

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
"Pine," says Captain Blunt, as the two were left alone together, "you and I are always put on into it."
"Women are always in the way about ship," returned Pine.
"Ah! doctor, you don't mean that, I know," said a rich, soft voice at his elbow.
It was Sarah Purfoy emerging from her cabin.
"We were talking of your eyes, my dear," cries Blunt. "They're the finest eyes I've seen in my life, and they're Sarah's reddest lips under 'em that—"
"Let me pass, Captain Blunt, if you please. Thank you, doctor."
And before the admiring commander could prevent her, she modestly swept out of the cabin.
"She's a fine piece of goods, eh?" asked Blunt, watching her. "I don't know where Vickers picked her up, but I'd rather trust my life with the worst of those ruffians 'twixt deck than in her keeping. If I'd done her an injury, I don't believe I could think much of sticking a man, either. But I must go on deck, doctor."
Pine followed him more slowly. "I don't pretend to know much about women," he said to himself. "But that girl's got a story of her own, or I'm much mistaken. What brings her on board this ship as a lady's maid is more than I can fathom." And as he walked down the new deserted deck to the main hatchway, and turned to watch the white figure gliding up and down, he saw it joined by another and a darker one, he muttered, "She's after no good." At that moment his arm was touched by a soldier in uniform, who had come up the hatchway.
"What is it?"
"If you please, doctor, one of the prisoners is taken sick, and as the dinner's over, and he's pretty bad, I ventured to disturb your honor."
"Why didn't you tell me before?"
In the meantime the woman who was the object of the grim old fellow's suspicions, was enjoying the comparative coolness of the night air. Her mistress and her mistress's daughter had not yet come out of their cabin. The awning had been removed, the stars were shining in the moonless sky, and Miss Sarah Purfoy was walking up and down with no less a person than Captain Blunt himself. She had passed and repassed him twice silently, and at the third turn, the big fellow, peering into the twilight ahead somewhat uneasily, observed the glitter of her great eyes and joined her.
"You weren't put out," he asked, "at what I said to you below. I was a bit rude, I admit."
"Oh, dear, no. You were not rude."
"Glad you think so," returned Phineas Blunt, a little ashamed at what looked like a confession of weakness on his part.
Sarah Purfoy laughed a low, full-toned laugh, whose sound made Blunt's pulse take a jump forward, and sent the blood tingling down to his fingers' ends.
"Captain Blunt," said she, "you're going to do a very silly thing."
"What?"
"You are going to fall in love with a girl of nineteen."
"Who is that?"
"Myself," she said, giving him her hand and smiling at him with her rich red lips.
"I believe you are right," he cried; "I'm half in love with you already."
"That is your affair," she said; and as the head of Mr. Frere appeared above the companion, Blunt walked aft, feeling considerably bewildered, and yet not displeased.
"She's a fine girl!" he said, cocking his cap, "and I'm hanged if she ain't sweet upon me."
And then the old fellow began to whistle softly to himself as he paced the deck, and to glance toward the man, who had taken his place, with no friendly eyes. But a sort of shame held him as yet, and he kept aloof. Maurice Frere's greeting was short enough.
"Well, Sarah," he said, "have you got out of your temper?"
"What did you strike the man for? He did you no harm."
"He was out of his place. What business had he to come aft? One must keep these wretches down, my girl."
"Or they will be too much for you, eh? Do you think one man could capture a ship, Mr. Maurice? What could they do against the soldiers? There are fifty soldiers."
"You are a strange girl; I can't make you out. Come," and he took her hand, "tell me what you are really."
"Lady's maid in the family of a gentleman going abroad."
"Sarah, can't you be serious?"
"I am serious. That was the advertisement," answered.
"But I mean what you have been. You were not a lady's maid all your life. Have you no friends? What have you been?"
She looked up into the young man's face—a little less harsh at that moment than it was wont to be—and, creeping closer to him, whispered:
"Do you love me, Maurice?"
"He raised one of the little hands that rested on the taffrail, and, under cover of the darkness, kissed it."
"You know I do," he said. "You may be a lady's maid, or what you like, but you are the loveliest woman I ever met."
"Then, if you love me, what does it matter?"
"If you loved me, you would tell me," said he, with a quickness which surprised himself.
"But I have nothing to tell, and I don't love you—yet."
He let her hand fall with an impatient gesture; and at that moment Blunt, who could restrain himself no longer, came up.
"Fine night, Mr. Frere."
"Yes, fine enough."
Just then, from out of the violet haze that hung over the horizon, a strange glow of light broke.
"Halloo!" cries Frere. "Did you see that? A flash of light!"
They strained their eyes to pierce through the obscurity.
"Best saw something like it before dinner. There must be thunder in the air."
At that instant a thin streak of light shot up, and then sunk again. There was no mistaking it this time, and a simultaneous exclamation burst from all an deck. From out of the gloom which flame that lighted up the night for an instant, and then sunk, leaving a dull dead spark upon the water.
"It's a ship on fire!" cried Frere.
CHAPTER IV.
They looked again. The tiny spark

