

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Once again the seamen railed at their guide, as well as at the whole race of Icelanders, but Adam was all for lenity towards the priest and hope for themselves.

"My faithful companions," he said, "be not dismayed by any of these disasters, but let us put our whole trust in God. If it be our fortune to end our days in this desolate land, we are as near heaven here as at home. Yet let us use all honest efforts to save our natural lives, and we are not yet so far past hope of doing so but that I see a fair way by which we may effect it."

With that they set out again alone, and within an hour they had fallen on the second mischance of their journey, for falling to find the pass that would have led them across country through Thingvellir, they kept close by the sea line in the direction of the Smoky Point.

Now these misadventures, first with the mother and child, next with the Sheriffs, and then with the guides, though they kept back Adam and his company from that quick deliverance which they would have found in meeting with the messengers of Michael Sunlocks or with Michael Sunlocks himself, yet brought them in the end in the way of the only persons who are important to this story. For pursuing their mistaken way by the line of sea they came upon the place called Krisuvik. It was a grim wilderness of awful things, not cold and dead and dumb like the rest of that haggard land, but hot and alive with inhuman fire and clamorous with devilish noises. A wide ash plain within a circle of hills, whereon a little snow could rest for the furnace that raged beneath the surface; shooting with shrill whistles its shafts of hot steam from a hundred fumaroles; bubbling up in a thousand jets of boiling water; hissing from a score of green cauldrons; grumbling low with mournful sounds underneath like the voice of subterranean wind, and sending up a noxious stench through heavy whorls of vapor that roiled in a fetid atmosphere overhead. Oh, it was a fearsome place, like nothing on God's earth, but a maddening wreck of human body, vast and shapeless, and pierced deep with foulest ulcers; a leper spot on earth's face; a seething vat full of broth of hell's own brewing. And all around was the peaceful snow, and beyond the lines of the southern hills was the tranquil sea, and within the northern mountains was a quiet lake of water as green as the grass of spring.

Coming upon the ghastly place, printed deep with Satan's own features on the face of it, Adam thought that surely no human footstep was ever meant by God to echo among bodiless noises. But there he found two wooden sheds busy with troops of men coming and going about them, and a third horse of the same kind in an early stage of building. Then asking questions as well as he was able he learned that the boiling pits were the Sulphur Mines that the new Governor, the President of the Republic, had lately turned to account as a penal settlement, that the two completed sheds were the workshops and sleeping places of the prisoners, and that the unfinished house was intended for their hospital.

And so it chanced that while with his poor broken company Adam rested on his horse, to look on at this sight with eyes of wonder and fear, a gang of four prisoners passed on to their work in charge of as many wardens, and one of the four men was Red Jason. His long red hair was gone, his face was thin and pale instead of full and tawny, and his eyes, once so bright, were heavy and slow. He walked in file, and about his neck was a collar of iron, with a bow coming over his head and ending on the forehead in a bell that rang as he went along. The wild vitality of his strong figure seemed lost, he bent forward as he walked, and look steadfastly on the ground.

Yet, changed as he was, Adam knew him at a glance, and between surprise and terror, called on him by his name. But Jason heard nothing, and strode on like a man who had suddenly become deaf and blind under the shock of some evil day.

"Jason! Jason!" Adam cried again, and he dropped from the saddle to run towards him. But the wardens raised their hands to warn the old man off, and Jason went on between them without ever lifting his eyes or making sign or signal.

"Now, God save us! what can this mean?" cried Adam; and though with the lame help of his "old Manx" he questioned as well as he was able the men who were at work at the building of the hospital, nothing could he learn but one thing, and that was the strange and wondrous chance that his own eyes revealed to him; namely, that the last face he saw as he was leaving Mann, or that had night when he stole away from Greeba while she slept, was the first face he had seen to know it since he set foot on Iceland.

Nor was this surprise the only one that law waiting for him in that gaunt place. Pushing on towards Reykjavik, the quicker for his sight of Red Jason, and with many troubled thoughts of Michael Sunlocks, Adam came with his company to the foot of the mountain that has to be crossed before the lava plain is reached which leads to the capital. And there the pass was blocked to them for half-an-hour of precious time by a long train of men and ponies coming down the bridle path. They were Danes, to the number of fifty at least, mounted on as many horses, and with a score of tired horses driven on ahead of them. What their work and mission was in that grim waste Adam could not learn until he saw that the foremost of the troop had drawn up at one of the two wooden sheds, and then he gathered from many signs that they were there as wardens to take charge of the settlement in place of the Icelandic officers who had hitherto held possession of it.

