

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

What happened thereafter he never rightly knew, only that in a dazed dream he was standing with others outside the walls about Government House while the snow began to fall through the darkness, that he saw the dancers circling across the lighted windows and heard the music of the flutes and violins above the steady chime of the sea, that he knew this merry-making to be a festival of her marriage whom he loved with a love beyond that of his mortal soul, that the shame of his condition pained him and the pain of it maddened him, the madness of it swept away his consciousness, and that when he came to himself he had forced his way into the house, thinking to meet his enemy face to face, and was in a room alone with Greeba, who was covering before him with a white face of dismay.

"Jason," she was saying, "why are you here?"

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"Why have you followed me?" she cried.

"Why have you followed him?"

"What have you come for?"

"Is this what you have come for?"

"Jason," she cried again, "I wronged you, that is true, but you forgave me, and if you had said 'stay,' I should have stayed. But you released me, you know you did. You gave me up to him, and now he is my husband."

"But this man is Michael Sunlocks," said Jason.

"Didn't you know that before?" said Greeba. Ah, then, I know what you have come for. You have recalled your forgiveness, and have come to punish me for deserting you. But spare me! Oh, spare me! Not for my own sake, but for I am his wife now, and he loves me very dearly. No, not that, but only spare me, Jason," she cried, and crouched at his feet.

"I would not harm a hair of your head, Greeba," he said.

"Then what have you come for?" she said.

"This man is a son of Stephen Orry," he said.

"Then it is for him," she cried, and leaped to her feet.

"Ah, now I understand. I have not forgotten the night in Port-y-Vullin."

"Does he know of that?" said Jason.

"No."

"Does he know I am here?"

"No."

"Does he know we have met?"

"No."

"Let me see him!"

"But why?" she stammered. "Why see him? It is I who have wronged you."

"That's why I want to see him," said Jason.

She uttered a cry of terror and staggered back. There was an ominous silence, in which it passed through Greeba's mind that all that was happening then had happened before. She could hear Jason's labored breathing and the dull thud of the music through the walls.

"Jason," she cried, "what harm has he ever done you? I alone am guilty before you. If your vengeance must fall on anyone let it fall on me."

"Where is he?" said Jason.

"He is gone," said Greeba.

"Gone?"

"Yes, to find my poor father. The dear old man was wrecked in coming here, and my husband sent men to find him, but they blundered and came back empty-handed, and not a half an hour ago he went off himself."

"Was he riding?" said Jason; but without waiting for an answer he made towards the door.

"Wait! Where are you going?" cried Greeba.

Swift as lightning the thought had flashed through her mind. "What if he should follow him?"

Now the door to the room was a heavy, double-hung door of antique build, and at the next instant she had leaped to it and shot the heavy wooden bar that bolted it.

At that he laid one powerful hand on the bar itself, and wrenched it outward across the leverage of its iron loops, and it cracked and broke, and fell to the ground in splinters.

Then the strong excitement lent the brave girl strength and her fear for her husband gave her courage, and crying, "Stop, for heaven's sake stop," she put her back to the door, tore up the sleeve of her dress, and thrust her bare right arm through the loops where the bar had been.

"Now," she cried, "you must break my arm after it."

"God forbid," said Jason, and he fell back for a moment at that sight. But, recovering himself, he said, "Greeba, I would not touch your beautiful arm to hurt it, no, not for all the wealth of the world. But I must go, so let me pass."

Still her terror was entered on the thought of Jason's vengeance.

"Jason," she cried, "he is my husband. Only think—my husband."

"Let me pass," said Jason.

"Jason," she cried again, "my husband is everything to me, and I am all in all to him."

"Let me pass," said Jason.

"You intend to follow him. You are seeking him to kill him."

"Let me pass."

"Deny it."

"Let me pass."

"Never," she cried. "Kill me if you will, but until you have done so you shall not pass this door. Kill me!"

"Not for my soul's salvation!" said Jason.

"Then give up your wicked purpose. Give it up, give it up."

"Only when he shall have given up his life."

"Then I warn you, I will show you no pity, for you have shown none to me."