still burned, and immediately over it there grew out of the darkness a crimson spot that hung like a lurid star in the air. Mrs. Vickers, with little Sybil on her back, came up to share the new sensation.
"Captain, you'll lower a boat. We may save some of the poor fellows," cries Frere, his heartiness of body reviving the prospect of excitement.
"Boat? Why, she's twelve miles off, or more, and there's not a breath of wind! They've got their own boats. In the meanwhile we'll show 'em that there's some one near 'em." Mrs. Vickers spoke as a blue light flared hissing into the night. "There they go, that, I expect!" he said, as the ghastly flame rose, extinguishing the stars for a moment, only to let them appear again brighter in a darker haze.
"Mr. Best, lower away the quarter boats! Mr. Frere, you can go in one, if you like, and take a volunteer or two from those gray jackets of yours amidships. I shall want as many hands as I can spare to man the long boat, and cutter, in case we want 'em. Steady there, ladies! Easy!" And, as the first eight men who could reach the deck started to the larboard and starboard quarter boats, Frere ran down on the main deck.
At his nod the prison door was thrown open. The air was hot, and that strange, horrible odor peculiar to closely packed human bodies filled the place. He ran his eye down the double file of bunks which lined the side of the ship, and stopped at the one opposite him.
There seemed to have been some disturbance there lately, for, instead of the six pairs of feet which should have protruded therefrom, the gleam of the bull's eye showed but four.
"What's the matter here, sentry?" he asked.
"Prisoner III, sir. Doctor sent him to hospital."
"But there should be two."
"The other came from behind the back of the berth. It was Rufus Dawes. He held by the side as he came, and saluted."
"I felt sick, sir, and was trying to get the scuttle open."
Maurice Frere stamped his foot indignantly.
"Sick! What are you sick about? I'll give you something to sweat the sickness out of you. Stand on one side here!"
Rufus Dawes, wondering, obeyed.
"Which of you fellows can handle an oar?" Frere went on. "There, I don't want fifty! Three'll do. Come on now, make haste!"
The heavy door clashed again, and in another instant the four "volunteers" were on deck.
"Two in each boat!" cries Blunt. "I'll burn a blue light every hour for you, Mr. Best. And take care they don't swamp you. Lower away, lads!"
As the second prisoner took the oar of Frere's boat, he uttered a groan and fell forward, recovering himself instantly. Sarah Purfoy, leaning over the side, saw the occurrence.
"What is the matter with that man?" she said. "Is he ill?"
Pine was next to her, and looked out instantly. "It's that big fellow in No. 10," he cried. "Here, Frere!"
But Frere heard him not. He was intent on the beacon that gleamed ever bright in the distance. "Give way, my lads!" he shouted. And amidst a cheer from the ship, the two boats shot out of the bright circle of the blue light, and disappeared into the darkness!
Sarah Purfoy looked at Pine for an explanation, but he turned abruptly away. For a moment the girl paused, as if in doubt, and then, as she retreated, she turned to retrace its steps, she cast a quick glance around, and, slipping down the ladder, made her way to the "tween-decks."
The iron-studded oak barricade that, loop-holed for musketry, and perforated with plated trap-door for sterner needs, separated soldiers from prisoners, was close to her left hand, and the sentry at its padlocked door looked at her inquiringly. She laid her little hand on his big rough one, and opened her brown eyes at him.
"The hospital," she said. "The doctor sent me," and before he could answer her white figure vanished down the hatch, and passed round the bulkhead, behind which lay the sick man.
Though not so hot as in the prison, the atmosphere of the lower deck was close and unhealthy, and the girl, pausing to listen to the subdued hum of conversation coming from the soldiers' berths, turned strangely sick and giddy. She drew herself up, however, and held out her hand to a man who came rapidly across the mishapen shadows, thrown by the sulky swinging lantern to meet her. It was a young soldier who had been that day sentry at the convict gangway.
"Well, miss," he said, "I am here, yer see, waiting for yer."
The tone of the sentence seemed to awaken and remind her of her errand in that place. She laughed as loudly and merrily as she dared, and laid her hand on the speaker's arm. The boy reddened to the roots of his closely cropped hair.
"There, that's quite close enough. You're only a common soldier, Miles, and you mustn't make love to me."
"I know you're above me, Miss Sarah. You're a lady, but I love yer, I do, and you drives me wild with your tricks."
"Hush, Miles! they'll hear you. Who is in the hospital?"
"I dunno."
"Well, I want to go in."
"Don't ask me, miss. It's against orders, and—"
She turned away. "Oh, very well. If this all the thanks I get for wasting my time down here, I shall go on deck again. Mr. Frere will let me go in, I dare say, if I ask him."
"Go in if yer like; I won't stop yer, but remember what I've doin' of."
She turned again at the foot of the ladder, and came quickly back. "That's a good lad. I knew you would not refuse me," and smiling at the poor lout she was befriending, she passed into the cabin.
There was no lantern, and from the partially blocked stern windows came only a dim vaporous light. The dull ripple of the water as the ship rocked on the slow swell of the sea, made a melancholy sound, and the sick man's heavy breathing seemed to fill the air. The slight noise made by the opening door roused him; he rose on his elbow and began to mutter. Sarah Purfoy paused in the doorway to listen, but she could make nothing of the low, mousy murmuring. Raising her arm, conspicuous by its white sleeve in the gloom, she beckoned Miles.
"The lantern," she whispered—"bring me the lantern."
He unhooked it from the rope where it swung, and brought it toward her. At that moment the man in the bunk sat

