

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

So with Jason in the house by the sea, and Sunlocks in the house by the lake, the weeks went by; and the summer that was coming came, and like a bird of passage the darkness of night fled quite away, and the sun shone that shines at midnight.

And nothing did Jason see of the face that followed him in visions, and nothing did he hear of the man known to him as A25, except reports of brutal treatment and fierce rebellion. But on a day—a month after he had returned to the stocks—he was going in his tired and listless way between warders from one solfatara at the foot of the hill to another on the breast of it, when he came upon a horror that made his blood run cold.

It was a man nailed by his right hand to a great socket of iron in a log of driftwood, with food and drink within sight but out of reach of him, and a huge knife lying close by his side. The man was A25.

Jason saw everything and the meaning of everything in an instant, that to get at the food for which he starved that man must cut off his own right hand. And there, like a devil, at his elbow, lay the weapon that was to tempt him.

Nothing so inhuman, so barbarous, so fiendish, so hellish, had Jason yet seen, and with a cry like the growl of an untamed beast, he broke from the warders, took the nail in his fingers like a vice, tore it up out of the bleeding hand, and set Michael Sunlocks free.

At the next instant his wratch was gone, and he had fallen back to his listless mood. Then the warders hurried up, laid hold of both men, and hustled them away with a brave show of strength and courage to the office of the Captain.

Jorgen Jorgensen himself was there, and it was he who had ordered the ruthless punishment. The warders told their tale, and he listened to them with a grin on his cruel face.

"Strap them up together," he cried, "leg to leg and arm to arm."

And when this was done he said, bitterly—
"So you two men are fond of one another's company? Well, you shall have enough of it and to spare. Day after day, week after week, month after month, like as you are now, you shall live together, until you abhor and detest and loathe the sight of each other. Now go!"

CHAPTER III.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Red Jason and Michael Sunlocks, now lashed together, were driven back to their work like beasts of the field. They knew very well what their punishment meant to them—that in every hour of life henceforth, in every act, through every thought, each man should drag a human carcass by his side. The barbarity of their doom was hideous; but strangely different were the ways they accepted it. Michael Sunlocks was aflame with indignation. Jason was crushed with shame. The upturned face of Sunlocks was pale; his flaxen hair was dishevelled, his bloodshot eyes were afeared. But Jason's eyes, full of confusion, were bent on the ground, his tanned face trembled visibly, and his red hair, grown long as old oil, fell over his drooping shoulders like a mantle of blood.

And as they trudged along, side by side, in the first hours of their unnatural partnership, Sunlocks struggled hard to keep his eyes from the man with whom he was condemned to live and die, lest the gorge of his very soul should rise at the sight of him. So he never once looked at Jason through many hours of that day. And Jason, on his part, laboring with the thought that it was he who by his rash act had brought both of them to this sore pass, never once lifted his eyes to the face of Sunlocks.

Yet each man knew the other's thought before ever a word had passed between them. Jason felt that Sunlocks already abhorred him, and Sunlocks knew that Jason was ashamed. This brought them after a time into sympathy of some sort, and Jason tried to speak and Sunlocks to listen. "I did not mean to bring you to this," said Jason, humbly. And Sunlocks, with head aside, answered as well as he could for the disgust that choked him, "You did it for the best."

"But you will hate me for it," said Jason.

And once again, with that composure he could command, Sunlocks answered, "How could I hate you for saving me from such brutal treatment?"

"Then you don't regret it?" said Jason, pleadingly.

"It is for you, not for me, to regret it," said Sunlocks.

"Me?" said Jason.

Through all the shameful hours the sense of his own loss had never yet come to him. From first to last he had thought only of Sunlocks.

"My liberty was gone already," said Sunlocks. "But you were free—free as anyone can be in this hell on earth. Now you are bound—you are here like this—and I am the cause of it."

Then Jason's rugged face was suddenly lit up with surprising joy. "That is nothing," he said.

"Nothing?" said Sunlocks.

