

# For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Between Eaglehawk and Signal Hill were, for the absconders, other dangers. Along the indented coast of Port Bunche were constables' stations, and to avoid them it would be necessary to make a circuit into the scrub. Unwilling as he was to lose time, John Rex saw that to attempt to run the gauntlet of these four stations would be destruction. He ranged his men in single file; and, quitting the road near Norfolk Bay, made straight for the Neck. After nearly two hours of painful progress, Jemmy Vetch stopped and whispered them to approach. They were on a sandy rise. To the left was a black object—a constable's hut to the right was a dim white line—the ocean; in front was a row of lamps and between every two lamps leaped and ran a dusky, indistinct body. Jemmy Vetch pointed with his lean forefinger.

"The dogs!"

Instinctively they crouch down, lest even at that distance the two sentries, so plainly visible in the red light of the guard house fire, should see them.

"Well," said Gabbett, "what's to be done now?"

As he spoke, a long, low howl broke from one of the chained hounds, and the whole kennel burst into hideous outcry.

John Rex, who perhaps was the bravest of the party, shuddered. "They have smelled us," he said. "We must go on. Make for the right-hand side of the jetty. I think I see a boat there. It is our only chance now. We can never break through the station. Are we ready? Now! All together!"

Gabbett was fast outstripping the others by some three feet of distance. There were eleven dogs, two of which were placed on stages set out in the water, and they were so chained that their muzzles nearly touched. The giant leaped into the line, and with a blow of his ax split the skull of the beast on his right. This action unluckily took him within reach of the other dog, which seized him by the thigh.

"Fire!" cried McNab, from the other side of the lamps.

The giant uttered a cry of rage and pain, and fell with the dog under him. It was, however, the dog that had pulled him down, and the musket ball intended for him struck Travers in the jaw. The unhappy villain fell.

Gabbett clutched the mastiff's throat with iron hand, and forced him to loase his hold; then bellowing with fury, seized his ax, and sprang forward, mangled as he was, upon the nearest soldier. Jemmy Vetch had been beforehand with him. Uttering a low snarl of hate, he fired, and shot the sentry through the breast. The others rushed through the now broken cordon and made headlong for the boat.

"Fools!" cried Rex, behind them. "You have wasted a shot! Look to your left!"

Burgess hurried down the tram-road by his men, had tarried at Signal Hill only long enough to loose the surprised guard from their bonds, and taking the Woody Island boat, was pulling with a fresh crew to the Neck. The re-enforcement was not ten yards from the jetty. The Crow saw the danger, and, flinging himself into the water, desperately seized McNab's boat.

"In with you for your lives!" he cried. Another volley from the guard splattered the water around the fugitives, but in the darkness the ill-aimed bullets fell harmless. Gabbett swung himself over the sheets and seized an oar.

"Cox, Bodenham, Greenhill! Now, push her off! Jump, Tom, jump!" and as Burgess leaped to land, Cornelius was dragged over the stern, and the whale-boat floated into deep water. McNab, seeing this, ran down to the water side to aid the commandant.

"Lift her over the bar, men!" he shouted. "With a will—so!" And raised in twelve strong arms, the pursuing craft slid across the isthmus.

Then, for the first time, the six prisoners, fairly in the net again, became aware that John Rex was not among them.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the Pretty Mary stood out to sea with every stitch of canvas set slow and afloat. The skipper's fishing had come to an end. He had caught a shipwrecked seaman, who had been brought on board at daylight and was then at breakfast in the cabin. The crew winked at each other when the haggard mariner, attired in garments that seemed remarkably well preserved, mounted the side. But they, none of them, were in a position to controvert the skipper's statement.

"Where are we bound for?" asked John Rex. "I'm entirely in your hands, my worthy Blunt."

"My orders are to cruise about the whaling grounds until I meet my consort," returned Blunt, "and put you aboard her. She'll take you back to Sydney. I'm victualled for a twelve-month's trip."

