

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"And now listen," said that thrifty person. "What's it saying? 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' We've got our bird in the hand, haven't we?"

"So we have," said Asher; "six hundred golden pounds that Ballacraine fetched at the sale."

"Just so," said Jacob; "and before we part with it let us make sure about the two in the bush."

With that intention they started inquiries, as best they could; touching the position of Michael Sunlocks, his salary and influence. And in spite of the difficulties of language they heard and saw enough to satisfy them. Old Iceland was awakening from a bad dream of three bad centuries and setting to work with a will to become a power among the states; the young president, Michael Sunlocks, was the restorer and protector of her liberties; fame and honor were before him, and before all who laid a hand to his plow. This was what they heard in many jargons every side.

"It's all right," whispered Jacob. "And now for the girl."

They had landed late in the day of Greeba's visit to Red Jason at the little house of detention, and had heard of her marriage, its festivities, and of the attempt on the life of the president. But though they knew that Jason was no longer in Munn they were too much immersed in their own vast schemes to put two and two together, until next morning they came upon the sad procession bound for the Sulphur Mines, and saw that Jason was one of the prisoners. They were then on their way to Government House, and Jacob said with a wink, "Boys, that's worth remembering. When did it do any harm to have two strings to your bow?"

The others laughed at that, and John nudged Thurstan and said, "Isn't he a boy?" And Thurstan granted and trudged on.

When they arrived at the kitchen door of the house they asked for Greeba by her new name, and after some inarticulate fencing with a fat Icelandic cook, the little English maid was brought down to them.

"Leave her to me," whispered Jacob, and straightway he took her.

Could they see the mistress? What about? Well, it was a bit of a private matter, but no disrespect to herself, miss. As, well, they were Englishmen—that's to say a sort of Englishmen—being men. Would the mistress know them? Ay, go ball on that. Eh, boys? Ha! ha! Fact was they were her brothers, miss. Yes, her brothers, all six of them, and looking mortal to clap eyes again on their sweet little sister.

And after that Master Jacob addressed himself adroitly to an important question, and got most gratifying replies. Oh, yes, the president loved his young wife beyond words; worshipped the very ground she walked on, as they say. And, oh, yes, she had great, great influence with him, and he would do anything in the wide world to please her.

"That'll do," whispered Jacob over his shoulder, as the little maid tripped away to inform her mistress. "I'll give that girl a shilling when she comes again," he added.

"And give her another for me," said Stean.

"And me," said Asher.

"Seeing that I've no land at home now I wouldn't mind staying here when you all go back," said Jacob.

"I'll sell you mine, Jacob," said Thurstan.

The maid returned to ask them to follow, and they went after her, stroking their ink hair smooth on their foreheads, and studying the remains of the snow on their boots. When they came to the door of the room where they were to meet with Greeba, Jacob whispered to the little maid, "I'll give you a crown when I come out again." Then he twisted his face over his shoulder, and said, "Do as I do; I've near!"

"Isn't he a boy?" chuckled Gentleman John.

Then into the room they passed, one by one, all six in file. Greeba was standing by a table, erect, quivering, with flashing eyes, and the old trembling on both sides her heart. Jacob and John instantly went down on one knee before her, and their four lumbering brethren behind made shift to do the same.

"So we have found you at last, thank God," said Jacob, in a mighty burst of fervor.

"Thank God, thank God," the others echoed.

"Ah, Greeba," said Jacob, in a tone of sorrowful reproach, "why ever did you go away without warning, and leave us all so wracked with suspense? You little knew how you grieved us, seeming to slight our love and kindness towards you—"

"Stop," said Greeba. "I know too well what your love and kindness have been to me. Why have you come?"

"Don't say that," said Jacob, sadly, "for see that we have made free to fetch you—six hundred pound," he added, juggling a bag and a roll of paper out of his pocket.

"Six hundred golden pounds," repeated the others.

"It's your share of Lague—your full share, Greeba, woman," said Jacob, deliberately, "and every penny of it is yours. So take it, and may it bring you a blessing, Greeba. And don't think unkind of us because we have held it back until now, for we kept it from you for your own good, seeing that there was some one barking after you for sake of what you had, and fearing your good money would thereby fall into evil hands, and you be made poor and penniless."

