

The Bondman

Continued Story.
By HALL CARNE.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an Icelander, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. Then Orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was named from the Isle of Man, 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 his father if not him, then his son, in the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and married a dissolute and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, war born. The woman died and Orry 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 Orry confesses his misdeeds 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. Meantime 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. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

CHAPTER III.

At that she paused for breath, and to press her lean hand over the place of the fire in her chest.

"Ye say true, ma'am, aw, true, true," said the man, in a lamentable voice. "And in the house of death it must be a great consolation to do right. Let's sing w' ye, ma'am. I'm going in the straight way now, myself, and please the Lord I'll backslide no more."

And while he counted out the money in his grimy palm, the old hypocrite was for striking up a Ranter hymn, beginning:

"Oh, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend."

But Mrs. Fairbrother cried on him to be silent, and then gathering strength she went on with the others until all were done. And passing to each his money, as the grasp of Death's own hand relaxed the hard grip of her tight fingers, she trembled visibly, held it out and drew it back again, as though she yet.

And when all was over she swept the were reluctant to part with it even people out of the room with a wave of her hand, and fell back on the bolster. Then Greeba, thinking it a favorable moment to plead for her father, mentioned his name, and eyed her mother anxiously. Mrs. Fairbrother seemed not to hear at first, and, being pressed, she answered wrathfully, saying she had no pity for her husband, and that not a penny of her money should go to him.

But late the same day, after the doctor, who had been sent for from Douglas, had wagged his head and made a rueful face over her, she called for her son, and they came and stood about her, and Greeba, who had nursed her from the beginning, was also by her side.

"Boys," she said, between fits of pain, "keep the land together, and don't separate; and mind you bring no women here or you'll fall to quarrelling, and if any of you must marry let him have his share and go. Don't forget the heifer that is near to calving, and see that you fodder her every night. Fetch the geese down from Barrule at Martinmas, and count the sheep on the mountains once a week, for the people of Maughold are the worst thieves in the island."

They gave her their holy promise duly to do and not to do what she had named, and, being little used to such vociferous, they grew uneasy and began to shamble out.

"And, boys, another thing," she said, faintly, stretching her wrinkled hand across the counterpane, "give the girl her rights, and let her marry whom she will."

This, also, they promised her; and then she, thinking her duty done as an honest woman towards man and the world, but recking nothing of higher obligations, lay backwards with a groan.

Now it did not need that the men should marry in order that they might quarrel, for hardly was the breath out of their mother's body, when they set to squabbling, without any woman to help them. Asher grumbled that Thurstan was drunken, Thurstan grumbled that Asher was lazy, Asher retorted that, being the eldest son, if he had his rights, he would have every foot of the land, and Ross and Stean rose in fury at the bare thought of either being hinds on their brother's farms or else taking the go-by at his hands. So they quarrelled, until Jacob said that there was plainly but one way of peace between them, and that was to apportion the land into equal parts and let every man take his share, and then the idleness of Asher and the drunkenness of Thurstan would be to each man his own affair. At that they remembered that the lands of Lague, then the largest estate on the north of the island, had once been made up of six separate farms, with a house to each of them, though five of the six houses had long stood empty. And seeing that there were just six of themselves it seemed, as Jacob said, as if Providence had so appointed things to see them out of their difficulty. But the farms, though of pretty equal acreage, were of various quality of land, and therein the quarrelling set in afresh.

"I'll take Ballacraigne," said Thurstan. "No, but I'll take it," said Jacob, "for I've always worked the meadows." In the end they cast lots, and then, each man having his farm assigned to him, all seemed to be settled when Asher cried:

"But what about the girl?" At that they looked stupidly into each other's faces, for never once in all their bickering had they given a thought to Greeba. But Jacob's resource was not yet at an end, for he suggested that Asher should keep her at Lague, and at harvest the other five should give her something, and that her keep and their gifts together should be her share; and if she had all she needed what more could she wish?

