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CHAPTER IL.

THE MOTHER OF A MAN. The daughter of the governor general and the seaman of Stappen were made man and wife. The little Lutheran priest who married them, Sigfus Thomson, a worthy man and a good Christian, had reason to remember the ceremony. Within a week he was removed from his chaplaincy at the capital to the rectory of Grimsey, the smallest cure of the Icelandic church, on an island separated from the mainland by

seven Danish miles of sea.

The days that followed brought Rachei no cheer of life. She had thought that her husband would take her away to his home under Snaefell, and so remove her from the scene of her humiliation. He excused himself, saying that Stappen was but a poor place. where the great ships never put in to trade, and that there was more chance of livelihood at Reykjavik. Rachel crushed down her shame, and they took a mean little house in the fishing quarter. But Stephen did no work. Once he went out four days with a company of Englishmen as guide to the geysers, and on his return he idled four weeks on the wharves, looking at the foreign seamen as they arrived by the boats. The fame of his exploit at put on her large linen head-dress, hur-Thingvelkr had brought him a troop of ried out, and made for the wharf. admirers, and what he wanted for his pleasure never lacked. But necessity began to touch him at home, and then was rich. She had borne his indiffer- stores to buy fligree jeweiry and rings, murmured at the idleness that pinched of their golden locks shorn off. And her heart seemed to break. She bent desire of so much artificial adornment her head and said nothing. He went and dread of so much natural disfigon to hint that she should go to her urement, until, like moths, they would father, who seeing her need would fall before the light of the Jew's bright surely forgive her. Then her proud silver.

spirit could brook no more. "Rather than darken my father's doors again." she said, "I will starve on a crust of there her heart misgave her, and she bread and a drop of water."

Things did not mend, and Stephen began to cast down his eyes in shame hair to the Jew was to make herself when Rachel looked at him. Never a word of blame she spoke, but he re- town, but that was not the fear that proached himself and taiked of his old held her back. Suddenly the thought mother at Stappen. She was the only had come to her that what she had one who could do any good with him. She knew him and did not spare him. When she was near he worked sometimes, an ddid not drink too much. He must send for her.

Rachel raised no obstacle, and one day the old mother came, perched upon heads, she could not help but ask hera bony, ragged-eared pony, and with all self what it would profit her, though She was a little, hard-featured woman; she lost him for herself? And thinking and at the first sight of her scamed in this fashion she was turning away and blotted face Rachel's spirit sank. | with a faltering step, when the Jew,

The old woman was active and rest- seeing her, called to her, saying what less. Two days after her arrival she lovely hair she had, and asking would Christian soul.

her one day with a shame-faced look and cursed his luck, and said if he her, for that was the wife he had only had an open boat of his own what brought home to revile his mother. he would do for both of them. She asked how much a boat would cost him, tears, and Stephen lunged in between and he answered sixty kroner; that a Scotch captain then in the harbor had the women and with the back of his hand struck his wife across the face. such a one to sell at that price, and that it was a better boat than the fishermen of those parts ever owned, for it was of English build. Now it chanced that sitting alone that day in her hope lessness, Rachel had overheard a group of noisy young girls in the street tell of a certain Jew, named Bernard Frank who stood on the jetty by the stores

buying hair of the young maidens who would sell to him, and of the great money he had paid to some of them, such as they had never handled before

And now at this mention of the boat and at the flash of hope that came with

it, Rachel remembered that she herself now not much to tell, but the little that had a plentiful head of hair, and how is left is the kernel of this history. often it had been commended for its color and texture, and length and emotions, she was brought to bed before abundance, in the days (now gone forher time was yet full. Her labor was ever) when all things were good and hard, and long she lay between life and beautiful that belonged to the daughter death, for the angel of hope did not pull of the governor. So, making some exwith her. But as the sun shot its first cuse to Stephen, she rose up, put off yellow rays through the little skinher little house cap with the tassel, covered windows, a child was born to Rachel, and it was a boy. Little joy she found in it, and remembering its

father's inhumanity, she turned her There in truth the Jew was standing with a group of girls about him. And face from it to the wall, trying thereby some of these would sell outright to to conquer the yearning that answered he hinted to Rachel that her father him, and then go straightway to the to its cry.