"Right!" cried Rex, clapping his preserver on the back. "I'm bound to get to Sydney somehow; but, as the Philistines are abroad, I may as well tarry in Jericho till my beard be grown. Don't stare at my scriptural quotation," he added, inspired by creature comforts, and secure amidst his purchased friends. "I assure you that I've had the very best religious instruction. Indeed, it is chiefly owing to my worthy spiritual pastor and master that I am enabled to smoke this very villainous tobacco of yours at the present moment."

## CHAPTER XXV.

The lost son of Sir Richard Devine had returned to England and made claim to his name and fortune. In other words, John Rex had successfully carried out the scheme by which he had usurped the rights of his old convict comrade.

John Rex often wondered at the strange ease with which he had carried out so monstrous and seemingly difficult an imposture. After he was landed by Sydney by the vessel which Sarah Purfoy had sent to save him, he found himself a slave to a bondage scarcely less galling than that from which he had escaped—the bondage of enforced companionship with an unloved woman. The opportune death of one of her assigned servants enabled Sarah Purfoy to install the escaped convict in his room. In the strange state of society which prevailed of necessity in New South Wales at that period, it was not unusual for assigned servants to marry among the free settlers, and when it was heard that Mrs. Purfoy, the widow of a whaling captain, had married John Carr, her storekeeper, transported for embezzlement, and with two years of his sentence yet to run, no one expressed surprise. Indeed, when, the year after, John Carr blossomed as an "expiate," master of a fine wife and a fine fortune, there were many about him who would have made his existence in Australia pleasant enough. But John Rex had no notion of remaining longer than he could help, and ceaselessly sought means of escape from his second prison house. For a long time his search was unsuccessful. Much as she loved the second, Sarah Purfoy did not scruple to tell him that she had bought him, and regarded him as her property. He knew that if he made any attempt to escape from his marriage bonds, the woman who had risked so much to save him would not hesitate to deliver him over to the authorities.

"I know you don't care for me now, John," she said, with grim complacency; "but your life is in my hands, and if you desert me I will bring you to the gallows."

In vain, in his secret eagerness to be rid of her, he raged and chafed. He was tied hand and foot. She held his money, and her shrewd wit had more than doubled it. She was all-powerful, and he could but wait until her death or some lucky accident should rid him of her, and leave him free to follow out the scheme he had matured. "Once rid of her," he thought, in his solitary rages over the station of which he was the nominal owner, "the rest is easy. I shall return to England with a plausible story of shipwreck, and shall doubtless be received with open arms by the dear mother from whom I have been so long parted. Richard Devine shall have his own again."

One day the chance came to him. His wife was ill, and the ungrateful scoundrel stole five hundred pounds, and, taking two horses, reached Sydney, and obtained passage in a vessel bound for Rio.

Having escaped from thralldom, John Rex proceeded to play for the great stake of his life with the utmost caution. This was the tale he hit upon: He had been saved from the burning Hydaspes by a vessel bound for Rio. Ignorant of the death of Sir Richard, and prompted by the pride which was known to be a leading feature of his character, he had determined not to return, until fortune should have bestowed upon him wealth at least equal to the inheritance from which he had been ousted. In Spanish America he had striven to accumulate that wealth in vain. As a traveler, speculator, sailor, he had toiled for fourteen years, and had failed. Worn out and penitent, he had returned home to find a corner of English earth in which to lay his weary bones. The tale was plausible enough, and in the telling of it he was armed at all points. There was little fear that the navigator of the captured Osprey, the man who had lived in Chili, and "cut out" cattle on the Carrum Plains, would prove lacking in knowledge of riding, seamanship, or Spanish customs. Moreover, he had determined upon a course of action which showed his knowledge of human nature.