They did not consult Greeba on this head, and before she had time to protest they were in the thick of a fresh dispute among themselves. The meadow lands of Ballacraigne had fallen to Jacob after all, while Thurstan got the high and stony lands of Ballafayle, at the foot of Barrule. Thurstan was less than satisfied, and remembering that Jacob had drawn out the papers for the lottery, he suspected cheating. So he made himself well and thoroughly drunk at the "Hibernian," and set off for Ballacraigne to argue the question out. He found Jacob in no mood for words of recrimination and so he proceeded to thrash him, and to turn him off the fat lands and settle himself upon them.

Then there was great commotion among the Fairbrothers, and each of the four took a side in the dispute. The end of it all was a trial for ejectment at Deemster's Court at Ramsey, and another for assault and battery. The ejectment suit came first and Thurstan was ousted, and then six men of Maughold got up in the juror's box to try the charge of assault. There was little proof but a multitude of witnesses, and before all were heard the Deemster adjourned the court for lunch and ventilation, for the old courthouse had become poisonous with the reeking breath of the people that crowded it.

And the jury being free to lunch where they pleased, each of the parties to the dispute laid hold of his man and walked him off by himself, to persuade him, also to treat him, and perhaps to bribe him. Thus Thurstan was at the Saddle Inn with a jurymen on either side, and Jacob was at the Plough with as many by his side, and Ross and Stean had one each at the tavern by the Cross. "You're right," said the jurymen to Thurstan. "Drink up," said Thurstan to the jurymen. "I'm your man," said the jurymen to Jacob. "Slip this in your job," said Jacob to the jurymen. Then they recled back to the court house arm-in-arm, and when the six good men of Maughold had clambered up to their places again, the juror's box contained several quarts more ale than before.

The jury did not agree on a verdict, and the Deemster dismissed them with hot reproaches. But some justice to Greeba seemed likely to come of this wild farce of law, for an advocate, who had learned what her brothers were doing for her, got up a case against them, for lack of a better brief, and so far prevailed on her behalf that the Deemster ordered that each of the six should pay her eight pounds yearly, as an equivalent of the share of land they had unlawfully withheld.

Now Red Jason had spent that day among the crowd at the court house, and his hot blood had shown as red as his hair through his tanned cheeks, while he looked on at the doings of Thurstan of the swollen eyes, and Jacob of the foxy face. He stood up for a time at the back like a statue of wrath with a dirty mist of blood dancing before it. Then his loathing and scorn getting the better of him he cursed beneath his breath in Icelandic and English, and his restless hands scraped in and out of his pockets as if they itched to fasten on somebody's throat, or pick up something as a dog picks up a rat. All he could do was to curl his lip in a terrible grin, like the grin of a mastiff, until he caught a sidelong glimpse of Greeba's face with the traces of tears upon it, and then, being unable to control any longer the unsatisfied yearning of his soul to throttle Jacob, and smash the ribs of Thurstan, and give dandified John a gack-handed facer, he turned tall and stunk out of the place, as if ashamed of himself that he was so useless. When all was over he stalked off to Port-y-Vullin, but, too nervous to settle to his work that day, he went away in the evening in the direction of Lague, not thinking to call there, yet powerless to keep away.

Greeba had returned from Ramsey alone, being little wishful for company, so heavy was her heart. She had seen how her brothers had tried to rob her, and how beggarly was the help the law could give her, for though the one might order the others might not obey. So she had sat herself down in her loneliness, thinking that she was indeed alone in all the world, with no one to look up to any more, and no strong hand to rest on. It was just then that Jason pushed open the door of the porch, and stood on the threshold, in all the quiet strength of his untainted young manhood, and the calm breadth of his simple manner.

"Greeba, may I come in?" he said, in a low tone. "Yes," she answered, only just audibly. She did not raise her eyes, and he by, and then he entered.

did not offer his hand, but as he stood beside her she grew stronger, and as she sat before him he felt that a hard lump that had gathered at his heart was melting away.

"Listen to me, Greeba," he said. "I know all your troubles, and I'm very sorry for them. No, that's not what I meant to say, but I'm a loss for words. Greeba?"

"Yes?" "Doesn't it seem as if Fate meant us to come together—you and I? The world has dealt very ill with both of us thus far. But you are a woman and I am a man; and only give me the right to fight for you?"

As he spoke he saw the tears spring to her eyes, and he paused and his wandering fingers found the hand that hung by her side.