At that she screamed for help, and presently the faint music ceased, and there was a noise of hurrying feet. Jason stood a moment listening; then he looked towards the window, and saw that it was of one frame, and had no such fastenings. At the next

stant he had doubled his arms across his face and dashed through glass and bars.

A minute afterwards the room was full of men and women, and Jason was brought back into it pale, sprinkled with snow and blood-stained.

"I charge that man with threatening the life of my husband," Greeba cried.

Then it seemed as if twenty strong hands laid hold of Jason at once. But no force was needed, for he stood quiet and silent, and looked like a man who had wakened in his sleep, and been suddenly awakened by the sound of Greeba's voice. One glance he gave her of great suffering and proud defiance, and then, guarded on either hand, passed out of the place like a captured lion.

CHAPTER IX. THE PEACE OATH.

There was short shrift for Red Jason. He was tried by the court nearest the spot, and that was the criminal court, where the Bishop in his civil capacity presided, with nine of his neighbors on the bench beside him. From this court an appeal was possible to the Court of the Quarter, and again from the Quarter Court to the High Court of Althing; but appeal in this case there was none, for there was no defense. And because Icelandic law did not allow of the imprisonment of a criminal until after he had been sentenced, an inquest was called forthwith, lest Jason should escape or compass the crime he had attempted. So the Court of Inquiry sat the same night in the wooden shed that served both for Senate and House of Justice.

The snow was late, but the court-house was thronged. It was a little place—a plain box, bare, featureless, and chill, with walls, roof and seats of wood, and floor of hard earth. Four short benches were raised, step above step, against the farthest side, and on the highest of these the Bishop sat, with three of his colleagues on each of the three rows beneath him. The prisoner stood on a broad stool to the right, and the witnesses on a like stool to the left. A wooden bar crossed the room about midway, and in the open space between that and the door the spectators were crowded together.

The place was lighted by candles, and some were fixed to the walls, others were held by tapers on the end of long sticks, and a few were hung to the rafters by hemp ropes tied about their middle. The floor ran like a stream, and the atmosphere was full of the vapor of the snow that was melting on the people's clothes. Nothing could be ruder than the court-house, but the Court that sat there observed a rule of procedure that was almost an idolatry of form.

The prisoner was called by the name of Jason, son of Stephen Orry, and having answered in a voice so hollow that it seemed to come out of the earth beneath him, he rose to his place. His attitude was dull and impassive, and he seemed hardly to be aware of the crowd that murmured at sight of him. His tall figure stooped, there was a cloud in his bloodshot eyes, and his red hair, long as a woman's, hung in disordered masses down his worn cheeks to his shoulders. The Bishop, a venerable prelate of great age, looked at him and thought, "That man's heart is dead within him."

The spokesman of the court was a middle-aged man, who was short, had little piercing eyes, a square brush of iron-gray hair that stood erect across the top of his corded forehead, and a crisp, clear utterance, like the crackle of a horse's hoofs on the frost.

Jason was charged with an attempt to take the life of Michael Sunlocks, first President of the second Republic. He did not plead, and had no defence, and the witnesses against him spoke only in answer to the leading questions of the judges.

The first of the witnesses was Greeba herself and her evidence, given in English, was required to be interpreted. All her brave strength was now gone. She trembled visibly. Her eyes were down, her head was bent, her face was half-hidden by the hood of a cloak she wore, and her tones were merely audible. She had little to say. The prisoner had forced his way into Government House, and there, to her own face, had threatened to take the life of her husband. In plain words he had done so, and then made show of going in pursuit of her husband that he might carry out his design.

"Wait," said the Bishop, "your husband was not present?"

"No," said Greeba.

"There was, therefore, no direct violence?"

"None."

"And the whole sum of the prisoner's offense, so far as you know of it, lies in the use of the words that you have repeated?"

"Yes."

"Then, turning to the spokesman of the Court, the old Bishop said—

"There has been no overt act. This is not an attempt, but a threat to take life. And this is not a crime by the law of this, or any other Christian country."

"Your pardon, my lord," said the little man, in his crisp tones. "I will show that the prisoner is guilty of the essential part of murder itself. Murder, my lord," he added, "is not merely to compass the destruction of a life, for there is homicide, by misadventure, there is justifiable homicide, and there are the rights, long recognized by Icelandic law, of the avengers of blood. Murder is to kill in secrecy and after long-harbored malice, and now my lord, I shall show that the prisoner has lain in wait to slay the President of the Republic."

