

# The Bondman

By HALL CANE.

## SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jernegan was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orr. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. When Orr deserted her and ran away to sea, of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orr was near from in the tale of him, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill Orr and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orr had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orr went from bad to worse, and married a disreputable and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orr gave their child to Adam Fairbrother who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged. Their five sons staying with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orr confessed his sins to Sunlocks, who promised to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and if she was dead to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good-bye to his sweetheart, Greeba, and started on his journey. Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orr died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

## CHAPTER II

### HOW GREeba WAS LEFT WITH JASON.

It was early summer, and the day was hot; there had been three weeks of drought, and the roads were dusty. Adam walked with a stout blackthorn stick, his flaccid figure sometimes awaiting for pulse and balance, and his snow-white hair rising gently in the soft breeze over his tender old face, now gleamed so deep with labor and sorrow. Chaise was driving his carrier's cart, whereon lay all that was left of Adam's belongings, save only what the good man carried in his purse. And seeing how heavy the road was to one of Adam's years, though his own were heavily swayed, poor old Chaise, reckoning nothing of dignity lost thereby, would have him to mount the shafts and perch on the box behind the pony's tail. But Adam, thinking as little of grief as of pain, and the pony had its full day's work before it; moreover, that it was his right to walk at his own expense now, having ridden twenty years at the expense of the island. So he kept the good blackthorn moving, and Greeba stepped along nimbly by his side. And when the Castle-town coach overtook and passed them on its way to Douglas, and some of the farming folk who rode on it leaned over and hailed Adam by his Christian name, he showed no shame or resentment, until, when the coach was gone, he caught a glimpse of the hot color that had mounted to Greeba's cheeks. Then, without a word, he turned his mellow old face to his feet, and strode along a good half mile in silence.

And meantime, Chaise, thinking to lighten the burden of the way with cheerful talk, rattled along in his crazy coach in many subjects, but found that all came round, by some strange twist, to the one subject that might not be discussed. Then, looking at his pony, he told of the donkey he had before in the name of that Michael Sunlocks rode long years before; how he himself had fallen sick and could not keep it, and so gave it without a penny to a neighbor for feeding it; and how when he got better he wanted to borrow it, but the neighbor, in base ingratitude and selfishness, would not lend it without pay.

"Faith, it's a sixie tek that," said Chaise. "Give a man yer shirt, and ye must be lucky or he'll be after axin' ye for yer skin."

When they came by Douglas, Chaise was for skirting round by the Spring Valley through Braddon, but old Adam, seeing his drift, would not pretend to be ignorant of it, and said that if Chaise were to go in his cup he was in the way of draining them without making any money any way faces about it. And so for the people of the town, if they thought no shame to stare at him he thought no shame to be stared at, yet that was good enough for him; and he might be so for one who had left a name by Braddon, and they would meet again on Onchan hill.

"Trinklem-erankum," cried Mrs. Fairbrother. "A pretty thing, truly that I should toll and moil at my age to keep house and home together ready and waiting for you, when your zany doings have shut every other door against you. Misfortunes, indeed! A fine name for your mistakes."

"I may have made mistakes, madam, said Adam; but true it is, as the wise man has said, that he who has never made mistakes has never made anything."

"Tush," said Mrs. Fairbrother. "But, do you refuse to take me in?" said Adam.

"This house is mine," said she; "mine by law and deed, as light as wax on water."

that this gentleman, in his fine rigging, was come in Adam's place, and was even now on his way to Castletown to take possession of Government House, and that the bellowing mob that not a month before had doffed their caps before Adam's face, now showed him off the pavement without seeing him, stamped and raved and shook his fist over the people, as if he would brain them.

They slept at Onchan that night, and next day they reached Kirk Maughoid. And coming on the straggling old house at Lague, after so long an absence, Adam was visibly moved, saying he had seen many a humiliation since the days when he lived in it, and might the Lord make them profitable to his soul; but only let it please God to grant him peace and content and daily bread, and there should be no more going hence in the years that were left to him.

At that Greeba felt a tingling on both sides her heart, for her fears were many of the welcome that awaited them.

It was nigh upon noon, and the men were out in the fields, but Mrs. Fairbrother was at home, and she saw the three when they opened the gate and came down under the elms.

"Now, I thought as much," she said within herself, "and I warrant I know their errand."