up erect, and twisted himself toward the light. "Sarah!" he cried, in shrill sharp tones. "Sarah!" and swooped with a lean arm through the dusk, as though to seize her.
The girl leaped out of the cabin like a panther, and was back at the bunk head in a moment. The convict was a young man of about four and twenty. His hands were small and well shaped, and the unshaven chin bristled with promise of a strong beard. His wild black eyes glared with all the fire of delirium, and as he gasped for breath the sweat stood in beads on his pallid forehead.
The aspect of the man was sufficiently ghastly, and Miles, drawing back, did not wonder at the terror which had seized Mrs. Vickers' maid. With open mouth and agonized face, she stood in the center of the cabin, like one turned to stone, gazing at the man on the bed.
"Rec'd, he be a sight!" says Miles, at length. "Come away, miss, and shut the door. He's raving, I tell yer."
"He's choking. Can't you see? Water! give me water, and then hold him!"
And, wreathing her arms around the man's head, she pulled it down on her bosom, rocking it there, half savagely, to an end.
A wild obedience by her voice, Miles dipped a panikin into a small unheaped puceon cleft in the corner of the cabin, and gave it her; and, without thanking him, she placed it to the sick prisoner's lips. He drank greedily, and closed his eyes with a grateful sigh. Just then the quick ears of Miles heard the jingle of arms.
"Here's the doctor coming, miss!" he cried. "Hear the sentry saluting. Come away! Quick!"
She seized the lantern, and, opening the horn slide, extinguished it.
"Say it went out," she said, in a fierce whisper, "and hold your tongue. Leave me to manage."
She bent over the convict as if to arrange his pillow, and then glided out of the cabin just as Pine descended the hatchway. As he groped his way with outstretched arms in the darkness, Sarah Purfoy slipped past him.
(To be continued.)

