

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER III.

It was in the winter season in that stern land of the north, when night and day so closely commingle that the darkness seems never to lift. And in the silence of that long night Rachel lay in her little hut, sinking rapidly and much alone. Jason came to her from time to time, in his great sea stockings and big gloves, and with the odor of the brine in his long red hair. By her bedside he would stand for half an hour in silence, with eyes full of wonderment; for life like that of an untamed colt was in his own warm limbs, and death was very strange to him. A sudden hemorrhage brought the end, and one day darker than the rest, when Jason hastened home from the boats, the pain and panting of death were there before him. His mother's pallid face lay on her arm, her great dark eyes were glazed already, she was breathing hard and every breath was a spasm. Jason ran for the priest—the same that had named him in his baptism. The good man came hobbling along, book in hand, and seeing how life flickered he would have sent for the governor, but Rachel forbade him. He read to her, he sang for her in his crazy cracked voice, he shrived her, and then all being over, as far as human efforts could avail, he sat himself down on a chest, spread his print handkerchief over his knee, took out his snuffbox and waited.

Jason stood with his back to the glow of the peat fire, and his face hard set in the gloom. Never a word came from him, never a sigh, never a tear. Only with the strange light in his wild eyes he looked on and listened.

Rachel stirred, and called to him.

"Are you there, Jason?" she said, feebly, and he stepped to her side.

"Closer," she whispered, and he took her cold hand in both his hands, and then her dim eyes knew where to look for his face.

"Goodbye, my brave lad," she said. "I do not fear to leave you. You are strong, you are brave, and the world is kind to them that can fight it. Only to the weak is it cruel—only to the weak and the timid—only to women—only to helpless women sold into the slavery of heartless men."

And then she told him everything—her love, her loyalty, her life. In twenty little words she told the story.

"I gave him all—all. I took a father's curse for him. He struck me—he left me—he forgot me with another woman. Listen—listen—closer still—still closer," she whispered, eagerly, and then she spoke the words that lie at the heart of this history.

"You will be a sailor and sail to many lands. If you should ever meet your father, remember what your mother has borne from him. If you should never meet him, but should meet his son, remember what your mother has suffered at the hands of his father. Can you hear me? Is my speech too thick? Have you understood me?"

Jason's parched throat was choking, and he did not answer.

"My brave boy, farewell," she said. "Goodbye," she murmured again, more faintly, and after that there was a lull, a pause, a sigh, a long-drawn breath, another sigh, and then over his big brown hands her pallid face fell forward, and the end was come.

For some minutes Jason stood there still in the same impassive silence. Never a tear yet in his great eyes, now wilder than they were; never a cry from his dry throat, now surging hot and athirst; never a sound in his ears, save a dull hum of words like the plash of a breaker that was coming—coming from afar. She was gone who had been everything to him. She had sunk like a wave, and the waves of the ocean were pressing on behind her. She was lost, and the tides of life were flowing as before.

The old pastor shuffled to his feet, mopping his moist eyes with his red handkerchief. "Come away, my son," he said, and tapped Jason on the shoulder.

"Not yet," the lad answered hoarsely. And then he turned with a dazed look and said, like one who speaks in his sleep, "My father has killed my mother."

"No, no, don't say that," said the priest.

"Yes, yes," said the lad more loudly, "not in a day, or an hour, or a moment, but in twenty long years."

"Hush, hush, my son," the old priest murmured.

But Jason did not hear him. "Now listen," he cried, "and hear my vow." And still he held the cold hand in his hands, and still the ashy face rested on them.

"I will hunt the world over until I find that man, and when I have found him I will slay him."

"What are you saying?" cried the priest.

But Jason went on with an awful solemnity. "If he should die, and we should never meet, I will hunt the world over until I find his son, and when I have found him I will kill him for his father's sake."

"Silence, silence!" cried the priest.

"So help me God!" said Jason.

"My son, my son, vengeance is His. What are we that we should presume to it?"

Jason said nothing, but the frost of life's first winter that had bound up his heart, deafening him, blinding him,

choking him, seemed all at once to break. He pushed the cold face gently back on to the pillow, and fell over it with sobs that shook the bed.