"I mean that I care nothing, if you don't," said Jason.

pare for his fourteen days at Thingvellir. And the Governor being gone, the Captain of the Mines made bold so far to relax the inhumanity of his sentence as to order that the two men who were bound together during the hours of work should be separated for the hours of sleep. But never forgetting his own suspicion that Red Jason was an ally of Michael Sunlocks, planning his escape, he ordered also that no speech should be allowed to pass between them. To prevent all communication of any kind he directed that the men should work and sleep apart from the other prisoners, and that their two warders should attend them day and night.

But though the rigor of discipline kept them back from free intercourse, no watchfulness could check the stolen words of comfort that helped the weary men to bear their degrading lot.

That night, the first of their life together, Michael Sunlocks looked into Jason's face and said, "I have seen you before somewhere. Where was it?"

But Jason remembered the hot words that had pursued him on the day of the burning of the beds, and so he made no answer.

After a while, Michael Sunlocks looked closely into Jason's face again, and said, "What is your name?"

"Don't ask it," said Jason.

"Why not?" said Sunlocks.

"You might remember it."

"Even so, what then?"

"Then you might also remember what I did or tried to do, and you would hate me for it," said Jason.

"Was your crime so inhuman?" said Sunlocks.

"It would seem so," said Jason.

"Who sent you here?"

"The Republic."

"You won't tell me your name?"

"I've got none, so to speak, having had no father to give me one. I'm alone in the world."

Michael Sunlocks did not sleep much that night, for the wound in his hand was very painful, and next morning, while Jason dressed it, he looked into his face once more and said, "You say you are alone in the world?"

"Yes," said Jason.

"What of your mother?"

"She's dead, poor soul."

"Have you no sister?"

"No."

"Nor brother?"

"No—that's to say—no, no."

"No one belonging to you?"

"No."

"Are you quite alone?"

"Ay, quite," said Jason. "No one to think twice what becomes of me. Nobody to trouble whether I'm here or in a better place. Nobody to care whether I live or die."

He tried to laugh as he said this, but in spite of his brave show of unconcern his deep voice broke and his strong face quivered.

"But what's your own name?" he said abruptly.

poor. And he was rich, and he came between us. He had everything, and the world was at his feet. I had nothing but that woman's love, and he took it from me. It was too cruel, and I could not bear it—God knows I could not."

"Wait!" cried Michael Sunlocks. "Is that why you are here? Did you—you did not—no?"

"No, I know not what you mean; but I did not kill him. No, no, I have never seen him. I could never meet him, try how I would."

"Where is he now?"

"With her—in happiness and freedom and content, while I am here in misery and bondage and these ropes. But there will be a reckoning between us yet. I know there will. I swear there will. As sure as there is a God in Heaven, that man and I will one day stand together face to face."

Then Michael Sunlocks took both Jason's hands.

"My brother," he cried fervently, "Brother now more than ever; brother in suffering, brother in weakness, brother in strength."

"Silence there!" shouted the warders, and the two men were separated for the night.

The wound in the hand of Michael Sunlocks grew yet more painful, and he slept even less than before. Next day the power of life was low in him, and seeing this, Jason said, when the warders stepped up to lash them together, "He is ill, and not fit to go out. Let me work alone today. I'll do enough for both of us."

But no heed was paid to Jason's warning, and Michael Sunlocks was driven out by his side. All that day, the third of their life together, they worked with difficulty, for the wound in the hand of Sunlocks was not only a trouble to himself but an impediment to Jason also. Yet Jason gave no hint of that, but kept the good spade going constantly, with a smile on his face through the sweat that stood on it, and little stolen words of comfort and cheer. And when the heat was strongest, and Sunlocks would have stumbled and fallen, Jason contrived a means to use both their spades together, only requiring that Sunlocks should stoop when he stopped, that the warders might think he was still working. But their artifice was discovered, and all that came of it was that they were watched the closer and driven the harder during the hours that remained of that day.

Next day the fourth of their direful punishment, Sunlocks rose weak and trembling, and scarce able to stand erect. And with what spirit he could summon up he called upon the warders to look upon him and see how feeble he was, and say if it was fair to his yoke-fellow that they should compel him to do the work of two men and drag a human body after him. But the warders only laughed at his protest, and once again he was driven out by Jason's side.

Long and heavy were the hours that followed, but Sunlocks, being once started on his way, bore up under it very bravely, murmuring as little as he might, out of thought for Jason. And Jason helped along his stumbling footsteps as well as he could for the arm that was bound to him. And seeing how well they worked by this double power of human kindness, the warders laughed again, and make a mock at Sunlocks for his former cry of weakness. And so, amid tender words between themselves, and jeers cast in upon them by the warders, they made shift to cheat time of another weary day.

The fifth day went by like the fourth, with heavy toil and pain to make it hard, and cruel taunts to make it bitter. And many a time, as they delved the yellow sulphur bank, a dark chill crossed the hearts of both, and they thought in their misery how cheerfully they would dig for death itself, if only it lay in the hot clay beneath them.

(To be continued.)

Ancient Quarries.

The stone for the great wall of the dam across the Nile at Assuan is being obtained from the quarries of which the Temples of Philae are believed to have been built—the unhappy Philae which, when the dam is completed, will be submerged and partly disappear from sight for the first time in its 3,000 years of existence. The granite blocks that are being quarried for this, the first great engineering achievement of the twentieth century, bear the marks of wedges used thirty centuries ago.

Sixty-Two Years Married.

Near Attica, the other day, when the neighbors went over to congratulate Grandpap and Grandma McDaniel on the sixty-second anniversary of their marriage, they found grandpap out in the field planting corn, while grandma was cleaning up the breakfast clutter in the kitchen. When the good folk told grandpap the object of their visit, he said: "Lordy, lordy, how time does fly!"—Kansas City Journal.

Mexican Cocktails Are Powerful.

American bootlegs are multiplying in the City of Mexico. Their so-called "American drinks" are almost as deadly as knockout drops, and the imbibers of them are very likely to be given the chance to sober up in the police station. Three Mexican cocktails are usually powerful enough to paralyze a mule.

Likes to See the Sun Rise.

President McKinley and party reached Altoona about 6 this morning on their way to Washington. The president had arisen at 5 o'clock to view the sunrise on the Alleghenies. "That is a sight I never miss," he remarked to the Pullman conductor.—Philadelphia North American.

Car Has Twenty-Seven Physicians.

The czar of Russia has twenty-seven physicians, and they are all selected from the medical celebrities of Russia. There is a first physician-in-chief, then come ten honorary surgeons, two oculists, a chiropodist and honorary chiropodist, two court physicians and three specialists for the czarina.



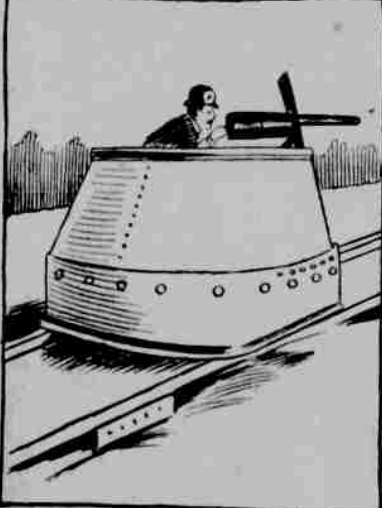
CONVULSIONS.

The sight of a person in convulsions is terrifying, but in the great majority of cases the sufferer is in no immediate danger. Whether or not the convulsion foreshadows a serious ending depends upon a variety of causes. As a rule, convulsions are more serious in adults than in children, especially very young children. Two things are necessary for the occurrence of convulsions: First, an unstable condition of the nervous system, the predisposing cause—and secondly, some exciting cause sufficient to disorder the weakened nerve centers. The instability of the nervous system is more pronounced in children than in adults, and seems often to be hereditary, the members of certain families being more prone to fits than others. Certain chronic diseases of nutrition, such as rickets, are associated with an irritability of the brain and spinal cord, and convulsions are peculiarly frequent in children suffering from such diseases. Convulsions in children are very common at the onset of one of the acute fevers, such as scarlatina or measles. At that time the convulsions have no special significance, but when occurring later during an attack of scarlet fever, they may point to the existence of kidney disease. In whooping cough convulsions are sometimes produced in consequence of deficient aeration of the lungs, owing to a partial collapse of the lungs. In children convulsions are perhaps most commonly the result of some disorder of the digestive tract, caused by the presence of indigestible material in the stomach or bowels, or of intestinal worms. Inflammation of the ear is another common exciting cause of convulsions, but teething, which is blamed for so many fits, very seldom causes convulsions, unless the eruption of the teeth is exceedingly difficult and painful. In children, as in adults, convulsions may be due to hysteria or to epilepsy. They may be caused by a great shock to the nervous system, such as a severe fright. Meningitis or a tumor of the brain may also cause them, both in children and in adults.

Whatever the cause, it will be safe to put a child with convulsions into a not too hot bath—say at a temperature of about ninety-six or ninety-seven degrees. Nerve sedatives are usually prescribed in the hope of preventing a second convulsion, but the cause, if discoverable, must of course be removed.

ARMORED MOTOR CAR.

One of the latest war devices is an armored motor car designed by an English engineering firm. It is intended for use in the time of war in protecting railways, and during peace to serve as a pilot for ordinary trains, for inspecting the road, or for the sending of dispatches. The car is propelled by a seven-horse-power water-cooled motor, which is entirely automatic in action. It produces its own igniting spark by means of a magneto-electric machine, can be started in a minute, and is fed either by petrol or ordinary petroleum. Owing to the absence of any open flame no danger from fire or explosion



AS THE CAR APPEARS.

The armor is constructed in two parts—the under and upper parts—the latter being of a crinoline shape. The under part of the armor, protecting the machinery, is constructed of heavy nickel-steel plates. Owing to the great care in the design and the construction having been used the car runs almost silently and without vibration, thus enabling accurate aim even while traveling at a high speed. Sufficient room has been allowed for about 40,000 rounds for the ordinary machine gun of 303 type, and the oil tanks contain sufficient fuel for 200 miles. At night searchlights may be used in connection with the engine. The total weight of the vehicle, complete with armor, is 28 hundredweight. The car carries a one-pound Maxim gun and a small machine gun is manned by one officer and two or three men, and is capable of a speed up to 30 miles an hour. The idea is that a railway line extending over 500 miles could be held by 25 of these cars.

KITES IN SEARCH FOR POLE.

Capt. J. C. Bernier of Quebec, who is one of the adventurers now planning a fresh attack upon the North Pole, thinks that, even if he fails to reach the pole, or its immediate neighborhood, he can at least bring back photographs of inaccessible places and scenes by employing kites carrying photographic cameras. Within a few years past photographs of the earth's surface taken at high elevations by the

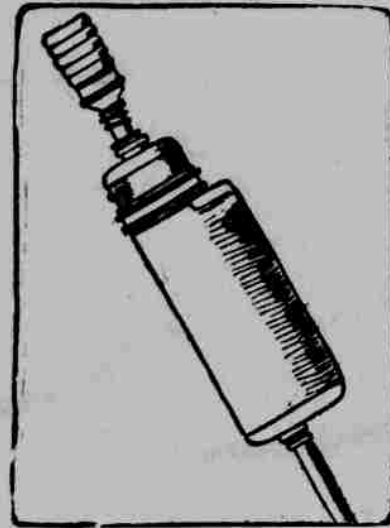
FISH THAT CLIMB STAIRS.

In Traveling to Summer Haunts They Display Acrobatic Ability.

It is not an uncommon thing to see on pleasant days, when the fish are running at East Taunton, hundreds of men, women and children clustered around the fishway watching the fish struggling up against the strong current and trying to get into the smoother waters above the dam, where they may shoot off at leisure to the spawning place in the Nemaquet, says the Boston Herald. The fishway is so constructed that it is impossible for the fish to make a clear swim from top to bottom or vice versa. They must work up the river in the eddies, for the tide is also very strong there near the dam and until they reach the lower part of the fishway. Thence they struggle and wriggle into the lower entrance of the fishway, thus making sure of at least a chance to rub up against the boards and rest before they begin their wearisome fight for the top and smooth water. It is in the fishway that the interest of the average spectator is centered, since here the fish can be seen plainly in bunches almost thick enough for one to walk across on their backs, and where one may easily reach down and pull them out of the water. They are generally packed in so thick that they cannot escape the quick-moving hand of man or boy. From right to left and from left to right, steadily, slowly, they keep on in the effort to get out of the fishway, and it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to watch the little fellows, plucky and game to the last, as they almost imperceptibly work out of one passage-way into another and crowd each other against the corner. No matter how many people are close to them, so close that they could be touched with the hand or cane, they appear to pay no attention to their interested audience, but keep right on about their business.