Little time he had, however, to learn the riddle of these strange doings, or get knowledge of the double rupture of state of affairs that had caused them for presently old Chalmers came hurrying back to him from some distance ahead, with a scared face and stammering tongue, and one nervous hand pointing upwards to where the last of the men and horses were coming down the bridle path.

"Lord-a-massy, who's this," cried Chalmers; and following the direction of his hand Adam saw what the old fellow pointed at, and the sight seemed to freeze the blood in his heart.

It was Michael Sunlocks riding between two of the Danish wardens as their prisoner, silent, fettered and bound.

Then Adam felt as if he had somehow fallen into a long sleep, and was now awakening to a new life in a new world, where the people were the same as in the old one, but everything about them was strange and terrible. But he recovered from his terror as Michael Sunlocks came on, and he called to him, and Sunlocks heard him, and turned towards him with a look of joy and pain in one quick glance of a moment.

"My son! My boy!" cried Adam.

"Father! Father!" cried Michael Sunlocks.

But in an instant the wardens had closed about Sunlocks, and hurried him on in the midst of them, while their loud shouts drowned all other voices.

And when the troops had passed him Adam sat a moment silent on his little beast, and then he turned to his company and said:

"My good friends and faithful companions, my journey is at an end, and you must go on without me. I came to this land of Iceland only to find one who is my son indeed, though not flesh of my flesh, thinking to rest my old arm on his young shoulder. I have found him now, but he is in trouble, from some cause that I have yet to learn, and it is my old shoulder that his young arm must rest upon. And this that you have witnessed is not the meeting that I looked for, and built my hopes on, and buoyed up my falling spirits with, through all the trouble of our many weary days. But God's will be done! So go your ways and leave me where His wisdom has brought me, and may His mercy fetch you in safety to your native country, and to the good souls waiting for you there."

But the rough fellows protested that come what might, leave him they never would, and old Chalmers without more ado began to make ready to pitch their tent on the thin patch of grass where they stood.

And that evening, while Adam wandered over the valley, trying to get better knowledge of the strange events which he had read as if by flashes of lightning, and hearing in broken echoes of the rise and fall of the republic, of the island and fall of Michael Sunlocks, of the fall and rise of Jorgen Jorgensen, a more wondrous chance than any that had yet befallen him was fast coming his way.

For late that night, when he sat in his grief, with his companions busied about him, comforting him with what tender offices and soft words their courageous minds could think of, a young Icelandic came to the gap of the tent and asked, in broken English, if they would give a night's shelter to a lady who could find no other lodging, and was alone save for herself, who had been her guide from Reykjavik.

At that word Adam's own troubles were gone from him in an instant, and though his people would have demurred, he called on the Icelandic to fetch the lady in, and presently she came, and then altogether stood dumbfounded, for the lady was Greeba herself.

It would be hard to tell how at first every other feeling was lost in one of surprise at the strange meeting of father and daughter, how surprise gave place to joy, and joy to pain, as bit by bit the history of their several adventures unfolded each to the other. And while Greeba heard of the mischances that had overtaken old Adam, he, on his part, heard of the death of her mother and her brothers' ill-usage, of the message that came from Michael Sunlocks and her flight from home, of how she came to Iceland and was married, and of how Sunlocks went in pursuit of himself, and returning to the capital, was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. All the long story of plot and passion he heard in the wild tangle of her hot and broken words, save only that part of it which concerned her quarrel with her husband; but when he mentioned Red Jason, saying that he had seen him, he heard that sad passage of her story also, told with fear and many bitter tears.

Adam comforted Greeba with what words of cheer he could command, in an hour when his own heart was dark and hopeless, and then amid the turmoil of so many emotions, the night being worn to midnight, they composed themselves to sleep.

Next morning, rising anxious and unrested, Adam saw the Icelandic wardens, who had been supplanted in their employment by the Danes, start away from the settlement for their homes, and after them went a group of the Danish prisoners as free men, who had been imprisoned by the republic as spies of the government of Denmark. By this time Adam had decided on his course.

