

Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)
She listened to him without moving a muscle until he had finished speaking; then she answered, "Poor, weak fool, I pity you! You may one day know that vengeance is held by a higher power than that of puny man."

"So solemnly did she speak the words, that for a moment she awoke her opponent, and he moved aside without a word, to allow her to pass out of the room."

"What occasion was there to tell that woman of my past life?" angrily demanded Judith, when Madame Berna had departed.

"I told her to suit my own purpose," he retorted, in the same tone.

"And what injury have I ever done to you, Mr. Montgomery," I asked, "that you should seek to be revenged upon me?"

"You have done me no injury," he said, averting his eyes; "but she has!"

"Is it just to punish me for the faults of others?" I asked.

"Has that old tigers' gone?" cried Mr. Porter, putting his head in at the door, and looking round. Ocularly satisfied of her disappearance, he bustled eagerly up to Judith.

"He turned the conversation upon other subjects. By and by, he said to Mr. Montgomery, in a careless tone, 'I have something to show you. I want to ask your opinion of the worth of a bit of jewelry I have here. I know that you are a judge of those things.'"

"He produced a locket, which I instantly recognized as the one he had once shown to me, and which I believed to contain a portrait of my mother."

"I can now understand his cunning design. It was to try if Mr. Montgomery would recognize the portrait without being previously put upon the scent. The locket would not open."

"Give it to me," said Montgomery; "I'll do it."

"But before he had time to examine it a man, looking like a servant, hastily entered the room, without knocking. Looking about him for a moment, he went up to Montgomery and whispered something in his ear."

"Where is he?" cried the latter, looking very scared.

"The man whispered again."

"Come along, then; do not let us lose an instant," exclaimed Montgomery, excitedly. And before the other occupants of the room could recover from their astonishment, the two men had rushed out.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried Mr. Porter, somewhat alarmed. "There's mischief brewing!"

"Something is wrong," said Judith. "But, at all events, we have nothing to fear; we have had the worst they can do to us to turn us out of the house as trespassers."

"Where's the locket?" suddenly cried Mr. Porter. "Why, that scoundrel Montgomery has walked off with it!"

"And away he went in pursuit."

"No, Silas," said Judith, when we were alone, "you are a gentleman with an independent income."

"I could only wearily shake my head. 'Even money has no charm while your happiness is clogged by me,' she said, bitterly. 'Well, I will make a bargain with you. Settle half of the money upon me for life and I will free you of my presence forever.'"

"Take it all if you will," I answered. "You have blighted my whole life. All the money in the world can never buy me back one happy moment."

"Mr. Porter's entrance interrupted our further conversation."

"He's off!" he said, looking very hurried. "They both jumped into a trap that the man came in, and galloped off at a pace fast enough to break their necks. And he has taken my locket with him!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Little less than an hour's furious driving brought Montgomery and his companion into a suburban district. They pulled up before a handsome villa residence. A gentleman, who had evidently been watching for their coming, appeared at the door.

"How long you have been!" he said, irritably.

"Come as fast as horseflesh could go, sir," answered the man, respectfully. "Just look at the mare, sir; she's for all the world as if you had chucked buckets of water over her!"

"This way, Montgomery," said Mr. John Rodwell—for it was he.

He led the way into a back parlor. "Read that," he said, handing Montgomery a telegram.

"From Jonathan Rodwell, Morley's Hotel, to John Rodwell:

"Can I have the use of your house in Essex for a short time? Police have got a trace of Clara in that direction. Telegraph reply."

Montgomery gave a low whistle as he read these words. "That's awkward!" he ejaculated.

"What a fool's remark!" exclaimed Rodwell, irritably. "It's ruin, destruction! What can be done? Can you devise any scheme? I have telegraphed to say that I will be with him this evening."

"And then what do you mean to do?"