They buried the daughter of the governor in the acre allotted to the dead poor in the yard of the cathedral of Reykjavik. The bells were ringing a choral peal between matin and morning service. Happy little girls in bright new gowns, with primroses on their breasts yellowing their round shins, went skipping in at the wide west doorway, chattering as they went like linnets in spring. It was Easter Day, nineteen years after Stephen Orry had fled from Iceland.

Next morning Jason signed articles on the wharf to sail as seaman before the mast on an Irish schooner homeward bound for Belfast, with liberty to call at Whitehaven in Cumberland, and Ramsey in the Isle of Man.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ANGEL IN HOMESPUN.

The little island in the middle of the Irish sea has through many centuries had its own language and laws, and its own judges and governors. Very, very long ago it had also its own kings; and one of the greatest of them was the Icelandic seadog who bought it with blood in 1077. More recently it has had its own reigning lords, and one of the least of them was the Scottish nobleman who sold it for gold in 1754. After that act of truck and trade the English crown held the right of appointing the governor general. It chose the son of the Scottish nobleman. This was John, fourth duke of Athol, and he held his office fifty-five bad years. If the memory of old men can be trusted, he contrived to keep a swashbuckler court there, but its festivities, like his own dignities, must have been maimed and lame. He did not care to see too much of it, and that he might be free to go where he would he appointed a deputy governor.

Now when he looked about him for this deputy he found just six and twenty persons ready to fall at his feet. He might have had either of the Deemsters, but he selected neither; he might have had any of the twenty-four Keys, but he selected none. It was then that he heard of a plain farmer in the north of the island, who was honored for his uprightness, beloved for his simplicity, and revered for his piety. "The very man for me," thought the lord of the swashbucklers, and he straightway set off to see him.

He found him living like a patriarch among his people, surrounded by his sons, and proud of them that they were many and strong. His name was Adam Fairbrother. In his youth he had run away to sea, been taken prisoner by the Algerines, kept twenty-eight long months a slave in Barbary, had escaped and returned home captain of a Gineaman. This had been all his education and all his history. He had left the island a wild, headstrong, passionate lad; he had returned to it a sober, patient, gentle-hearted.

Adam's house was Lague, a loose, straggling, featureless and irreligious old fabric, on 500 hungry acres of the rocky headland of Maughold. When the duke rode up to it Adam himself was ringing the bell above the door that summoned his people to dinner. He was then in middle life, stout, yet faccid and slack, with eyes and forehead of sweetest benevolence, mouth of sweetest tenderness, and hair already whitening over his ears and temples.

"The face of an angel in homespun," thought the duke.

Adam received his visitor with the easy courtesy of an equal, first offering his hand. The duke shook hands with him. He held the stirrup while the duke alighted, took the horse to the stable, slackened its girths, and gave it a feed of oats, talking all the time. The duke stepped after him and listened. Then he led the way to the house.

The duke followed. They went into the living room—an oblong kitchen with an oak table down the middle, and two rows of benches from end to end. The farming people were trooping in, bringing with them the odor of fresh peat and soil. Bowls of barley broth were being set in front of the big chair at the table end. Adam sat in this seat and motioned the duke to the bench at his right. The duke sat down. Then six words of grace and all were in their places—Adam himself, his wife, a shrew-faced body; his six sons, big and shambling, his men, bare-armed and quiet, his moids, with skirts tucked up, plump and noisy, and the swashbuckler duke, amused and silent, glancing down the long lines of the strangest company with whom he had ever yet been asked to sit at dinner. Suet pudding followed the broth, sheep's head and potatoes followed the pudding, then six words of thanks and all rose and trooped away except the duke and Adam.

That good man had not altered the habit of his life by so much as a plate of cheese for the fact that the "Lord of Mann" had sat at meat with him. "The manners of a prince," thought the duke.

They took the armchairs at opposite sides of the ingle.

"You look cosy in your retreat, Mr. Fairbrother," said the duke; "but since your days in Guinea, have you never dreamed of a position of more power, and perhaps of more profit?"

"As for power," answered Adam, "I

have observed that the name and the reality rarely go together."

"The experience of a statesman," thought the duke.

"As for profit," he continued, "I have reflected that money has never yet since the world began tempted a happy man."

"The wisdom of a judge," thought the duke.

"And as for myself I am a completely happy one."

"With more than a judge's integrity," thought the duke.

At that the duke told the purpose of his visit.