CONGENIALITY IN MARRIED LIFE.

By Robert Nickson.

The sad truth is, I suppose, that a great many people marry unhappily. No star dances on their wedding days. They are unfitted to live together, and so when they do live together either quarrel or dullness sets in. The fate they have selected acts upon them either as an irritant or as a soporific.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that if one dull person comes across another dull person and they enter into matrimony they will necessarily be dull together—that is, dull to each other. If they suit each other they will not. Dull to you, to me—yes; but not dull to each other. Many a dull husband mated to a dull wife has said to me confidentially: "No one who hasn't lived, as I have, with Mrs. Jones for twenty years can form an idea of her cleverness. Her insight, I give you my word, is something wonderful," and so on and so forth. And so says Mrs. Jones of Mr. Jones. I know that Mrs. Jones has a head as empty as a sieve and that Mr. Jones is the greatest bore in Christendom, but to each other this worthy pair of people appear shining with brilliancy. Why? They are suited to each other, that is all. The person who thoroughly suits can never seem to us dull.

All this pother about the dullness of married life is rather ridiculous. Married life is not necessarily dull any more than the life of a bishop or a baron, or a princess, or a Pomeranian dog is necessarily dull. It all depends on the people who enter into it. Where there is no natural sympathy there will certainly be either dullness or despair. We should choose carefully, then, and we should never do

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Its shores are lined with the summer homes of Nevada and California people, ranging from the log cabin to the mansion, and nowhere on this continent will one find more globe-trotters than in the big hotels at Tahoe. The ordinary traveler keeps to the beaten paths, but at Tahoe one meets people who have nosed about every corner of the world; who are as familiar with Yokohama and Calcutta as they are with New York and London; who have traveled in the backwoods of Siam, and hunted big game in German East Africa.

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cisco has planned and plotted to pipe its ley flood down to the city, even as Glasgow turned Loch Katrine, of the poet's lay, into a prosaic water supply. The California Legislature passes bills and joint resolutions about it, and then the Nevada Legislature sails into the fray, with the effect that lovely Tahoe still lies undisturbed among her peaks—Missie J. Reynolds, in the Four-Track News.

Spontaneous Applause.

A political orator was addressing in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech the orator resumed his seat beside the chairman, whispering that he was delighted with his reception and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha—ha!" replied the chairman. "Me fix all a dat! Me hol' up one-a finger, ever-a man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finger, ever-a man say-a 'Viva!' Me hol' up three-a finger, ever-a man say-a 'Bravo!' Me hol' up whole-a hand, ever-a man say-a 'Il-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all a dat!"

Metaphors Galore.

Dennis—'Tis th' uly burrd gets th' wur-rm, Mither Casey. Casey—'Tis thot. If ye want to keep your head above wather these days, ye can't let th' grass grow under your feet, Mither Dennis.

A New York Judge says: "It is a good thing to let your wife be boss."
That's right, Judge—take it philosophically.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It's an exceptionally poor rule that refuses to work either way.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHEN IS A MAN TOO OLD FOR WORK?
By John A. Howland.