"Ay, ay," muttered the others; "that Jason—that Red Jason."

"But he's gone now, and serves him right," said Jacob, "and you're wedded to the right man, praise God."

So saying he shambled to his feet, and his brothers did likewise. But Greeba stood without moving, and said through her compressed lips, "How did you know that I was here?"

"The letter, the letter," Asher blurted out, and Jacob gave him a side-long look, and then said:

"Ye see, dear, it was this way. When you were gone, and we didn't know where to look for you, and were left us in anger, not rightly seeing left us in anger, not rightly seeing our drift towards you, we could do nothing but sit about and fret for you. And one day we were turning over some things in a box, just to bring back the memory of you, when what should we find but a letter written to you by the good man himself."

"Ay, Sunlocks—Michael Sunlocks," said Stean.

"And a right good man he is, beyond gainsay; and he knows how to go through life, and I always said it," said Asher.

"And Jacob continued, "So said I; 'Boys, I said, 'now we know where she is, and that by this time she must have married the man she ought, let's do the right thing by her and sell Ballacraine, and take her the money and give her joy.'"

"So you did, so you did," said John.

"And we sold it dirt cheap, too," said Jacob, "but you're not the loser; no, for here is a full seventh of all Lague straight to your hand."

"Give me the money," said Greeba. "And there it is, dear," said Jacob, fumbling the notes and the gold to count them, while his brethren, much gratified by this sign of Greeba's complacency, began to stretch their legs from the easy chairs about them.

"An, and a pretty penny it has cost us to fetch it," said John. "We've had to pinch ourselves to do it, I can tell you."

"How much has it cost you?" said Greeba.

"No matter of that," interrupted Jacob, with a lofty sweep of the hand.

"Let me pay you back what you have spent in coming," said Greeba.

"Not a pound of it," said Jacob. "What's a matter of forty or fifty pounds to any of us, compared to doing white right by our own flesh and blood?"

"Let me pay you," said Greeba, turning to Asher, and Asher was for holding out his hand, but Jacob, coming behind him, nudged at his coat, and so he drew back and said:

"Aw, no, child no; I couldn't touch it for my life."

"Then you," said Greeba to Thurstan, and Thurstan looked as hungry as a hungry gull at the bait that was offered him, but just then Jacob was coughing most lamentably. So with a wry face, that was all colors at once, Thurstan answered, "Aw, Greeba, woman, do you really think a poor man has got no feelings? Don't press it, woman. You'll hurt me."

Rocking nothing of these refusals Greeba tried each of the others in turn, and getting the same answer from all, she wheeled about, saying, "Very well, be it so," and quickly locked the money in the drawer of a cabinet. This done, she said, sharply, "Now, you can go."

"Go?" they cried, looking up from their seats in bewilderment.

"Yes," she said, "before my husband returns."

"Before he returns?" said Jacob. "Why, Greeba, we wish to see him."

"You had better not wait," said Greeba. "He might remember what you appear to forget."

"Why," said Jacob, with every accent of incredulity, "and isn't he our brother, so to say, brought up in the house of our own father?"

"And he knows what you did for our poor father, who wouldn't let his shipwrecked now but for your heartless cruelty," said Greeba.

"Greeba, lass; Greeba, lass," Jacob protested, "don't say he wouldn't take kind to the own brothers of his own wife."

"He also knows what you did for her," said Greeba, "and the sorry plight you brought her to."

"What?" cried Jacob, "you never mean to say you are going to show an ungrateful spirit, Greeba, after all we've brought you?"

"Small thanks to you for that, after defrauding me so long," said Greeba.

"What! Keeping you from marrying that cheating knave?" cried Jacob.

"You kept me from nothing but my just rights," said Greeba. "Now go—go."

Her words fell on them like a sword that smote them hip and thigh, and like sheep they huddled together with looks of amazement and fear.

"Why, Greeba, you don't mean to turn us out of the house," said Jacob.