"And now," he said, with uplifted hands, "don't say I've gone far to fare worse. The post I offer requires but one qualification in the man who fills it, yet no one about me possesses the simple gift. It needs an honest man, and all the better if he's not a fool. Will you take it?"

"No," said Adam, short and blunt.

"The very man," thought the duke.

Six months later the duke had his way. Adam Fairbrother of Lague was made governor of Mann (under the duke himself as governor general) at a salary of five hundred pounds a year.

On the night of Midsummer Day, 1793, the town of Ramsey held high festival. The Royal George had dropped anchor in the bay, and the prince of Wales, attended by the duke of Athol, Captain Murray and Captain Cook, had come ashore to set the foot of an English prince for the first time on Manx soil.

Before dusk, the royal ship had weighed anchor again, but when night fell in the festivities had only begun. Guns were fired, bands of music passed thro' the town, and bonfires were lighted on the top of the Sky hill. The kitchens of the inns were crowded, and the streets were thronged with country people enveloped in dust. In the market place the girls were romping, the young men were drinking, the children shouting at the top of their voices, the peddlers edging their barrows through the crowd and crying their wares. Over all the tumult of exuberant voices, the shouting, the laughter, the merry shrieks, the gay banter, the barking of sheep-dogs, the snarling of mongrel setters, the streaming and smoking of hawkers' torches across a thousand faces, there was the steady peal of the bell of Ballure.

In the midst of it all a strange man passed through the town. He was of colossal stature—stalwart, straight and flaxen-haired, wearing a goatskin cap without brim, a gray woollen shirt open at the neck and belted with a leathern strap, breeches of untanned leather, long, thick stockings, a second pair up to his ankles, and no shoes on his feet. His face was pale, his cheek bones stood high, and his eyes were like the eyes of a cormorant. The pretty girls stopped their chatter to look after him, but he strode on with long steps, and the people fell aside for him.

At the door of the Saddle Inn he stood a moment, but voices came from within and he passed on. Going by the court house he came to the Plough tavern, and there he stopped again, paused a moment, then stepped in. After a time the children who had followed at his heels separated, and the girls who had looked after him began to dance with arms akimbo, and skirts held up over their white ankles. He was forgotten.

An hour later, four men, armed with cutlasses, and carrying ship's irons, came hurrying from the harbor. They were blue-jackets from the revenue-cutter lying in the bay, and they were in pursuit of a seaman who had escaped from the English brig at anchor outside. The runaway was a giant and a foreigner, and could not speak a word of English or Manx. Had anyone seen him? Yes, everyone. He had gone into the Plough. To the Plough the bluejackets made their way. The good woman who kept it, Mother Beatty, had certainly seen such a man. "Aw, yes, the poor craythur, he came, so he did," but never a word could she speak to her, and never a word could she speak to him, so she gave him a bit of barley cake, and maybe a drop of something, and that was all. He was not in the house, then? "Och, let them look for themselves." The bluejackets searched the house, and came out as they had entered. Then they passed through every street, looked down every alley, and went back to their ship empty-handed.

When they were gone Mother Beatty came to the door and looked out. At the next instant the big-limbed stranger stepped from behind her.

"That way," she whispered, and she pointed to a dark alley opposite.

The man watched the direction of her finger in the darkness, doffed his cap, and strode away.

The alley led him by many a turn to the foot of a hill. It was Ballure. Behind him lay the town, with the throngs, the voices, and the bands of music. To his left was the fort, belching smoke and the roar of cannon. To his right were the bonfires on the hill-top, with little dark figures passing before them, and a glow above them embracing a third of the sky. In front of him was the gloom and silence of the country. He walked on; a fresh coolness came to him out of the darkness, and over him a dull murmur hovered in the air. He was going towards Kirk Maughold.

He passed two or three little houses by the wayside, but most of them were dark. He came by a tavern, but the door was shut, and no one answered when he knocked. At length, by the turn of a byroad, he saw a light thro' the trees, and making towards it he found a long shambling house under a clump of elms. He was at Lague.

The light he saw was from one window only, and he stepped up to it. A man was sitting alone by the hearth, with the glow of a gentle fire on his

face—a beautiful face, soft and sweet and tender. It was Adam Fairbrother.

