

# The Bondman

By HALL CANE.

Continued Story.

## SYNOPSIS.

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her, and in his anger he disowned her. Orry ran away to sea. Of this union a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a heart-broken woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him, and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man. He was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry and his wife became estranged, their five boys staying with their mother on account of Michael Sunlocks. Finally Stephen Orry returned and Michael Sunlocks determined to go to Iceland, his father's home.

All the week through since their sad talk on Easter Day old Adam had affected a wondrous cheerfulness, and now he laughed mightily as they rode along, and winked his gray eyes knowingly like a happy child's until, sometimes from one cause or other the big drops came into them. The morning was fresh and sweet, with the earth full of gladness and the air of song, though Michael Sunlocks was little touched by its beauty and thought it the heaviest he had yet seen. But Adam told how the spring was toward, and the lambs in fold, and the heifers thriving, and how the April rain would bring potatoes down to sispence a kishan, and fetch up the grass in such a crop that the old island would rise—why not? ha, ha, ha!—to the opulence and position of a state.

But, rattle on as he would, he could neither banish the heavy looks of Michael Sunlocks nor make light the weary heart he bore himself. So he began to rally the lad, and say how little he would have thought of a trip to Iceland in his old days at Guinea; that it was only a hop, skip and a jump after all, and, bless his old soul, if he wouldn't cut across some day to see him between Tynwald and midsummer—and many a true word was said in jest.

Soon they came to Rushen Abbey at Ballasalla, and then old Adam could hold back no longer what he had come to say.

"You'll see your father before you sail," he said, "and I'm thinking he'll give you a better reason for going than he has given to me; but, if not, and Bishop Petersen and the Latin school is all his end and intention, remember our good Manx saying that 'learning is fine clothes to the rich man, and riches to the poor one.' And that reminds me," he said, plunging deep into his pocket, "of another good Manx saying, that 'there are just two bad ways—pay before-hand and no pay at all; so to save you from both, you have earned yourself neither, put this old paper into your gub—and God bless ye!'"

So saying, he thrust into the lad's hand a roll of fifty Manx pound notes, and then seemed about to whip away. But Michael Sunlocks had him by the sleeve before he could turn his horse's head.

"Bless me yourself," the lad said.

And then Adam Fairbrother, with all his poor bankrupt whimseys gone from his upturned face, now streaming wet, and with his white hair gently lifted by the soft morning breeze, rose in the saddle and laid his hand on Michael's drooping head and blessed him. And so they parted, not soon to meet again, or until many a strange chance had befallen both.

It was on the morning of the day following that Michael Sunlocks rode into Port-y-Vullin. If he could have remembered how he had left it, as an infant in his father's arms, perhaps the task he had set himself would have been an easier one. He was trying to crush down his shame, and it was very hard to do. He was thinking that go where he would he must henceforth bear his father's name.

Stephen Orry was waiting for him, having been there three days, not living in the little hut, but washing it, cleaning it, drying it, airing it, and kindling fires in it, that by such close labor of half a week it might be worthy that his son should cross its threshold for half an hour. He had never slept in it since he had nailed up the door after the death of Lisa Killeay, and as an unblest place it had been safe from the intrusion of others.

He saw Michael Sunlocks riding up, and raised his cap to him as he alighted, saying "Hi!" to him, and bowing as he did so. There were deep scars on his face and hand, his hands were scratched and discolored, his cheeks were furrowed with wrinkles, and about his whole person there was a strong odor of tobacco, tar, and blige water.

"I shall not have ought to ask you how, sir," he said, in his broken English.

"Och, me Michael," the lad answered, "did that ever level the hut."

There was not much more cheer in that set of old, but still dark, damp eyes, however, and Michael Sunlocks, at that moment, felt he himself had been brought back to his mother's side.

Michael trembled visibly.

"And how he'd look for her, and how she'd look for him, if she was alive. And if she wasn't—oh, what a death, what a death!"

he, in want and dirt and misery, and then save it for its mother's sake and mine, Michael, will you go?"

But still Michael Sunlocks made him no answer.

