CHAPTER XXXIII. LIFE IN A DESERT.

"He's spoilt the table, anyhow," said I in a tone of discontent; "however, I can manage to plane it down, I daresay."

"No, no," said my wife hastily. please don't! The table in my room is just | flour." as large; let me have this."

"Oh, well, if you're so fond of your portrait as all that, I'm not unreasonable. "Nor I, either. I have made up my mind | rolling pin."

to do all that I can." "Very well, then ; you'd better see about

getting dinner. I'm hungry.' Saying this, I let down the flaps of the

table and carried it upstairs. Her bed was 'un." made; the room neatly arranged. These signs of submission pleased me. I took down her table on my head, and carried in my hand the pitcher still three parts full of

"You managed to open your skylight this morning," said 1. "Yes. I could not lift it vesteaday. Oh,

I am much stronger this morning." As she spoke she tried in vain with both hands to break a stick from the faggot that of fingers.

"What are you trying to do there?" I

"I am going to light the fire to cook something for your lunch.' "Drop it," said I, remembering that I had put the chips from the table in the stove. "You lay the table; that's more cats coming there as chimpanzees. in your line. "You'll find the things in

the cupboard." "I don't see any tablecloth," she said her voice. timidly.

"We can do without it."

"Without a tablecloth!" Her suprise at the idea of doing without this luxury was only greater than mine in | der to begin on the dairy. employing it after having taken something like twelve thousand meals without.

stairs," she added.

ticular when you've roughed it a bit." she came down.

"How many rashers can you eat?" I asked, after fetching the bacon and cutting | time." half a dozen for myself. "Oh, I can't eat bacon!" she said, look-

"Can't cat bacon!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment, for it still seemed to me most delicious fare.

"No, you must not think me stupid. -have been ill. My digestion is bad on. I for two months I have taken nothing bat milk and light food. A little bread with the milk-there is still a good deal in

the jug--is all that I want." I remembered what Mr. Northcote had told me about my wife's weak health.

I took the pitcher out, emptied it, washed it in the spring, and refilled it with the manger." new milk of the morning, "Up to now," I reflected, "I've done all the work." But my equanimity was restored on returning to find that my wife had taken the bacon from the pan and set it on a clean dish. I the door for seeing to milk the cow." was about to sit down to the table without washing my hands, but the look of the white tablecloth and my wife shamed me, and glancing at my grimy fingers, I made another grudging journey to the stream and washed them. Also when I re-entered the cottage I took off my hat and put on my

We must have presented a strange contrast as we sat opposite each other at the table. My wife elegantly dressed, her figure and face the personification of delicate grace and refinement, and I with my closecropped head and brutal face, looking like nothing better than a recently shaved con-

"You have not told me your name yet,"

"Gregory!" said I, with my mouth full. "Here you'll spill that; let me pour it out." I took the pitcher which she had tried to lift and filled her glass, grumbling to myself that I was playing the part of her servant rather than that of a master.

"Thank you. Why did you fill up the jug? There was more than enough.' "This is fresh milk; I threw the other away. Nothing else to do with it," I explained, that she might not think I had

sacrificed it on her account; "there's more than we can use." "If we let it stand, Gregory, and skim off the cream, we could make our own butter.

I think I could do that. You scald the seen it done. Shall I try?" "If you like," said I, carelessly; but in my heart I was delighted with the notion,

as I ever have been in attempting anything new. "But you'll want an apron." She looked at her dress already torn, rue-

> fully. "If I can find something amongst the linen to make up into an apron and a pair of sleeves."

" And a dress more suitable to your station than that."

"I'm afraid I can never find enough stuff for that.