The stranger stood for a moment in the darkness, looking into the quiet room. Then he tapped on the window-pane.

On this evening Governor Fairbrother was worn with toil and excitement. It had been Tynwald day, and while sitting at St. John's he had been summoned to Ramsey to receive the prince of Wales and the duke of Athol. The royal party had already landed when he arrived, but not a word of apology had he offered for the delayed reception. He had taken the prince to the top of Sky hill, talking as he went, answering many questions and asking not a few, naming the mountains, running through the island's history, explaining the three legs of its coat of arms, glancing at its ancient customs and giving a taste of its language. He had been simple, sincere and natural from first to last, and when the time had come for the prince to return to his ship he had presented his six sons to him with the quiet dignity of a patriarch, saying these were his gifts to his king that was to be. Then on the quay he had doffered the prince his hand, hoping he might see him again before long; for he was a great lover of a happy face, and the prince, it was plain to see, was, like himself, a man of a cheerful spirit.

But when the Royal George had sailed out of the bay at the top of the tide, and the great folk who had held their breath in awe of so much majesty were preparing to celebrate the visit with the blazing of cannon and the beating of drums, Adam Fairbrother had silently slipped away. He lived at Government House, but had left his three elder boys at Lague, and thought this a happy chance of spending a night at home. Only his son's housekeeper, a spinster aunt of his own, was there, and when she had given him a bite of supper he had sent her after the others to look at the sights of Ramsey. Then he had drawn up his chair before the fire, charged his long pipe, purred a song to himself, begun to smoke, to doze and to dream.

His dreams that night had been woven with visions of his bad days in the slave factory at Barbary—of his wreck and capture, of his cruel tortures before his neck was yet bowed to the yoke of bondage, of the whip, before he knew the language of his masters to obey it quickly, of the fetters on his hands, the weights on his legs, the collar about his neck, of the raw flesh where the iron had torn the skin; and then of the dark wild night of his escape, when he and three others, as luckless and miserable, had run a raft into the sea, stripped off their shirts for a sail, and thrust their naked bodies together to keep them warm.

Such was the gray silt that came up to him that night from the deposits of his memory. The Tynwald, the prince, the duke, the guns, the music, the bonfires, were gone; bit by bit he pieced together the life he had lived in his youth, and at the thought of it, and that it was now over, he threw back his head and gave thanks that they were due.

At that moment he heard a tap on the window-pane, and turning about he saw a man's haggard face peering in at him from the darkness. Then he rose instantly, and threw open the door of the porch.

"Come in," he called.

The man entered.

He took one step into the house and stopped, seemed for a moment puzzled, dazed, sleepless, and then by a sudden impulse stepped quietly forward, pulled up the sleeve of his shirt and held out his arm. Around his wrist there was a circular abrasure where the loop of a fetter had worn away the skin, leaving the naked flesh raw and red.

He had been in irons.

With a word of welcome the governor motioned the man to a seat. Some inarticulate sounds the man made and waved his hand.

He was a foreigner. What was his craft?

A tiny model of a full-rigged ship stood on the top of a corner cupboard. Adam pointed to it, and the man gave a quick nod of assent.

He was a seaman. Of what country? "Shetlands," asked the governor.

The man shook his head.

"Sweden? Norway?"

"Iceland," said the man.

He was an Iclander.

Two rude portraits hung on the wall, one of a fair boy, the other of a woman in the early bloom of womanhood—Adam's young wife and first child. The governor pointed to the boy, and the man shook his head.

He had no family.

The governor pointed to the woman, and the man hesitated, seemed about to assent, and then, with the look of one who tries to banish an unwelcome thought, shook his head again.

He had no wife? What was his name? The governor took down from a shelf a bible covered in green cloth and opened at the writing on the fly-leaf: between the Old and New Testaments. The writing ran: "Adam Fairbrother, son of Jo. Fairbrother, and Mar; his wife, was born August the 11th, 1752 about 5 o'clock in the morning, hail-flood, wind at southwest, and Christened August 15th." To this he pointed then to himself, and finally to the stranger. An abrupt change came over the man's manner. He grew sullen and gave no sign. But his eyes wandered with a fierce eagerness to the table, where the remains of the governor's supper were still lying.

