

The Bondman

Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER X. THE FAIRBROTHERS.

Now when the Fairbrothers concluded that they could never give rest to their tender consciences until they had done right by their poor sister Greeba they set themselves straightway to consider the ways and means. Ballacraigne must sell in order that his proceeds might be taken to Greeba as her share and interest; but Ballacraigne belonged to Jacob, and another provision would forthwith need to be made for him. So after much arguing and some nagging across the hearth of the kitchen at Lague it was decided that each of Jacob's five brothers should mortgage his farm to one-sixth its value, and that the gross sum of their five-sixths should be Jacob's for his share. This arrangement would have the disadvantage of leaving Jacob without land, but he showed a magnanimous spirit in that relation. "Don't trouble about me," said he, "it's sweet and nice to do a kindness to your own brothers."

And four of his brethren applauded that sentiment, but Thurstan curled up his red nose and thought, "Aw, yes, of course, a powerful big boiler of brotherly love the little miser keeps going under his whisker."

And having so decided they further concluded to see the crops off the ground, and then lose no time in carrying out their design. "Let's wait for the mays," said Asher, meaning the harvest home, "and then off for Marky the Lord." The person who went by this name was one Mark Skillcorn, an advocate, of Ramsey, who combined the functions of pettifogger with those of money-lender and auctioneer. Marky the Lord was old, and plausible and facetious. He was a distant relative of the Fairbrothers by the side of their mother's French family; and it was a strange chain of circumstances that no big farmer ever got into trouble but he became a client of Marky the Lord's, that no client of Marky the Lord's did not in the end go altogether to the bad, and that poor Marky the Lord never had a client who did not die in his debt. Nevertheless Marky the Lord grew richer as his losses grew heavier, and more facetious as his years increased. Oh, he was a funny dog, was Marky the Lord, but there was just one dog on the island a shade or two funnier still, and that was Jacob Fairbrother. This thrifty soul had for many a year kept a nest of private savings, and even in the days when he and his brethren went down to make a poor mouth before their father at Castletown he had money secretly lent out on the conscientious interest of only three per cent above the legal rate.

And thus it chanced that when Ballacraigne was advertised in big letters on every barn door in the north of Mann, Jacob Fairbrother went down to Marky the Lord, and made a private bargain to buy it in again. So when the day of the sale came, and Marky the Lord strode over the fields with some thirty men—farmers, miners, advocates, and parsons—at his heels, and then drew up on the roadside by the "Biberian," and there mounted the till-board of a cart for the final reckoning, little Jacob was too much moved to be present, though his brothers were there, all glooming around on the outside of the group, with their hands in their breeches pockets.

Ballacraigne was knocked down cheap to somebody that nobody knew, and then came the work of the mortgages; so once again Jacob went off to Marky the Lord, and bargained to be made mortgagor, though no one was to be a whit the wiser. And ten per cent he was to get from each of his five brothers for the use of the money which next day came back to his own hands.

Thus far all was straight dealing, but with the approach of the time to go to Iceland the complications grew thick. Jacob had so husbanded his money that while seeming to spend he still possessed it, and now he was troubled to know where to lodge that portion of it which he should not want in Iceland and might find it unsafe to take there. And while he was in the throes of his uncertainty his brothers—all save John—were in the travail of their own big conception.

Now Asher, Stean, Ross and Thurstan, having each made up his mind that he would go to Iceland also, had to consider how to get there, for their late bargaining had left them all penniless. The proceeds of the sale of Ballacraigne were lodged with Jacob for Greeba, and Jacob also held as his own what had come to each man from his mortgage. So thinking that Jacob must have more than he could want, they approached him one by one, confidentially and slyly. And wondrous were the lies they told him, for they dare not confess that their sole need of money was to go to Iceland after him, and watch him that he did not cheat them when Greeba sent them all their fortunes in return for their brotherly love of her.

Thus Asher took Jacob aside and whispered, "I'm mortal hard pressed for a matter of five and thirty pound, boy—just five and thirty, for draining and fencing. I make bold to think you'll lend me the like of it, and six per cent. I'll be paying regular."

"Ah, I can't do it, Asher," said Jacob, "for old Marky the Lord has stripped me."