"I don't suppose you will. I shall have to go all the way to Tavistock for it. Those shoes of yours are all knocked out ; they're no good. And we ought to have a flat pan had gone up to her room. for the milk. Bread won't last over tomorrow. Can you make bread?"

a la can make a beef-steak pie." "Can you?" said I, eagerly; quite put off my guard by a recollection of this deli-

eacy that set my mouth watering. Yes, and custards too ;" her face light-

ing up responsively. Blow custards. You can keep them for yourself. How about bread ?" She seemed doubtful of her capacity in

this branch of domestic economy, but she offered eagerly to try it. "We'll have a go at it," said I; its nothing but flour and water baked."

baking powder, as in cakes, to lighten it.

she suggested. day in prison."

and sago, I listened with the strangest feeling to our crowing of the cock in the stable below the list. It was like opening a long-forgot- and I can say with confidence that I had ten book, and recognising the passages that | heard no sound for eleven years which gave had fascinated me in the past.

"There's plum pudding, and current pudding," I said, supplementing her list. that," she hinted.

torgetting myself.

bottom of the cupboard."

"I'll make you that."

"Can you?" of a cart wheel out there will make a fine to do all the sweeping and fire light-

board?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll soon knock that up." "We ought to have a flat pan to set the milk in," she said, after a minute's consideration. "And where can we stand it to keep fresh and cool?"

"Why out at the back there, in that pile of granite, there's a sort of cave where two great rocks lap over; that would be the very place. I thought of putting the cow in I could have managed easily with a couple | there, but I fancied it might be too cool for

"You don't think the cats will get at it

"Oh, I shall stop up one end with loose stones, and put a door at the other," I replied, as forgetful as she in this new excitement, that there was as little likelihood of "Do you really think you could do that

without having a man?" she asked dropping

"Oh, you'll see," I replied, confidently, already arranging in my mind where I should set my door posts. I rose, feeling the necessity of finishing the stable at once in or-"But the pans," suggested Hebe.

"There's a pencil, and I'll give you a "There are some in the drawers up- smooth piece of deal if you come out to the shed, and you can make a list of all the "Well, you can fetch one if you hanker things you want on it. I'll go over to Taviafter such niceties. You won't be so par- stock as soon as I've finished nailing up the boards. Don't forget the suet and some I had the fire alight and the pan on when | glue; that pasteboard must be rabbeted. Look round and put down everything, so that I don't have to go again for some

She promised to forget nothing, and I went off to my work with a feeling of exhiling at it with a little grimace of disgust. (aration that I was ashamed of later on when I was cooler. But my eagerness to finish the stable gave me no time for reflection or do that; so I must. cooling, and I was absolutely glad to see my wife when she came to the door later

> "What time would you like tea, Gregory?" she asked.

"I shall be ready for it in ten minutes." "Why, you have nearly stopped up the hole." (She referred to the partition.) "Two more boards to nail on, that's all, and a bit of stuff to knock up here for a

"Is that end for the cow or the pony?" "It don't matter which."

"I should think the pony ought to go inside, because there'll be more light near "Why, that's true; I didn't think about

"Two heads are better than one," said she, with a faint smile. "I'll go and get tea There was something pathetic, though I | that ?"

failed to see it then, in her endeavor to conciliate me-to sink herself to a level which even I might attain. But I presently had I added, with increased acerbity as I heard a proof that she still maintained womanly a whinnying from the stable, "there's that she said. "What is the pony's name?"

The tea things were neatly set on the "Oh, you have bought some fowls," she him Kit." table; the teapot stood on the stove. Be- cried, cheerfully, when following me to the "Kit!" she murmured; "poor Kit!" which were two or three wild flowers.

"There is no butter yet awhile," she said, as I seated myself.

said I, stretching out my hand. She glanced at my hand, and then looked steadily in my face without moving a hand. I perceived that I had not washed

the grim off my hands. "Oh, I forget that I am to be a gentle- outside." man," said I, sourly, as I got up.

"Or perhaps you forget what I am," she answered, without raising her voice, but rather in a tone of gentle reproach.

"After all," thought I, going back from the stream after giving my face and hands a good wash, "one feels all the better for

When I had finished tea I saddled the cream and whip it with your hand. I have pony and brought him to the gate of the

Hebe stood there with the list in her "Shall you be long?" she asked.

"Yes; four or five hours."

