

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

"Vengeance is mine—I will repay."

PROEM.

There is a beautiful northern legend of a man who loved a god fairy, and wooed her and won her for his wife, and then found that she was no more than a woman after all. Grown weary, he turned his back upon her and wandered away over the mountains and there, on the other side of a ravine from where he was, he saw, as he thought, another fairy, who was lovely to look upon and played sweet music and sang a sweet song. Then his heart was filled with joy and bitterness, and he cried, "Oh, that the gods had given me this one to wife and not the other." At that, with mighty effort and in great peril, he crossed the ravine and made towards the fairy, and she fled from him; but he ran and followed her and overtook her, and captured her, and turned her face to his face that he might kiss her, and lo! she was his wife.

This old folk-tale is half my story—the play of emotions as sweet and light as the footsteps of the shadows that flit over a field of corn.

There is another northern legend of a man who thought he was pursued by a troll. His ricks were fired, his barns unroofed, his cattle destroyed, his lands blasted, and his firstborn slain. So he lay in wait for the monster where it lived near his house in the chams, and in the darkness of night he saw it. With a cry he rushed upon it, and gripped it about the waist, and it turned upon him and held him by the shoulder. Long he wrestled with it, reeling, staggering, falling and rising again; but at length a flood of strength came to him and he overthrew it, and stood over it, covering it, conquering it, with his back across its thigh and his right hand set hard at its throat. Then he drew his knife to kill it, and the moon shot through a rack of cloud, opening an alley of light about it, and he saw its face, and lo! the face of the troll was his own!

This is the other half of my story—the crash of passions as bracing as a black thunderstorm.

CHAPTER I.

STEPHEN ORRY, SEAMAN, OF STAPPEN.

In the latter years of the last century, H. Jorgen Jorgensen was governor general of Iceland. He was a Dane, born in Copenhagen, apprenticed to the sea on board an English trader, afterwards employed as a petty officer in the British navy, and some time in command of a Danish privateer in an alliance of Denmark and France against England. A rove, a schemer, a shrewd man of affairs, who was honest by way of interest, just by policy, generous by strategy, and who never sacrificed his conscience, which was not a good one, to get the better of him.

In one of his adventures he had sailed a Welsh brig from Liverpool to Reykjavik. This had been his introduction to the Icelandic capital, then a little, hungry, creeping settlement, with its face towards America and its wooden feet in the sea. It had also been his introduction to the household of the Welsh merchant, who had a wharf by the old cannery basin at Liverpool, a counting-house behind his residence in Wolstenholme square, and a daughter of five and twenty. Jorgen, by his own proposal, was to barter English produce for Icelandic tallow. On his first voyage he took out a hundred tons of salt, and brought back a heavy cargo of lava for ballast. On his second voyage he took out the Welshman's daughter as his wife, and did not again trouble to send home an empty ship.

He had learned that mischief was once more brewing between England and Denmark, had violated his English letters of marque and run into Copenhagen, induced the authorities there, on the strength of his knowledge of English affairs, to appoint him to the governor generalship of Iceland (then vacant) at a salary of four hundred pounds a year, and landed at Reykjavik with the Icelandic flag, of the white falcon on the blue ground—the banner of the Vikings—at the masthead of his father-in-law's Welsh brig.

Jorgen Jorgensen was then in his early manhood, and the strong heart of the good man did not decline with years, but rode it out with him through life and death. He had always intended to have a son and build up a family. It was the sole failure of his career that he had only a daughter. That had been a disaster for which he was not accountable, but he prepared himself to make a good end of a bad beginning. With God's assistance and his own extra labor he meant to marry his daughter to Count Trollop, the Danish minister for Iceland, a functionary with five hundred a year, a house at Reykjavik, and another at the Danish capital.

This person was five-and-forty, tall, wrinkled, powdered, oiled, and devoted to gallantry. Jorgen's daughter, resembling her Welsh mother, was patient in suffering, passionate in love, and fierce in hatred. Her name was Rachel. At the advent of Count Trollop she was twenty, and her mother had then been some years dead.