Adam drew up a chair and motioned the stranger to sit and eat. The man ate with frightful voracity, the perspiration breaking out in beads over his face. Having eaten, he grew drowsy, fell to nodding where he sat, and in a moment of recovered consciousness pointed to the stuffed head of a horse that hung over the door. He wanted to sleep in it.

The governor lit a lantern and led the way to the stable loft. There the man stretched himself on the straw, and soon his long and measured breath told that he slept.

(To be continued.)

FAMINE SCENES IN INDIA.

In Jeypore, India, "the Rose-Colored City," crowds of men are suffering in agony on the streets, their heads on the pavements, beside heaped-up bags of rice, in the midst of music and processions.

These men look like skeletons, over which a swarthy skin has been drawn, the joints stand out with horrible prominence, the rotulae and the elbows form big lumps like knots on a branch, and the thighs, which have but one bone, are thinner than the lower part of the legs, which have two. Some are grouped together in families, other lie apart, abandoned; some, with arms outstretched, as on a cross, are in the agony of death; others still manage to remain squatted on their haunches, motionless and stupefied, with fever bright eyes and long teeth showing from under the tense lips. In a corner an old woman, probably alone in the world, weeps silently over some rags.

Such is the picture drawn by Pierre Loti, author and captain in the French navy, of a scene outside the walls of beautiful Jeypore, where an Indian king and English governor resides, and where famine reigns supreme. Thus he continues:

When at last, after passing through these double gates, the city is before you, it is a surprise and an enchantment.

Regular streets, nearly a mile in length, twice as broad as the Paris boulevards, and fringed by tall palaces whose facades have the infinite variety of oriental fantasy. Nowhere can be found a more extravagant superposition of colonnades, of festooned arch, of tower, balcony and lace-like mirador. Everything in the one tint of rose, and the least little moulding, the least little arabesque picked out with a white flower.

But there are also wanderers of sorry men, like unto those creatures who lie outside the gates! Have such as these dared to enter the rose-colored city and drag their bones about here? Yes, and there are more of them than one would have thought at first glance. Those who totter along with haggard eyes are not the only ones—on the sidewalks amid the dealers' brilliant wares, are half concealed, horrible bundles of rags and skeletons that force the passerby to step aside lest he tread upon them.

These phantoms are peasants from the surrounding plains. For years past, when there has been rain, they have struggled against the destruction of their land, and long suffering has prepared them for this barrenness without name. Now it is over. Their beasts have died for want of fodder, and the skin has been sold for next to nothing. As for the fields that were sown, they are now nothing but steppes of broken, burnt out ground in which nothing could germinate. Sold, too, in order to buy wherewith to eat, are the clothes with which they used to cover their nakedness, the silver rings they wore on arms and ankles.

For years they have not had enough to eat, and now starvation has come with a vengeance, the hunger that tortures, and very soon the villages were filled with the stench of corpses.

To eat! They wanted to eat, these people, and therefore they have come to the city. It seemed to them that some one would have pity that they would not be allowed to die, for they had heard that grain and wheat had been garnered here as if for a siege, and that everybody within these walls had food.

As a matter of fact, the ox-drawn cars, the trains of camels, are loaded with sacks of rice and barley, brought from afar by order of the king, and stored in granaries, or even piled up on the sidewalks in fear of the invading famine that menaces the beautiful rose-colored city from every side. But

this has to be bought and gold is needed to buy.

'Tis true the king has some of it distributed among the poor who dwell in his capital; but as for relieving likewise the peasants who are dying in thousands in the surrounding plain, there is not enough to go around, and the sight of such is avoided. Therefore, the peasants wander about the streets, hang round the places where people are eating, in the hope that a few grains of rice might be thrown to them, until the hour comes for them to lay themselves down, no matter where, on the pavement, to die.

At one corner hard by a granary probably already full to overflowing there are a hundred sacks of grain to be unloaded from the camels that have brought there there, and three little skeleton children, from 5 to 10 years of age, all quite naked, have to be moved from the place where they are lying together and where they are in the way.

"They are three brothers," a woman, standing by explains, "their parents, who brought them here, are dead (of hunger is understood), so they remain there; they have nobody to look after them." And she apparently thinks it quite natural! Yet she doesn't seem to be a cruel woman!

Great heaven! what sort of people are those, who would not harm a bird for anything in the world, and who yet allow little children to die at their very door?