It has been discovered that the traveling salesman's record-breaking days lie on the sunny side of 40 years; after 45 he loses the initiative that prompts the earliest trains and staying to the last one with a promising customer. It is not so much that he cannot physically take up the activities that once made him a record, but that his mental lassitude interferes with his seeing the necessity for such activities. Should the young man at 23 have all the knowledge, sobriety and appreciation of the things that may be his naturally at 50, what an advantage he would have in the selfish race to success! There is never a reason why the experiences of the father may not be handed down to the son. Certainly the greatest capital possessed by the young man toward a business career should be in having a father who in every sense is a good business man.

There are few businesses where headwork is necessary in conjunction with experience that the man who is old only by years should not be a factor in its success. The man with white hair and a clear, sound brain has only himself to blame if he is depressed on account of age. Such a man has the warning of his approaching infirmity, and the selfish race to success! There is never a reason why the experiences of the father may not be handed down to the son. Certainly the greatest capital possessed by the young man toward a business career should be in having a father who in every sense is a good business man.

GLUT OF EDUCATED MEN.
By Austin Herberover.

A source of discontent felt painfully in the United States is the education of the people above the recognized needs of education. Through the extraordinary emphasis given by our democracy to universal education more men and women are now trained, especially in the universities, than there is demand for. Not half of them are needed in the learned professions. A large part are, accordingly, living in poverty, or drifting into "lower" occupations.

Traders have more power to-day than lawyers, clergymen, or professors. A man is measured by what he can do more than by what he knows. The United States Senate is filled with millionaires who have no training in statesmanship any more than in scholarship. Eminent men speak contemptuously of the literary class. "Anybody can write," said a prominent butcher, "but it takes a great man to run a commercial business." And he thought his life more beneficial than the poet's or philosopher's, because he paid more men wages.

We have a limitless demand for men in other than learned work, where many of our scholars can find employment. Besides expanding the subjects on which learning may be spent, as the industrial arts, where science is being more introduced, necessitating many scientific men, the learned can spend their leisure at books while giving their productive hours to commerce or farming.

Learning does not spoil one for an occupation. Besides improving most work, it may be enjoyed as mere culture. Scholars must learn to do something else than make their living at their learning. In times like the present they must accustom themselves to enjoy a life which is not highly intellectual.

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EXTRAVAGANT LIVING A NATIONAL WEACHE.
By Rev. Thomas R. Gregory.

The Americans are the best fed people on the face of the earth. But there is such a thing as eating too much, and it is more than likely that over-eating has done more than the drink habit toward debauching the human race.

National progress is not to be measured by the advance that is made in luxurious living. Somewhat or other Spartan valor is inseparably connected in our thought with Spartan simplicity. Eating to live, the fathers of our country subordinated the palate to principle, and the gustatory glands to the high and solemn sense of duty. They had a work to do—and that work was not to gourmandize.

It is a fact that is not to be denied by any one who is aware of what is going on around him that the American people are becoming more and more enamored of luxury; more and more interested in money and the things that money commands, such as the establishments, high living, "social" emulgence—in a word, display. To put the whole business into a single word, materialism.

Last week I heard a fine band play something or other they called "Pan-Americana," but all the Pan-Americans in creation will not serve to save us unless we get back before it is too late to the simplicity of life which shall keep our bodies full of healthy blood and our minds full of clean, sensible and honest thoughts.

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PAYING A DIBL.

Two cattlemen overtaken by bad weather twenty-five miles from their camp came in sight of a sad shack, and asked for food and shelter for the night. The story of their welcome is given in the Outlook by one of the cattlemen.

I shall never forget the little woman who met me at the door of that sad shack. I told her our situation. She was very gracious in granting us food and shelter for the night.

We sat there in the room. I could not think of a word to say, and Bibleback was worse off than I was. He could not do anything but look at the pictures on the wall. Then a man old enough to be her grandpa put in an appearance. He was friendly and talkative.

