

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

That night when they had returned to the hut wherein they slept, or tried to sleep, they found that some well-meaning stranger had been there in their absence and nailed up on the grimy walls above their beds a card bearing the text, "Come unto Me ye ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And so ghastrly seemed the irony of those words in that place that Jason muttered an oath between his teeth as he read them, and Sunlocks threw himself down, being unbound for the night, with a peal of noisy laughter, and a soul full of strange bitterness.

The next day after that, the sixth of their life together, rose darker than any day that had gone before it, for the wounded hand of Michael Sunlocks was that size of two hands, and his body-ropes, that's but fair, that each man may have a chance of his life." "Go on," shouted the warders. "If we go on like this we shall be burnt and boiled alive," said Jason. "Get along," shouted the warders with one voice, and then an awful light flashed in Jason's eyes, for he saw that out of revenge for their paltry fines they had resolved to drive two living men to their death.

"Now, listen again," said Jason, "and mark my words. We will do as you command us, and work in this pit of hell. I will not die in it—that I know. But this man beside me is weak and ill, heaven curse your humanity; and if anything happens to him, and I am alive to see it, as sure as there is strength left in my arms, and blood in my body, I will tear your limb from limb."

So saying, he plunged his spade into the ground beneath him, with an oath to drive it, and at the next instant there was a flash of blue flame, an avalanche of smoke, a hurricane of unearthly noises, a cry like that of a dying man, and then an awful silence.

When the air was cleared, Jason stood uninjured, but Michael Sunlocks hung by his side inert and quiet, and blinded by a jet of steam.

What happened to Jason thereafter no tongue of man could tell. All the fire of his spirit, and all the strength of all his days seemed to flow back upon him in that great moment. He parted the ropes that bound him as if they had been green wraiths that he snapped asunder. He took Sunlocks in his arms and lifted him to his shoulder, and hung him across it, as if he had been a child that he placed there.

He stepped out of the deadly pit, and strode along over the lava mountain as if he were the sole creature of the everlasting hills. His glance was terrific, his voice was the voice of a wounded beast. The warders dropped their muskets and fled before him like affrighted sheep.

heart might have quailed, and Jason leapt back to the bank and dragged Sunlocks after him.

"This is not safe," he said. "In with you," shouted the warders from their own safe footing of four yards away. With a growl from between his clenched teeth, Jason stepped back into the hole, and Sunlocks followed him. But hardly had they got down to the fearsome spot again, when a layer of clay fell in from it, leaving a deep wide gully, and then scarcely a yard of secure footing remained.

"Let us stop while we are safe," Jason cried. "Dig away," shouted the warders. "Begin," shouted the warders.

"Listen to me," said Jason. "If we are to open this pit of fire and brimstone, at least let us be free of these ropes. That's but fair, that each man may have a chance of his life."

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CHAPTER IV. THROUGH THE CHASM OF ALL MEN.

It was still early in the morning, a soft gray mist lay over the moorlands, but the sun that had never set in that northern land was rising through clouds of pink and white over the bald crown of a mountain to the northeast. And towards the rising sun Jason made his way, striding on with the red glow on his own tanned and blackened face, and his ghastly mockery of the hues of life on the pallid cheeks and whitened lips of Sunlocks. From his right ankle and right wrist hung the rings of his broken fetters, and from the left ankle and left wrist of Sunlocks trailed the ropes that had bound them both. Never a moment did he pause to breathe or think or question himself. On and on he went, over lava rocks and lava dust, basaltic rock and heavy clay, and hot blue earth and scorched and withered moss. And still Sunlocks lay over his right side and shoulder, motionless and unconscious, hardly breathing, but alive, with his waist encircled by Jason's great right arm, and his waist-belt grasped tight as with the grip of a talon by Jason's hard right hand.

Before long, Sunlocks recovered some partial consciousness and cried in a faint voice for water. Jason glanced around on the arid plain as if his eyes would pierce the ground for a spring, but no water could he see on any side of him, and so without a word of answer he strode along.

"Water, water," cried Sunlocks again, and just then Jason caught the side-long glint of a river that ran like a pearl chain down the black breast of a mountain.