"That is precisely what I want to talk over with you. You see by that telegram that the police have discovered a clue, and we know that the clue is in the right direction. The hope of gaining the reward will wonderfully sharpen their scent. Perhaps, while we are sitting here, they have spotted the very house."

He paused, expecting an answer; but Montgomery, with an unmoved face, remained silent.

"I must tell you," he went on, "that before this girl was brought home I was regarded as my uncle's heir. But he became infatuated with this silly doll, and left everything to her, except a paltry annuity. Well, the girl's intellect was always weak, and as she grew older, this weakness merged almost into idiocy. One night she disappeared, no one knew whither. My uncle was almost frantic. Rewards were offered; the rural police put upon the search; ponds, rivers,

streams dragged far and near; but, as you will anticipate, without any success. As time passed on, I did all I possibly could to instill into his mind that she must be dead, to which belief I really inclined; but he obstinately clung to the idea that she still lived, and that he should find her some day. In the meantime, I kept on the beat of terms with him. If she never turned up, I felt pretty confident that the bulk, at least, of the old man's fortune would fall to my share. Years went on, and I began to feel quite certain that Clara would never again be heard of; when, fancy my consternation upon one day receiving a letter from the old man, which informed me that he was in the city, consequent on having obtained some trace of his lost granddaughter. He lent some tramp money upon a suit of clothes, and out of one of the pockets had dropped a miniature of Clara. This tramp fellow had told him that he was going to the city, and thither my uncle had set off at once to endeavor to gain some tidings of him. He had not been in town many days before he chanced to see a picture of his own cottage in a print seller's window. He bought it, and found the name of Clara in the corner. That I might check any further search upon his part, I undertook to send round to every picture dealer to make inquiries. I called at a number of shops myself, and I sent you to others; you know what the result."

"But I did discover her, after all," interrupted Montgomery, "although in quite another way; and had I not stayed at Bury so late into the Monday, you would have known of it. However, nothing could be neater than the way we managed it. Luckily you had such a snug place to take her to."

"Yes; I have found the house useful more than once. An old maiden aunt, who used to reside there, left it to me as a legacy. Fortunately, it had only been recently vacated. As soon as I had secured my fair cousin, I began to consider what was the best thing to do with her. After a mature consideration, I came to the conclusion that marriage was the best solution of the difficulty. By making her my wife I should seal her lips regarding the past, and secure my uncle's fortune in the future. To my surprise, she received all my advances with the utmost repugnance. The cause of that, I have discovered, is a connection she has formed with some low fellow, who actually turns out to be Judith Stokes' husband. By the by, how came you to think of introducing those people at my house? You must have been made to have entrusted my secret in the hands of a woman who has a spite against me?"

"A spite against you?" echoed Montgomery. "This is the first I have heard of it. Now, I was deeply interested in getting him back into Judith's hands. I thought me of the house that I had taken the young lady to the night before. There must be plenty of spare rooms there, I thought; and as Judith and Mr. Rodwell are old and confidential friends, I don't see that he can possibly object to oblige her so far."

"And do you not think such an act was a piece of impudence upon your part?"

"Not at all," answered Montgomery, coolly. "I had my own private interests to serve in the matter—private interests. I thought of myself first, as you did of yourself when, years ago, you enticed away from me the girl who was making my living. Tit for tat!"

Rodwell glared at him fiercely. "If that is your mode of dealing with me," he said, "how do I know that you may not one fine morning call upon Mr. Jonathan Rodwell and blow the whole thing to him?"

"No, I shall not do that," answered the other, quietly; "honor among thieves. If the plot succeeds, I know that I shall get more out of you than I possibly could out of him. Besides, there is a stronger bond even than interest that binds me to you—revenge!"

"Upon whom?"

"Upon Silas Carston."

"In that case, I think we can work together better than I suspected; but as you have greatly complicated my difficulties by introducing Judith into the same house, it is but fair that you should be the more ready to help me in any way out of them."

"What do you mean?"

