# The Bondman

A Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER IV.

Hardly nad the governor got back to his house when his boys, his men, and the maids returned from Ramsey. Very full they all were of the doings of the day, and Adam, who never asked that son nor servant of his should abridge the flow of talk for his presence, sat with his face to the fire and smoked, dozed, dreamt or thought, and left his people to gossip on. What chance had brought the poor man to his door that night? An Icelander, dumb for all uses of speech, who had lain in the chains of some tyrant captain—a lone man, a seaman without wife or child of his own, and a fugitive, a runaway, a hunted dog in this one! What angel of pleading had been that very night busy 'n his own memory with the story of his similar sufferings?

All at once his ear was arrested by what was being said behind him. The talk was of a sailor who had passed through the town, and of the bluejackets who were in pursuit of him. He had stolen something. No, he had murdered somebody. Anyway, there was a warrant for his arrest, for the high bailiff had rawn it. An ill-looking fellow, but he would be caught yet, thank goodness, in God's good time.

The governor twisted about, and asked what the sailor was like, and his boys answered him that he was a foreigneering sort of a man in a skin cap and long stockings, and bigger by half a head than Billy-by-Nite.

Just then there was a tramp of feet on the gravel outside and a loud rap at the door. Four men entered. They were the bluejackets. The foreign seaman that they were in search of had been seen creeping up Baliure, and turning down towards Lague. Had he been there?

At that one of the boys saying that his father had been at home all evening, turned to the governor and repeated the question. But the good Adam had twisted back to the fire, and with the shank of his pipe hanging loosely from his lips, was now snoring heavily.

"His excellency is asleep," said the bluejacket.

No, no; that could not be, for he had been talking as they entered. "Father," cried the lad, and pushed him.

Then the governor opened his eyes, and yawned heavily. The bluejacket, cap in hand, told his story again, and the good Adam seemed to struggle hard in the effort to grasp it through the mists of sleep. At length he said:

"What has the man done?"

"Deserted his ship, your excellency."

"Nothing else—no crime?"

"Nothing else, your excellency. Has he been here?"

"No," said the governor.

And at that the weary man shut his eyes again and began to breathe most audibly. But when the bluejackets, taking counsel together concluded that somewhere thereabouts the man must surely be, and decided to sleep the night in the stable loft, that they might scour the country in the morning, the governor awoke suddenly, saying he had no beds to offer them, but they might sleep on the benches of the kitchen.

An hour later, when all Lague was asleep, Adam rose from his bed, took a dark lantern and went back to the stable loft, aroused the Icelander and motioned him to follow. They crossed the paved courtyard and came in front of the window. Adam pointed, and the man looked in. The four bluejackets were lying on the benches drawn up around the fire, and the dull glow of the slumbering peat was on their faces. They were asleep. At that sight the man's eyes flashed, his mouth set hard, the muscles of his cheeks contracted, and with a hoarse cry in his throat, he fumbled the haft of the seaman's knife that hung from his belt and made one step forward.

But Adam, laying hold of his arm, looked into his eyes steadfastly, and in the light of the lantern their wild glance fell before him. At the next instant the man was gone.

The night was now far spent. In the town the forts were silent, the streets quiet, the market place vacant, and on the hilltops the fires had smouldered down. By daybreak next morning the bluejackets had gone back empty to Ramsey, and by sunrise the English brig had sailed out of the bay.

Two beautiful creeks lie to the south of Ramsey and north of Maughold head. One is called Lague, the other Port-y-Vullin. On the short of Port-y-Vullin there is a hut built of peat and thatched with broom—dark, damp, boggy and ruinous, a ditch where the tenant is allowed to sit rent free. The sun stood high when a woman, coming out of this place, found a man sleeping in a broken-ribbed boat that lay slide down on the beach. She awakened him and asked him into her hut. He rose to his feet and followed her. Last night he had been turned out of the best house in the island; this morning he was about to be received into the worst.

The woman was Liza Killey—the slut, the trollop, the trull, the slattern and the drab of the island.

The man was Stephen Orry.

CHAPTER V.
LITTLE SUNLOCKS.