We looked at each other in silence for a moment. Her air was so noble that it required more courage than I could muster at the instant to tell her I intended to lock her up in her room before I started; she, read my thoughts, spared herself and me the indignity of such an avowal.

"I will say good-night now;" I shall not be up when you return," she said; and with a slight inclination of the head she turned and entered the house.

When I followed a minute afterwards she I must have felt I was doing a shameful

thing, for I went as noiselessly as I could up the steps and shot the bolt in the trap she had already closed.

Her pale, thin, lovely face haunted me as I rode moodily over the moor, and if the sinking of my heart was not due to remorse I know not what it was.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LESS MASTER THAN SERVANT.

I had to trudge it home, the pony having pretty well as much as he could carry withthe fowls on top, one could see nothing of "But I mean college puddings, and rice, the pony but his extremities.

I was waked in the morning by the vigorme such a feeling of unclouded delight.

or all of the emotions which accompained "This is just what I wanted for aprons. the changing conditions of my life; I can | I stall make them to come right round and only attempt to set down the leading in- with a bib." cidents which marked those changes, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions

as to their origin. As the light coming under the eaves was yet but a slaty grey, I lay for some time "And role-poley-you don't care for listening, as pleased as a boy with his first watch, to the crowing of the cock, at the "Oh, don't I, though !" I exclaimed, again same time turning over in my mind the many alterations that must be made in the thing.' "I know I could make that if I had house before the rough weather set in. With so much to be done it was impossible "There's half a bushel in the sack at the for a man of my restless disposition to lie grocery." idle long, and so in the middle of his sixth "And suet," she said, reflecting, "and a crow I startled the cock, and sent off his home?" hens with a screech by descending the ladder on which they were perched.

I had made up my mind to leave all "I should think so. There's the spoke the house work to Hebe. "She'll have ing and that sort of thing," said I to my-"Is there anything will do for a paste- |self. "That's her work, and it's best to a long list without considering how the begin as we're going on. She'll find out things were to be carried. And you added there's no nonsense about me, and that I'm to the list instead of reducing it. not going to stand any nonsense on her part. She's not a fine lady now. As scon | ing my parcel. as I've had a souse in the stream I'll begin on that dairy."

But when I went in the house to unbolt | dairy." the trap and get my packet of nails, the sight of all the parcels on the floor, where I tempting to smile. "May I come and see had thrown them down higgledy-piggledy | what you are going to do?" after my tiring walk, offended my prisonbred sense of propriety, so I proceeded doing this I came upon the parcel of beef- two great blocks of granite. steak and suet. This reminded me that I had the material for a beef-steak pie, but no | can almost stand upright. pasteboard and no rolling pin. Well, there was the table I had brought down from the I have cleared away the rubble on this side. room above. With a few turns of the plane I shall stack it up neatly along there for the I could give it a clean surface that would pans to stand on." do for to-day. So I fetched the jack plane, And I daresay you could find a nice flat which was a job 1 intended for Hebe. I on."

couldn't leave the shavings on the floorthat looked worse than the parcels. I got asked, warming up. the broom and swept the floor. Then when I had put the shavings in thestove, it struck | could only move it." me that the mere act of striking a match and setting them alight was not worth a you like it?" consideration; but after the shavings had caught, I found there was no wood and had to run out sharp for a faggot; then I had to fetch turf to keep the fire in. It was useless letting the fire burn for nothing, but finding the kettle empty, and no water could use this as a larder as well as a dairy.' in the pitcher, I had to go down to the spring and fill it.

"never mind, I'll make up for it now." But hang things on." no sooner had I got into the shed with my had to be milked. Hebe certainly couldn't | raising her finger.

"Now I can begin the dairy," thought I, as I set down the pail of milk in the kitchen; but glancing across to see if the fire was going on all right, I caught sight of the planed table, which reminded me I had forgotten the rolling pin.

"Oh, I'll soon knock that off," said I, were congratulating her. going out to find the old spoke. But a harder piece of oak I never touched with a corner of the manger. . spoke-shave, and to get it nicely round, tapering in just proportion to the end, and scraping it down smooth with a piece of I had only just tied a string loop on the nests," said I. top to hang it up by when Hebe came to tell me that breakfast was ready.

