

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He turned aside, and remained silent for some seconds. When next he spoke it was in altered tones. "Tell me what you want? Is it money?"

"Money," she cried. "Money from you! Look here, and she tore open a lady's reticule that lay upon the table; there are the two hundred dollars you sent me enclosed in your farewell letter; look what I do with them!" And she tore them into shreds. "Here are the presents you gave me; see what I do with them!" And she took out some trinkets, and crushed them beneath her feet. "Now will you ask me if it is money I want of you?"

Her face was something awful to look upon in its deathly pallor, and convulsive quivering, and those glaring eyes. That man, with all his iron will, quailed before her.

"What do you want, then?"

"Respect, and I will have it. Let me refresh your memory. You found me in a traveling show. I was a mere child then, possessed of a strange power over certain minds—a power that to an ambitious, unscrupulous schemer like yourself, might one day prove invaluable. You saw no way to use me at the time, but you were loath to lose sight of so admirable an instrument. You worried yourself into my confidence, and got from me that I was discontented with a mode of life which gave me but a bare living, and filled the pockets of my employer. I was vain of the attention of a fine gentleman—I who had been brought up in a back alley. You told my father that if he liked to go to Bury St. Edmund's you would help to set him up in business—that you would recommend him custom, as you possessed some influence in the neighborhood."

"Have you ever had reason to repeat taking my counsel?"

"My father hit upon a more easy and profitable trade than shoemaking," she went on, not heeding the interruption. "Had we depended upon your promises, we might have starved. You thought no more of them, and years elapsed after our parting at Spalding before I ever heard anything of you again. One day we met in the streets of Bury. Although years had elapsed, we recognized each other instantly. You expressed great delight at the meeting, which certainly was not feigned, as it gave into your hands the exact tool you required, to fashion one of the most diabolical schemes that was ever hatched in human brains. But before you dared to propose it to me it was necessary to make me your slave. When you last saw me I was an ungainly looking, ugly girl; now I was a well-grown woman, with good looks enough to have secured several offers of advantageous marriage. But I was proud, ambitious; the life I led, and all its associations, were hateful to me—I longed to be free of them all, and I waited and waited. You, with your fiendish cunning, divined my secret; professed love for me. Blinded by ambition and vanity, I believed you—believed that you, the fine gentleman, would marry me. But at that time you simply lied to serve your own purpose. You were very cautious, too—you bound me down to breathe no word of your secrets to my father. You said, once in his power, you would never be free from his extortions."

"Silence!" thundered Rodwell, springing to his feet.

"Well, enough of that for the present. After the girl's flight, you left Bury, and I did not see you again for a long, long time. At last, you returned. So you have got her into your clutch again. What is it to be this time—murder, or marriage?"

"How my heart leaped! Could it be Clara of whom she was speaking? The portrait I had seen in his namesake's cottage—the likeness to her, forgotten until that moment, flashed upon me with the force of conviction. Oh, how eagerly, how breathlessly, I listened now!"

"How dare you speak such words to me in the presence of a stranger?" he cried. "You are venomous enough to endeavor to establish such a charge against me!"

"I believe you to be capable of any crime, John Rodwell," she answered, disdainfully; "although you would give the preference to that which compromised your least."

"Suppose I admit that I intend to marry her, what then?" he demanded, boldly. "You will seek to thwart me?"

"I keep my intentions to myself. But I had forgotten; perhaps you are not aware you have a rival?" she said, mockingly. "You would not imagine Mr. Carston in the character of a gay deceiver; yet, I can assure you that, during a short absence from his loving wife, he was making violent love to Miss Clara as a single gentleman, and not unsuccessfully, I believe."

"This is no subject to jest upon," he said, haughtily. "Do you mean to say that this fellow has dared—"

He advanced menacingly towards me; but, weak as I was, I rose up, and confronted him. I felt no fear of him, although I was too agitated to speak—so overwhelmed by the thoughts of my worse than powerless position.

He paused; then, with a look of supreme scorn, he turned upon his heel and addressed Judith. "Such an object is too contemptible to excite anger. However, I presume that for the future you will restrain in him such roving propensities, more especially after the confidence you have chosen to repose in him this evening. Now let me understand. Do we part friends or foes?"

"I pledge myself to nothing either way. For years you used me as a tool. Now we have reversed the medal; you are utterly within my power, and I will use that power to minister solely to my own interest, or caprice, as the case may be, without one thought of you. You should have remembered that those who love intensely, hate intensely."

He regarded her for a moment with a disconcerted look, which she met by one of determination. He tried to laugh off the effect of her words, but the laugh was a woful failure. "What a fool I must be to stand listening to the words of a mad woman!" he cried.

He was leaving the room when she called to him. "Where are you going? If you are going to her room, I have the key. I will accompany you."

He looked more aghast than ever; then he broke out into strong anathemas against Montgomery, against whom he reviled the most deadly vengeance.

"Montgomery has served me well, and I dare you to harm him in any way," she said, in the same tone of calm superiority. "Do so, John Rodwell, and before two hours your uncle shall know all that I can tell him. Do not fall into a passion. You have fallen into the trap, and you will never get out of it by beating yourself against the bars!"

He muttered and laughed scornfully, but he was conquered—cowed. Her triumph was complete. Presently they left the room together, Judith double locking the door behind her.

I saw no more of Judith or Mr. Rodwell. As soon as they were gone I crawled back to bed, utterly prostrated both mentally and bodily. Soon afterwards the nurse returned, and after giving me my medicine, and some beef tea, wrapped herself up in a blanket, and putting the key of the door under her head, as was her custom, lay down upon the sofa to take her night's repose.

CHAPTER XXV.

Hour after hour I lay tossing about in a sleepless, mental agony. Clara was undoubtedly in the same house with me, exposed to heaven knows what sufferings and persecutions; and yet, for any hope of seeing or succoring her, I might as well have been hundreds of miles away.

At last, unable to lie there any longer, I rose and dressed myself. A fire was still smoldering in the huge grate, and a night light was burning upon the table. The nurse, by her hard, regular breathing, seemed to be in a deep sleep, and I turned about cautiously. Her face was moved to the open side of the sofa. I crept behind it and inserted my trembling hand beneath the pillow, feeling further and further until my fingers touched a hard substance. I might as well have been hundreds of miles away.

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I closed the door softly behind me. A long window, that stretched upwards from the first landing, admitted sufficient light to guide me, and, with a noiseless step, I crept up the stairs. At the top of the first flight was a long corridor, on each side of which, as far as I could see, for the further end was lost in obscurity, was a line of doors. Now came my difficulty; the slightest rattle would not only defeat my present object, but consign me to a stricter surveillance than ever, and perhaps bring about Clara's removal to some spot to which I could obtain no clue. Suppose, by chance, that I should go to Judith's chamber door? I shuddered at the thought.

I stood for some moments at the head of the corridor, irresolute what to do, listening eagerly for the slightest sound that might guide me. But the silence was deathlike. Down the corridor I moved noiselessly. Through the crevice of the third door came faint streaks of light and faint muffled sounds, either moans or a low, monotonous singing—the walls and doors were so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish which.

I listened more eagerly, until I fancied I could distinguish Clara's voice. I paused for a moment, and then, with my heart beating in my throat, tapped gently. Breathlessly I waited for several seconds. No answer. Then I tapped a second time a little louder. A sound of moving, and then a soft, tremulous voice, that thrilled my very soul, asked faintly, "Who is there?"

I could doubt no longer. The key was in the lock outside. I tried it—turned it—opened the door—met her whom I sought—heard a low cry of astonishment, and my darling was in my arms.

At that moment I fancied that I heard a sound like the click of a lock in the corridor. I suddenly turned, disengaged myself from her arms, and looked out. All seemed precisely as I had left it—no light, no object, no sound; it must have been fancy. I gently drew the key from the outside, and, reversing it, locked the door from within. We were alone—no one could surprise us now.