"It's fourteen years since God spared your life to me; just fourteen years to-night, Michael. I remembered it, and that's why we are here now. When I brought you back in my arms she was there at my feet, lying dead, who had been at my rod and punishment. Then I vowed, as I should answer to the Lord at the last day, that if I could not go back, you should."

Michael covered his face with his hands.

"My son, my son—Michael, my little Sunlocks, I want to keep my vow. Will you go?"

"Yes, yes," cried Michael, rising suddenly. His doubt and pride and shame were gone. He felt only a great tenderness now for the big rude man, who had sinned deeply and suffered much and found that all he could do alone would avail him nothing.

"Father, where is she?"

"I left her at Reykjavik, but I don't know where she is now."

"No matter, I will hunt the world over until I find her, and when I have found her I will be as a son to her and she shall be as a mother to me."

"My boy, my boy," cried Stephen.

"If she should die, and we should never meet, I will hunt the world over until I find her child, and when I have found it I will be as a brother to it for father's sake."

"My son, my son," cried Stephen. And in the exultation of that moment, when he tried to speak but no words would come, and only his rugged cheeks glistened and his red eyes shone, it seemed to Stephen Orry that the burden of twenty years had been lifted away.

(To be continued.)

## FEEDING THE MONKEYS.

At a time when reports of famine are brought from India and our sympathies are so heavily drawn upon for the suffering poor, we cannot help feeling how hard the lack of food must fall on the wild creatures as well. To understand how directly the life of the town is dependent upon the life of the town we need only to read such accounts as this, which is given by an English lady from Durnraon, India:

We drove some distance into the jungle and stopped at a sort of stone erection at four cross-roads. We went up several steps and the gardener gave a loud call of "Ow! Ow! Ow!" and from all directions came running monkeys, some about three feet high, and several mothers with tiny babies in their arms.

The monkeys were in distinct tribes, and those on one side would not go near those on the other. We threw them grain, which they rapidly picked up, and at last I could not resist going down to see if they would feed out of my hands.

They crouched round me, and to my surprise a few of the big ones came up, and with one little hand held mine, while with the other they picked food from my palm.

All the time they looked anxiously into my face; but if I squeezed their fingers never so little they gave a screech and bounded off, showing all their teeth at me. One little female trotted along by my side for a long way, holding to my finger.

I was shocked to see the bad manners of the gentlemen, who smacked the ladies' heads and knocked over the little ones in their eagerness to get at the grain. I was sorry when the food was all gone; but every day while we were at Durnraon we paid the monkeys a visit.

## MARRYING A MAN.

It was in a Duluth court, and the witness was a Swede, who was, perhaps, not so stupid as he seemed to be. The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man whose object was to discredit the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Yahn—very deliberately—"Peter-son."

"John Peterson, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Well, John, where do you live?"

"Where Ah live? In Duluth."

"Now, Peterson, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"Ah tank so. Ah was married."

"So you think because you got married you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now, tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury who you married?"

"Who Ah married? Ah married a woman."

"See here, sir! Don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, mah sister did."

## GREAT SPEED.

An extract from the New York Evening Post, of October 2, 1907, may afford some amusement to travelers by water in this last year of the nineteenth century:

Mr. Fulton's new-invented steamboat, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this noon with ninety passengers, against a strong headwind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged that she moved through the waters at the rate of six miles an hour!

## STRAPPING.

"And what thinkest thou of our daughter?" asked the king, with an expression of amazement.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### WOMEN AND WAR.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

We women teach our little sons how wrong And how ignoble blows are; school and church Support our precepts, and inoculate The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we say.

But human beings with immortal souls Must rise above the methods of a brute, And walk with reason and with self-control.

And then—dear God! you men, you wise, strong men, Our self-announced superiors in brain, Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war!

You leap at one another, mutilate And starve and kill your fellow-men, And ask The world's applause for such heroic deeds.

You boast and strut; and if no song Is sung, No laudatory epic writ in blood, Telling how many widows you have made.

Why, then, perforce, you say our bards are dead, And inspiration sleeps to wake no more.