Adam entered the house with what cheer of face he could command, being hard set to keep back his tears, and hailed his wife in a jovial tone, although his voice threatened to break, and sat himself down in his old seat by the chimney corner, with his blackthorn stick between his knees and his hands resting upon it. But Mrs. Fairbrother made no answer to his greeting, and only glanced from him to Greeba, who tripped slyly behind him, and from Greeba to Chaise, who came shambling in after them, vacantly scratching his uncovered head. Then, drawing herself up, and holding back her skirts, she said, very coldly, while her wrinkled face twitched:

"And, pray, what ill wind blows you here?"

"An ill wind indeed, Ruth," Adam answered, "for it is the wind of adversity. You must have heard of our misfortune since the whole island now knows of it. Well, it is not for me to complain, for God shapes our ways, and He knows what is best. But I am an old man now, Ruth, little able to look to myself, still less to another, and—"

While he spoke, Mrs. Fairbrother tapped her foot impatiently, and then broke in with:

"Cut it short, sir. What do you want?"

Adam lifted his eyes with a stupefied look, and answered very quietly, "I want to come home, Ruth."

"Home?" cried Mrs. Fairbrother sharply. "And what home, if you please?"

Adam sat apace for a moment, and then said, speaking as calmly as before, "What home, Ruth? Why, what home but this?"

"This, indeed! This is not your home, said Mrs. Fairbrother.

"Not my home?" said Adam, slowly dropping back in his seat like one dumfounded.

"Not my home! Did you say that this was not my home?" he said, suddenly bracing up. "Why, woman, I was born here; so was my father before me, and my father's father before him. Five generations of my people have lived and died here, and the very roof rafters over your head must know us."

"Holy toity!" cried Mrs. Fairbrother, "and if you had lived here much longer not a rafter of them all would have been left to shelter us. No, sir; I've kept the roof on this house, and it is mine."

yourself, but that I warrant you never shall."

Then there was a grim silence for a moment. Old Adam gripped convulsively at the staff he leaned on, and all but as loud as the ticking of the clock was the beating of his heart.

"God give me patience," he said. "Yes, I'll bear it meekly, Ruth." He said, huskily, "I'll not trouble you. Make yourself sure of that. While there's a horse-wallet to hang on my old shoulders, and a bit of barley bread to put in it, I'll rove the country round, but I'll never come on my knees to you and say, 'I am your husband, I gave you all you had, and you are rich and I'm a beggar, and I am old—give me for charity my bed and board.'"

But, unable to support any longer the strife for mastery that was tearing at his heart, he gave way to his wrath, and cried out in a loud voice, "Out on you, woman! Out on you! God forgive me the evil day I set eyes on you! God forgive me the damned day I took you to my breast to read it!"

While this had been going forward Greeba had stood silent at the back of her father's chair, with eyelashes quivering and the fingers of both hands clenched together. But now she stepped forward and said, "Forgive him, mother. Do not be angry with him. He will be sorry for what he has said; I'm sure he will. But only think, dear mother: he is in great, great trouble, and he is past work, and if this is not his home, then he is homeless."

And at the sound of that pleading voice Adam's wrath turned in part to tenderness, and he dropped back to the chair and began to weep.

"I am ashamed of my tears, child," he said; "but they are not shed for myself. Nor did I come here for my own sake, though your mother thinks I did. No, child, no; say no more. I'll repent me of nothing I have said to her—no, not one word. She is a hard, a cruel woman; but, thank heaven, I have my sons left to me yet. She is not flesh of my flesh, though one with me in wedlock; but they are, and they will never see their father turned from the door."

At that instant three of the six Fairbrothers, Asher, Ross and Thurstan came in from the stackyard, with the smell of the furze rick upon them that they had been trimming for the cattle. And Adam, without waiting to explain, cried in the fervor of his emotion, "This is not you will, Asher? Whereupon Asher, without any salutation, answered him, "I don't know what you mean, sir," and turned aside.

"He has damned your mother," said Mrs. Fairbrother, with her morning apron for her eyes, "and cursed the day that he married her."

"But she is turning me out of the house," said Adam. "This house—my father's house."

"Ask her pardon, sir," Asher muttered, "and she will take you back."

"Her pardon! God in heaven!" Adam cried.

"You are an old man now, sir," said Thurstan.

"And you are poor as well." "That's true, Thurstan; that's true, though your brother forgets it."

"So you should not hold your head so high."

"What? Are you on her side also?" Asher, Thurstan, Ross, you are my sons—would you see me turned out of the house?"

The three men hung their heads.

"What mother says, he must agree to," muttered Asher.

"But I gave you all I had," said Adam. "If I am old I am your father, and if I am poor you know best who made me so."