"Greeba!" he cried again, but she stopped the hot flow of words that she saw were coming.

"Leave me now," she said. "Don't speak to me today; no, not today. Jason. Go—go!"

He obeyed her without a word, and picking up his cap from where it had fallen at his feet, he left her sitting there with her face covered by her hands.

She had suddenly bethought herself of Michael Sunlocks; that she had pledged her word to wait for him, that she had written to him and that his answer might come at any time. Next day she went down to the postoffice at Ramsey to inquire for a letter. None had yet come for her, but a boat from the Shetlands that might fetch mails from Iceland would arrive within three days. Prompt to that time she went down to Ramsey again, but though the boat had put into harbor and discharged its mails there was still no letter for her. The ordinary Irish trader between Dublin and Reykjavik was expected on his homeward trip in a week or nine days more, and Greeba's heart lay low and waited. In due course the trader came, but no letter for her came with it. Then her hope broke down. Sunlocks had forgotten her; perhaps he cared for her no longer; it might even be that he loved someone else. And so with the fall of her hope her womanly pride arose, and she asked herself very haughtily, but with great tears in her big eyes, what it mattered to her after all? Only she was very lonely, and so weary and heartick, and with no one to look to for the cheer of life.

She was still at Lague, where her eldest brother was now sole master, and he was very cold with her, for he had taken it with mighty high dudgeon that a sister of his should have used the law against him. So, feeling how bitter it was to eat the bread of another, she had even begun to pinch herself of food, and to sit at meals but rarely. But Jason came again about a fortnight after the trial, and he found Greeba alone as before. She was sitting by the porch, in the cool of the summer evening, combing out the plaits of her long brown hair, and looking up at Barrule, that was heaving out large and black in the sundown, with a nightcap of silver vapor over its head in the clouds.

"I can stay away no longer," he said, with his eyes down. "I've tried to stay away and can't, and the days creep along. So think no ill of me if I come too soon." Greeba made him no answer, but thought within herself that if he had stayed a day longer he must have stayed a day too long.

"It's a weary heart I've borne," he said, "since I saw you last, and you bade me leave you, and I obeyed, though it cost me dear. But let that go." Still she did not speak, and looking up into her face he saw how pale she was, and weak and ill as he thought.

"Greeba," he cried, "what has happened?" But she only smiled and gave him a look of kindness, and said that nothing was amiss with her.

"Yes, by the Lord, but something is amiss," he said, with his blood in his face in an instant. "What is it?" he cried. "What is it?" "Only that I have not eaten much today," she said, "that's all."

"All?" he cried. "All?" He seemed to understand everything at a glance, as if the great power of his love had taught him.

"Now, by God—" he said, and shook his fist at the house in front of him. "It's this!" Greeba whispered, "it is my own doing. I am loath to be beholden to any one, least of all to such as forget me."

The sweet tenderness of her look softened him, and he cast down his eyes again, and said:

"Greeba, there is one who can never forget you; morning and night you are with him, for he loves you dearly; si, Greeba, as never maiden was loved by any one since the world began. No, there isn't the man born, Greeba, who loves a woman as he loves you, for he has nothing else to love in all the wide world."

She looked up at him as he spoke and saw the courage in his eyes, and that he who loved her stood as a man beside her. At that her heart swelled and her eyes began to fill, and he saw her tears and knew that he had won her, and he plucked her to his breast with a wild cry of joy, and she lay there and wept, while he whispered to her through her hair:

"My love! my love! love of my life!" he whispered.

"I was so lonely," she murmured.

"You shall be lonely no more," he whispered; "no more, my love, no more, and his soft words stole over her drooping head.

He stayed an hour longer by her side, laughing much and talking greatly, and when he went off she heard him break into a song as he passed out at the gate.

Then, being once more alone, she sat and tried to compose herself, wondering if she would ever repent of what she had done so hastily, and if she could love this man as he would deserve and would surely wish. Her meditations were broken by the sound of Jason's voice. He was coming back with his happy step, and singing as merrily as he went.

"What a blockhead I am," he said, sheepily, popping his head in at the door. "I forgot to deliver you a letter that the postmaster gave me when I was at Ramsey this morning. You see it's from Iceland. Good news from your father, I trust. God bless him!"