"You have been up a long while, Gregory," she said. " Have you done a great

"No," said I, savagely: "I've made a rolling pin-that's all, "Did you get up so early in order to do

plane the table for a pasteboard; and now," pony wants feeding."

ing over the straw.

"Cuk-cuk! cuk-cuk! cuk!" cried the rough hide. cock, pulling himself up, shaking his wattle | She was dressed in one of the print "Oh, I can do without; pass us the bread, and fixing one red eye on Hebe.

have some eggs now." you?" said I, gruffly. There's some grain her attire only serving as a foil to her maturin that bin; throw some down for them ed charms of face and figure. As she stood

"But you don't care for custards, Gregory," she said, in a low tone, as she went to the bin.

"Get over, do !" I cried to the pony who was sticking his haunches in my way. The fowls ran eagerly out after Hebe. I gave her pleasure to feed them. I saw a sunny light in her face as I passed the door : but her mind seemed absorbed in another reflection when I came down from the loft with an armful of hay for the cow. She walked in silence beside me towards the cottage, but on the threshold she said, as if

nothing had occurred since she last spoke to me-

"That was very kind of you." After breakfast we undid some of the parcels, for they were all so much alike that | tage here.' couldn't make out which contained the

"Here is something that was not down come back." on my list, I am sure," she said: "what are they?"

"The man called them peignoirs. I took 'em in order that you might have something suitable to work in at once."

"They are very pretty," she said, taking no notice of my ungracious explanation. " And what are these?"

Bonnets. You can't go out without something on your head.

They were the ordinary poke sun bonnets worn by the Devonshire peasants. Anything more ugly in itself it would be difficult to invent; and yet when Hebe, after unfolding them with amused curiosity, put one on her head to try it, I thought nothing could be prettier. It was the sort of head dress she out me. For, in addition to the things might herself have chosen for a fancy dress Hebe had set down on the list, I had bought ball. Her face looked smaller than ever in My wife thought we should need soda or a lot of clothing for myself, a weighty the deep white hood; her eyes deeper and in my heart that I thought was dead for and that certain means, which he describes, ball, and that certain means, which he describes, to lighten it. packet of nails, holdfasts, etc., a washing more lustrous; the loose hair that fringed "I suppose you don't care for pudding?" tub, and five live towls. With a dozen her brow and temples darker. It added to parcels hanging on each side, two large tin the quaint gravity of her expression as she "Not much. We got it every Wednes- milk pans, and the washing tub containing turned timidly to me for approval, half fearing, I think, that I should burst into derisive laughter; and then, again, it lent a piquant fascination to the arch smile that be shut up in that oven of a room. twinkled in her features when she perceived the effect was not ridiculous. I turned away to open another parcel that she might not see my admiration, not unconscious of my Why had she given in so readily? Why did still remain on the goose, my dear.

It would puzzle me to explain this feeling own weakness in yielding to its influence.

"These are your shoes." "Fours. I forgot to put down the num-

ber. How did you guess it?" It would have been strange if I had forgotcen the proportions of a figure that was better known to me than my own.

"I took the first that came to hand,' said I; "they're stout, and that's the main

"House shoes, too."

"You couldn't do without 'em-That's "How did you carry all these things

"The pony carried 'em: I didn't."

"Did he carry you as well?" "No, I walked."

said regretfully-"It was thoughtless of me to make such

She was silent for a moment; then she

"That doesn't concern you," said I, seiz-

"You'll find me among the rocks when you want me: I'm going to see about the "That does concern me," she said, at-

"Yes, if you like." She followed me to the rocks, and looked to stack them nearly against the wall. In with interest at the cavern formed by the

> "How cool it is in here," said she; and I "Oh, there'll be plenty of head room when

but wanting light I opened the shutters, stone to lay at one end to roll the butter

"How would that one over there do?"] "Why that is the very thing, if you

"Oh, that's nothing; which end would

"Up here, I think, Gregory. It's lighter, and there's more room." "Yes, the other end I shall fill up with stones. Here I shall set up a rough door."