"And if I do," said Greeba, "it is no more than you did for our dear old father, but less; for that house was his, while this is mine, and you ought to be ashamed to show your wicked faces inside its doors."

"Oh, the outrageous little atomy," cried Asher.

"This is the thanks you get for crossing the seas to pay people what there was never no call to give them," said Stean.

"Oh, had cess to it all," cried Ross. "I'll take what it cost me to come, and get away straight. Give it me, and I'm off."

"No," said Greeba. "I'll have no half measure. You refused what I offered you, and now you shall have nothing."

"Oh, the sly slut—the crafty young mix," cried Ross, "to get a hold of the money first."

"Hush, boys, leave it to me," said Jacob. "Greeba," he said, in a voice of deep sorrow, "I never should have believed it of you—you that was always so kind and loving to strangers, not to speak of your own kith and kin—"

"Stop that," cried Greeba, lifting her head proudly, her eyes flashing,

and the woman all over flame. "Do you think I don't see through your paltry schemes? You defrauded me when I was poor and at your mercy, and now when you think I am rich, and could do you a service, you come to me on your knees. But I spurn you, you mean, groveling men, you that impoverished my father and then turned your backs upon him, you that plotted against my husband and would now lick the dust under his feet. Get out of my house, and never darken my doors again. Come here no more, I tell you, or I will disown you. Go—go!"

(To be continued.)

Profits on "Romola."

George M. Smith, the London publisher, in his literary recollections publishing in Cornhill, says that George Eliot got \$35,000 for "Romola," and might have had \$50,000 if her artistic conscience had allowed her to divide the novel into sixteen parts, as Mr. Smith wished.

Champion Smoker.

Judge Ray, one of the New York delegates in congress, is said to be able to smoke a cigar faster and to smoke more cigars in a day than any other congressman. He never neglects an opportunity to smoke.

Suicide Epidemic.

The number of suicides in Paris is very large at present and the chief cause is thought to be the general retrenchment following the exposition, which has thrown many people out of work. Throughout France however, suicides seem to have been increasing for some time. In the five years ended January 1, 1901, the number of suicides was no less than 27,000.

Great Reformatory for Girls.

There is now being erected in the town of Bedford, N. Y., one of the largest reformatories for women ever built in this country. The reformatory, which is to cost \$300,000, is designed for girls and women from 16 to 25 years of age who are guilty of first offenses. The cottage system is to be used and the plan will be ready for use next summer.

Don't Want a Change in Climate.

A recent Northern visitor to Western Florida reports that the negroes of that section of the state to a man are opposed to its proposed annexation to Alabama. They say they do not like the climate of Alabama, that it is sickly and unhealthy, and if Western Florida is annexed they will all move out, believing that annexation will bring in that objectionable climate.

Actor and Orator.

"The actor," said Joe Jefferson in a speech to a Chicago audience the other night, "wonders why he does not succeed as an orator, and the orator wonders why he is not a success on the stage. It is because, while in certain things they are alike, in cardinal points they are entirely different. The actor never has to listen. No one ever talks back to him. The orator impresses. The actor is impressed."

Greek King's Long Reign.

The king of Greece, who was 55 old on December 24, has reigned longer than his father, the aged king of Denmark. It was on March 20, 1863, that he acceded to the throne, having been proclaimed king by the Greek national assembly, while King Christian did not ascend the throne of Denmark until the middle of the November following King George, who, it is hardly necessary to recall, is the younger brother of the Princess of Wales, was only 18 at the time of his accession.

Humbert's Heavy Insurance.

The Marquis de Fontenay Bow states, on what she calls official authority, that the life of the late King Humbert was insured for 36,000,000 lire, or about \$7,000,000, and of this amount \$6,000,000 was represented in policies in companies in this country. Nevertheless, it is believed the marquis has been grotesquely imposed upon in this matter.

A Scheme that Didn't Work.

The supreme court of Iowa has decided against a young lawyer who took out life insurance and accident policies to the amount of \$34,000 and within a week came back from a hunting expedition with his foot so badly mangled that it was necessary to cut it off. The jury came to the conclusion that he maimed himself and declined to give him a verdict. The supreme court sustains this verdict.