"Greeba," he said, "this imprisonment of Michael Sunlocks is unjust, and I see a way to put an end to it. No governor shall sentence him without judge or jury. But I will go on to Reykjavik and appeal to this Jorgen Jorgensen. If he will not hear me, I will appeal to his master, the king of Denmark. If Denmark will not listen, I will appeal to England, for Michael Sunlocks is a British subject, and may claim the rights of an Englishman. And if England turns a deaf ear to me, I will address my prayer to God, who has never yet failed to right the wronged, or humble the arrogance of

the mighty. Thank heaven, that has brought me here. I thought I was coming to end my days in peace by his side who would shelter my poor foolish gray head, that had forgotten to protect itself. But strange are the ways of Providence. God has had His own purposes in bringing me here thus blindfolded, and, thanks to His mercy, I am not yet so old but I may yet do something. So come, my girl, come, make ready, and we will go on our great errand together."

But Greeba had her own ends from the first in following Michael Sunlocks to the place of his imprisonment and she answered and said:

"No, father, no. You may go on to Reykjavik, and do all this if you can, but my place is here, at my husband's side. He lost faith in my affection, and said I had married him for the glory that his place would bring me; but he shall see what a woman can go through for the sake of the man she loves. I have my own plan of life in this place, and the power to carry it out. Therefore do not fear to leave me, but go, and God prosper you!"

"Let it be so," said Adam, and with that, after some words of explanation with the brave fellows who had followed him from the hour when, as ship-broken men, they set out on foot from the eastern fird, he started on his journey afresh, leaving the tent and the last of their ship's victuals behind with Greeba, for Reykjavik was no more than a day's ride from Krisuvik.

(To be continued.)

Monument to Pasteur.

The model for the monument to Pasteur, which is to be erected in his native town, represents besides a statue of Pasteur a figure personifying science, who is holding a wreath of laurel toward Pasteur and a woman holding two small children, who are supposed to have been saved from death by Pasteur's discoveries. M. Anton Charles, the sculptor, is making progress with it, and it is said to be very effective.

Millions of Subjects.

Exclusive of Egypt, the area of King Edward's empire is 11,773,000 square miles, or much over one-fourth of the land surface of the globe. The wealth of the United Kingdom alone, apart from that of India, Australia, Canada and other possessions, is about \$60,000,000,000, or second only to that of the United States. The population of the empire aggregates some 400,000,000, being comparable with that of the empire of China.

Gift House for Sale.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew has decided to sell the house at Nineteenth and N streets, Washington, which he purchased several months ago, as a wedding gift for his niece, Miss Paulding, whose engagement to Lieut. John Edie was suddenly broken off. The price asked by Senator Depew is \$26,000. The purchase price was \$18,000. He has expended \$4,000 in alterations and improvements on the house.

Glasgow Proposes Municipal Saloons.

Not content with providing its own gas, electricity, water and street car service, the city of Glasgow proposes to dispense its own liquor, and the municipal saloon is talked about. A committee appointed to consider the question has reported in favor of an experiment, and parliament is to be asked for the necessary power.

Building Designed by Woman.

There will be only one building at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo designed in its entirety by a woman, and that one is the structure which will represent the states of New England. The woman whose brilliancy as an architect has gained for her this honor is Miss Josephine Wright Chapman of Boston.

Chafing Dishes.

The chafing dish is among the most ancient adjuncts to the culinary department of all nations. It was in great demand at the grand feasts given by the wealthy citizens in ancient Rome. Some of these dishes have recently been found among the ruins of Pompeii. They are of exquisite workmanship.

Toronto's Memorial to Victoria.

The citizens of Toronto, Ont., have decided to place an organ in Massey hall as a memorial to the late Queen Victoria. Committees have been appointed to canvass the city for the necessary funds. It is estimated that the instruments and the accompanying tablets will cost \$30,000.

Cleveland's Mayor a Kentuckian.

Tom L. Johnson, mayor elect of Cleveland, is a Kentuckian by birth and retains strong reverence for the south and its traditions. So deeply grounded is this feeling that when his daughter was to make her social debut the family went to Louisville, where Miss Johnson was introduced to society.

In Case of Fire.

So many fires have recently occurred in one of the residence districts of Buffalo that a man living in the part of town referred to sent out invitations a few days ago, worded thus: "Come to us on Tuesday for dinner and whist. In case of fire meet at the Lenox at 7:30 sharp."—New York Tribune.

Czar Has Twenty-Seven Physicians.