Then came Stean, plucking a bit of ling and looking careless, and he said, "I've got a fine thing on now. I can buy a yoke of ploughing oxen for thirty pound. Only thirty, and a dead bargain. Can you lend me the brass? But what's the word, for Ross is sneaking after them."

"Very sorry, Stean," said Jacob, "but Ross has been here before you, and I've just lent him the money."

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from Stean a bit back, and he's not above threatening to sell me up for a dirty little debt like that. Maybe ye'd tide me over the trouble and say nothing to Stean."

"Make your mind easy, Ross," said Jacob, "Stean told me himself, and I've paid him all you owe him."

So these two went their ways and thereafter eyed each other threateningly, but neither dare explode, for both had their secret fear. And last of all came Thurstan, made well drunk for the better support of his courage, and he maudled and cried, "What d'ye think? Poor Ballabeg is dead—him that used to play the fiddle at church—and the old parson wants me to take Ballabeg's place up in the gallery-loft. Says I'd be wonderful good at the viol-bass. I wouldn't mind doing it neither, only it costs such a power of money, a viol-bass does—twenty pound maybe."

"Well, what of that?" said Jacob, interrupting him, "the parson says he'll lend you the money. He told me so himself."

With such shrewd answers did Jacob escape from the danger of lending to his brothers, whom he could not trust. But he lost no time down to Marky the Lord and offering his money to be lent out on interest with good security. Knowing nothing of this, Asher, Stean, Ross, and Thurstan each in his turn stole down to Marky the Lord to borrow the sum he needed. And Marky the Lord kept his own worthy counsel, and showed no unwelcome eagerness. First he said to Jacob, "I can lend out your money on good security."

"Who to?" said Jacob. "That I've given my word not to tell. What interest do you want?" "Not less than twelve per cent," said the temperate Jacob. "I'll get it," said Marky the Lord, and Jacob went away with a sly smile.

Then said Marky the Lord to each of the borrowers in turn, "I can find you the money."

"Whose is it?" asked Asher, who came the first. "That I've sworn not to tell," said Marky the Lord.

"What interest?" "Only four per cent to my friend."

"Well, and that's reasonable, and he's a right honest, well-meaning man, whoever he is," said Asher.

"That he is, friend," said Marky the Lord, "but as he had not got the money himself he had to borrow it of an acquaintance, and pay ten per cent for the convenience."

"So he wants fourteen per cent!" cried Asher. "Shoo! Lord save us! Oh, the grasping miser. It's outrageous. I'll not pay it if I do."

"You need be under no uneasiness about that," said Marky the Lord, "for I've three other borrowers ready to take the money the moment you say you won't."

"Hand it out," said Asher, and away he went, fuming.

Then Stean, Ross and Thurstan followed, one by one, and each believed as Asher had done before him. When the transaction was complete, and the time had come to set sail for Iceland, many and wonderful were the shifts of the four who had formed the secret design to conceal their busy preparations. But when all was complete, and berths taken, all six in the same vessel, Jacob and Gentleman John rode round the farms of Lague to bid a touching farewell to their brethren.

"Good-bye, Thurstan," said Jacob, sitting on the cross-board of the cart. "We've had arguments in our time, and fallen on some rough harm in the course of them, but we'll meet for peace and quietness in heaven some day."

"We'll meet before that," thought Thurstan.

"And did you pay that fourteen per cent?" said Stean. "I did, had cess to Marky the Lord, and the grasping old miser behind him, whoever he is."

And now it was Jacob's turn to look amazed. "Wait," he said; "I don't like the look of you."

"Then shut your eyes," said Thurstan. "Did Marky the Lord lend you the money?" asked Jacob of Asher.

"Ay, he did," said Asher. "And you, too?" said Jacob, turning stiffly to Stean.

"Ay," said Stean. "And you?" said Jacob, facing towards Ross.

"I darn say no," said Ross. "And you, as well?" said Jacob, confronting Thurstan.

"Why not?" said Thurstan. "The blockhead!" cried Jacob. "The scoundrel! It was my money—mine—mine, I tell you, and he might as well have pitched it into the sea."

Then the four men began to double their fists. "Wait!" said Asher. "Are you the grasping young miser that asked fourteen per cent?"