At that Greeba stood down, and other witnesses followed her. Nearly everyone had been summoned with whom Jason had exchanged words since he landed eight days before. There was the lens grinder who had saved him from the drill at the Latta school, the little tailor who had concealed the work of the jail, the stut-

tering doorkeeper at the senate-house, and one of the maçons at the fort. Much was made of the fainting in the Cathedral yard, on the Sunday morning, and out of the deaf landlady, the Cathedral caretaker, some startling disclosures seemed to be drawn.

"Still," said the old Bishop, "I see no overt act."

"Good gracious, my lord," said the little spokesman, "are we to wait until the knife has been reddened?"

"God forbid!" said the old Bishop.

Then came two witnesses to prove motive. The first of them was the tipsy comrade of former days, who had drawn Jason into the drinking shop. He could say of his own knowledge that Jason was jealous of the new Governor. The two were brothers in a sort of way. So people said, and so Jason had told him. They had the same father, but different mothers, Jason's mother had been the daughter of the old Governor, who turned his back on her at her marriage. At her death he relented, and tried to find Jason, but could not, and then took up with Michael Sunlocks. People said that was the beginning of the new President's fortune. At all events Jason thought he had been supplanted, was very wroth, and swore he would be revenged.

The second of the two witnesses pointed to a very different motive. He was one of the three Danes who had twice spoken to Jason—the elderly man with the meek and quiet manner. Though himself loyal to the Icelandic Republic he had been much thrown among his enemies. Jason was one of them; he came here as a spy direct from Copenhagen, and his constant associates were Thomsen, an old, white-headed man living in the High street, and Polveien, a young and sallow man, who kept one of the stores facing the sea. With these two Jason had been heard by him to plan the assassination of the President.

STEEL WOOL IN ARTS.

Takes Place of Sandpaper in All Cabinet Work.

"Although steel wool has only been used as a substitute for sandpaper during the last six years, it is now very extensively used for polishing purposes by metal workers, carpenters, cabinet makers, house painters, sign painters and grainers throughout the United States," said a wholesale dealer in the material to the writer recently. "Steel wool is an article of regular manufacture and it is put up in one-pound packages very much resembling rolls of cotton batting. It is composed of sharp-edged threads of steel, which curl up like wool or the familiar wool finer known as excelsior, but it is much finer in texture than the latter material, the finest quality being not much coarser than the coarsest of natural wools. The superiority of steel wool over the ordinary sandpaper consists in its great pliability, which enables a worker to polish or smooth down irregular parts of moldings or ornamental woodwork. Such work can be done with steel wool far better and much more expeditiously than with sandpaper. The latter clogs in use, but steel wool always retains a more perfect polishing edge or surface. The wool is made in various degrees of coarseness, the coarser grade being best adapted for taking off old paint or varnish and for smoothing and cleaning floors like those of bowling alleys. The wool is generally used with gloves to keep the sharp ends from sticking into the workman's fingers."—Washington Star.

Industrial Development Brings Evils.

The annual day of humiliation and prayer was recently observed in Prussia, according to long established custom, and a great many of the Berlin newspapers took occasion to print articles upon the recent deterioration in public morality. They asserted that the rapid industrial development of the country and its corresponding improvement in its financial condition had resulted in a alarming growth of social evils and abuses.

Making Bank-Note Paper.

The paper upon which bank-notes and bonds are printed is all made at Dalton, Mass., and its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets connected with the government system of money making. Each sheet is as carefully watched from the time it first assumes shape until deposited in the vaults of the treasury department at Washington, as though it were gold.—Golden Hours.

Railroad to Tap Siberia.

German capitalists have planned the construction of a railroad through the Samoyede peninsula with the object of bringing the wheat of western Siberia quickly and economically into the world market. The wheat will be shipped by the Ob and its navigable tributaries to Obdorsk; then by rail to the seacoast and thence by vessel to London or other ports.

"Seeker" Would Be-causet.