"Water," cried Sunlocks again and yet again, in a voice of pain and deep pleading, not rightly knowing yet where he was or what had chance had befallen him.

"Yes, yes, one moment more, only a moment, there—there!" whispered Jason.

And muttering such words of comfort and cheer, he quickened his pace towards the river. But when he got near to it he stopped short with a cry of dismay. The river bubbled and smoked.

"Hot! It is hot," cried Jason. "And the land is accursed!"

At that word, Sunlocks uttered a low groan, and his head, which had been partly lifted, fell heavily backwards, and his hair hung over Jason's shoulder. He was again unconscious.

Then more than ever like a wild beast ranging the hills with its prey, Jason strode along. And presently he saw a lake of blue water far away. He knew it for cold water, blessed, ice-cold water, water to bathe the hot forehead with, water to drink. With a cry of joy, which there was no human ear to hear, he turned and made towards it; but just as he did so, softening as he went, and muttering from his own parched throat words of hope and comfort to the unconscious man he carried, a gunshot echoed through the mountains above his head.

He knew what the shot was; it was the signal of his escape. And looking down the valley, he saw that the guards of the settlement were gather-

ing on their points in the valley, on the plain that he must traverse to reach the water for which Sunlocks thirsted.

Then "Water, water," came again in the same faint voice as before, and whether with his actual ear as usual, that cry, or in the torment of his distraught sense it only rang out in his empty heart, no man shall say. But all the same he answered it from his choking throat, "Patience, patience."

And then, with another look downward, the look of a human stag, at the cool water which he might not reach and live, he turned himself back to the mountains.

What happened to him then, and for many weary hours thereafter, it would weary the spirit to tell; what plains he crossed, what hills he climbed, and in what desolate wilderness he walked alone, with no one for company save the unconscious man across his shoulder, and no eye to look upon him save the eye of God.

And first he crossed a wide sea of lava dust, black as the raven that flew in the air above it, and bounded by hills as dark as the earth that were themselves and drifts blown up into strange and terrible shapes by mighty tempests. Then he came upon a plain strewn over with cinders, having a grim crag frowning upon it, like the bank of a smelting-house, with its acres of refuse rolling down. By this time the sun had risen high and grown hot, and the black ground under his feet began to send up the reflection of the sun's rays into his face to scorch it.

And still the cry of "water, water," rang in his ears, and his eyes ranged the desolate land to find it, but never a sign of it could he see, and his strong heart sank. Once, when he had mounted with great toil to the top of a hill, where all behind him had been black and burnt and blistered, he saw a wide valley stretching in front of him that was as green as the grass of spring. And he thought that where there was grass there would surely be water, streams of water, rivers of water, pools of water, sunny stretches of sweet water lying clear and quiet over amber pebbles and between soft brown banks of turf.

So at this sight his heart was lifted up, and bounding down the hillside, over the lava blocks, as fast as he could go for his burden, he began to sing from his cracked throat in his hoarse and craved voice. But when he reached the valley his song stopped, and his heart sank afresh. For it was not grass, but moss that grew there, and it lay only on big blocks of lava, with never a drop of moisture or a handful of earth, between them.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT MEXICAN INDIANS.

Under Nature's Selection They Grow Up to be Our Superiors.