Outside in the streets no one with muzzin songs calls the starving to give them food. The newcomers still roam about, extending their hands and slapping their empty stomachs if anyone is looking. The others, who have lost all hope of succor, fall they list not where underfoot amid the crowd and the horses.

At the crossing of two avenues of the palace and the rose colored temples on one of the places filled with merchants, horsemen and women clad in muslins and covered with gold-rings, a stranger has just stopped his carriage, close to a sinister lot of starvelings who no longer care to wander about, and he has bent over to place pieces of money in their nerveless hands.

Then suddenly 'tis like the resurrection of a whole tribe of mummies. Heads are lifted above the rags which covered their faces, eyes stare, then the skeleton forms rise to their feet.

What, alas! Somebody is giving! It will be possible to get something to eat!

The dismal awakening extends in a sudden train to other groups lying further on, hidden behind the wayfarers, behind piles of stuffs, or bakers' ovens. And all of them bestir themselves, rise and come forward, corpse-like masks, whose shriveled lips expose their teeth to view, hollow eyes, with eyelashes eaten away by flies, with empty sacks pendant from the circles of the thorax, bundles of bones, which strike against one another with sounds like clashing bits of wood. And in a minute the stranger is surrounded with a frightful crowd, is pressed upon, is clutched by grimy hands, with huge nails, which seek to tear; the poor eyes ask pardon, look their thanks, supplicate.

And then silently the whole crowd collapses. One of the specters, toasting in his weakness, had leaned against his neighboring specter, who tottered in his turn, and the fall was communicated from neighbor to neighbor, without a cry, without an effort at resistance—all these exhausted bodies leaning over against the others and falling together, like unfortunate marionettes.

Lightning struck a piano in New Jersey, smashing the keys and melting the wires. It wasn't Jersey lightning, but the real stuff.

WHITE LEADERS OF SAVAGES.

That highly civilized men should desert their kind, join savage races, and actually fight against their own countrymen sounds almost incredible. Yet there are many instances of the kind, and in nine cases out of ten these deserters from civilization adopt all the worst traits of the people they join, and often surpass them in cruelty and cunning.

In Cochinchina, where the French have for nearly twenty years been carrying on a relentless warfare against the bloodthirsty pirates who infest the coasts, and especially the great rivers, the naval and military forces every now and again discover that the pirate chiefs whom they succeed in capturing are Europeans. One of these men had deserted from the French army, and had become one of the principal lieutenants of the black flag or pirate force of the dreaded chief and mandarin, Doc Tich.

In the Soudan the Khalifa had a large number of Europeans under his colors, including the ex-Prussian sergeant of artillery, Klotz, and an ex-Austrian officer, who now bears the name of Inger; while his principal lieutenant, Osman Digna, was the son of a French shopkeeper, was born in Rouen, and baptized in the magnificent cathedral of that ancient capital of Normandy.

Another case is that of Oliver Pain, one of the most prominent leaders of the French Commune in 1871. He was condemned to death for his participation in the insurrection, but his sentence was subsequently commuted to one of penal servitude in New Caledo-

nia. He succeeded in effecting his escape, made his way to Europe, and then to Khartoum, and offered his services to the Mahdi. For many years he was in high favor with the prophet, but finally incurred his displeasure and was banished alive.

Both in Egypt and Turkey there are quite a large number of pashas who are nothing more nor less than deserters from more civilized countries. Thus Omar Pasha is an Austrian by birth and served in the Austrian army under the name of Mikail von Lottas.

Old Cherif Pasha, who was on numerous occasions prime minister of Egypt, was a son of that French general, De Selves, who reorganized the army of Mehemet Ali on a European footing, and embraced Mohammedanism with the object of increasing his influence over his troops. One of the most interesting renegades of this kind was old Sefer Pasha, whose real name was Count Koscielceky, and who, while holding the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Prussian army, had the misfortune to kill in a duel his commanding officer, Count Kleist.

This led him to expatriate himself, and, joining the Turkish army, he distinguished himself during the Crimean war as a member of the staff of the Turkish commander-in-chief, Omar Pasha. Subsequently the count, who had meanwhile become a convert to Mohammedanism, under the name of Sefer Pasha, transferred his services to Khedive Ismail of Egypt.

A pedagogue of the old school says that without the liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart.