

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

But for all that the little colony were poor and wretched, the hearts of the shipwrecked company leapt up at sight of them, and in the joyful gabble of unintelligible speech between them old Adam found that he could understand some of the words. And when the islanders saw that in some sort Adam understood them they singled him out from the rest of his company, falling on his neck and kissing him after the way of their nation, and concluding among themselves that he was one of their own people who had gone away in his youth and never been heard of before. And Adam, though he looked shy at their musty kisses, was nothing loth to allow that they might be Manxmen strayed and lost.

For Adam and his followers two things came of this encounter, and the one was to forward the other to retard their journey. The first was that the islanders sold them twelve ponies, of the small breed that abound in that latitude, and gave them a guide to lead them the nearest way to the capital. The ponies cost them forty kroner, or more than two pounds apiece, and the guide was to stand to them in two kroner, or two shillings, a day. This took half of all they had in money, and many were the heavy groans of the men at parting with it; but Adam argued that their money was of no other value there than as a help out of their extremity, and that all the gold in the banks, if he had it, would be less to him than that the little boat he was bestriding.

The second of the two things that followed on that meeting with the islanders was that, just as they had started fresh on their way, now twelve in all, each man on his horse, and a horse in the shafts of the cart that held the victuals, a woman came running after them with a child in her arms, and besought them to take her with them. That anyone could wish to share their outcast state was their first surprise, but the woman's terrified looks, her tears and passionate pleadings, seemed to say that to be homeless and houseless on the face of that trackless land was not so awful a fate but that other miseries could conquer the fear of it. So, failing to learn more of her condition, than that she was friendless and alone, Adam ordered that, with her child, she should be lifted into the cart that was driven ahead of them.

But within an hour they were overtaken by a man, who came galloping after them, and said the woman had stolen the child—that it was his child, and that he had come to carry it back with him. At that Adam called on the woman to answer through the guide, and she said that the man was indeed the child's father, but that she was its mother; that he was a farmer, and had married her only that he might have a son to leave his farm to; that having given him this child he had turned her out of doors, and that in love and yearning for her little one, from whom she had been so cruelly parted, she had stolen into her old home, plucked up the babe and run away with it. Hearing this story, which the woman told through her tears, Adam answered the man that if the law of his country allowed a father to deal so with the mother of his child it was a base and unnatural law, and merited the obedience of no man; so he meant to protect the woman against both it and him, and carry her along with their company. With that answer the man turned tail, but Adam's victory over him was dearly bought, at the cost of much vexation afterwards and sore delay on the hard journey.

And now it would be long to tell of the trials of that passage over those gaunt solitudes, where there was no flagpost or mark of other human travelers. The men bore up bravely, loving most to comfort the woman and do her any tender office, or carry her child before them on their saddles. And many a time, at sight of the little one, and at hearing its simple prattle in a tongue they did not understand, the poor fellows would burst into tears, as if remembering, with a double pang, that they were exiles from that country far away, where other mothers held their own children to their breasts. Two of them sickened of the cold, and had to be left behind at a farm, where the people were kind and gentle and promised to nurse them until their companions could return for them. But the heaviest blow to all that company was the sickness and death of the child. Tenderly the rude sailor men nursed the little fellow one by one, and when nothing availed to keep his sweet face among them they mourned his loss as the worst disaster that had yet befallen them. The mother herself was distraught, and in the madness of her agony turned on Adam and reproached him, saying he had brought her child into this wilderness to kill it. Adam understood her misery too well to rebuke her ingratitude, and the same night that her babe was laid in his rest with a cross of willow wood to mark the place of it, she disappeared from their company, and where she went or what became of her no one knew, for she was seen by them no more.

But next morning they were overtaken by a number of men riding hard, and one of them was the woman's husband, and another the High Sheriff of the Quarter. These two called on Adam to deliver up the child, and when he told them that it was dead, and the mother gone, the husband would have fallen upon him with his knife, but for the Sheriff, who, keeping the peace, said that, as accessory after fact of theft, Adam himself must go to prison. Now, at this the crew of the ship began to set up a woful wall, and to double their fists and measure the strength of nine sturdy British seamen against that of ten lanky Icelanders. But Adam restrained them from violence, and indeed there was need for none, for the Sheriff was in no mood to carry his prisoners away with him. All he did was to take up his papers, and fill them up with the name and description that Adam gave him, and

then hand them over to Adam himself, saying they were the warrant for his imprisonment, and that he was to go on his way until he came to the next district, where there was a house of detention, which the guide would find for him, and there deliver up the documents to the Sheriff in charge.

With such instructions, and never doubting but that they would be followed, the good man and his people wheeled about, and returned as they came. And being so easily rid of them the sailors began to laugh at their simplicity, and, with many satisfied grunts, to advise the speedy destruction of the silly warrant that was the sole witness against Adam. But Adam himself said no—that he was touched by the simplicity of a people that could trust a man to take himself to prison, and he would not wrong that confidence by any cheating. So he ordered the guide to lead on where he had been directed.

They reached the prison towards nightfall, and there old Adam bade a touching farewell of his people, urging them not to wait for him, but to push on to Reykjavik where alone they could find ships to take them home to England. And some of the good fellows wept at this parting, though they all thought it foolish, but one old salt named Chalsee shed no tears, and only looked crazier than ever, and chuckled within himself from some dark cause.

And indeed there was small reason to weep, because, simple as the first Sheriff's conduct had been, that of the second Sheriff was yet simpler, for when Adam presented himself as a prisoner the Sheriff asked for his papers, and then diving into his pocket to find them, the good man found that they were gone—lost, dropped by the way or destroyed by accident—and no search sufficed to recover them. So failing of his warrant the Sheriff shook his head at Adam's story and declined to imprison him, and the prisoner had no choice but to go free. Thus Adam returned to his company, who heard with laughter and delight of the close of his adventure, all save Chalsee, who looked sheepish and edged away whenever Adam glanced at him. Thus ended in merriment an incident that threatened many evil consequences, and was attended by two luckless mischances.

The first of these two was that, by going to the prison, which lay three Danish miles out of the direct track to the capital, Adam and his company had missed young Oscar and Zoega's men, whom Michael Sunlocks had sent out from Reykjavik in search of them. The second was that their guide had disappeared and left them, within an hour of bringing them to the door of the Sheriff. His name was Jonas; he had been an idle and a selfish fellow; he had demanded his wages day by day, and seeing Adam part from the rest, he had concluded that with the purse-bearer the purse of the company had gone. But he alone had known the course, and, worthless as he had been to them in other ways, the men began to rail at him when they found that he had abandoned them and left them to struggle on without help.

"The sweep," "their thief!" "the wastrel!" "the komerstang!" they called him, with wilder names besides. But old Adam rebuked them and said, "Good friends, I would persuade myself that urgent reasons alone can have induced this poor man to leave us. Were we not ourselves constrained to forsake two of our number several days back, though with the full design of returning to them to aid them when it should be in our power? Thus I cannot blame the Icelanders without more knowledge of his intent, and so let us push on still and trust in God to deliver us, as He surely will!"

And, sure enough, the next day after they came upon a man who had forsaken them. He was a priest and a very learned man, but poor as the poorest farmer. He spoke in Latin, and in imperfect Latin Adam made shift to answer him. His clothes were all but worn to rags, and he was shoeing his horse in the little garth before his door. His house, which stood alone save for the wooden church beside it, looked on the outside like a line of grass cones, hardly higher to their peaks than the head of a tall man, and in the inside it was low, dark, and noisy. In one room to which Chalsee and the seamen were taken, three or four young children were playing, the old woman was spinning, and a younger woman, the priest's wife, was washing clothes. This was the living room and sleeping room, the birth room and death room of the whole family. In another room, to which Adam was led by the priest himself, the floor was strewn with saddles, nails, hammers, horsehoes, whips, and spades, and the walls were covered with bookshelves, whereon stood many precious old black-letter volumes. This was the workshop and study, wherein the good priest spent his long, dark days of winter.