He was a retired stage-driver, and was looking after the stage horses. After supper I went out to the corral and wormed the information out of him that the woman was a widow, that her husband had died before she came there, and that she was poor and deservng.

I told Bibleback all this after we had gone to bed, and we found that our resources amounted to only four dollars, which she was more than well-come to. So the next morning when I asked her what we owed her she replied so graciously, "Why, gentlemen, I couldn't think of taking advantage of your necessity to charge you for a favor that I'm only too happy to grant."

"Oh," said I, "take this, anyhow," and laid the silver on the table.

We had started for the door when she stopped us.

"One moment, gentlemen. I can't think of accepting this. Be kind enough to grant my request."

We mumbled out some thanks, bade her good day, and started for the corral feeling like two sheep-stealers.

We were accustomed to hardship and neglect, but here was genuine kindness.

When we were near camp, Bibleback turned in his saddle and asked, "When is Christmas?"

"In about five weeks," I answered.

"Do you know where that big Wyoming stray ranges?" he next asked.

"Of course I do."

"Well," says he, "let's kill him and give that little widow every ounce of the meat. It'll be a good one on her, won't it? We'll fool her a plenty."

Three days before Christmas we drove up the Wyoming stray and killed him. We hung the beef up over night to harden in the frost, and next morning we reached the widow's place with 280 pounds of as fine beef as you ever saw.

We wished her a merry Christmas and departed.

When we got out of sight of the house, old Bibleback Hunt was the happiest mortal I ever saw, and that Christmas was a merry one, for our debt was paid.

No Fish Without Forests.

The preservation of our streams is necessary to the preservation of our fish, but many of the readers may not yet have considered how intimately the preservation of our forests is connected with the preservation of our streams and hence the very existence of many fish, especially brook trout, depends upon the preservation of the forests.

To illustrate this relationship between forests and water, make a couple of troughs, line one with clay to represent the country denuded of trees, the opposite trough lined with sods of grass of moss to represent the forest-clad mountain side set upon an incline and connect their upper ends by a rough reservoir. Pour a pail of water into this reservoir and there will be a wild rush of water down the clay-lined trough, while the moss and grass-lined one will drip for hours.

It only needs a little imagination to convert this machine into a forest-clad mountain and one denuded of timber. The cloudburst represented by the contents of the bucket suddenly poured into the reservoir is only a dangerous cloudburst on the barren slope. By the use of this simple device you can explain to a child the absolute necessity of preserving the forests upon the water sheds if we would have continuous running water and not the certainty of flood and droughts which are caused by the water sheds being recklessly denuded of timber.—Recreation.

Sincere Flattery.

Melissa is a tall, fine-looking colored girl, and Mrs. Compton, with whom Melissa lives as cook, is a small, fair-haired woman. The mistress entertains great respect for her maid's culinary powers, and Melissa adores Mrs. Compton.

"I reckon I've done learned an awful lot since I come hyar to lib, Missy Compton," said Melissa, triumphantly one day. "It's done learned how to walk an' pear jes like de quality folks when I goes out. An' now your's giben me dat handsome yaller pa'ot. I 'spects nuffin but dat de first time I walk out under it de minister'll step up to me an' he'll say, 'Sense me, but am I speakin' to Mis' Gen'ral Compton?'"

Mission of Music.

Muscle boxes and blarinet are two of the latest things in the line of anesthetics. The muscle boxes do not reduce pain or render the patients insensible, but, according to Prof. Redard, of Geneva, they do take away certain ill effects that often accompany the use of anesthetics. It is a well known fact that external impressions received during the period of somnolence have great bearing on the dreams. From this Prof. Redard conceived the idea of utilizing music. It was found that the music had a tendency to take away the disagreeable excitement previous to the use of the chloroform or other anaesthetic. The awakening was also found to be free from excitement.—Chicago Post.

Perfection is not always pleasant. False teeth look like the Old Scratch because they are perfect.