## CAPTAIN KIDD OF TODAY.

### Pirates More Daring and Pious Than Buccaneers of Old.

Nothing could be more erroneous than to suppose that romantic crime was at an end when pirates and buccaneers, who swore frightful oaths, wore stolen gold lace and carried daggers between their teeth, were driven off the seas. There are thousands of Captain Kidds living and thriving today. If anything, they are cleverer and braver than he. Carrying rifles to a tribe at war with the British, over mountains or along marshy rivers in a tropical country, is every bit as trying a work as was running down a merchantman and boarding her when you had all the advantages of arms and numbers on your side.

In Manila we shall have the modern pirate in the full flower of his perfection; for Manila is near Hong Kong, and Hong Kong is a sort of general headquarters for all the pirates of the far east. There they can live between times when they are not on the warpath, and, enjoying the luxuries of a white man's hotel, hatch out new schemes of adventure.

Though he flourishes best in the countries where white men govern savage races, we have the pirate at home. There is a suggestion of him in every cowboy, and he still flourishes grandly in the neighborhood of the Mexican border. In most of the revolutions in the South American republics he has played a star part. If he is paid well he will serve under the banner of law and order, though he prefers the other side. He has been a paid employe of the governments of the great European powers again and again, and we may have use for him in the Philippines.

You will find groveling cowards in Hong Kong who have ever a false word on their living tongues. They are the agents and go-betweens. The real pirates who have physical courage do the work and take the risk.

In all, it is estimated that of the population of the great civilized countries five millions live as parasites, pure and simple. These are poachers, and thieves, smugglers, burglars and the like. Those who take great physical risks are comparatively few. They are the gentlemen of the calling. They play for big game, and, as a rule, they would no more be guilty of petty crime than a banker.

**FORTUNES FOR ADVENTURERS.**

Like the pirates of old, they may bury their treasure, but they seldom retire. Their life is as fascinating to them as the stage to an actor. One of the exceptions is a man living in Paris today on the increment of the money he earned by fomenting rebellion against the French in China. He is a most patriotic Frenchman. He holds many government bonds, and he believes in the army and in hanging Dreyfusards. The wonder of it is that he is not a member of the chamber of Deputies.

"If I were poor again I could make a fortune in two years," is one of his little sayings. "All it requires is a little spirit."

Le Clerc, who recently died, was a good example of the European adventurer who is up to date. Captain Kidd led a humdrum life beside his. It was amazing that he lived to be 50, and that he carried only four bullet wounds at the time of his death. By birth he was a Belgian. In his early voyages with his father, a traveling salesman, he learned most of the languages of Europe, and developed the tastes of the wanderer. His career as a grand adventurer was begun as a spy for the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. Toward the last he came near being shot on the charge of playing both sides for what they would pay him.

"Sir," he said to Von Moltke, "I have been the victim of an unfortunate chain of circumstances. It can easily be proved if I am false to you. I will show you the weakest points in the fortifications of Paris which have been constructed since Sedan. If what I say turns out to be untrue after you have made an assault, I submit." His information turned out to be correct.

During the war La Clerc met a half-brained Russian who had a plan with millions in it. He proposed to fit out an expedition for gold mining in northern China, where rich placer deposits are known to exist. The pair got a ship in Hong Kong and disembarked at Vladivostok, in Russia. The Russian officials winked at their endeavors. They gathered up another hundred adventurers, with the hundreds they already had, and started on their way.

La Clerc had a great gift of talk, and he made friends with a mandarin, who told him to go ahead on the basis that 50 per cent of whatever he got was to be turned in to the government, the government being the mandarin, of course. The mandarin had a great deal of gold and a great many precious stones in his palace, and Le Clerc's plan was to take him by surprise, rob him of all he had, and leave the country by forced marches. The mandarin's idea was to make Le Clerc and his adventurers feel perfectly at home and then massacre the foreign devils. The Russian was killed and so were most of Le Clerc's followers. But Le Clerc managed to get to Vladivostok alive, though he had lost a piece of one of his ears and been shot in the arm. He had enough gold with him to take him to Constantinople, whither he was attracted by the Russo-Turkish war. He soon had made a contract to blow up the whole Russian army by a plan of his own, some British firm furnishing the materials, contrary to the laws of neutrality. The Sultan gave him the necessary money, and that was the main point. His explosives never reached the Durandani and he got out of Turkey in time to save his head.

