is not clear whether the small holders have grass land in addition to their arable land. As to how families can be supported on such minute farms, it is pointed out that the Japanese standard of living is comparatively low; that the small farmer usually earns wages apart from his land, or engages in some such industry as silk-producing or spinning; that he cultivates and manures his land very thoroughly; and that he often raises two or more crops in a season on the same land. In the warmer parts of Japan, it is stated, barley, indigo, beans and rape are grown in succession on one piece of land in twelve months.

How Much Pork to Acute?
It may be unusual to estimate the amount of pork that can be produced from an acre of certain crops, but it is claimed that an acre of land in clover will produce 800 pounds of pork; peas, 375 pounds; corn, 650 pounds; oats, 320 pounds; barley, 420 pounds, and wheat 225 pounds.

The value of each crop on one acre, when converted into pork, is as follows: Clover, \$32; corn, \$22.40; peas, \$15; barley, \$16.80; oats, \$13.20, and wheat 9, estimating the pork at 4 cents per pound.

Of course something depends on the prices ruling for the crops. The amount of produce per acre required to give the pork mentioned on an acre is 900 pounds of wheat, 1,680 pounds of barley, 1,320 pounds of oats, 2,240 pounds of corn, 1,500 pounds of peas, and 12,000 pounds of green clover.

In Fly Time.
Among the various anti-swing devices, one of the latest is that of a Maine farmer's boy, who places an old bicycle tire over the cow's back so that it holds the tail closely enough to prevent any vigorous activity. A temporary blanket of old bagging is another good tail restrainer which keeps away the flies besides, and these encourage quiet behavior on the part of the cow.

Covering the Silo.
Various ways have been tried of covering the silage after the silo was filled to prevent the spoiling of the silage on top, but it has been found that nothing is better or less expensive than to put on water enough to

thoroughly wet the top of the silage and have enough so that it runs down between the silage and the sides of the silo. Many avoid all loss from damage on top by beginning to feed immediately after filling, thus giving it no time to damage. The feeding should always be done from the top, taking about two inches from the entire top each day. If the feeding is done too slowly, and part of the surface is left exposed to the air for two or three or more days, then the stock will have partially damaged silage all the time.—C. P. Goodrich before Wisconsin Farmers' Institute.

Food for the Stock.
Those who have tested the use of cooked and uncooked foods for stock, more particularly for swine, agree that the uncooked foods are by far the most digestible. This opinion would delight the vegetarians who urge uncooked fruits and vegetables as being more wholesome. Yet there are two sides to the story as usual. There seems to be no denying the value of the uncooked food, with animals at any rate, but we all know that a quantity of raw fruits and vegetables eaten by humans during the summer is apt to create a disturbance of the digestive organs. Not always does it cause a looseness of the bowels, but acidity of the stomach, which is very painful. Is it not fair to assume that if uncooked food has this effect on the human stomach that it must have some bad effect on the stomach of the farm animal.

This may be a little far-fetched, but experience has taught the writer that, without exception, one warm meal a day during the winter is beneficial to the animals. Even our horses have a warm bran mash, and it has been well-cooked, too. The poultry have the warm cooked mash and the hot corn at night every other day, and thrive on it. This being our experience, our argument is that animals should have cooked food occasionally, but that most of their meals should consist of food not cooked.

Helps Handling Hogs.
For a catching yard or pen, instead of having regular rectangular shape, have at one corner a sharp triangular extension, as shown in the cut. Into this extension the hogs will rush, when they may be easily caught.

For loading hogs, back the wagon, with cage on, up to the pen fence, dig under the hind wheels a few inches to bring the rear end and upper side of the wagon bed even with some plank or rail of the pen fence. Cut out this plank or rail, leaving a space large enough for your largest hog to pass through. Place an inclined floor of

One Hundred Years Ago.
Great damage was done by floating ice in New York harbor. The fleet fitting out in Spain for Florida was dismantled and a treaty ratified by which American merchants would receive indemnity for their losses.

A Paris paper published a statement of the expenses of the coronation of Napoleon, making them \$930,000. The British consul at Honduras ordered that mahogany should not be exported in any American or foreign vessel.

A new quarantine order in Holland required all American vessels to enter the port of Helvoetsluis. Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton were unanimously chosen President and Vice President of the United States.

Congress appointed a committee of five to consider the project of erecting a permanent bridge across the Potomac river at Washington.

Seventy-five Years Ago.
The insurrection in and about Smyrna was quelled by beheading a few of the insurgents. Greece was declared unconditionally free and independent.

Severe weather prevailed in all parts of the British Isles. A treaty of peace and alliance was ratified between Buenos Ayres and Santa Fe.

Gold and silver were discovered near Devonshire, England. France, Russia and England could not come to an agreement as to what title the new ruler of Greece was to assume.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands was appointed by the King admiral of the navy and colonel general of the land forces.

Fifty Years Ago.
Armed collisions took place in eastern Kansas between the two political parties, those favoring slavery and those against it.

Residents of Missouri crossed the river and voted in Kansas, thus making a large Democratic majority, which favored slavery.

Kamehameha III., King of the Sandwich Islands, died, and was succeeded by Prince Alexander Liholiho.

The St. Lawrence river was opened to American vessels. Rufus Choate joined the political party called the "Know Nothings" and became a candidate for the Senate.

The steamboat Westmoreland was sunk in Lake Michigan and seventeen lives were lost. Kansas was being settled by New England emigrants, who were resolved to fight against slavery in the new territory.

Forty Years Ago.
Communication south of Cairo, Ill., was shut off by the freezing of the river. Several steamboats were sunk and many others injured at St. Louis by the breaking up of the ice in the river.

Major Gen. Thomas attacked and routed Hood and his Confederate forces before Nashville, Tenn. A Union expedition along the Roanoke river was reported to have destroyed \$1,000,000 worth of Confederate commissary stores.

President Lincoln ordered a draft of 300,000 men to make up credit deficiencies in the previous call for troops. Hood's Confederate army, routed at Nashville, retreated beyond Franklin, with Thomas in pursuit.

Several Chicago policemen were arrested by federal authorities on charges of assisting enlisted men to desert.

Thirty Years Ago.
Persistent rumors were afloat in Germany that Bismarck was about to resign through pique at the Reichstag. Boston was visited by a series of fires, causing a loss of \$1,000,000 worth of property.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome voted an annuity to Garibaldi. Efforts to introduce the mixed school system at New Orleans resulted in a strike of the white children at the schools.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands was presented to Congress. He was welcomed by Speaker James G. Blaine in the House.

Twenty Years Ago.
England was stirred up over a reported plot to dynamite Windsor Castle and kill the Queen. Stories of trouble between the Grand Duke Serrius of Russia and his wife, Elizabeth of Hesse, were sent out from London.

Thirteen bodies were recovered from a burned orphan asylum in Brooklyn and over 100 children had not been accounted for.



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