The will under which Richard Devine inherited had been made when the testator was in the first hopeful glow of paternity. By its terms Lady Devine was to receive a life interest of three thousand a year in her husband's property—which was placed in the hands of two trustees until her eldest son died, or attained the age of twenty-five years. When either of these events should occur, the property was to be realized, Lady Devine receiving a sum of a hundred thousand pounds, the remainder going absolutely to the son, if living. The trustees appointed were Lady Devine's father, Col. Wotton Wade, and Mr. Silas Kuaid, Sir Richard's solicitor. Col. Wade, before his death, had appointed his own son, Mr. Francis Wade, to act in his stead. When Mr. Quaid died Francis Wade continued alone in his trust. Sir Richard's sister and her husband, Anthony Frere, of Bristol, were long ago dead, and their representative, Maurice Frere, content at last in the lot that fortune had sent him, had given up all thought of meddling with his uncle's business. John Rex, therefore, in the person of the returned Richard, had but two persons to satisfy—Mr. Francis Wade and Lady Devine.

This he found to be the easiest task possible. Francis Wade was an invalid

virtuoso, who detested business, and whose ambition was to be known as a man of taste. The possessor of a small independent income, he had resided at North End ever since his father's death. When, at his sister's urgent wish, he assumed the sole responsibility of the estate, he put all the floating capital into three per cents, and was content to see the interest accumulate. Lady Devine had never recovered the shock of the circumstances attending Sir Richard's death, and clinging to the belief in her son's existence, regarded herself as the mere guardian of his interests, to be displaced at any moment by his sudden return. The retired pair lived thus together, and spent in charity and benevolence about a fourth of their mutual income. By both of them the return of the wanderer was hailed with delight. To Lady Devine it meant the realization of a lifelong hope. To Francis Wade it meant relief from the responsibility of looking after another person's money.

"I shall not think of interfering with the arrangements which you have made, my dear uncle," said Mr. John Rex, on the first night of his reception. "It would be most ungrateful of me to do so. My wants are very few, and can easily be supplied. I will see your lawyers some day, and settle it."

"See them at once, Richard; see them at once. I am no man of business, you know, but I think you will find all right."

Richard, however, put off the visit from day to day. He desired to have as little to do with lawyers as possible. He had resolved upon his course of action. He would get money from his mother for immediate needs, and when that mother died he would assert his rights. "My rough life has unfitted me for drawing rooms, dear mother," he said. "Do not let there be a display about my return. Give me the corner to smoke my pipe and I am happy."

Lady Devine, with a loving, tender pity, for which John Rex could not altogether account, consented, and "Mr. Richard" soon came to be regarded as a martyr to circumstances, a man conscious of his own imperfections, and one whose imperfections were, therefore, to be lightly dwelt upon. So the returned prodigal had his own suite of rooms, his own servants, his own bank account, and was merry.

Thus taken upon trust, Mr. Richard Devine mixed in the very best of bad society, and had no lack of agreeable friends to help him to spend his money. So admirably did he spend it, that Francis Wade became at last alarmed at the frequent drafts, and urged his nephew to bring his affairs to a final settlement. Richard Devine—in Paris, or Hamburg, or London, or elsewhere—could never be got to attack business, and Mr. Francis Wade grew more and more anxious. The poor gentleman positively became ill through the anxiety consequent upon his nephew's dissipations. "I wish, my dear Richard, that you would let me know what to do," he wrote. "I wish, my dear uncle, that you would do what you think best, as the nephew's reply."

Mr. Wade began to repent of his too easy taking of matters in the beginning. Not that he had a suspicion of Rex, but that he remembered that Dick was always a loose fish. He grew pale and hollow eyed. His digestion was impaired. He ceased to take the interest in china which the importance of that article demanded. In a word, he grew despondent as to his fitness for his mission in life. Lady Elliston saw a change in her brother. She wrote a long letter to Mr. Richard, who was at Paris, and begged him to come over at once. Mr. Richard replied that some horse racing matter of great importance occupied his attention, but that he would be at his town house on the 14th, and would "go into matters." "I have lost a good deal of money lately, my dear mother," said Mr. Richard, "and the present will be a good opportunity to make a final settlement." The fact was that John Rex, now three years in undisturbed possession, considered that the moment had arrived for the carrying off at one swoop of the whole of the fortune he had gambled for.

The town house of Mr. Richard Devine was decorated in conformity with the tastes of its owner. The pictures were pictures of horses; the books were records of races, or novels purporting to describe sporting life. Mr. Francis Wade, waiting for the coming of his nephew, sighed as he thought of the cultured quiet of North End House.

Mr. Richard appeared in his dressing gown. Three years of good living had deprived his figure of its athletic beauty. He was past forty years of age, and the sudden cessation from severe bodily toil had increased Rex's natural proneness to fat, and instead of being portly he had become gross. His cheeks were inflamed with the frequent application of hot and rebellious liquors to his blood. His hands were swollen, and not so steady as of yore. His whiskers were streaked with unhealthy gray. His eyes, bright and black as ever, lurked in a thickset of crow's feet. He had become prematurely bald. He spoke with assumed heartiness, in a boisterous tone of affected ease.

"Ha, ha! My dear uncle, sit down. Delighted to see you. Have you breakfasted?—of course you have. I was up rather late last night. Quite sure you won't have anything? No—then sit down and tell me all the news of Hampstead."

"Thank you, Richard," said the old gentleman, a little stiffly. "But I want some serious talk with you. What do you intend to do with the property? This indecision worries me. Either relieve me of my trust, or be guided by my advice."

"Well, the fact is," said Richard, with a very ugly look on his face, "I am much pushed for money. The fact is, that—that I am thinking of selling everything."

(To be continued.)



## Granary with Elevator.

Here's a plan of granary to hold 3,000 bushels of grain; the walls are of stone, and an elevator is arranged to work by horse power. A granary to hold 3,000 bushels will require to be 22 feet by 38 feet inside. This will give six bins, size 15 feet by 7 feet, and 6 feet high. This will also allow for a passage across the middle of the building 8 feet wide, which will give access to all of the bins and can be used for cleaning grain, as well as storing small implements. The floor should be raised four feet from the ground to make it dry and convenient for loading grain, as well as to provide for the elevator, and belting below the floor. The walls being of stone, should be 13 feet high; this will provide for 4 feet below the floor, one foot for floor, then 8 feet to the plates; this will give one foot clear over the bins. There should be a stone center wall lengthwise under the floor to carry the floor joists, which will be 12 feet long and match on middle wall. To give head room over the top joists the roof should be a third pitch.

Following is the required material:

1,250 feet roofing, one inch.

1,670 feet flooring, inch, to be laid double.

50 joists for floor, 2 inches by 12 inches, 12 feet long, 1,000 feet.

19 joists over head, 2 inches by 2 inches, 24 feet long, 610 feet.

650 feet lumber for bins, one inch.

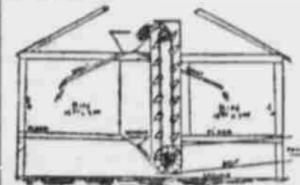
20 studs, 4 inches by 4 inches, 8 feet long.

13 squares shingles.

150 feet inch lumber for doors.

40 rafters, 2 inches by 6 inches, 16 feet long.

To arrange an elevator for horse power, a hopper that will hold at least 50 bushels should be sunk in the floor close to the door and at one side to empty grain for the wagon. The elevator is an ordinary built elevator with buckets standing upright and in the rear corner of center bin. The box at bottom of elevator must be close on the ground to be connected with the delivery hopper by a spout, with sufficient slope that the grain will run freely. The elevator will discharge well above the upper joists into a hopper in the center of the building, to which a funnel-shaped spout is attached, that can be shifted to deliver into any of the bins. The horse power should be placed at the end of the granary, and driven by a belt or shaft, passing through an opening in the wall left for the pur-



GRANARY WITH POWER ELEVATOR.

pose. The details can be all worked out by a mechanic, one essential is to have plenty of slope for the delivery hopper to box at foot of elevator, even if it should be sunk into the ground a little.—Montreal Star.