**One month only had then passed since the night of Stephen Orry's flight from Iceland, and the story of his fortunes in the meantime is quickly told.**

In shame of his brutal blow, as well as fear of his wife's threat, he had stowed away in the hold of an English ship that sailed the same night. Two days later famine had brought him out of his hiding place, and he had been compelled to work before the mast. In ten more days he had signed articles as able seaman at the first English port of call. Then had followed punishments for sloth, punishments for ignorance, and punishments for not knowing the high-flavored language of his boatswain After that had come bickerings, threats, scowls, oaths, and open ruptures with this chief of petty tyrants, ending with the blow of a marlin spike over the big Icelander's crown, and the little boatswain rolling headlong overboard. Then had followed twenty-eight days spent in irons, riveted to the ship's side on the under deck, with bread and water diet every second day and nothing between. Finally, by the secret good fellowship of a shipmate with some bowels of compassion, escape had come after starvation, as starvation had come after slavery, and Stephen had swam ashore while his ship lay at anchor in Ramsey bay.

What occurred thereafter at the house whereto he had drifted no one could rightly tell. He continued to live there with the trull who kept it. She had been the illegitimate child of an insolvent English debtor and the daughter of a neighboring vicar, had been ignored by her father, put out to nurse by her mother, bred in ignorance, reared in impurity ,and had grown into a buxom hussy. By what arts, what hints, what appeals what allurements, this trollop got possession of Stephen Orry, it is not har dto guess. First, he was a hunted man, and only one who dare do anything dare open doors to him. Next, he was a foreigner, dumb for speech, and deaf for scandal, and therefore unable to learn ore than his eyes could tell him of the woman who had given him shelter. Then the big Icelander was a handsome fellow, and the veriest drab that ever trailed a petticoat knows how to hide her slatternly habits while she is hankering after a fine-grown man. So the end of many conspiring circumstances was that after much gossip in many corners, many jeers, and some tossing of female heads, the vicar of the parish, Parson Gell, called one day at the hout in Port-y-Vullin, and on the following Sunday morning, at church, little Robbie Christian, the clerk and sexton, read out the askings for the marriage of Liza Killey, spinster, of the parish of Maughold, and Stephen Orry, bachelor, out of Iceland.

What a wedding it was that came three weeks later! Liza wore a gay new gown that had been lent her by a neighbor, Bella Coobragh, a girl who had meant to be married in it herself the year before, but had not fully carried out her moral intention and had since borne a child. Wearing such borrowed plumes and a brazen smile of defiance, Liza strutted up to the communion rail, looking impudently into the mens' faces, and saucily into the women's—for the church was thronged with an odorous mob that kept up the jabbering of frogs at spawn—and Stephen Orry slouched after her in his blowsy garments with a downward, shamefaced, nervous look that his bulky manners could not conceal. Then what a wedding feast it was that followed! The little cabin in Port-y-Vullin reeked and smoked with men and women, and ran out on to the sand and pebbles of the beach, for the time of year was spring and the day was warm and clear. Liza's old lovers were there in troops. With a keg of rum over his shoulder, Nary Crowe, the innkeeper, had come down from the "Hibernian" to give her joy, and Cleave Kinley, the butcher, had brought up half a lamb from Ballaglass, and Matt Mylechreest, the net maker—a venal old skinflint—had charged his big snuff horn to the brim for the many noses of the guests. On the table, the form, the three-legged stool, the bed and the hearth, they sat together cheek by jowl, their hats hung on the roof rafters, their plates perched on their knees.

And loud was their laughter and dubious their talk. Old Thurstan Coobragh led off on the advantages of marriage, saying it was middlin' plain that gels nowadays must be wedded when they were babies in arms, for bye childers were common, and a gel's father didn't care in a general way to look like a fool; but Nary Crowe saw no harm in a bit of sweetheartin', and Cleave Kinley said no, of course, not if a man wasn't puttin' notions in a gel's head ,and Matt Mylechreest, for his part, thought the gels were amasin' like the ghosts, for they got into every skeleton closet about the house.

