

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.) And just as sheep they had huddled together, so as sheep the swept them out before her. They trooped away through the kitchen and past the little English maid, but their eyes were down and they did not see her. "Did ye give her that crown piece?" asked Thurstan, looking into Jacob's eyes. But Jacob said nothing—he only swore a little. "The numskull!" muttered Thurstan. "The tomfool! The boob! The mooncalf! The jobbernow! I was a fool to join his crackbrained scheme." "I always said it would come to nothing," said Asper, "and we've thrown away five and thirty pound apiece, and fourteen per cent for the honor of doing it." "It's his money, though—the grinding young miser—and may as whistle till he gets it," said Thurstan. "Oh, yes, you're a pretty pack of wise asses, you are," said Jacob, bitterly. "Money thrown away, is it? You've never been so near to your fortune in your life."

"How is that?" asked the other five at once. "How is it that Red Jason has gone to prison? For threatening Michael Sunlocks? Very likely," said Jacob, with a curl of the lip. "What then?" said John. "For threatening herself," said Jacob. "She has lied about it." "And what if she has? Where's our account in that?" said Asper. "Where? Why, with her husband," said Jacob, and four distinct whistles answered him. "You go bail Michael Sunlocks knows less than we know," Jacob added, "and maybe we might tell him something that would be worth a trifle." "What's that?" asked John. "That she loved Red Jason, and ought to have married him," said Jacob; "but three him up after they had been sweethearting together, because he was poor, and then came to Iceland and married Michael Sunlocks because he was rich."

"And darling," he cried in another voice, as she was slowly going, "that I may seem to have you with me all the same, just sing something, and I shall hear you while I work. Will you? There!" he cried, and laughed before she had time to answer. "See what a goose you have made of me!" She came back, and for reply she kissed his forehead, and he put his lips to her lovely hand. Then, with a great lump in her throat, and the big drops rolling from her eyes to her cheeks, she left him to the work she sorely feared. And being alone, and the candles lighted and the blinds drawn down, for night had now fallen in, he sat at the table to read the mass of letters that had gathered in his absence. There was no communication of any kind from the Government at Copenhagen, and satisfying himself on this point, and thinking for the fiftieth time that surely Denmark intended, as she ought, to leave the people of world-old Iceland to govern themselves, he turned with a sigh of relief to the strange, bewildering, humorous, pathetic hodge-podge of petitions, complaints, requests, demands and threats that came from every quarter of the island itself. And while he laughed and looked grave, and muttered, and made loud exclamations over these, as one by one they passed under his eye, suddenly the notes of a harpsichord, followed shortly by the sweeter notes of a sweet voice, came to him from another room, and with the tip of his pen to his lips, he dropped back in his chair to listen. "My own song," he thought, and his eyelids quivered. "Drink to me only with thine eyes. And I will pledge with mine. Oh, leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The threat that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink divine: But might I of Jove's nectar sup I would not change for thine."

HE DREW THE LINE. "Recently I visited a small town in the southern part of Kentucky," says a correspondent of the Denver News. "and called on the only merchant of the place. I found him opening a case of axle grease. He took off the lid of one of the small boxes of yellow grease and left it uncovered. "Soon an old colored man came in, and noticing the axle grease, said: "'Good morning, Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses worth? "'About 15 cents, I reckon, Sam," said the merchant. "'Spose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers.'" "'Yes, sam.'" "Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out 15 cents and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers. "Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store. Then he took out his knife and fell to eating. "Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store and said: "'Well, Sam, how goes it? "'Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomest cheese I ebber eat!"

WHY WILLIE WANDERED. Lady—Why are you wandering around the country, I should like to know, instead of staying at home and taking care of your family? Tramp—You see, mum, my wife had a very good servant girl, a regular jewel, mum. "That doesn't seem possible." "There never was but one perfect girl, and my wife had her, mum." "Mercy! What a lucky woman!" "Yes, mum, so my wife often said. But you see, mum, the girl didn't like me." "She didn't?" "No, mum. She said my wife would have to discharge her or me, and she discharged me." "Oh, I see. Here's some money."—New York Weekly.



Love in a Kitchen.

She—Here we have been married nearly three months and I have not shown you what I can cook. He—For heaven's sake, are you tired of me already?

FIRM AS ADAMANT. It was before the fall. "Adam," said our first mother in a serious tone, "we certainly are living beyond our means."

LITTLE JOKELETS. A Feline Snip. Tess—It's quite likely that my uncle will leave me quite a fortune. He's dying, you know.

Held Her Tight. Gunner—Fire and fortune and beauty! She is your opportunity. I notice that you hold her very tight when skating.

After the Consultation. Patient—Now, doctor, what's the matter with me—anything? Head consulting physician—My dear sir, do you suppose that if we know what was the matter with you we would have decided to hold a postmortem?—Harper's Bazar.

At Large. Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den"? Mrs. Waggles—No he roars all over the house.—Somerville Journal.

A CASE OF LAW. Basuto Decision Gives Reward to Barking Dog's Owner. Law is a complicated thing, and some of its decisions seem not to be founded in equity. Probably most readers will pass that criticism upon the case recorded below, Basutoland, being broken and mountainous, was until recently the resort of lions, leopards and other wild animals. Now, however, the hillsides which were once the resort of these savage creatures are the pasture-grounds of tens of thousands of cattle. Nearly all dangerous animals have been driven away from Basutoland, but not long ago a leopard appeared on the outskirts of a village. The animal soon became badly frightened as the villagers, and sought safety in flight. The next morning the inhabitants turned out for a hunt. One of the hunters was climbing a steep rock when he suddenly found himself face to face with the leopard, whose retreat was cut off by the rock itself. Neither the animal nor the man could escape the encounter. The dilemma was an awkward one, for the climber was unarmed. Recognizing his danger, he put forth his hands and in desperation caught hold of the leopard on each side of its jaws, holding it at arm's length and calling for help. The leopard clawed and tore his captor, but the man held on till help arrived and the beast was speared. Now came a question of law. By Basuto law the skin belonged to the chief who must reward one of three claimants—either the man who speared the leopard, or the man who held it so that it was possible to spear it, or the man who, being warned by the barking of his dog, first discovered the animal in the village. The Basuto Solomon decided the case as follows: The man who speared it could not have done so but for the man who held it, and the man who held it could not have known of its existence if the dog had not first warned the village; therefore the credit for the killing belonged to the dog, whose owner was entitled to the reward.

MORSELS OF WIT & HUMOR

HE DREW THE LINE.

WHY WILLIE WANDERED.

LOVE IN A KITCHEN.

WHERE AMERICA LEADS.

OUR COLLEGE ARE MORE AVAILABLE FOR WOMEN THAN ENGLAND.

ARMY SURGEON, WAS A WOMAN.

BLISTERING DEAD BODIES.

SHE WORRIED.

IT RETURNED.

IN ONE WORD.

AT LARGE.

THEATRICAL LIGHT.

THEATRICAL LIGHT.

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