And we, the women, whose lives you are— What can we do but sit in silent homes And wait and suffer? Not for us the glare Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms—

For us no waving banners, no supreme, Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow Dead torture of uncertainty, each day The bootless battle with the same despair.

And when at best your victories reach our ears, There reaches with them to our pitying hearts The thought of countless homes made desolate.

And other women weeping for their dead.

O men, wise men, superior beings, say, Is there no substitute for war in this desolate, Great age and era? If you answer "No," Then let us rear our children to be wolves.

And teach them from the cradle how to kill.

Why should we women waste our time and words In talking peace when men declare for war?

### DISHES FOR THE TABLE.

Padding a-la-Creme.—Boil one pint of milk. Mix one-fourth cup of sugar and one-half cup of flour, and wet it to a smooth paste with one-fourth cup of cold milk. Stir it into the boiling milk and cook about ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add one-fourth of a cup of butter, and when well mixed set away to cool. Half an hour before serving, beat the yolks of four eggs until light colored and thick, and the whites until stiff and dry. Mix the yolks thoroughly with the thickened milk, and mix in the whites lightly.

Turn into a shallow pudding dish, well buttered, place the dish in a pan of hot water in the oven, and bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve the moment it comes from the oven. To be eaten with sauce a-la-creme.

Sauce a-la-Creme.—Rub one-fourth of a cup of butter in a warm bowl, until thick like cream. Gradually beat into it one-half a cup of powdered sugar.

Add one-half of a cup of cream slowly, and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and a few drops of almond, or with four tablespoonfuls of peach or strawberry syrup. Serve it on any hot, delicate pudding.

Sardine Mustard.—Carefully remove the bones from six sardines and pound the flesh to a paste, together with the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs. Add a finely minced shallot or onion, also two tablespoonfuls of good mustard, mixed to a paste with vinegar and salad oil. Add salt and cayenne pepper to suit the taste, and work all together till it is quite smooth.

Clam Soup.—Half peck clams in the shell, salt to taste, 1 saltspoon pepper, 1-4 saltspoon cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 heaping tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 1 pint milk or cream. Prepare the clams by boiling in the shells, cutting off the black end and chopping the hard part, or "strap" fine, keeping the soft part separate from the hard. Pour off one quart of the clam liquor after it settles, being careful not to take any of the sediment; put it on to boil, and remove the scum. Add one pint of hot water, and season to taste with salt, pepper, cayenne, onion and parsley. Put in the hard part of the clams. Simmer fifteen minutes, strain, and boil again, and when boiling thicken with the corn starch cooked in butter; add the hot milk or cream and the soft part of the clams. Serve at once, with crackers and pickles.

Salad Sandwiches.—One cup cold chicken, 1 cup cold boiled tongue, 1/2 teaspoonful celery salt, 1 saltspoonful cayenne, mayonnaise to moisten. Chop the meat very fine, then rub with a pestle till fine, like meal. Add the seasoning and enough cream or mayonnaise dressing to make it moist enough to spread easily. Put it between thin rounds of bread. Roll baking powder biscuit dough as thin as pastry, spread with butter, roll another layer and put on. Cut out, and bake quickly. Pull apart, and spread with the mixture.

Sweetbread Salad.—Parboil twenty minutes, cool, remove fat and veins, separate into small pieces, or cut into dice. Fix them with an equal amount of fine cucumber. Season with Mayonnaise or boiled-cream dressing. Serve on a bed of shred lettuce, and garnish with shrimps.

No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each class is doing the highest kind of work, which ought rather to be done in another way than only the best of its kind.

### FRILLS OF FASHION.

The collars of gowns are to be lower, a fashion which can readily be adopted with audacious confidence by the young.

A new twilled cloth, slightly rough of surface, manufactured for the making of smart traveling and walking costumes, resembles the weave of French Vicuna.

Handsome qualities of lightweight Venetian cloth, in blues, pansy and rich fruit colors, including red, will be much used for the first wool costumes of next season.

Costumes in solid colors are the novelties of the hour—everything to match—a rather expensive fashion, but always a desirable one and indicative often of the well-dressed woman.