"In the first place, my marriage with Clara would have to be brought about immediately; and as she is not likely to consent, and as the days of enforced marriages are all gone by, it is more than probable that the whole plot will have to be abandoned. I am convinced that Judith fully intends to betray me. Her evil disposition would never let such an opportunity of revenge escape. Such a revelation would overwhelm me with destruction. My father, at his death, left me property to the value of two thousand per year. Bit by bit, it has been sold and mortgaged. I lost a thousand on the last Derby; that was the last straw. My debts amount to some eight or ten thousand; my doors are besieged by duns; my credit all but stopped, and I am all but penniless. If I could once show proofs that I was my uncle's heir, my creditors would cease to press, and I could raise more money. On the other hand, if things remain as they are, I should have to fly the country, a beggar."

"But how do you propose to induce your uncle to alter his will while he believes that his granddaughter is alive?"

"Suppose it could be proved to him that she was dead?"

The two men's eyes met in a long, searching look; each one was trying to read the other's secret thoughts.

"Supposing," Rodwell went on, "I could hit upon a plan to silence—to remove both Judith and Clara at the same time? Nothing could then stand in my way."

"What do you mean?" asked Montgomery, with a sardonic look.

"You seem excessively dull to-day," exclaimed Rodwell, irritably; "especially when your own interests and safety are as much concerned as my own. Could not the girl prove that it was you who abducted her?—and as you could not

furnish your judge with unexceptionable references as to your moral character, that would be enough to give you two years on the treadmill, besides the loss of all the money I have promised you. Let us carry my plan to a successful conclusion, and I will sign a deed to pay you five hundred a year for life. I should not think it would take you long to decide between the two pictures."

"Speak out, and let me know what you want," said Montgomery, uneasily.

"You—to help me to get rid of both Judith and Clara!" cried Rodwell, boldly.

"Suppose that the house should catch on fire—houses do catch on fire, you know, sometimes, without any one discovering the cause, and people frequently are lost in such fires."

"This is abominable!" cried Montgomery.

"So I thought, at first. The house is heavily insured, too; we could share the insurance money between us."

"But what purpose could such a fearful crime serve? You would not dare confess to your uncle that the girl was in your house; and, unless you could prove to him that she was dead, her death would be useless to you."

"I have thought of all that. If this thing could be arranged, I should drive off to Morley's at once, tell him that I had traced my cousin, taken her under my protection, lodged her safely in the Manor House, offered to drive him over there at once. When we arrive there it would be a heap of cinders."

Montgomery shuddered as he listened to the diabolical ingenuity of this horrible plot.

"But how would you account for the girl's disappearance—for your meeting with her?" he asked.

"In a hundred ways!" was the reply. "Before she ran away from home, she betrayed symptoms of incipient insanity. The actions and adventures of such people cannot be measured by the standard of every-day life."

"What part do you want me to play in the tragedy?" asked Montgomery.

"I should have to go over to my uncle. You would do the rest!"

"Well, give me a little time to think over it."

"I will give you half an hour," said Rodwell, looking at his watch. He was perfectly calm and self-possessed. His face was stern and resolved. He left the room, and Montgomery heard the key turn in the lock.

(To be continued.)

SHIPS BUILT BY SAVAGES.

South Sea Islanders Are Expert in Marine Architecture.

In the Marshall group of islands in the south seas is a little atoll of coral known as Likieb atoll. It is hundreds of miles away from any other island, and the natives go half naked like the other dwellers of the south seas. But they have learned one great civilized art, just the same, and that is the art of building ships.

About forty years ago a Portuguese sailor was landed there from a whaling ship. When his vessel sailed away he remained behind, for the lazy charm of the Pacific island life had tempted him and he had decided to leave the restless sea and live the rest of his days on the warm, sleepy beaches, where no one worked.