"But, then," said Matt, "I'm an ould bachelor, as the sayin' is, and don't know nothin'."

"Ha, ha, ha, of course not," laughed the others; and then there was a toast of a toast to Liza's future in Nary's rum.

"Drop it," said Liza, as Nary, lifting his cup, leaned over to whisper.

"So I will, but it'll be into your ear, woman," said Nary. "So here's to the king that's comin'."

By this time Stephen had slipped out of the noisome place, and was rambling on the quiet shore alone, with his head bent, cheeks ashy pale, eyes fixed and his brawny hands thrust deep into his pockets. At last, through the dense fumes within the house, Bella Coobragh noted Stephen's absence, and "Where's your man?" she said to Liza, with a tantalising light in her eyes.

"Maybe where yours is, Bella," said Liza, with a toss of the head; "near enough, perhaps, but not visible to the naked eye."

The effects of going to church on Liza Killey were what they often are to a woman of base nature. With a man to work for her she became more idle than before, and with nothing to fear from scandal more reckless and sluttish. Having hidden her nakedness in the gown of marriage, she lost the last rag of womanly shame.

The effects on Stephen Orry were the deepening of his sloth ,his gloom and his helplessness. What purpose in life he ever had was paralyzed. On his first coming to the island he had sailed to the mackerel fishing in the boats of Kane Wade—a shrewd Manxman, who found the big, dumb Icelander a skillful fisherman. Now he neglected his work ,lost self-reliance, and lay about for hours, neither thinking nor feeling, but with a look of sheer stupidity. And so the two sat together in their ditch, sinking day by day deeper and yet deeper into the mire of idleness, moroseness, and mutual loathing. Nevertheless, they had cheerful hours together.

The "king" of Nary's toast soon came. A child was born—a bonny, sunny boy as ever yet drew breath, but Liza looked upon it as a check to her freedom, a drain on her energy, something helpless and looking to her for succor. So the unnatural mother neglected it, and Stephen, who was reminded by its coming that Rachel had been about to give birth to a child, turned his heart from it and ignored it.

Thus three spirit-breaking years dragged on, and Stephen Orry grew woe-begone and stone-eyed. Of old he had been slothful and spiritless, indeed, but not a base man. Now his whole nature was all but gone to the gutter. He had once been a truth-teller, but living with a woman who assumed that he must be a liar, he had ended by becoming one. He had no company save her company, for his slow wit had found it hard to learn the English tongue, and she alone could rightly follow him; he had no desires save the petty ones of daily food and drink; he had no purpose save the degrading purpose of dfeating the nightly wanderings of his wife. Thus without any human eye upon him in the dark way he was going, Stephen Orry had grown coarse and base.

But the end was not yet, of all this man was to be and know. One night, after spending the day on the sea with the lines for cod, the year deepening to winter, the aid muggy and cold, he went away home, hungry and wet and cold, leaving his mates at the door of the "Plough," where there was good company within and cheer of a busy fire! Home! On reaching Port-y-Vullin he found the door open, the hearth cold, the floor in a puddle from the driving rain, not a bite or sup in the cupboard, and his wife lying drunk across the bed, with the child in its grimy blueness creeping and crying about her head.

It was the beginning of the end. Once again he fumbled the haft of his seaman's knife, and then by a quick impulse he plucked up the child in his arms.

"Now God be praised for your poor face," he said, and while he dried the child's pitiful eyes, the hot drops started to his own.

He lit the fire, he cooked a cod he had brought home with him, he ate himself and fed the little one. Then he sat before the hearth with the child at his breast, as any mother might do, for it seemed to him, he could not know that, if it was not to be lost and worse than orphaned, he must henceforth be father and mother both to it.

And when the little eyes, wet no longer, but laughing like sunshine into the big seared face above them, struggled in vain with sleep, he wrapped the child in his ragged guernsey and put it to lie like a bundle where the fire could warm it. Then all being done he sat again, and leaning his elbows on his knees covered his ears with his hands, so that they might shut out the sound of the womans heavy breathing behind him.