"If you could fix a shelf anywhere, we "Why, so we could. There's a bit of inch stuff up in the loft will just do, nicely "A good hour wasted," I grumbled; planed up; and I can put a few hooks up to

"Oh, that will be capital! Hark! what ironmongery than I bethought me the cow is that?" she asked, suddenly turning and

I listened: the fowls were making a terrible clatter. "They've laid an egg amongst 'em!"

"Do you think so, already?" "We'll go and see." A fowl on the threshold of the stable was proclaiming her achievement, and the others

"Here it is," said I, finding the egg in a Hebe, coming to my side, took it with an

exclamation of delight. "There's an old basket or two in the broken glass, took me fully two hours, and shed. I'll nail them against the wall for

> also for the fowls to roost on, and then turning to caress the full-eved cow she said-"I must learn to milk the cow; will you

She suggested that I should put up a perch

show me how?" "Yes, and I'll make you a proper stool with three legs."

"Thank you, Gregory." Then she turned to caress the pony, who, "No, I didn't," I growled; "I had to | jealous of her attentions to the cow, had jogged her elbow with his nose. "What kind-looking creatures they are,

"He harn't got one yet; but we can cal

laid her pale, delicate cheek against his dresses, and wore a sun bonnet when she "Oh, you fine fellow" she said : "we shall came to tell me that dinner was ready. She looked like a princess playing the part of a "Can't make custards without 'em, can peasant and nothing else; the plainness of there, with the blue sky and summer clouds beyond, she was to me a vision of purity and grace. I could not think of her impurity. My mind recoiled from the attempt. It seemed like looking down from a flower to seek the corruption on which it fed. It was well that I stood deep in the shadow of the cave, and that I had time to recover my

senses before I came out into the light. "You are not going back to work," she said, when I rose from the table. "Vy hy not?" I asked, brusquely.

"It is Sunday." That had not occurred to me, though I might have guessed it by the bustle in the

town over night. "Well, I shan't shock the susceptibilities of any one by employing my time to advan-

"It is good to rest one day in the week," things I had bought for myself. The first | said my wife, quietly. "If you would like

The proposal staggered me. "It's pretty hot up there," I said. "I have put up the skylight."

"You can't look out of the windew." Jack 23 "That is a pity. The moor looks levely to-day."

"You have nothing to read."

this self-sought suffering.

"And you are willing to be locked up " If you think it necessary." I asked myself if I should submit her to

work. You can go out if you choose." But when I got back to the cave I found that the spirit had gone out of me. More than once to-day a feeling had been revived | says that the Mormons practice these arts, ever : perhaps the disinclination to work on

For half an hour or more I sat in the cave balancing in my hand the hammer I had taken up, thinking over my wife's offer to

tirely contrary to what I expected, and in lovely new quills? consequence I found it contrary to reason.

she seek to conciliate me ? I could not make out, and in vainly looking for an explanation there was that confusion in my mind that the aspect of new surroundings conveys after a heavy sleep. No wonder: my mind was but just regaining its faculties after a sleep of six years.

The hammer slipped from my hand, and I took up the parcel of clothes from the shed into the loft. I would do as she suggested, since I could not work -all except locking her up. I couldn't do that. I changed my clothes, putting on the new tweed suit and flannel cap I had bought the night before. I did not perceive even then that in putting on decent clothes for Sunday wear I had unconsciously fallen into another habit of

My wife was sitting in the shade of a boulder by the brook when I went out. She did not see me, and I strode off in another

direction. I could think of nothing but Hebe. As I went over all that had happened-pretty much as I have written it here-I was struck by the naive simplicity of our conversation; but I failed to see that while my simplicity was artless as a Bœotian's hers was the disguise of astute intelli-

"One of us must be a fool," I said, without, however, regarding myself as the fooled

She had found herself a delicate and frail woman, pitted against a savage. Quick to see that stubborn opposition would entail nothing but discomfiture to herself, she had pursued the wise task of subduing me through my own weakness. Her first appeal was to my lowest animal instinct. She had stimulated and gratified my appetite for good things. I had accepted her guidance as unsuspectingly as the bear who climbs to the top of a pole for a bun. She had made further progress by flattering my vanity and then made an adroit appeal to my generosity by offering a condition that otherwise I myself might have demanded. I had refused to imprison her, and given her a certain amount of liberty which could never be retracted.