Soon he married the daughter of a chief and became a trader. After many years an American captain visited the islands during a trading voyage in the south seas and when his vessel shortly afterward became unseaworthy he set to work on the beach to build a new one.

The Portuguese whaler's two sons helped him and learned a great deal about the operation. The island had fine, hard wood on it, just the kind of timber that shipbuilders value because it will not rot or waterlog readily. The captain at last succeeded in finishing a good 40-ton schooner and sailed away in her.

Before long the two boys had begun to teach the natives something of what they had picked up and soon, instead of the primitive canoes and dugouts that the Marshall Islanders have been using for centuries, the folk of the Likieb atoll began to build canoes made of carefully fashioned lumber and pinned together with rivets.

Now there is a real shipyard on this little speck lost in the wide Pacific. A high roof under the palms on the beach greets the mariner and when he lands he sees vessels, modern tools lying around and everything looking just as it does in a shipyard anywhere on the American coast, only instead of workmen in overalls he sees dark natives with hardly any clothing.

The wood from which the knees and timbers are cut comes from an island on the western side of the lagoon. It is called kauoe and is extremely handsome, looking much like black walnut. It has the valuable property of growing harder as it grows older and makes fine vessels.

Tools—all of them of the best kind—wood for spars, etc., are shipped to Likieb atoll now from New Zealand and the boats that are turned out in the savage island have been compared with American and English built vessels that have touched at the place and found to be excellent in every respect.

The savage shipbuilders have a queer scale of prices. If a chief wants a schooner of, say, 12 tons, built for him, they charge him \$1,000 for it, but if a poorer person wants the same kind of a vessel they will charge many hundred dollars less. They do this quite openly and explain it by saying that the chief being rich can afford to pay more than a poor person for the same thing.—Washington Post.

Advantage in Kansas.

"Sally's father said her bean should never step foot in the house again," said the Kansas girl.

"Then I suppose she had to give him up?" interrogated her chum.

"No, indeed. She entertains him in the cyclone cellar."

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—Hars.

AGRICULTURAL



Automatic Poultry Feeder.

An Illinois farmer, evidently a poultry raiser, has patented the automatic poultry feeder which is shown in the illustration. As soon as daylight appears, chickens are about and ready for their morning meal, and to produce good stock their wants must be attended to. This means that the poultry raiser must be awake early in the morning to feed them, and this automatic feeder is designed to do it for him. It consists of a hopper having an outlet, this outlet being closed by means of a partition or diaphragm, which is independent of the walls of the hopper and being pivotally mounted at its lower end. This partition or pivoted door can be adjusted to any

intermediate point, so that the capacity of the hopper may be varied and an unobstructed discharge maintained. A latch arm is connected to the pivoted door, this latch arm being controlled by an electro-magnet. The latter is operated by a clock, so that the contents of the hopper can be emptied at any predetermined time.

Home-Made Subsoil Plow.

A very serviceable and practical subsoiler may be constructed with but little work. The beam and handles are the same as any other plow stock. The two uprights which support the plow point can be made from pieces of old wagon tire, each two feet long. The point bar should be about the same length and about two inches square from one upright attachment to the other. The front end should be made with good steel, well tempered and drawn to a point which is best if made wide and fat. The uprights are attached to the beam by stirrups or clamps made of three-quarter-inch iron rod. The front upright should be sharpened on its front side, which will assist in cutting the old roots and thick clay.

This plow will break the bottom of a furrow made by any two-horse breaking plow. If made for one-horse, it should be constructed lighter, and need have but a single upright. It is especially adapted to loosening up sod which has become very solid from long tramping.—Farm and Home.

Duck Eggs.