Huge artificial flowers of chiffon, wonderfully tinted, are among the new millinery novelties and in many cases have jeweled centers. They will be remarkably effective on the lace, tulle and chiffon evening toques that are to be worn.

The earliest importations of autumn dress goods showed smooth finished surfaces, but now there is an incoming wave of softline goods with very rough surfaces. Many of these materials show pronounced white hairs on dark backgrounds.

Hats to be worn with youthful costumes of tweed and chevot this fall are Ladysmith models of rough felt—Sangler feels they are called. Upon them quills and stiff feathers are secured with knots of brilliant gladiolus red or equally brilliant nasturtium yellow velvet.

The fancy for combining blue with certain shades of green still prevails, though it has been worn so much that many have tired of it. The newer rhododendron blending of pink and blue is apt to form mauve and is therefore not generally becoming, though much admired on those who are fair enough to wear it.

The plain black velvet slippers may be, as authorities announce, the decreed mode for winter wear, but shoemakers are certainly turning out shoes that are far from plain and are veritable works of art. Jeweled buckles are decidedly in evidence and jeweled embroidery also appears. A low white shoe with a deep instep flap has both flap and toe embroidered in gold and a gold and paste buckle joins the vamp sides.

The popularity of the tan shoe for women's wear is a thing of the past, according to the statements of Lynn manufacturers who have made a specialty of their production of late years. Without exception the makers report a marked falling off in the demand for them, and some of the concerns have not sent out any samples of them for this season. Tan shoes for women were always regarded by shrewd men as the shoe business as more or less of a fad and were not expected to become an established feature of the business.

### TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the unmarried daughter who now presides over the household of Lord Salisbury, the British premier, is esteemed as one of the foremost of English mathematicians.

Mrs. Dillah George of Lancaster, N. Y., is said to be the oldest woman in that state outside of New York City.

The other day she celebrated her 194th birthday in full possession of her health and faculties.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox regards it as a significant coincidence that from her early childhood her favorite gem has been a topaz which she found out only some years after this fondness began, to be her birthstone.

Miss Helen Bray, daughter of the secretary of state, is about to publish a new book called "The Little Boy Book," a collection of humorous verses for children. Miss Hay's first book, "Some Verses," was a collection of serious poems.

Miss Louise Truax, a 17-year-old great-granddaughter of Ethan Allen, has captivated New York society with her ability as a whistler and imitator of birds. She has just received a flattering offer to go to London and whistler for fashionable Mayfair.

Mrs. Mary Jane Hoopes, 94 years old, who recently died at Hollidaysburg, Pa., was a cousin of Henry Clay, and was a witness of many historical occurrences, including the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814 and the scenes attending Lafayette's visit to America in 1824. She was 2 passenger on the first train running into Philadelphia from Chester.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Contentment is ambitious undertaker. The only thing that can cure a man of love is to have it bad enough.

Women have more ways of loving than a man, but men have the most love to love with.

Love, with a woman, has no rival. It is always either the biggest thing or the smallest thing in life.

Down in her heart every woman thinks a man ought to begin proposing to her by apologizing for daring to fall in love with her.

The world will forgive a woman for everything except what she can't help. After all, love is nothing but a game of solitaire between you and yourself.

When a man leaves his heart in the hands of a woman he always finds it again with callous spots on it.

When a girl lends a book to a man to read she always marks the things in it that she thinks look the deepest.

Tell a man a woman loves him and the first question he asks is, "Who?" Tell a woman a man loves her and the first question she asks is, "Which?"

A man can't please all women part of the time or one woman all of the time, but he can always smile at all of them.

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Chicago Tribune: "Your wife seems to have taken a violent dislike to Meschem." "Yes. When he was at the house the other day he leaned his head against one of the ornamented tables she keeps on the rocking chairs."

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Harper's Bazar: Papa—What is your objection to Mr. Hevvy? He's a fine fellow. He pulled in the Yale crew. Agnes—I don't care if he did. I read in the paper about a New London policeman who pulled in nearly the whole university.

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