So saying he pushed the letter into Greeba's hand and went his way jingly, a grin as before a gay song of his native country.

The letter was from Michael Sunlocks.

(To be continued.)

GIRL CAPTIVE IN A CAVE.

San Francisco, Cal.—The other day the wires flashed a story of a Mexican tragedy that eclipses all other tales of lawlessness that have come out of that country. The first news of the affair came from George C. Beveridge, one of the owners of the famous Dolores mine in Mexico.

Mr. Beveridge is a San Francisco man, and was in El Paso, awaiting the arrival of his wife, when he gave a meager account to the press correspondents. A letter written by a Californian who lives near the Dolores has just arrived here, giving a full account of the affair.

It is a story that reads like a highly colored romance. It is a tale of the rescue of Lola Garcia, who has suffered the strangest imprisonment in the history of girl captives.

For nearly four weeks Lola Garcia was held captive in a lonely mountain cave. One she almost gained her freedom, only to be snatched back again into the cave with a different jailer.

At last she was rescued and returned to her home. And from the Dolores mine to Durango men are marveling at his strange adventures that have befallen this hapless girl.

The trouble began on September 16, at the grand fandango in honor of Mexico's birthday. From near and far the miners gathered to celebrate the great feast day. No one had made liver preparations for it than Lola Garcia. At the fandango in the Plaza Diaz she and Pedro Sanchez were made public their betrothal, and Lola wished to look her lover's face. She had chosen Pedro of the three suitors who had begged her hand, not because he was wealthy—far her other two admirers had mucho dinero—but because he had really won her heart.

PEDRO WAS TRIUMPHANT. The day of the fiesta the sparkling senoritas and handsome cavaliers made the plaza ring with their merriment. Triumphant among them all was Pedro Sanchez, who, breathless and exulting, led Lola through the graceful movements of "el son," a favorite Mexican dance. Gay laughing couples watched them, clapping approval. As Sanchez whirled through the crowd with his fair partner an arm reached forward with a knife and caught him in the back. He hardly touched the ground when the screaming girl and dragged her through the terror-stricken crowd.

As the crowd surged forward to save her from Gonzalez, Diablo, a third

suitors, ran swiftly from one side and plunged a knife into Gonzalez's side, wounding him.

Diablo seized the fainting girl, swung her into his saddle, mounted his horse and was off before the crowd guessed his purpose.

As soon as the people recovered their wits a rescuing party of three started in hot pursuit. At their head rode Juan Garcia, a brother of the girl. For almost three weeks they trailed up hill and down ravines, finding never a trace of the abductor and Lola. On the 26th day of their search they saw a thin, blue thread of smoke curling up from what looked like a cave in the mountain side. At last they had run down the abductor and the missing girl.

FIGHT LASTED TWO DAYS. The fight to liberate her lasted two days. The three rescuers found Diablo ready for them. He had skillfully built several loopholes of rocks covering the ground before the cave, and fired at every chance offered. The rescuers scattered, Indian fashion, and from behind any defense that gave them a good shot they sniped away.

Diablo shot two of the men before the end of the second day. But as he was moving near the cave's entrance Juan Garcia saw his shadow on a rock and made a guess at his position and fired. The bullet struck the rock to the left of Diablo's head, and a flying splinter badly cut his left temple.

The wound bled so profusely that the half-crazed girl saw in it her first gleam of hope. With dilating eyes she watched her captor gasp for breath. Then she carefully crawled to the entrance of the cave. Her brother was close to it, and at a call from her he made a dash for the entrance, purposing to catch Diablo off his guard and thinking to best him in his weakened condition. But Diablo was on the alert and as Garcia jumped over the barriers a bullet whizzed by his head.

There was an answering quick, sharp report, another and another, and when the smoke cleared Diablo Blanco was dead.

GIRL AGAIN ABDUCTED.