"He is, clear enough," said Stean. "Well," said Thurstan, "I really think—look you, boys, I really do think, but I speak under correction—I really think, all things considered, this Jacob is a damned rascal."

"I may have the advantage of him in years," said Asher, doubling up his sleeves, "but if I can't—"

"Go to the devil," said Jacob, and he went below, boiling with rage.

It was idle to keep up the quarrel, for very soon all six were out on the high seas, bound to each other's company at head and board, and doomed to pass the better part of a fortnight together. So before they came to Iceland they were good friends, after their fashion, though that was perhaps the fashion of the cat and mouse, and being landed at Reykjavik they were once more in their old relations, with Jacob as purse-bearer and spokesman.

(To be continued.)

THE REIGN OF A KING
THE PRESIDENT IS EXERCISING IMPERIAL FUNCTIONS.

Imperialism Has Come—Senator Teller Believes It Is Worse in the Philippines Than in Russia—Some Extracts from His Recent Speech in the Senate

From a speech by Senator Teller in the senate, January 4. "I have not agreed with everybody in this fear of imperialism. Two years ago last month I said in my place here in the senate that there would not be any imperialism in the Philippines. The American people would not allow it. But since then I have seen in those islands an imperial government that has no equal on earth, no counterpart anywhere under heaven—an imperial government there with five men, and five men only, strangers to the language of the country, strangers to the country itself, unacquainted with the interests of its people, sitting and administering government, taking the money of the people and appropriating it without their consent, ignoring the people entirely."

"The czar of Russia is an absolute ruler. He has a council of sixty men who sit with him and consider public Russian affairs. They are the people of the country. They have their sympathies and their ambitions for Russia. But these men now sitting and swaying things in the Philippines are strangers in that land. Under military law they have a right there undoubtedly, but under God's law they have no place or right there at all."

"So I take back what I said here two years ago. Imperialism has come, has come in its worst form, and what I want to know, along with the Senator from Maryland (Wellington), is, What you are about to do now? Are you going to keep up this imperialistic government? Are you going to continue attempting to govern 12,000,000 of people contrary to their wish, without a voice from them or a chance to be heard, and that, too, when your chief actor upon the ground, General MacArthur, tells you that the people of those islands are a unite against the administration, and when every Filipino in Europe today, where there are thousands of them, is against our government? What are you going to do?"

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"To which question city and state, of Philadelphia, makes this brief but comprehensive reply: 'The one thing to do, which we believe the people of this land will sooner or later get ready to do preemptively, is to demand that we as a nation quit our meanness, get out of that land where we have only a factitious right to be, and atone, so far as we can, or make good in the fullest way possible, for the ravages we have committed, the monstrous wrongs we have wrought. It will cost not a little to do that, but unless all the lessons of history are false, and rectitude is all a dream, it will cost prodigiously more in the long run not to do it.'

A HOPELESS CASE.
He was just a common sinner, But he'd buy a tramp a dinner, An' he'd sort o' try to put him on his feet!

An' a fellow might be needy, An' his raiment worn and seedy, Yet he'd stop an' visit with him in the street.

He made no ado about it— Wouldn't brag around ner shout it, Yet he'd did a heap to help his fellow-men;

When he'd find a fallen brother, In some easy way or other He would make him organize himself again.

He had money, an' he spent it, Er he give away er lent it; Seemed ez if the more he lost the more he got;

Made all sorts o' big donations, Helped support his poor relations, An' he bought an orphan school, a house, an' lot.

Never heard o' him a shoutin', Ner a settin' round a-soutin' 'Bout the everlastin' wickedness o' things;

But he just went on a findin' Deeds to do an' never mindin' Much about a crown er harp with golden strings.

Yet the deacon's folks—it's very hard to say it—they was merry When at last death came an' caught him in the lurch;

Fer they knowed the devil got 'im, An' it served him right, dot dot 'im! Fer he never had untied with the church.

(The above verses were written by David S. Brown of Peoria and refer to the late Col. Ingersoll. They are reproduced from the New York Truth Seeker.)