## For Calloused Shoulders.

A farmer in North Dakota gives his method of treatment and cure of calloused shoulders of work horses in the Dakota Farmer, which he says he has used with uniform success, as follows:

"I cut a slit in the front part of the collar opposite the callous, then cut another slit at right angles across the first one. I then take out enough of the filling to allow for callous. After soaking face of collar in warm water I lay the front part, where cuts have been made, on a plank or something solid, and pound face of collar where it presses on callous, with round-faced hammer, till a sufficient hollow has been made. This plan will work whether collar has been used with or without pad. Then when the horse comes in from work I bathe the callous in water as hot as can be borne and paint with iodine. You will find this plan worth trying, and I will guarantee the collar will not be injured."

## Alfalfa Seed.

The constantly increasing acreage of alfalfa and the high price of seed make purity and germinability of the latter of the highest importance. Bulletin No. 133, just issued by the agricultural experiment station, Manhattan, Kan., treats of alfalfa seed and the various impurities and defects to which it is liable. The methods of testing available to farmers and seedsmen and more elaborate ones practiced at the station are described in detail. The bulletin is lavishly illustrated and may be obtained free on application.

## Watch for Seed Adulterations.

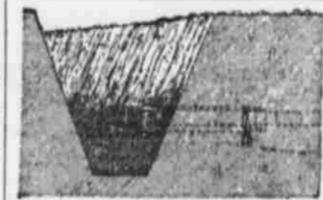
The work of different experiment stations has shown that a large number of foreign seeds are contained in clover and alfalfa seed, including the dodders, which are so destructive to alfalfa, and a large number of bad weed seeds like the narrow plantain, wild mustard and a host of new weeds.

One impure sample of last year's supply contained thirty-two species of foreign seeds, including both species of dodder, the plantain, many common weeds, three species of Western weeds that are new in Ohio and as many European weeds that have been heretofore unknown in this State. At least a dozen new weeds have been introduced into Ohio in alfalfa seed during half as many years.

While this is unacceptable it is still more so to get only black medick (yellow trefoil) plants as many have done, where supposed alfalfa seed was sown. In these times of high-priced seeds there is temptation to adulterate with cheap seeds like the black medick, etc., which have very slight value as forage plants with us; there is like disposition to offer seeds with many weed seeds, at low prices. Both these dangers are real. Intending purchasers of such seeds will do well to be assured of their quality.

## Outlet for Drains.

One of the most common as well as most efficient protections for the outlet of a main drain is a plank box with wire bars placed vertically across the



DRAIN OUTLET.

end about two inches apart. Such a box should be made of 2-inch plank, 12 feet long and large enough to admit of the insertion of the tile into the upper end. A protection of this kind serves a double purpose. It prevents small animals from entering the drain and will not be damaged by frost.

## Shipping Hay to Dealers.

During the last two years a number of rogues in different sections of the country have been offering a considerable advance on the market price of hay and thousands of tons have been shipped to those people for which the producer received little or no return. With hay, as with other articles of farm produce, it is usually best to sell it as near home as possible. In every farming center there are reliable dealers who will pay a fair price for such products and pay spot cash for them. True, they sell them at an advance, but it is almost impossible for the grower to reach these outside sources of demand, hence he can better afford to let the local dealer make a dollar or two than he can to take any chances in shipping himself, and especially to people of whom he knows nothing. The writer yearly sells his surplus hay to a local liveryman and gets the cash on delivery. Opportunities offer to bale it and ship to the city at an advance on the local price, but we have figured that our labor, time and element of risk in the latter proposition is not warranted by the higher price, so we "let well enough alone," and it generally pays to do this.—Indianapolis News.

## Preventing Cedar Rust.

The disease called cedar rust, which spreads to apple trees from cedar apples, commonly carried on cedar trees, and pasture savins, has been investigated at the Nebraska station with the conclusion that spraying with bordeaux mixture will keep the disease in check, making the application when the cedar apples on cedar trees show the orange color, followed with another spraying ten days or two weeks later. It is also recommended to destroy cedar trees or at least to get out the cedar apples for a considerable distance around the orchards. Where spraying is carried on for apple scrub, etc., the same spraying would answer for the rust.

## Thunder Storms and Sour Milk.

The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunder storms; as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunder storms make milk sour.