And, being once more fully equipped for the journey, Adam ordered that they should lose no time in setting out afresh, with the priest on his own pony in front of them. Two days then passed without misadventure of any kind, and in that time they had come to a village, at which they should have forsaken the coast line and made for the interior, in order that they might cross to Reykjavik by way of Thingvellir, and so cut off the peninsula ending in the Smoky Point. But a heavy fall of snow coming down suddenly, they were compelled to seek shelter at a farm, the only one for more than a hundred miles to east or west of them. There they rested while the snowstorm lasted, and it was the same weary downfall that kept Grebba to his house while Red Jason lay in his brain fever in the cell in the High Street, and Michael Sunlocks was out on the sea in search of themselves.

And when the snow had ceased to fall and the frost that followed had hardened it, and the country, now white instead of black, was again fit to travel upon, it was found that the priest was unwilling to start. Then

It appeared that downright drinking had been his sole recreation and his only bane; that the most serious affairs of night and day had always submitted to this great business; that in the interval of waiting for the passing of the snow, finding himself with a few kroner at command, he had begun on his favorite occupation, and that he now was too deeply immersed therein to be disturbed in less than a week. (To be continued.)

SKUNK FARMS DO NOT PAY.

Official Report on the Subject to the Secretary of Agriculture.

A newspaper story of the profits made by raising skunks for their skins is giving officials of the agricultural department no end of trouble. It first bobbed up about a year ago. It set forth that the agricultural department had been studying skunk culture, and had found that the beasts were more profitable than a gold mine. As a result of the story the department has received many letters of inquiry. T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the biological survey, wants to correct this misapprehension. In a report to Secretary Wilson he says: "Misled by the statements about the rapid increase of skunks and the high prices paid for their skins, many persons seriously considered starting skunk farms. For several years a list has been kept of such farms located in various parts of the country, but so far as can be learned, most of them have been abandoned. Raising fur-bearing animals for profit is not a new idea. The industry, however, has apparently never advanced beyond the experimental stage, except in the case of the farms for raising the Arctic or blue fox, established on certain islands of the coast of Alaska. Minks and skunks breed rapidly in captivity but the low price of skins make the profits rather small. Last season the highest market price for prime black skunk skins from the northern states averaged about \$1.15 each, but white skins sold as low as 15 to 20 cents apiece. Skins that have much white or which are obtained from the southern states usually bring less than \$1 each, a price that leaves little margin for profit after paying the expense of raising the animal in captivity."—New York Sun.

Rivers Under the Ocean.

A few months ago H. Benest, an English geographer, published an interesting study of streams of fresh water flowing beneath the surface of the sea. Disasters to ocean telegraph cables first called attention to this subject. On several occasions, about 1895, a new and well made cable between Cape Verde and Brazil broke. Soundings were made to discover whether these breakings were due to the state of the sea bottom and it was found that the place in question was near the submarine mouth of a subterranean river; the alluvial material transported by this fresh water stream encountered the cable and finally succeeded in breaking it. The fact is that a river that flows into the lagoons of Yof, on the coast of Senegal, is finally lost in the sand. It undoubtedly has taken its invisible course to the sea, and it is this river that has been discovered in the deep hollow of more than 1,200 meters (4,270 feet) that is traversed by the Brazilian cable. Also while the cable was being repaired at a point twenty-four kilometers (fifteen miles) from the shore the repair shop was surrounded one day by orange skins, sarabandes and bits of cloth, which could not have come from the mouth of the Senegal river, 140 kilometers (ninety miles) distant.

Surgery by Telephone.

Surgery performed by directions given over the telephone is the latest innovation at the Hahnemann hospital. A physician who is connected with its surgical staff was called up by telephone the other day by a nurse at the children's hospital in Germantown, with which institution the physician is also connected, and was told that his services were immediately required for a child who had dislocated its shoulder. "Bring the child right up to the telephone," said the surgeon. "All right, I have the child in my arms," the nurse replied. "Now, then," said the physician, "place the child's elbow against its side and move its hand and forearm outward. His directions were here interrupted by a sharp click that sounded through the telephone as the dislocated member snapped back into place. "There you are—nicely done, wasn't it?" said the surgeon to the nurse. She replied that the operation had been most successful, and the physician returned to his clinic.—Philadelphia Record.

Trees Planted by Bluejays.

An old-time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seed in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pinon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an eastern gentleman a short time ago when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill in the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened the eastern man was skeptical, but the two went to the spot and, with a knife blade, dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has plans of her own for forest perpetuation.—Indianapolis News.

Puck: Miss Beansby—"Perhaps you haven't read all of Omar Khayyam?" Mrs. Porkchop—"Perhaps not. Has he written anything recently?" Some girls have expensive babies, Velvet riding gowns, for instance.

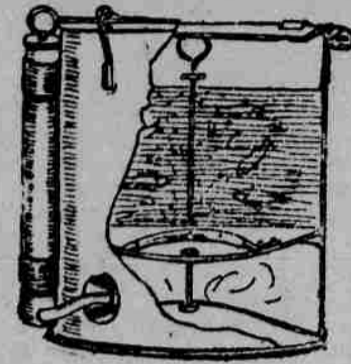
SCIENCE AND PROGRESS



of air in the sack to enable him to reach the open air without breathing the smoke.

KEEPS THE FISH ALIVE.

Many a fisherman who prefers live bait to tempt his game has trouble in keeping the bait alive throughout a day's sport and it is impossible to transport the bait for some distance without losing more or less of it, simply because there is no means of supplying the fish with the necessary air. As soon as the water becomes stale the fish cannot exist and if fresh water is not at hand the fish will die. To prevent this loss a genius of Napoleon, O., has designed the receptacle herewith shown. The device consists of a pall to receive the water and bait, with an air pump and storage reservoir at one side and a perforated tube located in



RECEPTACLE FOR BAIT.

the bottom of the water chamber. It will be seen that air may be compressed to a relatively high pressure in the air container and by means of the peculiarly arranged distributing pipes a gradual discharge of the air through the water is permitted, thus keeping the water continually purified and necessitating the use of the air pump only at comparatively long intervals as the pressure becomes too low to properly feed the air to the water. To aid in selecting the bait for use the inventor has also supplied a sort of net composed of a ring covered with fabric and mounted on the lower end of a rod inside the pall, which will lift the fish clear of the water until the one desired can be taken out.

THE SIZE OF OCEAN WAVES.

Among the most trustworthy scientific measurements of ocean waves are those of Lieutenant Paris of the French navy. The highest waves measured by him were in the Indian ocean, between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Paul. Thirty waves, measured during a northwest gale there, averaged 29½ feet in height, and six of them, following one another with beautiful regularity, were 37½ feet in height. Some still higher waves were seen, but not measured. In a moderate breeze the length of a wave is found to be about 25 times its height, but in a gale only 18 times.

FISH THAT CHANGE COLOR.

It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every twenty-four hours, in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches, these fish lose their distinctive day colors, and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge, which gradually melts into blue. The day and night change has become so habitual that specimens kept in perpetual light or perpetual darkness nevertheless undergo the periodic alteration of color.

PRAIRIE FIRE GUARDS.

One of the methods of protecting broad grass-lands from fire is to burn a swath called a "fire-guard" around the area to be protected. A Montana stockman suggests that this is a fine opportunity for inventors to devise a machine which, passing over the ground like a horse-rake, shall burn the grass clean from a space about 8 to 10 feet in width. Already an apparatus of this kind has been invented, using gasoline to set the grass on fire and a train of steel brushes to extinguish it before it has spread beyond the proper limits, but the stockman thinks that a cheaper machine can be made. "Fire-guards" 50 miles or more in length are desirable.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

Shrinking of Lake Tanganyika. Captain Heq, the Belgian explorer, who recently returned from Central Africa, reports that the shrinkage of Lake Tanganyika has of late been so rapid that the post of Karema, founded twenty years ago on the shore, is now fourteen miles from the lake.

Dredging Up the Expenses.

In the operation of dredging navigable channels at the mouths of the Moruya and Shoalhaven rivers in New South Wales, it was discovered that the mud contained gold dust. An automatic gold saver was then attached to the dumping machinery, and it is estimated that enough gold will thus be obtained to defray the expenses of keeping the channels open.

Life is like hanging suspended in a well; we must either climb to the top, or slide on down to the bottom.

When a woman denies an accusation and wants to prove her innocence she cries.

SUCTION OF A FAST TRAIN.

Cautious People Will Avoid the Wake of a Flying Express.

There is hardly any person, young or old, who does not like to see a fast railroad train go by. There is a fascination in the rush and roar, the engine represents so much resistless strength, and it is all such a triumph of man's skill that it never fails to evoke wonder and admiration. Yet there is danger in a moving train, and everyone should know enough to keep at a respectful distance while admiring this marvel. "The theory that a moving train carries along with it an envelope of air is very interesting," says an engineer. "I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in safety between two trains. One day a terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space, and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by, and the dog in his fright jumped on top of it. That probably brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air. At any rate, he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air. Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a well-known fact that there is a 'vortex space,' or 'zone of suction,' directly behind any rapidly moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some time ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California bound express was going through western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of lunacy rushed out to the rear platform, climbed on a rail and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster, and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by and yelled for help. They realized the man in like a kite, and he premeditated to be good."

WIRE GRASS WEAVING.

Great Development from an Experiment Made Near Oshkosh.

"The Creation of a New Industry" is described as "a romance of the Twentieth century" by Herbert Myrick, who is the author of a large book with heavy crepe paper covers in which is followed the development of the wire grass industry from the time the grass was first woven into binding twine down to the present extensive use of the grass in the manufacture of matting, baskets, chairs and other furniture. It is interesting to note that the making of wire grass twine was begun near Oshkosh, Wis., on a small scale, in November, 1897. The grass twine proved profitable for binding grain, and the mattings found ready sale. From this beginning an enterprise has developed which operates enlarged works at Oshkosh, a large plant at West Superior, another plant at St. Paul, Minn., and an immense factory at Brooklyn, N. Y., for the manufacture from wire grass twine of furniture, baby carriages and other novelties. The utilization of a grass that had heretofore been worse than worthless is an economic development of so much importance that its promoters are worthy of classification among public benefactors. Wire grass is useless for grazing or feeding purposes, as it is hard and tough, and practically without nutritive substance. The plant is, in fact, only valuable for fiber. Mr. Myrick's book is illustrated with pictures showing the development of the various establishments of the corporation which has grown out of the Oshkosh experiment, and with attractive colored photographs showing the various articles that are now made from wire grass. The furniture is particularly attractive.

The Bekdashis of Cappadocia.

Throughout Turkey in Asia and Persia there are many scattered tribes either professing heretical forms of Islam or wholly pagan in character. They very naturally enjoy the hatred of the orthodox, by whom they are persecuted. It has for a long time been thought that the devotees of these peculiar sects represent the earliest inhabitants of the land and that mixed up with their religion there are rites that extended back to times far anterior to the rise of either Mohammedanism or Christianity. In order to test this supposition Mr. J. W. Crowfoot spent last summer at some villages close to the ancient Halys in the eastern half of Asia Minor, which were occupied by a sect called the Bekdash of Kizilbash. In his report regarding them, made recently to the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, he states that the measurements and photographs taken corroborate the supposition regarding their antiquity, but that evidence was also found of an influx of some more eastern element driven westward, most likely, at the time of the great Mogul invasions. The people nominally worship Allah, but in reality worship "heroes" from whom they claim descent.—Philadelphia Times.

The poet writes lines on time—and time retaliates by writing lines on him.

The ratio of the heated surface to the volume of the cylinders has been increased.



RESPIRATOR FOR FIREMEN.

means for supplying air thereto, and a mechanism by which the air can be brought from a distant point. A knapsack is attached to the back by straps, and connection is made with an air tube paralleling the line of hose, the air pump being located on the hose cart outside the building. If the line should become fouled the fireman can immediately stop any waste, and there will still remain a sufficient quantity