Those who have hatched both duck eggs and hen eggs in an incubator claim that they cannot expect as good hatches from the duck eggs as from the hen eggs. For some reason the ducks, many of them, die in the shell. The reason may be insufficiency of moisture, as a duck egg requires much moisture to hatch well. Ducks are very near to fish in kinship. The duck in returning to her nest brings moisture on her feathers. And yet enough ducks are usually hatched in the incubator to pay for the hatching in that way, though one does not understand all the requirements to get a good hatch. They are not so liable to have the life crushed out of them in an incubator as under a hen, for, like a gosling, they are very weak for the first day or two and easily killed. There are incubators made nowadays to hatch every kind of an egg from that of a humming bird to the ostrich.

Hints About Driving.

Don't trot the horse down hill. It jars the shoulders, weakens the tendons and springs the knees. If you need to drive fast, send him along on the level and when you come to an up grade, let him break into a run, then take his time down hill. The change from a trot to a run brings into play a different set of muscles and does not fatigue the horse so much as if he keeps up a trot all the while.

Keep the Young Stock Growing.

The calves, the colts, the pigs, all from the time they were put in winter quarters until spring, should suffer no cessation in their growth. The calves

or yearlings and colts should be kept steadily vigorous and growing; not merely holding their own, but increasing in size and proportion; not necessarily the laying on of fat, but the enlargement of frame and muscle, with a healthy vigor.

Expensive Farming.

When one sees a farmer buying expensive grain and feeding it to stock that are housed in bleak yards or inclosures through which cold drafts blow and snow drifts around the animals, one concludes this husbandman is indulging in expensive farming.

Any management of live stock or farms that does not return a handsome profit is expensive agriculture. Too many infer that expensive management of farms and live stock implies luxurious buildings and high-priced help. Unquestionably too much capital can be invested in appointments for remunerative operation of farms, but all rural buildings should be substantial and constructed for warmth as well as ventilation.

It is a wrong idea that young cattle should be unreasonably exposed in order to give them a rugged constitution. The hardening process stunts the animals and prevents the development of their greatest commercial possibilities. Cattle raised in open yards, or cold inclosures, never display the thrift nor make the rapid growth which characterizes stock raised under more generous conditions. An animal that nominally should realize \$60 at 3 years old, under generous treatment, will be a slow seller at \$50 under the exposure regime.—Drover's Journal.

Water for Farm Animals.

It is admitted that water is essential to the well-being of humans, and if this is so, why should anyone presume to think that animals can get along with little or no water? Yet that is the plan on which many farmers work. The cows and horses are, perhaps, properly watered, but the other farm animals are given little water. In a series of experiments carried on by the writer a number of years ago it was found that sheep, swine and poultry gave us nearly 20 per cent better returns when regularly and carefully watered than when the water was given but occasionally.

That is, the egg supply was larger from the hens, and the sheep and hogs kept to the desired weight. More than this, we found there was less trouble with diseases, particularly those that had the stomach for their base of attack. It is now a regular practice to give all the animals on the farm regular supplies of clean water. In watering the sheep and swine, troughs are provided and kept for the purpose. After the animals have drunk, the troughs are removed, so that there is no chance of them being defiled. It will pay every time to water all farm animals regularly and with clean water.—Indianapolis News.

Clean, Quick Sap Boiling.

In handling sap every precaution should be taken to keep out dirt, and the sooner the sap is boiled after it runs from the tree the better for the quality of the sugar. A dark-colored product is far from desirable, and quick, clean work is necessary to secure a clear, light shade. Maple sugar is marketed at a time of year when there is little else to sell from the farm, and when other work is not especially rushing. Modern sugar making with modern utensils and business-like methods is a profitable enterprise, and a source of extra income which should not be neglected.

A Ruinous Method.

To depend upon the use of purchased fertilizers, to the neglect of such as can be produced on the farm for the production of each year's crop, is a ruinous method, which, while it may not prove immediately disastrous, is sure to impoverish succeeding generations.—American Cultivator.

Sorting Pays.

I had a remarkable crop of 7,000 bushels of apples this year, says A. D. Appletree Barnes of Wisconsin, and by careful sorting and handling was able to sell them for \$1,215. I tell you there is nothing like systematic sorting and careful handling to make apples pay.