It was on that night, for the first time since he fled from Iceland, that he saw the full depth of his offence. Offence? Crime it was, and that of the blackest; and in the terror of his loneliness he trembled at the thought that some day his horrible dumb secret would become known, that something would happen to tell it—that he was married already when he married the woman who lay behind him.

At that he saw how low he had fallen—from her who once had been so pure to her who was so base. He had loved him and given up father, and home, and fame for him, to this trull, who now dragged him through the slush, and trod on him and hated him. Then the bitter thought came that what he had suffered for him she who had given him everything, he could never repay by one kind word or look. Lost she was to him forever and ever, and parted from him by a yet wider gulf than 800 miles of sea. Such was the agony of his shame, and through it all the snore of the sleeping woman went like iron through his head. Then suddenly he wrapped his arms about it and sobbed out to the dead fire at his feet, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

All at once he became conscious that the heavy breathing had ceased, that the house was silent, that something had touched him on the shoulder, and that a gaunt shadow stood beside him. It was the woman, who at the sound of his voice had arisen from her drunken sleep, and who now wgasped:

"Who is Rachel?"

At that word his blood ran cold, and shivering in his clothes, he crouched lower at the hearth, neither answering her nor looking up.

Then with eyes of hate she cried again:

"Who is Rachel?"

But the only voice that answered her was the voice that rang within him—"I'm a los tman, God help me."

"Who is Rachel?" the woman cried once more, and the sound of that name from her lips, hardening it, brutalizing it ,befouling it, was the most awful thing by which his soul had yet been shaken out of its stupor.

"Who is she, I say? Answer me," she cried in raging voice; but he crouched there still, with his haggard face and misty eyes turned down.

Then she laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him, and cried bitterly:

"Who is she, this light o' love—this baggage?"

At that he stiffened himself up, shuddered from head to foot, flung her from him and answered in a terrible voice:

"Woman, she is my wife!"

That word, like a thunderbolt, left a heavy silence behind it. Liza stood looking in terror at Stephen's face, unable to utter a cry.

But next day she went to Parson Gell and told him all. She got small comfort. Parson Gell had himself had two wives ;the first had deserted him, and after an interval of six years, in which he had not heard from her, he had married the second. So to Liza he said:

"He may have sinned against the law, but what proof have you? None."

Then she went to the deemster at Ramsey. It was Deemster Lace—a bachelor much given to secret gallantries.

She got as little cheer from this source, yet she came away with one drop of solace fermenting in the bitterness of her heart.

"Tut, woman, it's more common than you tihnk for. And where's the harm? Och! it's happened to some of the best that's going. Now, if he'd beaten you, or struck you"—and the good man raised both hands and shook his head.

On her way home she called at the house of Kane Wade, sat down with old Bridget, shed some crocodile tears, vowed she daren't have tould it on no account to no other morthal sowl, but would the heart of woman belave it? her man had a wife in his own country!

Bridget, who had herself had four husbands, lifted her hands in horror, and next day when Stephen Orry went down to the boats Kane Wade, who had newly turned Methodist, was there already, and told him—whittling a stick as he spoke—that the fishing was wonderful lean living gettin', and if he didn't shorten hands it'd be soon begging on the houses they'd all be, sarten sure.

Stephen took the hint in silence, and went off home. Liza saw him coming, watched him from the door, and studied his hard set face with a grim smile on her lips.

Next day Stephen went off to Matt Mylechreest, the net maker, but Matt shook his head, saying the Manxmen had struck against foreign men all over the island, and would not work with them. The day after that Stephen tried Nary Crowe, the innkeeper, but Nary said of course it wasn't himself that was partic'lar, only his customers were gettin' nice extraordinary about a man's moral character.

As a last hope Stephen went up to Cleave Kinley, who had land, and asked for a croft of five acres, that ran down to the beach of Port-y-Vullin.

"Nothing easier," said Kinley, "but I must have six pounds for it, beginning half-quarter day."

The rent was high, but Stephen agreed to it, and promised to go again the following day to seal his bargain. Stephen was prompt to his engagement, but Kinley had gone on the mountains after some sheep. Stephen waited, and four hours later Kinley returned, looking abashed but dogged and saying that he must have good security or a year's rent down.