Charles H. Acord, 41 years old, and John J. Lynch, aged 45, have filed papers in Indianapolis for re-enlistment in the regular army. They enlisted together in 1882, were "bunkies" for 18 years, shared the perils of 11 battles and engagements at home and abroad, and now wish to re-enter the service together.

Captain Edward C. Raymond, who had an extensive acquaintance in Grand Army circles, expired suddenly of heart disease while reading a paper at Galesburg, Ill. During the civil war he was captain of Company A, Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry.

The dispatch adds that according to reliable information the Boers do not intend at present to take diplomatic steps, but will continue in South Africa in strong enough a state the diplomatic steps necessary.

Time is money—with the disappearing bank official.

Developing Native Grasses.

The United States Department of Agriculture has undertaken a good work in the securing for experimental purposes the grasses that grow wild in this country. F. Lamson-Scribner, agronomist of the Department of Agriculture, summarizes thus the work that has been already done along this line.

According to the provisions of the act of congress, making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year 1901, this division was directed to purchase and collect seeds and specimens of valuable economic grasses and forage plants, to be distributed to the various experiment stations under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, to ascertain their adaptability to the various soils and climates of the United States. In order to carry out this direction, plans were made early in the season to undertake the work with the beginning of the fiscal year. Mr. C. L. Shear, an assistant in the division, was put in charge of the seed and field work, and immediately after July 1 he began work in the field, and several agents were employed to work with him during the collecting season. He was verbally instructed to make the collection of seeds of valuable native grasses and forage plants the leading feature of his field work.

There are many native grasses and forage plants of great economic value that have never yet been introduced into cultivation. This is especially true of the grasses of the great cattle ranges of the West, which formerly grew in such abundance and which through overstocking and mismanagement have now become almost extinct. In the propagation and cultivation of these species, native to the soil and already acclimated, lies the hope of the ranchman and the herder for restoring to their former carrying capacity the now depleted ranges and pastures. Particular effort has been directed to securing in quantity seeds of these wild range grasses; also those of probable value in the South for winter pastures, those likely to prove good meadow grasses for high altitudes and those especially adapted to binding shifting sands, for which there is so much demand. Seeds of a few native grasses of highly economic importance have been obtained by purchase from parties living in the remote regions where they grow. A number of varieties were obtained in this way from the vicinity of Silver City, New Mexico. In all this work it not infrequently happened that long and tedious journeys had to be made to regions inaccessible to stock before grasses in seed could be found, and the collection was made by hand. Some four tons of seed of about one hundred and thirty varieties of grasses and forage plants were thus gathered, the quantities in each case varying from one to five hundred pounds. Never before has so large an amount of native seeds been collected by the department.

How to Pack Apples.

It is very essential that apples should be properly prepared for market in order that the best results may be obtained, and it is with this end in view that the following suggestions are submitted:

Country shippers and packers of apples should make it a point to pack their fruit honestly; that is, have the fruit run alike all through the barrel. Do not endeavor to cause deception by placing good, sound, large fruit on the top and bottom of the barrel, and fill in the middle with a lot of gnarly, wormy and decayed fruit. It does not pay. The deception is easily detected upon investigation, and merchants do not care to have fraud practiced upon them, neither do they care to practice it upon their customers.

Full regulation-sized barrels should be used. Take the barrel, one head out, nail the hoops, and break off the ends of the nails at the inside; place a layer or tier of apples, good and uniform size, smooth, bright, healthy, as closely as possible, stem downward, on the lower end, then fill up, a basket full at a time, throwing out small worms, gnarly and windfall apples, and shaking the barrel well after each deposit until it is full two inches above the rim; place the head squarely on the apples, and with a screw or lever press force it into place and nail securely. Turn over the barrel and mark name of apple with red or black lead, or stencil. Bear in mind that, to be shipped safely, fruit must be packed tight, to prevent rattling or bruising.

In shipping apples the first of the season—early varieties—shippers should see that openings are cut on the side of the barrels and also in both ends, to admit of free circulation of air, which will greatly help to bring apples through in good condition during warm weather.

Interesting Facts on Potatoes.