To her eager questions, how had I discovered her, I scarcely knew what to answer; for, the first excitement of our meeting over, I repented that I had ever sought it. Could I have freed her from her enemies then, and then only, would it have been justifiable? As it was, I was feeding my own hopeless passion, and engaging more and more closely the affections of a simple-hearted girl, beneath the very roof that sheltered the implacable woman who claimed as her husband. Oh, all this was weak, criminally weak; and I felt it so, and yet I had not the courage to end it honestly.

After a while I asked her what happened upon the fatal night that we lost her—how she came to be separated from us.

She told me that a rush of people had suddenly impelled her forward, and that by the time she could turn her head to look round, she found that she had been carried out of sight of Mrs. Wilson.

At that moment a young man, evidently the same who had delivered Montgomery's message to me, touched her upon the shoulder, and said that I was waiting for her in a cab a little way down the street.

"I am such a poor, nervous creature—so utterly destitute of all presence of mind—that I could only crouch in a corner and sob with terror."

After a drive, which seemed to her excited fancy to endure for hours, they stopped before a tall iron gate, which, after a time, was opened from within. They drove over a long, winding walk, at the end of which was a large, gloomy looking house, before which the vehicle stopped. Then, assisted by Montgomery, she was suffered to alight. A female servant conducted her to the apartment in which I found her.

"She was very kind to me," Clara went on, "and assured me over and over again that no harm would be done to me—that I was among friends, and whatever I liked to ask for I should have, but that she could not permit me to leave that room. But no entreaty could wring from her who her employer was. I have been here now nearly a fortnight—everything I have expressed a wish for has been given me, and I was growing quite reconciled to my position, for I can be content in any place where I am treated kindly; but this evening, just as I was watching the great red sun sink behind the trees, I heard my door open, and upon looking round I saw—"

She buried her face in her hands, seemingly unable to proceed. I knew perfectly well whom she had seen, although I asked the question.

"Those terrible eyes!" she answered, sinking her voice to a whisper.

By the aid of words I had heard spoken a few hours before, I began to understand it all now, but only dimly. I asked her what she meant.

"Ah, I have never told you!" she said, with a shudder. "I will tell you now, that you may understand my fearful position, and that you may take me away from it."

She knelt down at my feet, and nestled close to me as she told her story, speaking in a subdued voice.

"I was brought up by a dear, kind grandfather, the only friend I ever knew; for my father, who was an officer, died in India, when I was very young, and my mother followed him within less than a year. She was my grandfather's youngest and favorite daughter; and, after her death, he seemed to have transferred all his affection to me, for he literally doted upon me. I had a cousin who was much—much older than myself, but, like myself, an orphan. I never liked him—or, I should rather say, I was always frightened of him; yet everybody called him handsome, especially all the women. Until my mother brought me home, a little girl, from India, he was the favorite nephew, and was supposed to be the heir to all his grandfather's wealth. John Rodwell hated me, and showed it, too, and that turned the old gentleman against him. When I was about thirteen, grandfather made a fresh will; and as he was never content to have me a moment from his side, it was dictated to the lawyer in my presence. In it I was named heiress to all he possessed, with the exception of an annuity to John, and the former will, which John would have inherited all his wealth, was destroyed. I was very much troubled when I heard this; and I told grandfather how much happier I should be if he would let things remain as they were, as I was certain Cousin John would know better what to do with the money than I should."

"Well, in some way or other Cousin John found out that a new will had been made, and that I was present at the time. Once or twice he put some questions to me in an off-hand kind of manner as to its contents; but mindful of the strict injunctions I had received, I was very cautious, and finding that he could elicit nothing from me, he gave up the attempt. But he became a more frequent visitor to us. He also took great pains to ingratiate himself into grandfather's good graces, and not unsuccessfully."

(To be continued.)

COW LIKED THE SMOKE.

But She Refused to Give Usual Supply of Milk.

Alfred James, of the University of Virginia, was a disturbing element in farm life one day last week, says the Baltimore Sun.

He went out to Reisterstown to visit a friend. He found the young man in the barn about to begin the day's milking. His friend is a civil engineer, but is spending the summer at his country home, in Baltimore county, and delights in the simple occupations of the farm. One of his hobbies is milking the cows, and he was about to begin on a very ladylike old brindle when Mr. James climbed the fence and called out to him.