It was then for the first time since ence to his degradation, she had not or bright-hued shawis, with the price her lying-in that the old mother came to her. She had been out searching for them, but at that word something in some would hover about him between Stephen, and had just come upon news He would clamber up the rocks of the of him. "He has gone in an English ship."

she cried. "He sailed last night, and 1 have lost him forever." And at that she leaned her quivering

hair, you ugly bald-pate."

dirt under my feet."

words. "You low, mean, selfish soul."

Worse than this she said, and the old

woman called on Stephen to hearken to

The old witch shed some crocodile

At that blow Rachel was slient for

That night, amid the strain of strong

white face over the bed, and raised her in the elder down that she cleaned for Rachel had reached the place at the clenched hand over Rachel's face. first impulse of her thought, but being "Son for son," she cried again. "May you lose your son, even as you have paused on the outskirts of the crowd. made me to lose mine." To go in among those girls and sell her

The child seemed likely to answer to the implous prayer, for its little one with the lowest and meanest of the strength waned visibly. And in those first hours of her shameful widowhood the evil thought came to Rachel to do with it as the baser sort among her intended to do was meant to win her people were allowed to do with the hushand back to her, yet that she children they did not wish to rearcould not say what it was that had expose it to its death before it had yet won him for her at the first. And see-

touched food. But in the throes, as she ing how sadly the girls were changed thought, of its extremity, the love of after the shears had passed over their the mother prevailed over the hate of the wife, and with a gush of tears she her beiongings on the pack behind her. she got the beat for her husband, if plucked the babe to her breast. Then the neighbor, who out of pity and char. Ity had nursed her in her dark hour. ran for the priest, that with the bless. ing of baptism the child might die a

to her feet and said bitterly, "And a earnings Rachel lived in content, and e ood thing, too. I know you-trust me if Jorgen Jorgensen had any knowlfor seeing through your sly ways, my edge of his daughter's necessities he lady. You expected to take my son made no effort to relieve them. from me with the price of your ginger | Her child lived-a happy, sprightly,

joyous bird in its little cage-and her Rachel's head grew light, and with broken heart danced to its delicious acthe cry of a bated creature she turned cents. It sweetened her labors, it softupon the old mother in a torrent of hot ened her misfortunes, its made life more dear and death more dreadful; it was she cried, "I despise you more than the the strength of her arms and the courage of her soul, her summons to labor and her desire for rest. Call her wretched no longer, for now she had her child to love. Happy little dingy cabin in the fishing quarter, amid the vats for sharks' oil and the heaps of where her life, her hope, her joy, her solace lay swathed in the coveriet of

> And as she worked through the long summer days on the beach, with the child playing among the pebbles at her feet, many a dream danced before her of the days to come, when the boy would sail in the ships that came to their coast, and perhaps take her with him to that island of the sea that had been her mother's English home, where men were good to women, and women were true to men. Until then she must live where she was, a prisoner chained to a cruel rock; but she would not repine, she could wait, for the time of her deliverance was near. Her liberator was coming. He was at her feet; he was her child, her boy, her darling; and when he slumbered she saw him wax and grow, and when he awoke she saw her fetters break. Thus on the bridge of hope's own rainbow she spanned her little world of shame and pain.

pent.

lion which human greed is closing.

The years went by, and Jason grew to be a strong-limbed, straight, stalwart lad, red-haired and passionatehearted, reckless and improvident co far as improvidence was possible amid the conditions of his bringing up. He was a human waterfowl, and ai lhis days were spent on the sea. Such work as was also play he was eager to do. island of Engy outside the harbor, to . take the eggs of the elder duck from the steep places where she built her 6 nest; and from the beginning of May + to the end of June he found his mother

the English traders. People whispered to Rachel that he favored his father. both in stature and character, but she turned a deaf ear to their gloomy forebodings. Her son was as fair as the day to lok upon, and if he had his lazy humors, he had also one quality which overtopped them all-he loved his mother. People whispered again that in this regard also he resembled his father, who amid many vices had the same