THE PENSION BURDEN.
From the Pittsburg Post: The pension bill now before congress carries \$145,245,230, and is the largest one on record. It exceeds thirty-six years after the close of the civil war—the aggregate payments for pensions during the five years from 1879 to 1883. It nearly equals the expenditures of the federal government for all purposes, excluding interest on the public debt, in 1871, only 30 years ago. It is more than five times the amount the country was paying for pensions in thirteen years after the end of the civil war. There are a round million names now on the pension list. The total number of new claims allowed last year was 49,845, exceeding by more than 2,000 the reduction occasioned in

the roll by the deaths of old pensioners 36 years after the end of the civil war. Including with pension our military and naval appropriations, our war budget amounts to more than that of either France, Germany, Russia or Great Britain with their immense standing armies. War taxes are heavier in the United States than in any nation of Europe.

THAT FULL DINNER PAIL.
There goes the workingman crossing the street, His clothing is shabby, cheap clothing on his feet. His hat may have weathered full many a gale, Yet he's happy, he carries a full dinner pail.

What does he care for a home of his own? He seems quite contented, so let him alone, He lives in a "shack," but his boss does not fail To see that he carries a full dinner pail.

Are his children at school? No, they work in a mine. He drinks beer and whisky, his boss guzzles wine. He seldom eats chicken, and never eats quail, Stale bread and poor steak, that's his full dinner pail.

He's a sovereign voter, ah, yet so he is, But he lets politicians attend to his "biz." He's a slave and don't know it, from eyes pull the scale, So he'll demand more than the full dinner pail.

—T. H. West, in the Independent, Binghamton, N. Y.

ARE THEY HUMAN BEINGS?
Children from eight to nine years of age work in the mills of North Carolina from six at night to six in the morning for the princely sum of ten cents a night. These mills pay a regular dividend of 10 per cent to the stockholders. Are the owners of these mills human beings? Fancy enjoying the luxuries of life at the expense of the labor of little children in the long hours of the night! The Chinese don't need missionaries half as badly as do the cotton mill operators of the south. If they can't be reached by the gospel, more effective measures should be adopted, for such barbarities are a disgrace to the state and nation. It is not unlikely the plea will be made that these operators are public benefactors, inasmuch as they keep the little ones out of mischief by furnishing employment at the munificent wages noted.—Typographical Journal.

EDITORIAL PLATFORM.
We will speak out, we will be heard, Though all earth's systems crack. We will not bate a single word, Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, and what care we For hisses and for scorn, While some faint gleamings we can see Of freedom's coming morn?

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink, Let traitors turn away; Whatever we have dared to think That dare we also say.

—James Russell Lowell.

A LESSON FROM MONKEYS.
Herbert S. Casson teaches a lesson by illustrating the movements of ten monkeys, who were hunting together. They discovered a cocoon across a stream. Nine of the monkeys formed a bridge, over which the tenth passed safely, and secured the nut. He, however, claimed it as his own, although he had walked over the bodies of the other nine to secure it. This is the game of the average capitalist today.

This prosperity sample appeared as an advertisement in the German Milwaukee Herald last Sunday. We print it in full without comment: "Situation wanted.—A young German, who has worked in hotels and private houses, desires a situation as porter in small hotel or in a private house; he has some knowledge of tending bar and night clerk, and understands well the care of horses, driving, milking, etc. Will work for \$3 or \$3 a week and board. Kindly address 'K, 177, Herold office.'"

John Sherman held office for forty years and received an average salary of \$8,000 a year. He died worth \$2,500,000. There was a splendid example of frugality and thrift for workmen to follow. Out of a total salary of \$320,000, John, by dint of severe economy, we suppose, saved two and a half million dollars, and all of this accumulated out of his own labor! If industry was fully organized, like the postoffice, no one would have more than he earned.—Haverhill Social Democrat.

All public utilities will finally belong to the people. The title will rest with them, and in the more private combinations of capital the producer will find a way to procure his fair share of the savings rendered possible by the economies which are effected. This is the hope and promise of the twentieth century. It will be all the easier for the government to take these great properties in the name of the people when the time is ripe.—Boston Daily Traveler.

A street car driver working for \$1.50 per day in 1896 should get \$2.70 per day now to keep up with the advance in salt pork.

A section hand working for \$1.25 a day in 1896 should get \$2.12½ today to keep up with the price of beans.