Queen of the Platform.

"Best woman speaker in the world" is the title bestowed by her intimates upon Mrs. Henry Fawcett, widow of the able blind politician who was so long postmaster general in England. In the course of a public address Mr. Fawcett once referred to her as "the helpmeet whose political judgment is much less frequently at fault than my own."

They Are Everywhere.

Dr. Thomas H. Norton, American consul at Harpoot, Turkey, recently gave a dinner to the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society resident in Pera. Nearly a dozen persons were present representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Hamilton, Bowdoin, Amherst, Williams and Columbia.

Monkey Skins by the Millions.

During the past year there was an increase of nearly \$30,000 in the value of monkey skins exported from the Gold Coast, from which it is estimated that at least 1,000,000 monkeys were killed in that district alone.

In the senate on the 18th a number of tributes were paid to the memory of Judge Samuel Maxwell.

Man a man isn't worth the market value of the phosphorus in his bones.

The history of mankind is an immense volume of errors.

Among every 70 births there is a pair of twins.

A Song in Winter.

A robin sang on the leafless spray.
Hey, ho, winter will go!
Sunlight shines on the desolate way,
And under my feet
I feel the heat
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still,
Whatever may stay.

Life out of death, as day out of night,
Hey, ho, winter will go!
In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,
A delicate sheen
Of budding green,
Then, silent, the dawn of summer breaks,
As morning breaks,
O'er valley and height.

The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows back;
Hey, ho, winter will go!
Though heaven be screened by stormy rick,
It rains, and the blue
Comes laughing through;
And cloud-like, winter goes from the earth,
Goes from the earth
That flowers in his track.

Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,
Hey, ho, winter will go!
Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,
And under my feet
I feel the heat
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still,
Whatever may stay.

—A. St. John Adcock.

In Far Succonotchie.

BY DADNEY MARSHALL.
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To say that Succonotchie was astonished when the new school teacher arrived expresses it too mildly. They couldn't have been "no stonisher," said Si Hardsock, "if one of the amen elders had taken to being honest in a horse trade, or one of the populites had forewarned whiskeys and whiskey. The Succonotchie boys and girls, young men and young maidens, were a rather urgent set, and the Succonotchie mothers, when the sacred persons of their offspring had been invaded by a hickory or their feelings hurt, were—well, the less said of them the safer. Between them they made the life of the teachers so vivid and spicy that with one exception they all resigned before the end of the term. The exception did not resign. He died at the end of the third week.

Finally local talent ceased to apply, and the trustees were compelled to resort to a city educational bureau. It agreed to furnish upon the pay of its fee and one month's salary, a suitable teacher, and sent one Frances Irving. Falling to observe that the "Frances" was spelled with an "e" and not with an "i" they rashly concluded they were to have a male instructor.

Imagine their consternation when out of the back stepped neither a man nor a woman, but a delicious and dainty combination of pink and white, just seventeen years of age, and pretty enough to have been picked for a beauty in Paradise.

"The lawd can't have made that gal outen the dust like the rest of us," said Si; "but he must have took dogwood blossom and sunshine and dew-drops and wild roses."

She teach? Impossible. And yet, as they had paid out the state's money they must try her a month anyway.

Monday morning found her duly enthroned upon the teacher's platform and the schoolroom full of dazed pupils. At first out of sheer amazement the assembly kept quiet, and things went along smoothly. She mapped out lessons, divided the pupils off into classes, and now and then interjected little homilies about making the Suc-

conotchie school the pride of the state. Her manner was so winning and appealing that it went straight to the hearts of the elder boys and girls.

However, their curiosity soon palled. A little breeze of whispering fluttered through the room, but it was not long before it had swelled to a perfect tornado of talk. The teacher had not noticed the whispering, but could not pass over the tornado. In vain she rapped for order. In vain she told them they could not learn this way, and were throwing away the best years of their lives. With this statement they radically disagreed. Who- ever heard of bullying a teacher called "throwing away one's life."

"By and by the boys began to wad up paper and throw it at each other. The school divided into armies, Brit- ishers and Boers, and the wads flew thick as bullets at Modder river.