sole virtues. Partly to shut him off from the scandal of the gossips, who might tell him too soon the story of his mother's wrecked and broken life, and partly out of the bitterness and selfishnes sof her bruised spirit, Rachel brought up her boy to speak the tongue of her mother-the English tongue. Her purpose failed her, for Jason learned Icelandic on the beach as fast as English in the house; he heard the story of his was at work at her old trade of split- she part with it. There was no going Httle, sleep-bound body from Rachel's baseness and brought it back to her in the colors of a thrice-told tale. effort of fear and pride! It was nevertheless to prepare the lad for the future that was before him. And through all the days of her worse than widowhood, amid dark memories of the past and thoughts of the future wherein many passions struggled together, the hope lay low down in Rachel's mind that Stephen would return to her. Could he continue to stand in dread of the threat of his own wife? No no, no. It had been only the hot word of a moment of anger, and it was gone. Stephen was staying away in fear of the brother of Patricksen. When that man was dead, or out of the way, he would return. Then he would see their boy, and remember his duty towards him, and if the lad ever again spoke bitterly of one whom he had never yet seen, she on her part would chide him, and the light of revenge that sometimes flashed in his brilliant blue eves would fade away and in unlooking and affection he would walk as a son with his father's hand.



(By Jas. Creelman in N. Y. Journal.) ed the young men of Europe a The young men of the United States them the unconscious enemies of their will decide the approaching struggle own liberties

for control of the national government, There is nothing of this in the de and it is interesting to observe the atocratic appeal to the young men this titude of the two great political par- year-no gleam of war, no fascinating ties toward the youth of the nation. national cover of adventure, no of What the young man seeks today is nies to be ruled and plundered. The apportunity-a fair chance to compete. democratic party asks the young men The republican party says, in effect, of America to have confidence in their to the young men of the country, that own institutions, to shun the blo dried cod! It was filled with heaven's the natural and inevitable development example of European nations, and to own light, that came not from above, of the trust system is narrowing op- believe that Americans are better embut radiated from the little cradle portunity at home, that to attempt to ployed in the fields and factories ramp or prevent the growth of trusts America than in subjugating dis would be unscientific and hopeless, but colonies. that there is boundless opportunity for

The question which confro young men in the Philippines and in young man in America today is this: Is China, and that an American colonial the American continent exhausted, and system will furnish an outlet for the must Americans look elsewhere for openergy and ambition which seek in portunities? If not, how are og vain for a field on the American conti- tunities to be found at home?

Is it true that the government has no The democratic party says to the right to interfere with the trusts? The young men of America that there is government interferes with the man room enough for them on their own who drives his horse too fast in the soil and that, when industrial, financial streets. Why? It is his own horse. The or commercial developments tend to les- government interferes with a man whe sen or destroy opportunity it is the discharges his gun in the streets. Why? futy of the government to intervene It is his own gun. The government inind reopen the channels of competi- terferes with a man who sets fire to his house. Why? It is his own ho One is a policy stained with the crime. The interference of the government is and damned with the failures of Euro- justified by the old-fashioned idea that pean civilization. The other is an one man's rights end where another man's rights begin, that one man's

American policy. Mr. Hanan seems to be convinced property must not mean everybody that the imagination of the young men else's property. This is the basis of of the United States has been fired by the appeal of the democracy to the visions of empire in the far east, that young men.

they are tired of the platitude of the This is the policy of Jefferson and Declaration of Independence and the Lincoln. The highest duty which the provincialism of the Monroe doctrine, government owes to its citizens is to and that they will enthusiastically sup- see that their chances in life are not port a policy of conquest and adven- decreased. All must start equal in the ture. So every republican orator race. The man of brains will rise and



moment, trembling like an affrighted all her love. beast, and then she turned upon her husband. "And so you have struck me me-me," she cried. "Have you forgotten the death of Patricksen?" The blow of her words was harde than the blow of her husband's hand.

The man reeled before it, turned white, gasped for breath, then caught up his cap and fied out into the night. CHAPTER III. THE LAD JASON. Of Rachel in her dishonor there i

difference that the change had made beach, and living with her son and her son's wife instead of alone.

Her coming did not better te condition of Rachel. She had measured her new daughter-in-iaw from head to foot yours." at their first meeting, and neither smiled nor kissed her. She was devoted to her by the transaction, but he paid the son, and no woman was too good for chel had come between them. The old woman made up her mind to hate the girl, because her fine manners and comely face were a daily rebuke to her own coarse habits and homely looks, and an hourly contrast always present to Stephen's eyes.