TURNING TO LEFT.
Instinct Fancied Both by Man and the Lower Animals
Instinct has been defined as a sort of inherited knowledge peculiar to the lower animals. That man possesses many analogous traits we all know; but there is one so subtly engrafted in his nature that, under certain circumstances, he is unconsciously made to act in precisely the same manner as the wild animal, and that is in circle-traveling. It is a peculiar instinct which causes wild animals, when pursued for any considerable distance, always to travel in a circle; and man, when lost on the veldt, the prairie, or in the forest, unconsciously becomes controlled by the same instinct and is made to bend his course and travel in a circle, and return to the same place from whence he started. A notable instance of this is mentioned by Mr. Catlin, an American traveler of repute, which occurred while ascending the upper Missouri. He had left the steamer on which he had been sailing up the river, with the object of teaching an Indian village by making a short-cut across a prairie on foot, accompanied only by a single attendant. "In our course," said Mr. Catlin, "we had a prairie of some thirty miles to cross; and the second day, being dark and cloudy, we had no object by which to guide our course, having no compass with me at the time. During the first day the sun shone, and we kept our course very well; but on the next morning, though we started right (I said our course), we no doubt soon began to bend, notwithstanding that we appeared to be progressing in a straight line. There was nothing to be seen about us but short grass, everywhere the same; and in the distance a straight line, the horizon, all around us. Late in the afternoon, and when we were very much fatigued we came upon the very spot, to our surprise, where we had bivouacked the night before, and which we had left on that morning. We had turned to the left and no doubt had traveled all day in a circle. The next day, having the sunshine, we laid (and kept) our course without any difficulty. On arriving at the Sioux village and relating our singular adventure, the Indians laughed at us as very heartily, and all the chiefs united in assuring me that whenever a man is lost on the prairie he travels in a circle, and also that he invariably turns to the left; of which singular fact I have become doubly convinced by subsequent proofs similar to the one mentioned.—Chamber's Journal.

IN A TRASH PILE.
Old King George Coin Found in Knoxville, Tenn.
Walter Cheatham, an employe of the city stables, has had the good fortune to find a very old coin of the realm of Great Britain in a trash pile, says the Knoxville Journal and Tribune. The coin is of the same size as an American dollar and weighs just the same. Walter did not realize that the coin might have a big price offered for it, and while showing it to Stable Boss William Kellar, asked that official what he would give for the coin. Mr. Kellar does not know the value of old coins, and offered ten cents. Mr. Cheatham declined and Mr. Kellar proffered twenty-five cents and the bargain was struck. Mr. Kellar decided he would keep the coin as a rare novel keepsake, but now he would probably refuse an offer of \$500 for it, pending a thorough investigation of its value to numismatic collectors. On yesterday Mr. Cheatham returned to Mr. Kellar and tried to buy back the coin for a quarter of a dollar. Mr. Kellar refused, but jokingly said he would take \$5 for it. Cheatham was about to take him at his word, when Mr. Kellar said he intended to keep the coin. Its owner was then informed that according to a coin collector's manual, King George's dollar was quoted as being worth \$1,500. The coin is much worn and the date is effaced, but King George's profile is stamped on the face of the coin, while on the back his majesty is pictured astride a horse in the act of slaying a dragon. "George III., G. B.," are some of the letters easily deciphered around the margin of the coin. The edge is worn smooth.

JAPANESE BABIES.
They Get Good Doses of Nature and Thrive Well.
According to our modern scientific ideas as to the careful treatment of babies, those of Japan would seem to have a hard time, and yet there are no healthier, nor fatter looking little mortals on the face of the earth. We insist on a fixed temperature, on sterilized milk, on all sorts of improved things, while the Japanese baby gets a good dose of nature, and seems to thrive on it. It is dressed and undressed in a frigid temperature in winter, and in summer its tender little eyes are always exposed to the glare of the sun, as it is carried on its mother's back. It is to be seen, however, that this latter treatment does not affect the eyes of the children, though they get over it later in life. At Nagasaki, amongst the women carriers who coal the ship, you may see many with babies on their backs. The mothers work all day in the rain, or in the sun, or the snow, and these babies sleep, indifferent to everything, the top of its head alone visible, with the movements of the mother's head seem in the least hindered, and accomplishes as much work as men. It seems as if the babies of this class were born strong.—James Brown and Benjamin in San Francisco Chronicle.

When anything unusual of a duly come from the