Mr. R., the gentleman of bucolic tastes, came to meet him, and the two shook hands and chatted for a few minutes.

"Excuse me, old man," he said to Mr. James, "while I milk the cow."

"Go ahead," the latter replied. "I'd like to watch you do it."

Thereupon Mr. R. put his stool in place, arranged his legs as long-limbed milkmen have to do and proceeded. Mr. James walked to the cow's head and gently stroked her neck, saying appropriate and endearing things the while. He had his pipe in his hand and held it under the cow's nose.

She sniffed, looked about, sniffed again and looked about, and then sniffed. She seemed to like it. Mr. James began to laugh, but in a few minutes Mr. R. got up in disgust. He said a few things about the cow and complained that the "blooming old thing won't let down a drop of milk."

He then kicked her in the ribs, drove her into her stall and turned the job of milking over to one of the farm hands as he went off with his guest.

The cow was so delighted with the odor of the smoke that she forgot all about giving milk as usual.

Mr. James thought it was a great joke on a suitable occasion. But the funniest part of the joke didn't seem to appeal to him so much the morning following the incident, when at breakfast coffee had to be drunk without cream, as it did the afternoon before.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.—Bovee.



Plan for Chicken-House.

A Texas woman in Farm and Ranch describes a chicken house for the benefit of any who may wish a clean, convenient one.

It is built of 1x12 boards, well slatted on three sides; the front has a stripped or latticed door in one corner, this to insure plenty of ventilation; the roosts are swinging poles, sus-



ended by heavy wire, out of the draft. The walls come within fourteen inches of the ground and the nests are made on the outside, thus securely boxed up with a slanting cover that is hinged on and can be raised from the outside. This prevents having to enter the henhouse when you wish to gather up the eggs. It has the appearance shown in the illustration.

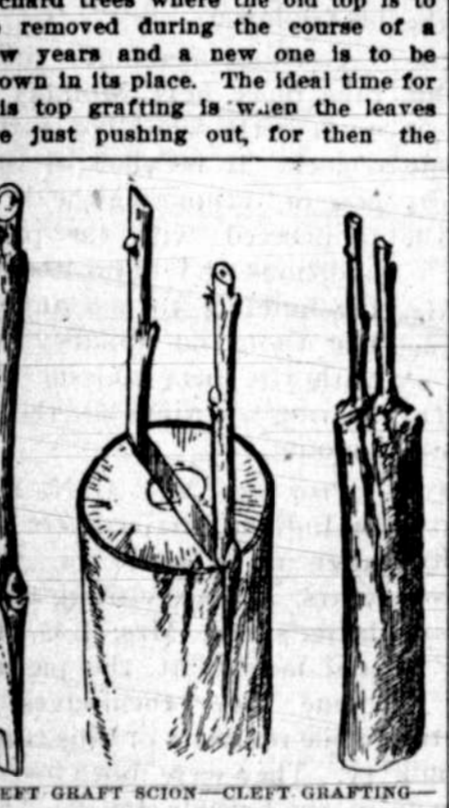
Small tin cans are tacked on the roost, the walls and near the nests; in them is kept mothine balls; they keep out all vermin.

Marketing the Eggs.

Eggs should be gathered every day in summer and often in winter, unless the hen house is warm enough so that the eggs will not freeze and burst the shell. Put the eggs into a basket with the small end down until ready to pack in boxes for shipping and keep in a cool room. Then pack in the box with the card-board separators, with the small end down. They will keep fresh longer if packed in this way than if put into the boxes in a haphazard manner. The reason for this is found in the fact that the yolk cannot settle to the shell when the small end is put down and the air cannot strike the yolk as long as it does not touch the shell. When eggs bring a good price it is better to sell the eggs than to raise chickens to sell, for the profit is good and there is not so great an outlay. By all means raise chickens when eggs do not bring a very good price. Among the most prolific layers will be found the Black Spanish, the Black, White and Brown Leghorns, Poland, Hamburg, Creve Coeur and La Fleche, which are larger than Black Spanish, but somewhat similar to them.—Epitomist.