IMPROVED FISHING REEL.

There are a number of reasons why the improved fishing reel shown in the accompanying illustration should prove of value to the fisherman, the



WINDS UP THE LINE EASILY.

chief of which seems to be that the reel does not project from the side of the pole to prevent packing in small compass. Then the winding mechanism is operated by reciprocating the casting instead of turning a small crank, and the inventor claims improvements also in the drag and line-laying mechanism. The reel proper is mounted on a rod passing lengthwise through the reel and is revolved by a system of gearing at one end of the casing, the train of gears being in turn actuated by the reciprocating motion imparted to the reel casing by the hand. The line enters the casing at the end and is guided in winding on the spool by a sliding eyelet, which prevents kinks in the line when it is desired to pay it out rapidly. As the reel forms a part of the pole, it is not necessary to detach it and pack it away by itself when the day's sport is ended.

TALLOW DIPS IN MEXICO.

Old Commercial Houses Adhere to Primitive Method of Lighting.

Electric lights are coming into more general use all the time in the City of Mexico as the various companies add to the capacities of their plants. Three companies are now furnishing electric light and power. An American company is preparing to erect a modern gas plant. Several gasoline lamp companies are operating in the republic through local agents. Candles, however, remain in very general use among all classes. Petroleum costs from 60 to 70 cents a gallon, while tallow candles of local manufacture can be purchased as low as one cent each, this price naturally for a small taper. Mexican workmen can get along with less light, apparently, than any other class. In some of the old-fashioned offices of important commercial houses no other light than tallow dips is ever known. A bookkeeper may be seen making his entries in a great ledger with the light of a single candle, and the wealthy proprietor may be found bending over his big mahogany desk flanked by two tall and stately candelabra. A Mexican printer can work with a candle stuck carelessly into one of his boxes, and two tailors in the small shops can be seen sharing the rays of a single "lip. The opportunities for the sale of better lighting apparatus in Mexico will be great when it can be provided cheaply and of simple construction. The great difficulty experienced with most of the gasoline lights that are on the market here is that they require careful attention, and in the hands of ignorant Mexican servants they soon get out of order.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Artificial Silk Is Valuable.

Artificial silk apparently can be made, but it answers to the real thing as oleomargarine answers to butter. Going the rounds of the papers of Continental Europe is an item that three factories for the production of artificial silk are in operation; that one, in Wols-ton, England, produces 6,600 pounds a week; one in Besancon, France, 12,000 pounds, and one in Spreitenbach, Germany, 3,500 pounds. It is stated, furthermore, that other factories will soon be built in Belgium and in Germany. Before the Frankfort Society of Natural Philosophy Dr. Freund, in a recent lecture on the subject, said that though artificial silk can compete with natural silk, it is not as valuable. Artificial silk has been used as a covering for cables and as a substitute for horsehair, but it has a tendency to break if wetted, and, therefore, it must usually be mixed with natural silk and cotton. The artificial silk is cheaper than the natural, and more brilliant effects can be produced with it. This industry, which is said to be purely chemical, is expected to be developed to its fullest extent in a few years.—New York Press.

Millions Invested in Texas Oil.

Since the big Lucas oil geyser was struck in the Texas oil fields last January nearly 100 companies have been organized to sink wells, with aggregate capital of nearly \$30,000,000. Six of the companies are capitalized at \$1,000,000 each.

Many a stylish hat covers an empty head.

The largest gulf is the Gulf of Mexico, which has an area of about 800,000 square miles, double that of the Bay of Bengal and nearly one-third the area of the United States.

Some people don't know very much, and what little they do know they are not altogether sure of.