I saw all this later on, but my intellect was too torpid to grasp it then.

I had lost myself amongst the rocks in returning, when, mounting a block higher than the rest to discover if I could find the course of the stream, a faint cry reached my ear. Looking about me I saw in the distance the mound that marked the cottage, a patch of silver where the brook spread into a pool, and then midway between them a white figure that I knew must be Hebe. I recognised her voice when she called again. flourished my cap in answer, and hurried along, wondering what had happened to

make her call to me. I lost sight of her for some time after getting down from the rock; but as she cried from time to time the sound of her voice grew more distinct. What was it she cried? Not Gregory; the word was

shorter than that, Presently, getting clear of the larger boulders, I saw her struggling through the heath not a hundred yards off. Seeing me she stopped dead short. She pushed her hair back as if to see clearer, and stood there immovable, straining her eyes as I approached. Then when I spoke she covered her face with her hands and burst into

"I thought it was my husband !" she

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HORRORS OF HYPNOTISM. The Author of a Bill for Its Suppression

Writes of His Studies.

Brief mention was made in these dispatches a short time ago of a bill introduced by Senator Mitchell in the United States Senate attaching unusually heavy penalties to the exercise of hypnotism, magnetism and other occult influences upon others. The bill is one of the strangest ever offered tween us she had set a tumbler of water, in stable door she caught sight of them scratch- and putting her arm under his neck, she in Congress. It was introduced by Mr. Mitchell at the request of a lawyer now living in Washington, who is the son of one of the early Chief Justices of California, and who has made the study of the mysterious forces of nature his life's work. He is thoroughly convinced that a great number of astrocious crimes are committed by irresponsible persons who are but the helpless agents of another who exercises hypnotic influences over them. He thinks that there are many persons who have by natural endowment and by the cultivation of the electro magnetic, mesmeric, or hypnotic powers, the ability to influence whom they please to their own ends for good or for evil, and that, possessing these powers, they prey upon the rest of mankind. He thinks that some persons possessing these powers exercise them, unconsciously influencing others to do things against their will. Those whom the author of the bill wishes to bring within the power of the law are persons who, he says, either organized into a sort of brotherhood or acting by themselves, deliberately prey upon their fellow men, depriving them of their free will, making them but tools and agents or slaves. He thinks that there are many from whose mysterious powers no man or woman is sate. Persons possessing these was the draper's. My wife was pleased to go for a walk over the moors, Gregory," hypnotic powers, he says, are conceived with everything she found in it but most she added, after a pause, "I shall be quite under conditions purposely designed to give with a couple of ready-made print dresses. | content to-to stay in my room until you | them the powers and are raised by their parents from their birth with the view of making hypnotists or mesmerists of them, and that they are afterward used to exercise their canny influence over other persons.

Accompanying the bill is a document presenting the reasons for the act, which shows a wonderful accumulation of all sorts of information on the subject of messnerism and the like. The author quotes numberless authorities on electro-magnetism and hypnotism and enters deeply into the occult. The knowledge of these arts, the writer says, is possessed to a high degree by certain persons in some parts of the world, and that, by reason of their knowledge or powers, "No," said I, getting up; "I prefer to they dominate all those about them, and can do all worts of mysterious and terrible things, which it is not to the interest of their fellow-men that they should do. He are used to covey to children the powers to Sunday was the reassertion of an old senti- be used after they have grown up to dominate and control others.

A Silly Remark.

Mrs. Newbride (holding on hat)-Oh, this Her submission perplexed me : it was en- dreadful wind ! What will become of my

Mr. Newbride (sarcastically) -They will