Stephen went back home with his head deep in his breast. Again the woman saw him coming, again she studied his face, and again she laughed in her heart.

"He will lift his hand to me," she thought, "and then we shall see."

But he seemed to read her purpose, and determined to defeat it. She might starve him, herself, and their child, but the revenge she had set her mind upon she should not have.

Yet to live with her and to contain himself at every brutal act or bestial word was more than he could trust himself to do, and he determined to fly away. Let it be anywhere—anywhere, if only out of the torture of her presence. One place was like another in Man, for go where he would to any corner of the island, there she would surely follow him.

Old Thurstan Coobrag, of Ballacreggan, gave him work at draining a flooded meadow. It was slavery that no other Christian man would do, but for a month Stephen Orry worked up to his waist in water, and lived on barley bread and porridge. At the end of his job he had six and thirty shillings saved, and with this money in his pocket and the child in his arms, he hurried down to the harbor at Ramsey, where an Irish packet lay ready to sail.

Could he have a passage to Ireland? Certainly he could, but where was his license?

Stephen Orry had never heard until then that before a man could leave the Isle of Man he should hold a license permitting him to do so.

"Go to the high bailiff," said the captain of the packet. So to the high bailiff Stephen Orry went.

"I come for a license for go away to Ireland," he said.

"Very good. But where is your wife?" said the high bailiff. "Are you leaving her behind you to be a burden on the parish?"

(To be continued.)

# AN EXPENSIVE LUNCHEON.

Americans of the "Struck-Ile" and "Newly Rich" families are generally accounted the most lavishly extravagant entertainers in the world, but it is safe to assert that not even the newest and richest of our millionaires ever gave a luncheon that figured out something like $10,000,000 a head.

That was reserved for so ancient, honorable and conservative a body as London's Worshipful Company of Girdlers—and there were, moreover, seventy-five heads to be taken into account.

This is how it happened: Two hundred and sixty-six years ago a Mr. Robert Bell, at that time Master of the Girdlers, ordered from the East India company a carpet, which came to the then unheard of price of £150. Somehow or other the bill was never paid. Quite recently the present Master of the Girdlers, the lord mayor, discovered the debt.

He made a little calculation of what the bill came to with compound interest ,and was horrified to find it amounted to no less than £157,000,000. Not wishing to shirk his obligations, the Girdlers suggested a lunch as a way of squaring matters, and their creditors accepted the suggestion and the feast. The aforesaid creditors were the secretary of state for India and members of the council of India, and the luncheon settled a debt for a sum sufficient to run the whole British government for a year and a half.

Let London throw no stone hereafter at America's extravagant feasts.

Without attempting to rival that record feast of extravagance, a certain New York millionaire certainly deserves the palm for fantastic entertaining by virtue of a luncheon given last spring. The first course was hard-boiled eggs, but the eggs had first been blown and then filled with delicious frozen clear soup. Muffins, with a beautifully cooked timbale inclosed in each, formed the next course of this weird banquet. Potatoes baked in their jackets then appeared, and each was found to contain a delicately roasted snipe; and so on to the end of this remarkable luncheon, every course of which hid something new and entirely different to its apparent character.

The cost of this meal came to the modest sum of $2,000.

An English explorer who has recently returned from the Philippines, where he passed some months with Aguinaldo's followers, speaks of a native banquet which lasted four hours, at which the principal course was a dish of water beetles, cooked en brochette—that is, larded on a spit. For his share in this he gave one of the chiefs a gun and other goods worth over $35. But he says he grudged much less paying a nugget of gold worth over $150 for a dish of roast bear meat at an Indian village in Alaska, when caught and almost starved by an early winter snowstorm.

Last winter a Polish prince who lives in a splendid house on the avenue Bois de Boulogne, Paris, gave his friends a dinner with a moral to it. He had been set down as a miser because he never entertained, and fifty of his friends were astonished by invitations to this function. They went and sat down to a magnificent feast in a huge room, one end of which was covered by a great screen of white silk.