Stephen was as idle as ever, and less ashamed of his sloth now that there was someone to keep the wolf from the door. His mother accepted with cheerfulness the duty of breadwinner to her son, but Rachel's helplessness chafed her. For all her fine fingering the girl could finger nothing that would fill the pot. "A pretty wife you've brought me home to keep," she muttered morning and evening.

But Rachel's abasement was not even yet at its worst. "Oh," she thought. "if I could but get back my husband to myself alone, he would see my humiliation and save me from it." She went a woman's way to work to have the old mother sent home to Stappen. But the trick that woman's wit can devise woman's wit can baulk, and the old mother held her ground. Then the girl bethought her of her old shame at living in a hovel close to her father's house, and asked to be taken away. Anywhere, anywhere, let it be to the world's end, and she would follow. Stephen answered that one place was like another in Iceland, where the people were few and all knew their history; and done, but the minutes passed and and, as for foreign parts, though a seaman he was not a seagoing man, farther than the whale fishing may about their coasts, and that, go where they might to better their condition, yet other poor men were there already. At fore the fire and snored. At length, that Rachel's heart sank, for she saw when the night had worn on towards that the great body of her husband midnight, an unsteady step came to must cover a pigmy soul. Bound she was for all her weary days to the place house, drunk. The old woman awoke of her disgrace, doomed she was to live and laughed. to the last with the woman who hated her, and to eat that woman's bitter bread. She was heavy with child at this time, and her spirit was broken. So she sat herself down with her feet thought to make one hundred kroner of to the hearth, and wept.

from the beach, and many a gibe she

out as bravely as she could, she removfor her was that she was working on ed her head-dress, dropped her hair ou: the beach at Reykjavik instead of the of the plaits, until it fell in its sunny wavelets to her waist, and asked how much would he give for it. The Jew

answered, "Fifty kroner." "Make it sixty," she said, "and it is

The Jew protested that he would lose money into Rachel's hands, and she, him. Her son had loved her, and Ra- les tshe should repent of her bargain. prayed hi mto take her hair off instantly. He was nothing loth to do so. and the beautiful flaxen locks, cut close to the crown, fell in long tresses under his big shears. Rachel put back her linen head-dress, and, holding tighly the sixty silver pieces in her paim,

hurried home. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes were wet, and her heart was beating high when she returned to her poor home in the fishing quarter. Thera in a shrill, tremulous voice of joy and fear, she told Stephen all, and counted out the glistening coins to the last of the sixty into his great hand.

"And now you can buy the English boat," she said, "and we shall be beholden to no one."

He answered her wild words with few of his own, and showed little pleasure; yet he closed his hand on the money, and getting up, he went out of the house, saying he must see the Scotch he gone when the old mother came in from her work on the beach, and Rachel's hopes being high, she could not told her all, little as was the commerce that passed between them. The

mother only grunted as she listened and went on with her food.

Rachel longed for Stephen to return with the good news that all was settled waited with fear at her heart, but the the door, and Stephen reeled into the

Rachel grew faint and sank to a seat. Stephen dropped to his knees on the ground before her, and in a maudlin ery went on to tell of how he had her sixty by a wager, how he had lost

"Then all is gone-all," cried Rachel. | pence a day could be made in this way tung her way. But stephen sat beside And thereupon the old woman shuffed from the English traders. With such rites

arms, and asked her the name. She did not answer, and he asked again Once more, having no reply, he turned to the neighbor to know what the father's name had been.

"Stephen Orry," said the good woman. "Then Stephen Stephensen," he be gan, dipping his fingers into the water; but at the sound of that name Rachel cried, "No, no, no."

"He has not done well by her, poor soul," whispered the woman; "call it after her own father."

"Then Jorgen Jorgensen." the priest began again; and then again Rachel cried, "No, no, no," and raised herself upon her arm.

"It has no father." she said "and I have none. If it is to die, let it go to God's throne with the badge of no man's crueity; and if it is to live, let it be known my no man's name save its own. Call it Jason-Jason only."

And in the name of Jason the child was baptized, and so it was that Rachel, little knowing what she was doing in her blind passion and pain, severed her child from kith and kin. But in

what she did out of the bitterness of her heart God himself had His own great purposes.

From that hour the child increased in strength, and soon waxed strong, and three days after, as the babe lay coo ing at Rachel's breast, and she in her own despite was tasting the first sweet captain then and there. Hardly had joys of motherhood, the old mother of Stephen came to her again.