Grubs in cattle are caused by the gaddy depositing its eggs on the backs of cattle, and the young larvae, after issuing from the egg, bores its way through the animal's skin and remains lodged in the cellular tissue until it attains maturity. The grub may be detected by a swelling of the skin of the animal. The swelling should be squeezed, which will cause the larvae to be ejected. If it is not easily removed, a small opening should be made in the skin with a sharp-pointed knife, and the larvae may then be extracted with a curved needle.



## Dutch Apple Cake.

Two cupsfuls of flour, one egg, one scant cupful of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and four sour apples. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, put in the butter, add milk and well-beaten egg. Have the dough soft enough to spread easily on a shallow baking pan, making it one-half an inch thick. Cut some apples into eighths, removing skins and cores, and press the sections into the dough in parallel rows. Mix apples with sugar and sprinkle over the rows of apples. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about thirty minutes.

## Shape of Prunes.

This is especially suitable for invalids and old people. Stone one and a half pounds of prunes, put them into a stewpan, and cover them with cold water. Let them boil for about a minute then strain off the water through a sieve. Pour a little cold water over the prunes, have ready a jelly made of half an ounce of gelatine, a pint of water, and three ounces of brown sugar. Season with almond, and boil for five minutes—then strain. Arrange the prunes in a casserole mold, pour in the jelly, and set it in a cool place to become firm. The hole in the center of the mold may be filled with whipped cream.

## Kitchener's Soup.

Take four ounces barley, two ounces oatmeal, three onions, one tablespoonful dripping, two ounces of bacon, three quarts of stock from bones. Soak the barley for an hour or two, and put it on to boil in the stock. Add the onions chopped up, and let it boil for two hours. Cut the bacon up in small pieces, and put the dripping in a saucepan to get hot. Fry the bacon in it, and then put in the oatmeal, and fry it also till it is crisp. Add some of the soup, and stir till it is well mixed and smooth, and then pour it all into the pot. Season with salt and pepper, and let it all simmer for half an hour.

## Drop Biscuits.

Eight eggs, one pound of sugar, twelve ounces of best flour and a few caraway seeds, if liked. Beat the eggs well and add the sugar, repeat the beating and sift in the flour by degrees. Continue the beating for an hour without ceasing. Flour some baking sheets, and drop the mixture by spoonfuls on the sheet, allowing space between the cakes for swelling. Put them in the oven as quickly as possible, and when they have risen move the baking sheet to a cooler part of the oven until they are of a golden color and coated over with a white icing.

## Tripe Sauté.

Two pounds of tripe, one pound of onions, some stock, a little butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one of vinegar, pepper and salt. Stew the tripe in the stock until tender, cut it in small pieces, and fry them in butter, season with pepper and salt. Slice the onions and fry them, and then simmer them in the stock in which the tripe was boiled. When cooked add them to the tripe with the vinegar and parsley; simmer for a minute or two, and serve very hot.

## Mince Pudding.

Half pound of cold meat (any kind) finely minced, two ounces bread crumbs, pepper and salt to taste, two ounces of cooked rice or macaroni cut small, beat up an egg, and add with a teaspoonful of stock. Thicken with half ounce of flour, and flavor with minced herbs if liked. Line a thickly buttered basin with bread crumbs, fill with mince, and strew over more bread crumbs. Bake for an hour, or steam if liked better. Turn out and serve with good gravy.

## Prune Marmalade.

Take six fine, large cooking apples, pare, plunge in cold water, then put over the fire together with the juice of two lemons and a half pound of sugar. When stewed, split and stone two and a half pounds of prunes and stew with the apples, taking care that there is sufficient water to keep them from burning. When thoroughly cooked, beat it through a strainer and turn into jars to keep for use.

## Tomato Sauce.

Twelve tomatoes, peeled; one good-sized onion and three green peppers, chopped; add one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and salt, grate in a nutmeg; cover with one teaspoonful of sugar and two of vinegar and boil slowly for an hour, keeping well stirred.

**Mock Whipped Cream for Filling.**  
Take one large sour apple, peeled and grated, one cup white sugar, white of one egg. Beat all together a long time. Flavor with vanilla. Use like whipped cream.