Oysters were served on beds of powdered ice, when suddenly the electric lamps died away, and on a screen flashed out a living picture of women standing shivering knee-deep in freezing water, picking oysters from the rocks. With the fish course a smack was seen pitching so heavily that the guests cried in terror, "Oh, they will be drowned!"

Men and women next appeared working in the vineyards on a wet, misty day, ankle-deep in gray slush. With every magnificent course fresh scenes of misery passed in silence before the saddened guests. The prince had revenged himself for their cruel remarks, but at a cost of over $20,000.

Considering that in the opinion of the greatest chefs the legitimate cost of a dinner cannot exceed $100 a head—the contract price for the great feast given to Admiral Dewey on his return to New York last fall—and that it is said that a man can keep strong and healthy for a week on three pounds of meat, one pound of fat, two quarters loaves, an ounce of salt, and five pints of milk at a cost of less than $1.50—an extravagance which will swallow a fortune at a gulp seems almost a crime.

There are no longer any dairy maids, probably because women find it difficult to master analytical chesistry.

# TARANTULA AND A TOAD FIGHT.

Fort Worth, Tex.—(Special.)—The tarantula and the horned toad live in the same climate. They are usually on good terms, but once in a while trouble comes between them, and then there is a duel to the death. A witness to a recent fight between these rare animals describes the unusual sight vividly, thus:

"In the early summer, while herding a bunch of cattle in the northern Pan Handle of Texas, I was sitting on my pony about as indolent as could be, when a scent of formis acid was whiffed on the wind to me. A few feet away was a large bed of ants, in which a horned toad sat busily engaged at a meal of the ant people. The toad paid but little attention to the attacks made upon him, but ate away as though he had been with Dr. Tanner on a forty-day fast and had just arrived at Delmonico's.

"Presently a large, brown tarantula came leaping toward the ant bed, as though frightened. He halted a moment by of the toad. Each looked at the other as though some apology should be made. The toad was the first to take offence and demand a reckoning. He ran at the tarantula with open mouth. The great spider leaped into the air about a foot and descended upon the toad's head, biting him over the eye. A strange little cry of pain came from the horny duelist. The battle was on in earnest.

"The bite made the toad sick, and for an instant he halted, as if he was dazed. A little distance from the ant bed a small tongue cactus was growing. The toad ran to it and began sucking the juice from a wound made in the thick leaf. Then he returned to the conflict with renewed energy. The tarantula lost a limb in the onset.

"A third time was the duel renewed. The tarantula lost another limb. Beady drops of a viscid liquid stood on the tips of the toad's horns. The leaps into the air were not repeated by the tarantula, but whether it was on account of the loss of limbs or the poison-tipped horns of the toad can never be known. Each stood facing the other some seconds, as though seeking an advantage. During the armistice the ants set about inflicting a few wounds on the flat stomach of the tarantula and the toad. Neither seemed to care for the bites of the ants, but eyed each other with a fierceness smore than human. In an unguarded moment the tarantula leaped forward and inflicted a wound on the lip of the toad.

"The struggle continued. Half of the legs were cut from the body of the tarantula. The poor cripple seemed lost, but somehow he closed in on the toad and seized its under lip and killed him."

"The mean temperature today," chirped the Fan Eared Idolt, "is just about as mean as I ever felt."

# TARTAR MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household and is called baibiche. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also all the other females of the family.

The head of a household will often send a portion of his herds several hundred miles away under the care of his wife, while he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In winter the family generally comes together again.

The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable and involve the payment of a kalim, besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead her next sister, or in default return the kalim, and also pay a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs.

So also it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill health, or his poverty, or, in some localities, her personal dislike.

When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the aul or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception.

Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom what he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, his hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying that all these are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on the visit to their aul of the relations of the bride.

When Sir Frederick Carrington was in South Africa before with the Bechuanaland border police a new recruit wanted to join. He was questioned with martial-like severity, winding up with the question: "Do you drink?" As there was a syphon of soda and something suspiciously like whisky near it, the would-be recruit conceived the idea that he had been invited to partake. Nevertheless, he answered the colonel's question with a modest "No, thank you, sir; it's rather too early in the day for me."

Rachel—A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.