"This is my house," she said, "and I will keep shelter over your head no but share them with her, and so she longer. You must pack and awayyou and your brat, both of you."

That night the Bishop of the island-Bishop Petersen, once a friend of Rachel's mother, now much in fear of the

governor, her father-came to her in secret to say that there was a house for her at the extreme west of the fishing he did not come. The old woman sat quarter, where a fisherman had lately by the hearth and smoked. Rachel died, leaving the little that he had to the church. There she betook herself hours went by and still Stephen did with her child as soon as the days of not appear. The old woman dozed be- her lying-in were over. It was a little oblong shed, of lava blocks laid with peat for mortar, resembling on the out. side two ancient seamen shoving bouldors together against the weather, and on the inside two tiny bird cages.

And having no one now to stand to her, or seem to stand, in the place of bread-winner, she set herself to such poor work as she could do and earn a scanty living by. This was cleaning the down of the elder duck, by passing It through a sleve made of yarn stretch There the old mother saw her as often fifty, and then in a fit of despair had ed over a hoop. By a deft hand, with as she bustled in and out of the house spent the other ten. extreme labor, something equal to six-

Thus in the riot of her woman's heart hope fought with fear and love with hate. And at last the brother of Patricksen did indeed disappear. Rumor whispered that he had returned to the Westmann Islands, there to settle for the rest of his days and travel the sea no more.

"Now he will come," thought Rachel, "Wherever he is, he will learn that there is no longer anything to fear, and he will return.

And she walted with as firm a hope Noah waited for the settling of the brogress, but he says interies of half-armed preserve that equal chance. It is dry land.

But time went on and Stephen did not appear, and at length under the turmoll of a heart that fought with itself. Rachel's health began to sink,

Then Patricksen returned. He had a message for her. He knew where her husband was. Stephen Orry was on

child. His wife was dead, but his son a life which their fathers had, and he of opportunity. was living.

Rachel in her weakness went to bed he American in China and the Philipand rose from it no more. The broad lines-two overcrowded countries. dazzle of the sun that had been so soon to rise on her wasted life was shot over

Her boy must go alone. (To be continued.)

As is customary in obstinate cases the sake of war. It hopes to arouse in western civilisation must assert it kmerica the corrupt and corrupting rights in China by promoting funeral spirit of militarism winch has sustain-

"I SPEAK NOT OF FORCIBLE ANNEXATION FOR THAT CANNOT BE THOUGHT OF. THAT, BY OUR CODE OF MOR-ALITY, WOULD BE CRIMINAL AGGRESSION .-- From McKinley's Message To Congress.

iwells enchantingly on the glittering, the stupid man will fall. That is not mysterious, easily-got wealth of Asia. the fault of the government. No sys-He points to the possessions of Great tem of lawyers will put virtue or en-

Britain and other nations in the cast ergy into a vicious or lazy man. But that the winds would carry the word as is an evidence of their wealth and the chance of each must be the same. progress. But he says nothing about it is the duty of the government to

> the laying waste of prosperous agricul- And when trusts of any other forms of nave attended the extension of Euro- start in the race; when competition beean power in Asia.

Talk to a republican leader today the little Island of Man, far away to about the necessity for restraining the of all, or of the greater part of the the south, in the Irish sea. He had rusts and restoring to the young men community, then it is that law must married again, and he had another of the country the chance to compete exert itself to widen again the doors

> effort to smash the trust system, to make the United States once more the The idea of empire is and always land of the young man, the land of nust be associated with the idea of opportunity and hope.

with an inky pall of cloud. Not for 'orce. Empire can only rest on force. A vote this year means more to the her was to be the voyage to England and the republican party appeals to young man than it does to the old man. he young voters to follow Theodore. The nation has come to the ere Roosevelt, the slashing, dashing rough roads of its history. Which path simp ider, the man who believes in war for it be?

> The German empire has 6.000 m workers: 500,000 unionists.

will tell you about the great future of It needs but a vigorous and united

omes impossible and monopoly stretch. es out its hands for the englavement

Asiatle peoples, of the burning of cities, poor man's only inheritance in America.

ural countries, the plundering and ex- concentrated wealth or power begin to tortion, the violation of innocent wo- press against the poor man's, or even nen and a hundred other crimes which the comparatively rich man's, equal