The experiment station Record quotes from some experiments of Prof. E. S. Goff as follows: When potatoes are placed for a few minutes in brine the lightest or those of poorest quality and most deficient in starch rise to the top. By this method it is an easy matter with the aid of a hydrometer to determine the amount of starch and hence the quality of the potatoes. The author planted the light, the medium and the heavy potatoes as indicated by the brine test for two years in succession, and, unlike European investigators, used no improvement in the quality of the crops as a result of this selection. He found that tubers growing nearest the surface were of lowest specific gravity or poorest quality, and that the specific gravity increased with the depth at which the potato grew. This he ascribes to the cooler temperature at greater depths. He also found that potatoes grown in level culture, with the consequent lower temperature within the soil, had a greater specific gravity than those grown in hills.



AUNT ELLEN'S GRIEVANCE.

From the Kansas City Star: The sun sank low, across the level of the swamp, as I saw Aunt Ellen turn in at the gate and trudge up the avenue. As she shuffled a curtsy and dropped down on the topmost step, in response to my invitation, I perceived that something out of the ordinary had banished the usually expansive grin from the broad yellow face under the gray-hued turban. It was gravity itself, I waited.

"It's pow'ful hot, Miss Jennie. Seems lak dah hain't a bref ob air a-stirrin' Honey, how's yo' paw's rheumatism?"

"Not any better, Aunt Ellen. Now that the doctors have felled you had better prescribe. Jane tells me that you have charms that will cure anything."

"Deed, chile, I hain't set up foh no doctah; but de good Lawd, he know dah hain't nuttin' lak de ile ob a polecat foh dat flamin' rheumatiz, what yo' paw got?"

"Polecat," I gasped.

"Ya-asm. Jes cotch him, en roas' him wif da ha-ar on. When de fat 'gins ter drip, foteh out some rald flannel, en grease it wif de drippin'; en it will cure him up in no time."

This staggering prescription being beyond my power to fill I temporized. "Aunt Ellen, you know all about it; suppose you coax the colonel into letting you try it?"

"Miss Jenny, honey, Gawd knows I hain't fitten ter do nuttin'. I'se bothered long ob dat trifin', no-count niggar what call hisself 'Mistah Jones.' I come up ter see ef yo' cod'n' he'p me outen it."

"Certainly, Aunt Ellen, what can I do for you?"

"Miss Jennie, mek me some ob dem cream pies, en a cake, en lemme hab a cup' ob dem ole hens."

"Is that all? Of course. When do you want them?"

"Dis heah's Friday; en Sunday am de 'plinted day. Gawd he'p dat fool niggar."

"Aunt Ellen, I want to know what all this means. Is it a wedding?"

"Lawd, no, Miss Jennie. Yo' knows I'se ben mar'ud this long time."

"Sunday excursion?" I inquired.

"Scursion? Huh! Hawes en chains cud'n' hol dis niggar. Wa-t yo' talkin' 'bout, Miss Jennie?"

"Well, is it a basket meeting?"

"No-am. Dey hain't no trouble ter me. I'se a wukker in de vinya-ad, en dey pinedly 'foices my soul."

"Then what under the shining heavens is going to happen?"

I began to grow excited as Aunt Ellen grew more and more mysterious.

She shifted ground uneasily. "Miss Jennie, Gawd knows I been a good 'oman ter dat upstartin' sarjint ob a yaller niggar what call hisself 'my man; en heah he done 'cided ter harrer up my feelin's in dis onnaturnal way. Dat niggar's fust wife, Lisy Jane, ben dald mo'n five years, en heah he jes a orderin' de preachin' of de fun'. Ya-asm. At de Temple of Solomon, nex' Sunday, I'm tellin' de Gawd's truf; en mo'n dat, he gwine mek me cook de dinnah. No-am, tain't no weddin', nor Sunday 'scursion, en tain't no basket meetin'; it's my husband's fust wife's fun'!"

THE MANIA FOR CHANGING THINGS.

"I guess my wife has got the fever for changing things worse than any woman in town. I'll bet she's already changed half her Christmas presents."

"Sort of a mania, eh?"

"That's just it. Why, only this mornin' I gave her a \$5 bill and she said she guessed she'd go right down to the store and change it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUT OF REACH.

Parson Johnson—is turkeys high, Brudder Snatcher?"