Among the non-combatants was Hal Baker, a young fellow about twenty-one years old—heretofore a ring leader—the son of the richest man in the settlement and immensely popular with all classes. During the course of the fight he had gradually edged closer and closer to the teacher's platform, and when a bullet aimed at the head of the "Lord Kitchener" had, owing to the expert dodging of that wily mili-

itary genius, missed its aim and im- pinged directly upon the teacher's forehead, he strode over to the marks- man, and in the twinkling of an eye lifted that young man squarely off his feet and dragged him to the platform, and blurted out:

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"Here, Miss Irving, while the life out of him, and keep whalling till his members be a gentleman." Miss Irving reached a "fitch" violently for the hickory, but dropped it, saying, "I can't do it, Mr. Baker." (Hal blushed at the Mister.) "He did not intend to strike me."

Then the storm of her tears broke, and she sobbed aloud, openly and audibly, where all the school could hear.

An awful hush fell upon the room. Threats, resistance, blows they were prepared for and could parry, but tears—that was taking an unfair advantage.

Finally Hal said: "Look here, the next chap that bothers that girl will have me to reckon with."

The next day Hal's desk was near the teacher's platform, and order, while not perfect, was miraculous considering. A few boys were kept in during recess. At the close of school she proposed to keep in a few others, but Hal said to her: "No you don't, you go home; you need rest." Then he whispered, embarrassedly, "They won't bother you tomorrow."

And they didn't, and between Miss Irving and Hal things went along so smoothly and the children leaped so rapidly, that Succonotchie spoke of it to this day.

Under such circumstances teach- ing would to the average instructor have been past time, but it was telling on Miss Irving. Her little hands had be-

come pale and flimy.

One Saturday Hal brought a pony over for Miss Irving to ride, saying she needed the exercise. She replied: "Why, Hal, I can't ride."

"But you can learn," he answered. "That's what you tell me when I get tangled up in my algebra."

He led the pony at first, but finally throwing the reins over its neck, he mounted his own horse, and rode slowly by her side. He swung himself into the saddle with such grace, and looked so manly, that he attracted her admiration. Heretofore she had thought of him as kind. Now it occurred to her she had never seen a handsome young man.

One Saturday when the March sun- shine was flinging through every interstice in the pine boughs little fluffy golden plumes of light, and the air was breathing balm, he took her fish- ing down on the Pinoshook.

The girl was too busy with the flow- ers to do much fishing, and Hal—he was too busy watching her to do much more. And they could not keep from laughing and talking and being noisy and happy. They were both aston- ished that the noon came so soon and their string of fish was so small, and they were a little confused, too, when Hal's mother commented on their non- success.

A few days before the school was to close, Miss Irving received a letter from her mother telling her some rail- road stock which her father had owned had unexpectedly risen in value, and she would not be compelled to teach any more. A sudden joy flooded her heart at this prospect. Then she began to think how pleasantly the time had passed in Succonotchie; how kind all the people had been, and was there ever such a young man as Hal? She had never seen a stronger and finer young man. Was it possible all these people were going to drift out of her life? Would she never see Hal any more?

For some reason, she did not tell the people she was not coming back to Succonotchie, but Hal and the others knew of course she would go home on a long vacation. During the last few days of school his eyes actually dogged her, and they had such a long- ing appeal in them she hated worse than ever to think of not coming back. She wished he would not look at her so. She was a trifle afraid of him. She had never failed to do what- ever he had told her to do. True, he always used his power for her com- fort, but suppose he should ask some- thing for himself? What then?

She wished the old railroad stocks, as far as she was concerned, had not risen in value. She ought to teach. A woman should do something in the world. She had been told Hal had never studied, had never cared for anything, until she came to Succo- notchie. She knew since her coming he applied himself strenuously, and she felt with the proper teaching and encouragement he would make a great man. She had even dreamed of see- ing him governor. But without her would he apply himself?

Hal drove her to the station at the close of the school. They passed over the road where they had often ridden. How pleasant those rides had been! Hal said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent with appeal. At last they

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