Cleft Grafting.

Varieties of grafting are many, but cleft grafting represents the method commonly in use for the grafting of orchard trees where the old top is to be removed during the course of a few years and a new one is to be grown in its place. The ideal time for this top grafting is when the leaves are just pushing out, for then the



wounds of grafting heal rapidly. But in practice, if a large amount of work is to be done, it may be necessary to begin from one to two months earlier and to continue several weeks beyond the ideal point of time. The whole operation of cleft grafting appears clearly in the illustration.

Hogs in the Orchard.

In regard to the hogs skinning the orchard trees, if you put a dozen or two of hogs on an acre of land, very likely they will skin the trees, or a flock of sheep would also. They must have room. There must not be too many in a bunch. It is said that hogs will tear down a pippen to get the wood to eat. If you throw them a little lime they will let the pen alone. I know that they have been known to dig out a stone-wall for the lime. If you feed a hog some corn and don't starve him to death, he will let your trees alone. Give the hog room enough and give him something to eat.—J. J. Blackwell.

Teaching a Horse to Stand.

As soon as the colt is fairly gentle and has been ridden a few times, throw the reins down, and with a strong but soft rope hobble his front legs. Fasten a rope twenty feet long

to one front leg and the other to a stout post or stake. Ordinarily the horse will not move when thus fastened, but if he does he soon comes to grief. A few lessons of this sort will never be forgotten.

After a while it will only be necessary to wrap the reins around the horse's front legs, and later simply dropping the reins to the ground will be sufficient. If any time the horse gets to moving around and forgets his early training, pass the reins through the stirrup and then up and over the horn of the saddle. This pulls the head around to one side and the horse will generally not go far.—Farm and Home.

Remedies in the Barn.

The writer has recently erected a small closet in the barn, in which is kept a few articles such as experience has taught us should be handy. At the suggestion of the mother of the family a large bottle of witch hazel and several bottles of vasoline were added, together with a roll of party worn muslin. The very day this closet was completed and its contents placed, one of the horses by accident struck his head against the side of the stall so that there was a decided bruise around the eye. Out came the witch hazel, and by frequent applications of it during the day the swelling was subdued and the horse made more comfortable.

We have two bottles of vasoline each of the plain sort and the carbolated vasoline, and this last has been found very useful on a number of occasions. A calf had an ugly spot on its side, a raw proud-flesh sort of eczema, for which we could not account. We took a spoonful of flour of sulphur and made a batter of it with a little carbolated vasoline and treated that spot for a week, healing it perfectly. Have a little closet as described and keep odd things in it, but don't forget witch hazel, vasoline and a roll of soft, clean muslin.—Indianapolis News.

Useful Bowline.

The bow and knot is one of the most useful knots we have, and one which comparatively few can tie. It is a knot sailors use constantly. The illustration will show exactly how it is tied. Lay the parts together as in the first figure, b crossing over a. Then bring a over b, bringing the end up



through the loop as in the next figure. Now carry b around and under a, passing it down through the loop as in the final figure. It is impossible for this knot to slip when properly tied. It is useful in all sorts of emergencies. In a loop thus made a man can safely be hoisted to any height with no danger of the knot slipping. It is especially useful for the farmer. An animal can be led by means of it with no danger of the knots slipping and choking the animal, no matter how much it may plunge or pull.—American Agriculturist.

To Prevent Tree Frauds.

The Indiana farmer that has been swindled by the fruit tree agent will be pleased with the law, enacted by the last General Assembly, providing a fine of from \$50 to \$500 for fruit tree fraud. It is said that the bill which was introduced by Representative Shively, of South Bend, grew out of Notre Dame University's purchase of trees that were not what they were represented to be. As introduced, the bill provided a year's imprisonment, but this was stricken out.

Sheep Shearings.

Sheep are more economical meat producers than steers.

To secure the best returns in feeding have the sheep as even as possible.

When breeding to improve ewes should be two years old when bred.

The more sheep you can keep and keep right the less per sheep will the cost be.