The czar of Russia has twenty-seven physicians, and they are all selected from the medical celebrities of Russia. There is a first physician-in-chief; then come ten honorary surgeons, two oculists, a chiropodist and honorary chiropodist, two court physicians and three specialists for the czarina.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ANTAGONISM TO THE GOSPEL HAS DISAPPEARED.

"There is None Like That, Give It Me!"
—(1) Samuel xxi, 9—Temptations of the Traveler—Preachers Are More Resourceful than in Former Days.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopf, N. Y.)
Washington, May 5.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls the roll of influences once antagonistic but now friendly to the gospel and encourages Christian workers; text, I, Samuel xxi, 9, "There is none like that; give it me."

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him, but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade it flashed upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hands off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ and his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side, and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine and cry, "There is none like that; give it me!"

I remark first that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory and said, "Now, we will prove by the very structure of the earth and by the movement of the heavenly bodies that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity as we have it among men is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out, "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler and Isaac Newton and Herschel and O. M. Mitchell came forth and told the world that in their ransacking of the earth and heavens they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship, and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran and Shaster and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up and lay on the desk of the scholar and in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lap of the Christian unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

The Eternal Master.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made there must have been some point at which the process started. Then who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said, "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book. All that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks; locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession; locusts without order." "Wait," said Christian philosophy, and in 1868 in the southwestern part of this country Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locusts like an army, and it was found that all the newspaper unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straight flight than the locusts come, not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said, "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said, "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy says, "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right

again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right, "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still! If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy; "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity now from the observatories at Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying, "There is none like that; give it me." I was reading of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens and the Lord God has through some swinging world flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Temptations of the Traveler.

Again, I remark that the traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amid thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who when he is abroad has his honor flinched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place have ruined many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent here in the way of keeping the Sabbath when they get into Spain on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world which was adverse to that which is good is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they take our bibles; these steamships, they transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city all around the world are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson and Thompson and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam and Capernaum and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel. I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

Universality of Religion.

So it has also been with the learning and eloquence of the world. People say, "Religion is very good for aged women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Grotius and Leibniz in statesman ship, Boyle and Bernini in philosophy, Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while responding to Hayne nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American Revolution, but on that day when in the famous Girard will case he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side come over to our side. Captured for God! "There is none like that; give it me."

So also has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the print-

ing press and the platform on the side of Christianity, but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes and Nineveh and Pompeii and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art, and it is a fact now that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amid those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the walls and pavements and bazaars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

Much of the art of the world has been in the possession of the vicious. What to unclean Henry VIII. was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffreys, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment"? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world on the wrong side. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pictures and brings back to his American studio much of the power of these old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ" and comes back to the American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Savior. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel and prays God for preparation for that day when

Shriving like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

Christ's Social Position.

So I remark it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach at Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers, and if tomorrow at the board of trade any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants, and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when in commercial circles the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the east their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of this land and rejoice at the prospect that their tact and ingenuity and talent are being brought into the service of Christ. It is one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me."

TRAIN FOOLED THEM.

Few Thrilling Moments and Then Some Faint Laughter.

The Fulton street line of the Brooklyn elevated road branches just before it gets to the Franklin avenue station, one division continuing out Fulton street to East New York and the city line, the other going out to Flatbush and Brighton Beach, says the New York Sun. As a train from the bridge was approaching the station late yesterday afternoon a stout, elderly man among the crowd waiting for it fell off of the platform on the tracks. The train was about forty yards away, and coming at a clipping gait. Half of the crowd screamed to the old man to get out of the way, but he seemed somewhat dazed by his fall, and made two attempts to get up from the tracks without success. By this time the train was barely fifty feet away, and coming with a rush. A half-dozen women began to scream, four or five men rushed down the platform signaling the train to stop, and a young fellow in overalls jumped down on the track, ran across it and laid hold of the old man's shoulders. But the old man was a load, and his struggles didn't help matters. Most of the women on the platform looked away and covered their eyes. The young fellow in overalls made a last desperate, unsuccessful pull, and the train turned off twenty feet from where the old man lay and rattled on to the Flatbush station. Then, after a moment or two, the crowd laughed, but not much. The young fellow in overalls and several others helped the elderly man on the platform, and he went down stairs limping. A stout woman went back into the waiting room and fainted.

True fishers of souls have lit/le need for bread and butter bait.