Juan Garcia tenderly lifted his sister and carried her to the spot where the horses were tethered. It was a slow, tedious journey home, in her weakened condition. The second night Juan left Lola at the camp fire and went to the spring for water. A man watching him from the brush stole stealthily down,

and, as Garcia stooped for water, he struck him over the head with a pistol butt. Lola was once more swung into a saddle. The bold abductor this time was Gonzalez. He had disappeared immediately after the affair on the day of the fiesta. Diablo's knife thrust had not been a deep one, and as soon as he was able to move Gonzalez started in pursuit of Diablo. Gonzalez carried the girl back to the same cave, and that fact is considered proof that he and Diablo had originally planned the abduction together, but that Diablo, as was his habit, had played false.

Next morning another rescuing party, following the tracks of the Garcia party, came upon Juan Garcia lying weak and helpless by the spring. One of the men remained with him, while the others, following Gonzalez's tracks, came in sight of the cave.

There were five of them against one man, but that one had a great advantage, and that, moreover, had hastily prepared himself against attack. He had run a low, brushwood tunnel from the cave to a bunch of logs some 50 yards away. From these logs he had planned to steal to the rear of any besieging force and so pick them off with his rifle.

But his plan miscarried. At his first shot one of the rescuing party happened to be looking behind and saw the smoke of Gonzalez's rifle. He guessed the truth, and two minutes later the abductor was caught in his own trap and the trailers were standing over his dead body.

There was weeping and wailing and Te Deums of joy in the neighborhood of the Dolores mine when the weary little band of rescuers rode in at nightfall. Juan Garcia had almost recovered from the blow, but his sister Lola was still grief-stricken by the tragedies that had come so thick and fast.

They carried her to the little flower covered hacienda where but a few weeks before she had looked down from the rose-twined grating of the window at Pedro Sanchez standing in the garden below.

Lola Garcia says she has done with the pleasures and gayeties of life. Her three weeks' imprisonment in the cave will never be blotted from her mind. There are no convents in Mexico, so she would take the veil. Instead, she will don the gray garb of a nurse, and, late and early, watch by the bedside of the stricken poor. In assuaging the sufferings of others, Lola Garcia hopes to forget her own grief.

ANITA BALDWIN'S SECOND WEDDING.

San Francisco, Cal.—Anita Baldwin is married again. Anita Baldwin is certainly an enterprising young person. She is in the earliest twenties yet, and already she's a woman with a history.

She can't help it. She's the daughter of Lucky Baldwin, the California millionaire, and her history began in her cradle.

It was a gold cradle. Solid gold, with two or three handfuls of turquoise and other precious stones set in at the head of the cradle in the form of a star. Just for luck, Lucky Baldwin said, when he had the cradle made.

She was brought up in rough mining camps, where her chief occupation was to put a rough board in the water and to whooping down the flume, to the scandalized horror of the village parsoness, who was the only really respectable lady in the mining camp.

Then she went away to boarding school. She took nine trunks and no one has counted how many bandboxes she boarded school with her.

When she was 14 years old she had a necklace of diamonds, in which each stone was as big as the end of a good-sized thumb. She learned to paint and to sing and to play "The Maiden's Prayer" on the piano.

Then she went back home and proceeded to make things pleasant for her father, Lucky Baldwin. She was a pretty girl, with a lot of shining hair that never would stay combed, a complexion like a red rose dipped in cream and a pair of large and laughing eyes. She hadn't been home from boarding school a week before you could trail her progress anywhere by the number of disconsolate youths she left on the sidelines.

Old and young, college students and widowers, they all fell victims to the charms of mischievous little Anita Baldwin.

Her father wanted her to go into society. He engaged a chaperone, and Anita took the chaperone out to the Cliff house one day, and lost her on the beach.

The chaperone had no carriage, and Anita had taken a carriage, so the chaperone walked home six long, weary miles. That was only the beginning.

At the end of a few months the chaperone idea was given up and Anita did not go into society.

She went down to the hotel her father owned and ate chocolate, ice cream and assorted cakes all the livelong afternoon, and in between times she went out in the hall and looked down the elevator shaft and tried to catch a glimpse of her cousin, young George Baldwin.

Anita fell in love with him, and he fell in love with Anita. Lucky Baldwin wouldn't hear of the marriage.

He wouldn't even discuss it. He simply grew purple in the face whenever anyone even hinted at the possibility of such a thing, and people stopped hinting.