The Colt's Feet.

When the colt is growing, the hoofs should be looked to occasionally to see if they do not require trimming.

Poultry Yard Pickings.

Cheap food is always at the expense of quality.

Quality in food for poultry is what gives it value.

No food is cheap that does not bring paying results.

Damaged food invites indigestion and various bowel troubles.

Lack of grit when snow covers the ground endangers the flock's health.

Provide plenty of nests where there are many hens or pullets.

Grit, either oyster shells or crushed granite, should be kept under cover accessible to the poultry in all the houses during the winter.

Keep the cockerels and pullets separate until a couple of weeks before you commence saving eggs for hatching. Both will be the better for the plan.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

The amusement of oull bating was abolished in France.

Aaron Burr started on his trip west to Louisiana and Blennerhasset's Island.

Nine American-seamen were released from a British brig in New York harbor.

The British House of Parliament went into committee on the subject of a commercial treaty with the United States.

Two hundred and fifty letters of marque were issued for privateers against the English at various Spanish ports.

Congress ordered the clearance of all armed merchant vessels.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

There were but seven navy yards in the United States.

American indemnity claims were settled with Denmark.

One of the combatants in a prize fight which took place in Manchester, England, was killed before he could leave the ring.

Turkey paid its second installment of \$800,000 stipulated by the treaty of Adrianople for indemnity of the Russian subjects.

Navigation by steam was introduced on the Mediterranean, vessels making weekly trips from Venice to Genoa.

Peace was concluded at Buenos Ayres between Buenos Ayres, Santa Fe Entre Rios, and Corrientes.

Fifty Years Ago.

The State prison at Nashville, Tenn., was burned.

The closing sale of the estate of Daniel Webster took place at Marshfield, Mass.

An unsuccessful attempt at revolution was made in Hayti, with the intent to recall ex-President Paez.

Twenty-three persons lost their lives in the fire which destroyed the steamer Bulletin on the Mississippi River, near Vicksburg.

Castle Garden, New York, was made an emigrant depot.

Twelve men were arrested in Philadelphia who had enlisted for foreign service.

Forty Years Ago.

Residents of Wisconsin, in the vicinity of Edgerton and Stroughton, were excited over the reported discovery of petroleum.

Reports sent from Mobile Bay via Cairo, Ill., reached the North telling of the attack by Union monitors on the city of Mobile.

Three men robbed a bank in Louisville, Ky., in the early afternoon, getting away with \$45,000.

Fort Stedman was taken by the Confederates and retaken by the Union troops, who captured 2,700 prisoners.

A member of the North Carolina Legislature declared that body was ready to take the oath of allegiance and to ratify the slavery abolition amendment to the constitution.

Thirty Years Ago.

The announcement was made that Gen. Spinner was to be succeeded as National Treasurer by John C. New of Indianapolis.

Kossuth was defeated in a contest for a seat in the Hungarian diet.

The Cook County (Ill.) Commissioners engaged the architects for the courthouse, now crumbling to pieces.

The Ohio Senate passed a bill forbidding railroad officials or employees from being connected with so-called "fast freight" or transportation companies.

Twenty Years Ago.

The Reichstag adopted a measure providing for the subsidizing of steamship companies.

Chicago real estate men declared that flats were becoming unpopular and that rents would be cut.

The people of France were thrown into a panic by reports of Chinese victories over the French soldiers.

The report of the first bloodshed of the rebellion led by Louis Riel in the British Northwest Territories reached Ottawa.

A system of fast freight trains between Chicago and New England points was inaugurated.

Ten Years Ago.

In Chicago the mercury stood at 76 degrees above zero and ranged from that up to 90 degrees in various parts of Illinois.

Li Hung Chang, Chinese peace envoy to Japan, was shot in the face and painfully injured by a Japanese at Shimnosenki.