Under ordinary conditions the manure from sheep should pay for the labor of caring for them.

A good foot rot medicine must be somewhat caustic, in liquid form and cheap enough to use freely.

Sheep cannot be fattened profitably when they are full of parasites. Kill the vermin and then fatten.

If the best profit is realized, not only the wool, but the mutton and the lamb, must contribute their part.

It will pay, if you intend to sell your sheep at public sale, to have some one grade them up in even lots.

Gathered in the Garden.

The best thing for the garden—beans.

Cut the black knot out of the plum and cherry trees.

Radishes are usually ready for use in six weeks from sowing.

Bone meal and wood ashes in the soil are great for sweet peas.

Don't trim the cherry trees now. Wait till June and then be light handed.

To bleed the grapevines by cutting during March, April or May is bad management.

Cold frames are useful for forwarding lettuce and cabbage in spring or early summer.

Probably no other small fruit will give more weight of crop for the space it occupies than the currant.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Sweden was obliged by the remonstrance of Prussia to decline the proffered subsidy of England.

The city of Lubeck, Germany, was surrounded by French troops to prevent English products from being introduced.

Eighteen American vessels were at the port of Amsterdam.

The French government passed a law granting pensions to all emigrants from Santo Domingo.

Three thousand French troops were ordered to The Hague to prevent an uprising which was daily expected.

Re-enforcements of French troops arrived at Santo Domingo and eventually repulsed Emperor Dessalines' army.

Portugal purchased with the concurrence of England the suzerainty of France to remain neutral in the war.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Yucatan declared itself independent.

Pasturing of cows on the Boston common was forbidden by law.

Sioux Indians annihilated the Sae and Fox tribes near Dubuque, Iowa.

The first light of the Blackrock lighthouse at Liverpool appeared.

Congress provided for a boundary line to be run between Louisiana and Arkansas territories.

Petroleum was discovered in Kentucky, and as it was supposed to have healing properties it was bottled and sold throughout the United States and Europe for medicine.

The first gold from Georgia mines was received at the United States mint.

Fifty Years Ago.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, died at Trieste.

The Niagara suspension bridge was completed.

A free public school system was established in Illinois.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad was leased to the Grand Trunk railroad for 999 years.

Nassau hall at Princeton university, built in 1756, was destroyed by fire.

Several persons were killed by the falling in of the floor of the town hall at Meredith, N. H.

The plenipotentiaries at Vienna exchanged powers and commenced proceedings toward agreeing upon the terms of Russo-Turkish peace.

Forty Years Ago.

The panic in gold carried quotations down to 175 1/4, a drop of 14 1/4 points in three days.

The Parliament at Quebec adopted the confederation scheme by a large vote.

Reports of Sheridan and Sherman's successes sent gold down to 180 1/4. A short time before it was quoted at 220 and over.

News reached the North that the Confederate Congress had passed a bill to arm and equip the negroes as soldiers.

Richmond (Va.) papers published an exposure of an alleged conspiracy to oust Davis and Stephens, make Hunter president, and end the war.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering that all citizens or domiciled agents trafficking with Confederates be arrested and held as prisoners of war.

Thirty Years Ago.

The Hawaiian treaty was being fought in the Senate by sugar-interests.

At a consistory held at the Vatican Archbishop McCloskey of New York was made a cardinal.

The French Assembly passed the military reorganization bill, the constitution having been adopted several weeks previously.

A tornado devastated the town of Rienzi, Miss. The river bottoms in the Northwest States were flooded.

Quite a sensation was caused in England by the outcome of the Moradant divorce case in which Lady Moradant was decreed guilty.

Twenty Years Ago.

The militia was mobilized at Sedalia and other points in Missouri to suppress riots incident to the railroad strike on the Gould system.

London papers admitted that the relations between England and Russia were strained almost to the breaking point over the latter's Afghan frontier aggression.

President Cleveland issued a proclamation barring the "boomers" from Oklahoma.

Ten thousand of the 12,000 coal miners in the Pittsburg district struck for higher wages.

The powers agreed to a conference to be held in Paris to determine the status of the Suez canal.