To tell the story of his life with any detail would require a volume. In his time he was in all parts of Africa and South America. He was in the capital of Madagascar when the French captain arrived. He had furnished the rebel with arms, and the queen had paid him for them. He wept tears of joy when he saw Colonel Duquesne, commander of the expedition. He told the general all his efforts had gone toward dissuading the rebels from making any fight, and even spoke of sacrifices he had made and dangers he had incurred in France's behalf.

He went to Madrid during the late war to see if he could not do some secret service work for the Spanish government, and died in his hotel there of heart disease.

**INDIA SWARMS WITH BANDITS.**

India swarms with such adventurers. The government's secret service is kept busy following up their devices and bringing them to book. The great ambition of most of them is one day to steal a rajah's crown jewels, and they don't mind risking their lives in the attempt. They smuggled in all of the rifles that the Afriids had in the late rebellion. The Mad Fakir of Swat did not have so much confidence in religion as a weapon as not to be willing to give \$200 for a Martini rifle. The penalty of smuggling rifles to the natives is a long term of imprisonment. Some fellows were caught in the act of smuggling while the rebellion was in progress and were shot for high treason. One of them was a discharged servant of the British army with a good record.

Smuggling brandy to the rajahs, who are not allowed by their religion to drink intoxicating liquors, is another favorite trick. One old potentate in the far north of India had never tasted brandy until it was first put to his lips by a man who was a Scotchman by birth, but a rasal in all his thoughts. The rajah liked it so well that he was willing to pay any price to get it. He provided the priests and his people did not find him out. The Scotchman promised that they shouldn't, and received a present of a fine ruby for suggesting that in a certain secret place he would always find a bottle of Scotch, and for every bottle brought he was to leave 200 rupees. At this rate of profit and with the old rajah consuming nearly a bottle a day the Scotchman would have become rich had not the rajah's mother-in-law, who was anxious to have the rajah off the throne, so as to give his son a chance, not granted the Scotchman a subsidy to encourage the old man's appetite.

As a result the rajah lived only a year, then the Scotchman saw that he himself but the mother-in-law had the best of the bargain, and cursed himself for having killed the goose that laid the golden egg just to please her. The old lady considered him such a dangerous man that she did not think he ought to live. So, as became an oriental dame, she told him that she wished him all manner of health and happiness, and assured him that she dear a friend would always be welcome at court. Then she gave orders that the Scotchman be assassinated, but the assassin made a false move and he escaped.

**SECRET OF PHILIPPINE REVOLT.**

The rebellion in the Philippines was incited by the adventurers from Hong Kong as a speculation. They saw the opportunity of embarrassing Spain when she already had the rebellion in Cuba on her hands. They furnished Aguinaldo and his leaders with arms and ammunition in promise of a share of the loot if they succeeded, and for a share of the little money of the Spaniards should "settle" with the leaders, while they nominally granted reforms in order to appease the poor fools who were Aguinaldo's followers. Spain chose to "settle," as we know, and the adventurers made a big stake out of the bribe money. They got it direct from the Spaniards, it is said, but being willing to trust Aguinaldo to deliver it up. Aguinaldo then went back to Hong Kong with a fortune under promise not to start another rebellion, which he broke at the first opportunity.

Many of the adventurers in the Philippines are Germans and Frenchmen, or those mongrel Europeans which are a peculiar product of the continent. The Spaniard was an easy prey for them. They played an important part in the efforts that Germany made to embarrass our occupation of Manila. If they are driven out by the establishment of a stable government, they will go to China or somewhere else, where there is a chance to play the poacher or the pirate.

All the weapons which Menelek used to defeat the Italians were furnished by this same class, some of whom were Russians and in direct employ of the government. They would unload hundreds of rifles on the shores of the Red Sea in a single night, and the next morning all would be gone. Out of sight on the desert, mules and men that belonged to Menelek, and had been waiting for the vessels, were hurrying the rifles on to Menelek's camp. All the rifles and ammunition that the Derivishes had in the battle of Omdurman were smuggled. The white men who speak the languages of the dark-skinned scum of Port Said delivered these materials on the shore of the Red sea and received their pay from the wild men of the desert, who acted as middlemen. The Derivishes, however, had such a bad reputation that few middlemen would take the risk. For the Khalifa was just as likely to cut off a man's head who presented the bill as to pay him. He regarded all white men as better dead, and so he missed the services of hundreds of adventurers who would have made their way to him in the chance of death and money had been given.