There is a tradition in California that it is a good sign to heed the danger signal when Lucky Baldwin's cheeks grow purple.

One fine night Anita and her George got a little tug down on the water front sent up town and caught a minister, and went steaming out beyond the heads.

As soon as they got into the open sea Anita and George stood up and were married.

It is said that the bride and the groom and their minister were horribly sea sick, but the wedding was legal just the same. Mr. and Mrs. George Baldwin hurried back to the hotel for a blessing. They found Lucky Baldwin, but he was not in the blessing humor. Young George lost his position as clerk, and for a while things were rather gloomy for the bride.

But George Baldwin found a position in the county clerk's office. He worked faithfully and well.

One day Lucky Baldwin went to the county clerk's office and asked the clerk if George was of any earthly use.

"One of the best men in the office," said the clerk.

"Well, then," said Lucky Baldwin, "discharge him."

"George, get your hat and coat; we need a clerk at the hotel."

So George went back to the hotel. Things ran smoothly for a while, but only for a while. There were bickerings and quarrels and imitations and recriminations, and Mr. Baldwin said, "I told you so," and was comparatively appeased.

This fall when the state campaign began both he and his son-in-law noticed that Mrs. Baldwin took a great interest in politics. She went to every democratic meeting in town. One day she began to talk politics with her father. "Father," she said, "why don't you use your influence to help Hull McClaughry—he's an awfully nice man, and he wants to be justice of the peace."

"Hull McClaughry?" said Baldwin, "why, you must be crazy; he's a democrat."

"Well, I know he is," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but then—"

"But then, but then," said Lucky Baldwin, "don't you know me well enough to know that I wouldn't vote for George Washington if he was to come back to earth and go on the democratic ticket?"

Before Mrs. Baldwin could expostulate, her father reached over, took a little campaign picture of Hull McClaughry out of her hand and tore it to smithereens. "That's how I'll use my influence," he said.

Mrs. Baldwin soon announced to her friends that she had secured a divorce from her husband.

Just two weeks later she skipped out of town to a little Nevada mining town and was quietly married to Hugh McClaughry, lawyer and aspirant to the high honor of justice of the peace.

FEROCITY OF A DOG.

Jacob Westerman, a farmer living near Oakville, St. Louis county, Mo., had an exciting fight with a large Newfoundland dog and finally had to kill the animal to prevent it from injuring his cattle.

The dog first appeared near Westerman's house early in the morning. Westerman himself keeps a number of dogs. These the big Newfoundland attacked immediately with considerable fury. Westerman had always considered his pack good fighters, but they were not "in it" with the stranger. He whipped them singly and collectively and drove them to their kennels torn and bleeding.

Westerman appeared just in time to see the Newfoundland trotting complacently off across the fields. He turned his attention to his own dogs and began dressing their wounds.

He had accomplished only a little, however, when he heard the cattle in a pasture, a short distance from his house, bellowing madly. He ran to a point from which he could get a view of the pasture, and the sight made him think of the days when wolves were plentiful.

The ferocious Newfoundland had plunged into the midst of the herd, biting right and left, and the cattle, panic-stricken, were racing madly about the pasture. The dog followed close after them, attacking first one animal and then another.

Westerman hurried to the house for his shotgun and then ran to prevent his cattle. The gun was loaded with birdshot and, although Westerman stood at the dog from close range, the effect was nothing. He then reloaded with buckshot and these put an end to the dog's career.

The animal was a fine specimen of Newfoundland. He wore a brass collar with a Webster Groves license tag issued in 1898. He had the appearance of having been well kept and did not seem to be mad.

THE LOG OF A SHIP.

A ship's log is an instrument for measuring the rate at which the vessel is going and consists of three parts, viz., the log-chip, the log-line, and the log-glass. The principle is simply this:

A light substance thrown from the vessel ceases to partake of the motion of the vessel as soon as it strikes the water and will be left behind on the surface after a certain interval. If the distance of the ship from this stationary object be measured, the approximate rate of sailing will be given.

The log-chip is the float, the log-line is the measure of the distance, and the log-glass defines the interval of time.

In the old days the heaving of the log required skill and watchfulness, but since the patent log has come into use, no skill is required in finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clockwork and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it.