The count perceived Jorgen's drift, smiled at it, silently acquiesced in it, took even a languid interest in it, arising partly out of the governor's position and the wealth the honest man was supposed to have amassed in the

rigorous exercise of a position of power, and partly out of the daughter's own comeliness, which was not to be despised. At first the girl, on her part, neither assisted her father's designs nor resisted them, but showed complete indifference to the weighty questions of whom she should marry, when she should marry, and how she should marry; and this mood of mind contented her down to the last week in June that followed her twenty-first birthday.

That was the month of Aithing, the national holiday of fourteen days, when the people's law givers—the governor, the bishop, the speaker and the sheriff—met the people's delegates and some portion of the people themselves at the ancient Mount of Laws in the valley of Thingvellir, for the reading of the old statutes and the promulgation of the new ones, for the trial of felons and the settlement of claims, for the making of love and the making of quarrels, for wrestling and horse-fighting, for the practice of arms and the breaking of heads. Count Trollop was in Iceland at this celebration of the ancient festival, and he was induced by Jorgen to give it the light of his countenance. The governor's company set out on half-a-hundred of the native ponies, and his daughter rode between himself and the count. During that ride of six or seven long Danish miles Jorgen settled the terms of the intended transfer to his own complete contentment. The count acquiesced and the daughter did not rebel.

The lonely valley was reached, the tents were pitched, the bishop hallowed the assembly with solemn ceremonies, and the business of Aithing began. Three days the work went on, and Rachel weariest of it; but on the fourth the wrestling was started, and her father sent for her to sit with him on the mount and to present at the end of the contest the silver-buckled belt to the champion of all Iceland. She obeyed the summons with indifference, and took a seat beside the judge, with the count standing at her side. In the space below was a crowd of men and boys, women and children, gathered about the ring. One wrestler was throwing every one that came before him. His name was Patrickken, and he was supposed to be descended from the Irish, who settled ages ago on the Westmann Islands. His success became monotonous; at every fresh bout his self-confidence grew more insufferable, and the girl's eyes wandered from the spectacle to the spectators. From that instant her indifference fell away.

By the outskirts of the crowd, on one of the lower mounds of the Mount of Laws, a man sat with his head in his hand, with elbow on his knee. His head was bare, and from his hairy breast his woolen shirt was thrown back by reason of the heat. He was a magnificent creature—young, stalwart, fair-haired, broad-chested, with limbs like the beech tree, and muscles like its great gnarled root heads. His coat, a sort of sailor's jacket, was coarse and torn; his stockings, reaching to his knees, were cut and brown. He did not seem to heed the wrestling, and there rested upon him the idle air of the lusty Iceland—languor of the big, tired animal. Only, when at the close of a bout a cheer rose and a way was made through the crowd for the exit of the vanquished man, did he lift up his great slow eyes—gray as those of a seal, and as calm and lustreless.

The wrestling came to an end. Patrickken justified his Irish blood, was proclaimed the winner, and stepped up to the foot of the mount that the governor's daughter might buckle about him his champion's belt. The girl went through her function listlessly, her eyes wandering to where the fair-haired giant sat apart. Then the Westmann Islander called for drink that he might treat the losing men, and having drunk himself, he began to swagger afresh, saying that they might find him the strongest and lustiest man that day at Thingvellir, and he would bargain to throw him over his back. As he spoke he strutted by the bottom of the mount, and the man who sat there lifted his head and looked at him. Something in the glance arrested Patrickken and he stopped.

"This seems to be a lump of a lad," he said. "Let us see what we can do with him."

And at that he threw his long arms about the stalwart fellow, squared his hips before him, thrust down his head into his breast until his red neck was as thick as a bullock's, and threw all the strength of his body into his arms that he might lift the man out of his seat. But he moved him not an inch. With feet that held the earth like the hoofs of an ox, the young man sat unmoved.

Then those who had followed at the islander's heels for the liquor he was spending first stared in wonderment at his failure and next laughed in derision of his bragging, and shouted to know why, before it was too late, the young man had not taken a bout at the wrestling, for that he who could hold his seat so must be the strongest-limbed man between the fells and the sea. Hearing this Patrickken tossed his head in anger, and said it was not yet too late, that if he took home the champion's belt it should be no rude bargain to master or man from sea to sea, and buckled on though it was, it should be his who could take it from its place.

At that word the young fellow rose, and then it was seen that his right arm was broken between the elbow and wrist, and bound with a kerchief above the wound. Nothing loth for this infirmity, he threw his other arm about the waist of the islander, and the two men closed for a fall. Patrickken had the first grip, and he swung to it, thinking straightway to lay his adversary by the heels; but the young man held his feet, and then, pushing one leg between the legs of the islander, planting the other knee into the islander's stomach, thrusting his head beneath the islander's chin, he knuckled his left hand under the islander's ribs, pushed from him, threw the weight of his body forward, and like a green withe Patrickken doubled backwards with a groan. Then at a rush of the islander's kinsmen, and a cry that his back would be broken, the young man loosed his grip, and Patrickken rolled from him to the earth, as a clod rolls from the ploughshare.

All this time Jorgen's daughter had craned her neck to see over the heads of the people, and when the tussle was at an end, her face, which had been strained to the point of anguish, relaxed to smiles, and she turned to her father and asked if the champion's belt should not be his who had overcome the champion. But Jorgen answered no—that the contest was done, and judgment made, and he who would take the champion's belt must come to the next Aithing and earn it. Then the girl unlocked her necklace of coral and silver spangles, beckoned the young man to her, bound the necklace about his broken arm close up by the shoulder and asked him his name.

"Stephen," he answered.

"Whose son?" said she.

"Orry—out they call me Stephen Orry."

"Of what craft?"

"Seaman, or Stappen, under Snafell."

The Westmann Islander had rolled to his legs by this time, and now he came shambling up, with the belt in his hand and his sullen eyes on the ground.

"Keep it," he said, and flung the belt at the girl's feet, between her and his adversary. Then he strode away through the people, with curses on his white lips and the veins of his squat forehead large and dark.

It was midnight before the crowds had broken up and straggled away to their tents, but the sun of the northern land was still hot over the horizon, and its dull red glow was on the waters of the lake that lay to the west of the valley. In the dim light of an hour later, when the mist of midnight slept under the cloud shadow that was left only night, Stephen Orry stood with the governor's daughter by the door of the Thingvellir parsonage, for Jorgen's company were the parson's guests. He held out the champion's belt to her and said, "Take it back, for if I keep it I can't see my own name on the days of my life."

She answered him that it was his, for he had won it, and that it was taken from him he must hold it, and if he soon let him remember that it was so, daughter of the governor himself, who had given it. The air was hushed in that still hour, not a twig or a blade rustling over the serried face of that desolate land as far as the wooded rifts that stood under the snowy dome of the Armann fells. As she spoke there was a sharp noise near at hand, and he started, but she raised him on his knees, and laughed that one who had won the buckling champion of that day should tremble at a noise in the night.

There was a wild outcry in Thingvellir the next morning, Patrickken, the Westmann Islander, had been murdered. There was a rush of the people to the place where his body had been found. It lay like a rag across the dyke that ran between the parsonage and the church. On the dead man's face was the look that all had seen there when last night he hung down the belt between his adversary and the governor's daughter, crying "keep it." But his sullen eyes were glazed, and stared up without the quivering of a lid through the rosy sunlight; the dark veins on his brow were now purple, and when they lifted him they saw that his back was broken.

Then there was a gathering at the foot of the mount, with the parson for judge, and the nine men of those who had slept in the tents nearest to the body for witnesses and jury. Nothing was discovered. No one had heard a sound throughout the night. There was no charge to put before the lawyers. The kinsmen of the dead man cast dark looks at Stephen Orry, but he never gave a sign. Next day the strong man was laid under the shallow turf of the church garth. His little life's swaggering was swaggered out; he must sleep on to the resurrection without one brag more.

The governor's daughter did not leave the guest room of the parsonage from the night of the wrestling onwards to the last morning of the Aithing holiday and then, the last ceremonies done, she took her place between Jorgen and the count for the return journey home. Twenty paces behind her the fair-haired Stephen Orry rode his shaggy pony, gaunt and peaky and bearded as a goat, and five paces behind him rode the brother of the dead man Patrickken. Amid five hundred men and women, and eight hundred horses saddled for riding or packed with burdens, these three had set their faces towards the little wooden capital.

July passed into August, and the day was near at hand that had been appointed by Jorgen for the marriage of his daughter to the Count Trollop. At the girl's request the marriage was postponed. The second day came high; again the girl excused herself, and yet again the marriage was put off. A

third time the appointed day approached, and a third time the girl asked for delay. But Jorgen's iron will was to be tampered with no longer. The time was near when the minister must return to Copenhagen, and that was reason enough why the thing in hand should be dispatched. The marriage must be delayed no longer.

But then the count betrayed reluctance. Rumor had pestered him with reports that vexed his pride. He dropped hints of them to the governor. "Strange," said he, "that a woman should prefer the stink of the fulmar fish to the perfumes of civilization." Jorgen fired up at the sneer. His daughter was his daughter, and he was governor general of the island. What lowborn churl would dare to lift his eyes to the child of Jorgen Jorgensen?

The count had his answer pat. He had made inquiries. The man's name was Stephen Orry. He came from Stappen under Snafell, and was known there as a wastrel. On the poor glory of his village voyage as an athlete, he filled his days in bed and his nights at the tavern. His father, an honest thrall, was dead; his mother lived by splitting and drying the stock-fish of the English traders. He was the foolish old woman's pride, and she kept him. Such was the man whom the daughter of the governor had chosen before the minister for Iceland.

At that Jorgen's face grew livid and white by turns. They were sitting at supper in the government house, and with an oath the governor brought his fist down on the table. It was a lie; his daughter knew no more of the man than he did. The count shrugged his shoulders and asked where she was then, that she was not with them. Jorgen answered, with an absent look, that she was forced to keep her room.

At that moment a message came for the count. It was urgent and could not wait. The count went to the door, and, returning presently, asked if Jorgen was sure that his daughter was in the house. Certain of it he was, for she was ill, and the days were deepening into winter. But for all his assurance, Jorgen sprang up from his seat and made for his daughter's chamber. She was not there, and the room was empty. The count met him in the corridor. "Follow me," he whispered, and Jorgen followed, his proud, stern head bent low.

In the rear of the government house at Reykjavik there is a small meadow. That night it was inches deep in the year's first fall of snow, but two persons stood together there, close locked in each other's arms—Stephen Orry and the daughter of Jorgen Jorgensen. With the tread of a cat a man crept up behind them. It was the brother of Patrickken. At his back came the count and the governor. The snow clod lifted, and a white gush of moonlight showed all. With the cry of a wild beast, Jorgen flung himself between his daughter and her lover, leapt at Stephen and struck him hard on the breast, and then, as the girl dropped to her knees at his feet, he cursed her.

"Bastard," he shrieked, "there's no blood of mine in your body. Go to your filthy offal, and may the devil damn you both!"

She stopped her ears to shut out the torrent of a father's curse, but before the flood of it was spent she fell backward cold and senseless, and her upturned face was whiter than the snow. Then her giant lover lifted her in his arms as if she had been a child, and strode away in silence.

(To Be Continued.)

A BUFFALO RESERVATION.

Government Asked To Set Aside Some Waste Land.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—C. F. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, because of his efforts for the preservation of the American bison, was recently in the city in behalf of his pets.

Mr. Jones wants the government to set aside a portion of its waste lands in the southwest on which the few remaining buffalo can be confined and bred secure from the assaults of hunters. Many members of congress favor his project and the house committee on public lands has recommended that 20,000 acres be set aside for this purpose. Mr. Jones wanted from 500,000 to 2,500,000 acres, and is rather disappointed at the outlook for his scheme. Talking of his hobby, Mr. Jones said:

"No one can regret more than I the practical extinction of the buffalo. The government should rather all the remaining buffalo that it is possible to obtain on a great reservation, preferably in the Panhandle of Texas, where, guarded and maintained by the United States, they might be propagated and eventually distributed over the country. If this is not done soon the buffalo will surely become extinct."

"The instinct of the buffalo surpasses that of the shrewdest ranchman, for he was able for years to sustain himself on land on which the cattle of the ranchmen are now dying."

"The buffalo never yields to disease. He is clean in his domestic habits, and in consequence always drinks pure water, eats clean, fresh grass, does not besmear himself with filth, and never suffers from any of the skin diseases common to domestic or range cattle. His thick underfur and the 'pantaloons' which cover his legs make him unaware of the existence of flies in summer and allow him to fatten when domestic cattle grow thin and die or account of these pests. When winter comes he adds an additional robe of fat to his robe of fat and turning his head to the storm eats quietly along to the front in the face of the fiercest blizzard that ever blew."

A St. Louis judge has declared the union label law unconstitutional.

RATIFIED.

BIG RATIFICATION MEETING AT LINCOLN.

PLATFORM ENDORSED.

A Mighty Crowd Listens To the Speeches of Bryan, Stevenson, Towne and Weaver.

Lincoln, Neb.—(Special.)—The great Bryan and Stevenson ratification meeting held on the capitol grounds was a most gratifying success to Nebraska Unionists. Ten thousand people in a conservative estimate of the number present, and the ardor and enthusiasm displayed was commensurate with the size of the crowd. In the speeches of General Weaver, Webster Davis and Charles A. Towne the vast audience was favored with three magnificent and inspiring addresses eliciting continued rounds of applause.

The effect of the meeting cannot be far-reaching, not only in Lincoln and Lancaster county, but throughout the state. The significant feature of both afternoon and evening meetings was the spirit that distinguished the Kansas City convention, the spirit of lofty and exalted patriotism, of loyalty to free American institutions and unquenched love for American principles and ideas.

General Weaver in his speech, recounted the growth of the movement in this country and told how the great democratic party had been educated to assume a worthy leadership.

"That party asserted itself," he said, "and drove out the money changers from the temple of liberty, even as Christ drove them from the temple of Judea. And when Bryan raised his voice every loyal populist fell in under his banner."

General Weaver then proceeded in what he termed "a plain talk to populists."

"We have our choice as to the head of the ticket," he said. "We wouldn't have any other if we could. We substantially have our way as to the platform. There are only three things we could have: The head of the ticket, the platform and the vice president. We have two-thirds of the whole."

General Weaver then paid a splendid tribute to the character and the record of Adlai Stevenson. He told how he had been elected to the Forty-sixth congress a greenbacker; how he there supported the eight-hour law; supported an income tax bill; opposed the changing of the coinage ratio to a ratio higher than 15 to 1; how he supported the Warner silver bill, and the amendment requiring the secretary of the treasury to treat silver exactly as he treated gold.

"Who can beat that record?" inquired General Weaver. "There is not in Adlai Stevenson's long record a single point in conflict with the principles of the populist party."

Charles A. Towne's speech occupied almost two hours in delivery. Though the crowd, standing closely packed, was necessarily in greatest discomfort, he was listened to with closest attention throughout. His speech was a complete, eloquent and unanswerable presentation of the great issues of the campaign.

Senator Allen, on being introduced by Dr. Hall, instead of himself addressing the audience, introduced Webster Davis and compelled him to come forward. The eloquent Missourian, in a speech of impassioned sublimity, aroused the great crowd to the wildest tumult. Bryan and Stevenson appeared at 10:30 and were cheered for several minutes. Each spoke briefly, expressing thanks and appreciation for the cordiality of the reception.

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Towne was followed by Mr. Bryan, who was introduced amid tremendous applause. He spoke as follows:

"I am deeply grateful to the good people of this city and state for their very cordial approval of my nomination. Four years ago the state gave me about 13,000 plurality, and on three occasions since that time the people of Nebraska declared their adherence to the political principles for which I have been contending. I am not vain enough to believe that their support is meant as a compliment. I accept it as an evidence of their devotion to the principles to which I have been wedded. We enter the campaign under conditions far more favorable to success than those which surrounded us in 1896. But whether we win this year or not, the fight must be continued until organized wealth ceases to control the affairs of the nation and it becomes again a nation of the people. I do not care to enter at the present time upon a discussion of the issues presented by the platform adopted at Kansas City."

"I can say, however, that it is, in my judgment, the greatest platform adopted in recent years, if not in the history of the country. It is a greater platform than the Chicago platform, for it indorses the principles set forth in that platform and in addition there presents the party's position on several new and vital questions."

NO AMBIGUITY.

"There is no evasion about the platform, no ambiguity or no double dealing. It is as clear as the tones of a liberty bell. It deals honestly with the American people. Its candidates are pledged to its maintenance."

"When the convention came to the selection of a candidate for vice president there was a diversity of opinion,

Some preferred an eastern candidate saying that he would strengthen the ticket in the east. Some preferred Mr. Towne, knowing of the sacrifice which he had made for principle and of his devotion to the principles set forth in the Chicago platform. But the choice fell upon a distinguished Illinois democrat, who once discharged with great credit the duties of the office.

"In the campaign of 189, when plutocracy and democracy met face to face, Adlai E. Stevenson was an able and courageous defender of democracy. During the campaign he spoke in seven of the close states. When I visited Bloomington, near the close of the campaign, he was chairman of the meeting. In beginning my speech, I referred to him as follows: 'We who have been keepers of the democratic faith love Adlai Stevenson, not only for what he is, but we love him also because he is all we have left of the last national democratic ticket. The bible tells you of the father who loved the prodigal son when he returned. I tell you of the democratic father who loved the son who went not astray.' I know that some of our allies felt aggrieved that they were not given the second place upon the ticket, but I am sure that they cannot feel unkindly towards one who, like Mr. Stevenson, was loyal to the ticket nominated at Chicago and who is able to defend the magnificent party principles set forth in Kansas City."

IT DESERVES SUPPORT.

"In this campaign the issue is greater than the last. I shall not ask anyone to vote our ticket merely because it is the ticket of the party. It deserves support because it stands for the Declaration of Independence in dealing with the Philippines and for the doctrine of equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

General J. B. Weaver spoke at length, outlining the work to be done by the democratic, silver republican and populist parties and appealing for harmony for the common cause. He also paid tribute to Mr. Stevenson's record in congress.

STEVENSON'S REMARKS.

Vice Presidential Candidate Stevenson spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I will detain you but a moment. It is too early in the campaign to hold political meetings all night (laughter). I think somewhere between 12 and 1 o'clock at night a proper hour to adjourn even a Bryan meeting in the state of Nebraska (applause and cries of "Go ahead"). During the day I have had the pleasure of shaking hands with many hundred Illinoisans. I am glad to meet them here. I know how much they have contributed to the upbuilding of this great commonwealth even as their fathers did towards the upbuilding of the great state of Illinois (applause)."

"Many years ago, my neighbor and personal friend, a young farmer from my own county, came to the northwest and cast his fortunes with the good people of Nebraska. Today I have had the pleasure of clasping the hand of the honorable governor of your commonwealth. (Applause.) A few years later from another portion of Illinois, a young lawyer came to Lincoln and cast his fortunes with the people, first of this city, then of this state and then of the United States. I have heard his voice tonight, and on the 4th of next March, as I trust in God, the state of Nebraska en masse will turn out and see William J. Bryan inaugurated as president of the United States. (Great applause and cheering.)"

"You will remember I told you that I did not intend to make a speech. When I saw my friend Weaver, with whom it was my good fortune to be associated in public life almost a quarter of a century ago, when I heard the eloquent words of Mr. Towne, and I trust his voice will be heard in every state in this union before this contest closes, and the distinguished gentleman who has touched the hearts of all the people of all parties when he told of the struggles of a people for liberty, when I heard these, there is nothing more to be said."

CALL TO VICTORY.

"I trust that the great party, I do not use it in the term of a mere political organization, but this great uprising of the American people, whose platform is the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; I trust that in this great contest victory will perch upon our banners and his government of ours will be brought back to the assertion and the maintenance of the liberties of our country, to the doctrines of the fathers, and to this end from now until the 15th of November, let all men who cherish the memory of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Lincoln, and all of the patriots who have gone, work together for that victory that I am confident will come, and then we will know that this government will be restored to its original purity and administered as it was in the days of the fathers. (Applause.)"

"At a future day I trust it may be my good fortune in the afternoon, or the early evening, or any time before midnight, again to address this splendid audience of the people of Nebraska. (Great applause.)"

VAST ARMY IN PHILIPPINES.

Washington.—(Special.)—A statement prepared by the adjutant general shows that the total strength of the United States army in the Philippines June 30 last was 63,426 officers and men. Of that number 31,821 were regulars and 31,605 volunteers, distributed among the different arms as follows: Infantry, 54,385 officers and men; cavalry, 3,492; artillery, 2,291, and staff corps, 3,276. The total strength given includes 1,330 officers and men of the Ninth infantry, since transferred to China.