Brother Snatcher—Dey's done gone to the top branches, parson.

NEW BURGULAR PROTECTION.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Yes, sir, I'm going to sell my watch-dog and buy a goat."

"Wait foh?"

"Because just the other day a New Jersey goat whipped the socks off a big fighting mastiff."

"Was it a fair stand-up fight?"

"Not for the dog. He couldn't stand up for a minute. That goat jumped for him and jammed a bunch of bars and growls down his neck before you could say 'tickem!' When he butted the dog in the plexus you could have heard the hollow reverberation for half a mile. And when the dog turned round to go to his corner the goat struck him just once on the exposed section and made him turn three summersaults and a cartwheel."

"Don't you object to the odor of such a household pet?"

"No, I don't. I want him so much that when burglars catch the odor they'll say 'These people keep a goat in the yard, and we'd better never right again!'"

COULDN'T STAND THE SPONY.

From the Detroit Free Press: When he returned from a trip to his old home in the east it would have been a disinterested guess that he had been in a railrover's wreck or the fighting portion of the army. He took every one of the front steps with his right foot first, the other following. He gritted his teeth, made faces and groaned when he happened to slip.

"My gracious, John!" from his anxious wife.

"Drop that, Malissy. I haven't got neuralgia, rheumatism or lumbago, grip or sciatica. Don't make a scene and don't go telephoning for the doctor. Ouch!" as he dropped heavily into an easy chair. "Now, now," when she attempted to approach him. "You just sit down and listen and have some sense."

"I've got what baseball men call 'cholly' hoas.' Veterinary surgeon? Thunder and lightning, Malissy, didn't I ask you politely to keep still? When I got down there I thought I was a kid again and I wanted to tear around the old farm just like I used to. There's no fool like an old fool. The boys were going rabbit hunting. I went right with them and wasted my breath talking how I used to slay the bunnies. At the end of the first mile I was wheezing like a tug in distress. But I wasn't going to hoist any signals, and laid it all to defective bronchial tubes. A mile farther I was plowing heavily and gasping."

"I struck off into the wood myself, telling the boys I knew an old rabbit hole and for them to keep their eyes peeled. I went to sleep in a snow bank, and was roused by something running by, got to my feet and fired both barrels. The first killed the dog and the second peppered the calf of Jimmie's leg. I hired a farmer to take us home in a one-horse wagon and just as soon as I was able to move about a little I insisted that passing business required me in Detroit. Where's that arnica liniment?"

JUST LIKE HUMANS.

Tears clung to the long lashes of Egypt's queen, to say nothing of the headless slave who wept in his blood at the foot of her gorgeous divan.

It was plain that the daughter of the Pharaohs had received evil tidings. In the streets the newboys could be heard hawking the Evening Monolith. "All about the football game! Corinth Latin school, 10! Alexandria Polytechnic, 8!" they were shouting.

"Now, wouldn't that scald you!" faltered the queen, and burst into tears.—Detroit Journal.

IN FORMER DAYS.

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JUST TAPPY THE WIFE.

First clothing salesman—I do hate to have a man bring in his wife when he wants a new suit. It is a case of satisfying two, and the woman is the harder of the two.

Second ditto—That's because you don't know your business. I never try to convince the lady. I just compliment her upon the beauty and fine set of her garments. Then I can show any old thing onto her husband and she will smile sweetly all the while.—Boston Transcript.

LAUGHING GAA.

Townson—"Is your daughter a finished musician?" Yorkrode—"Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats."—Baltimore American.

She—"Were you ever troubled with dyspepsia?" He—"Yes, that's the way it affects me."—Yonkers Statesman.

"No, Maude, dear, the fellow who doesn't pay his club dues is not necessarily a dude."—Philadelphia Record.

Amateur—"What does it mean in theatrical circles when they say the 'ghost walks'?" Veteran Actor—"It means that the rest of us don't have to."—Detroit Free Press.

"Bingles is a lucky man; his time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well." "What is Bingles' business?" "Watchmaker."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

"Thomas Tibbs is in a receiver's hands." "What broke him up?" "Oh, the tip system got started in his office and he had to pay extra for every bit of work his clerks did."—Indianapolis Journal.