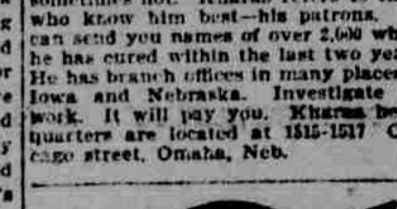
## ANOTHER BUNCH.

Mr. William Morris of Crisp, Iowa, came to Omaha to see Prof. Kharas, suffering with what the doctors had named gall stones. In fact, he had been operated upon last year by the surgeons at St. — hospital, but after the cutting was done no trace of gall stones could be found, and the chagrined surgeons had incurred all danger and risk for nothing. Simply didn't understand the case. Mr. Morris was afflicted very much like Mr. John Boland, whose case was reported in this paper some time ago. The doctors thought Mr. Boland had appendicitis, but he had nothing of the kind. Kharas saved him from an operation. Mr. Morris had an operation performed last year before he heard of Kharas. Afterward he suffered continually for a year until he came to Kharas through the efforts of some of Kharas' patients. He was in Omaha only a few days when he went home sound and well. After being at home several weeks he wrote Prof. Kharas, highly endorsing his method and treatment, saying he had had no indication of a return.

Mrs. Baldwin, a banker's wife of Hamburg, Ia., had suffered with a lump in her throat, and no doctor of medicine could give her relief, and her case was getting desperate. Her father had been cured of paralysis by Prof. Kharas, so he insisted that she go to Omaha and be examined. Prof. Kharas found that a small gland in the side of her neck had for some reason enlarged, producing a nervous tension which caused a constant contraction of muscles in the throat in such a way as to appear like a lump, though what the doctors had said was a lump was no lump at all. He cured Mrs. Baldwin in twenty minutes.

Mr. A. W. Hicker, a lecturer of considerable prominence of Linn, Neb., went to Kharas for treatment for stomach trouble of seven years' standing. He was cured in a week, and is now taking the Kharas course in Magnetic Osteopathy, and will work for Kharas at \$75 a month for the first year, and \$125 a month for the second year, etc.

If you care to know more about this business write to Kharas. He will not want to write to Kharas write to anybody who knows Kharas—except the doctors—they know him, but don't write to them. Information obtained from a physician is sometimes safe and sometimes not. Kharas refers to those who know him best—his patrons. He can send you names of Kharas' patients who he has cured within the last two years. He has branch offices in many places in Iowa and Nebraska. Investigate his work. It will pay you. Kharas headquarters are located at 1515-1517 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb.



With its 524 miles of railroads, occupying nine states, includes as its western or Trans-Missouri system the Promont, Elkhorn, & Missouri Valley Railroad, which occupies the best section of Nebraska, both for agricultural and grazing purposes. It also penetrates to the center of Wyoming, thro' the cattle ranges and into the celebrated sheep country and the oil regions of National county, Wyoming. It also is the pioneer line to the Black Hills, whose mythical past is so intimately associated with Indian traditions and their legendary lore. The modern Black Hills are especially famous for their marvelous richness in gold and silver ore, and for its equally marvelous thermal springs.

Near by these Black Hills are sections of the so-called "Bad Lands," where are still found great quantities of relics of prehistoric ages.

The agriculturist or stock grower should seek location on these lines, as should the scientist visit the "Bad Lands," the mines of the upper hills, the invalid the salination of the thermal springs.

It is said that when a Chinaman desires to wreak vengeance upon an enemy he commits suicide. Since the allied army invaded the Flowery Kingdom very few of the natives have lived up to the rule—except under pressure.

**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all drug stores. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

After six years of salutation on the part of the trades unions of Cincinnati free school books have been obtained for the pupils of the intermediate grade of the public schools. It is aimed to extend the system until it embraces the schools of all grades.

Vital weakness and nervous debility can be cured. "Vitalium" Tablets are guaranteed by Kild Drug Co., 1117 N. 1st St., to cure all nervous diseases, such as neuralgia, insomnia, or send free medicine card cured if guaranteed not to fail. Full, detailed, unexcused, free of charge, please send for these tablets; greatest of systems. If you are not what you ought to be, or want to be, and can't be, give them one trial and you will praise them forever. In a package, or 2 for \$1, per bottle. Retail and Wholesale of Myers & Kild Drug Co., Omaha, Neb., A. Dillman, 1117 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb., J. J. Kild, 1117 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb., J. J. Kild, 1117 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb., J. J. Kild, 1117 N. 1st St., Omaha, Neb.

Our old friend and Admiral, General Weyler, seems to be as popular in Madrid as he was in Cuba. But public sentiment does not cherish his ready bayonet.