There is great hope for the Indian peoples of Mexico, says a writer in the Boston Herald. They are, for the most part, clean of blood, with a nervous force which makes them, on being educated, go far. Many eminent men there are of mixed blood, and it is worthy of note that the Indian blood gives gravity, mental poise and great will power. The Indian is loyal, a good friend, a tremendous enemy, and sometimes none too enamored of the ideas of the white race. Down deep in his heart is something aboriginal, intense and sound. We have lost something in the United States by holding the Indian at arm's length socially. Indian blood is good blood, and renovates the white race. You get good brains in the Indian because they are not vitiated, and are not too far removed from the strong old life that nature prefers, and in which she eliminates weaklings. Had the German philosopher, Nietzsche, visited Mexico he would have found some types of his "over-man," his natural superior being among the Indians. Nature is a rough nurse, but she makes men and women who delight in living, and who live long. Our urban civilization and daintiness and comforts destroy real manhood and womanhood, and so do flourish dentists, doctors, faddists and milk-and-water reformers. Nothing but the sun and air, the free life of nature, produces the best in physique and in character. The Indians grow up without coddling, and their strength of body is equalled by their vigor of mentality. It is a great thing not to be nervous, to breathe deep, to have plenty of quick-moving blood. One is amazed at the power of application of Indians of culture; they get fatigued only after intense work. They have stamina. It is a goodly sight to see coming down into warm-country valleys from the Sierras, the Indian women, straight, clear-eyed, uncorseted, maidens with fins and eloquent eyes, walking as the Greek goddesses did; their every motion graceful, and, if gowned in civilized manner, fit to adorn a drawing room. Some of the tribes have many handsome women; you look at them, and all accepted civilized standards fall away. Contrast the erect and serene Indian maidens on the country roads of Mexico with the parlor darlings of civilization, under the care of the specialists, teeth yellow with gold, with a hundred arts of the toilet, and nerves easily tired and jangled.

Uniform Price on Books.

American publishers have decided that after May 1 of the present year they will settle upon a net price at which books will be disposed of for sale by the retail stores. English publishers announce that a similar step to enforce a uniform price on the middlemen in that country will be attempted.

Jerusalem's Stamp.

Jerusalem has its own Hebrew cancellation stamp, says the Jewish World. Hitherto all manner of stamps have been current in payment of outward bound mails. Now, however, the Turkish stamp is in the order of the day, and Jerusalem in Hebrew—namely, square characters—forms part of the "postmark" which cancels the stamp.



NEW CURE FOR CANCER.

An Oakland (Cal.) physician, who has been experimenting for several years, claims that cancer may be cured through the medium of X-rays. He first tried the effect of the X-ray on himself, and succeeded, so the report states, in curing a cancerous growth. Later he treated others with remarkable success. Referring to his method and system, he says: "When the X-ray was discovered, I was merely interested from a purely scientific standpoint. I secured a machine, and after placing a lead mask over my face, entirely covering it where I was afflicted, I began a systematic treatment; I found relief from the beginning. Now I am thoroughly cured. My theory is that the X-ray kills the molecules which constitute the primal cells, where cancerous life actually begins. It frequently takes thousands of these molecules to make a single cell of the tissue. The deterioration or decay of the molecules, I judge, may cause cancer. It probably does. The X-ray has the effect of drying up these atoms, and in time prevents the spread of cancer. Ultimately it kills the disease. I am positive when I say the X-ray can cure cancer."

BRIDGE UNDER WATER.

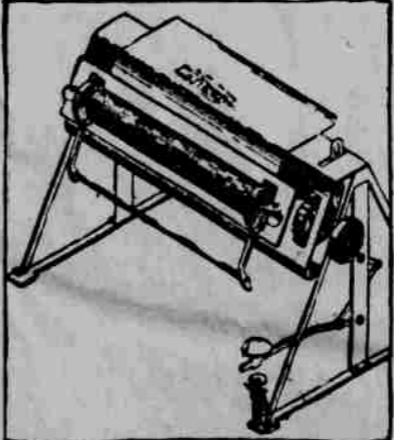
We think of a bridge as a structure made to carry us over water, but a very peculiar bridge is being constructed over the Mary river at Maryborough, Queensland, in that it is being designed so that its surface will be submerged several times during the year at the seasons of high water. The country on the banks of the Mary river lies so low that the approaches would have to be extraordinarily long to be entirely out of the water during floods, and this would have involved an immense expense, so it was decided to disregard the floods and build the bridge for use during low water and employ boats during the comparatively short time that the water would cover the bridge. The bridge will clear by twelve feet and six inches at ordinary high water. The highest flood level is thirty-three feet, so that at times the bridge will be submerged by more than twenty feet of water.

THE ELECTROCORD.

The "electrocord" of Lieut. George W. Breed, formerly of the United States Navy, is designed to sustain the tones of the piano as in the flute or violin. A row of delicate electrical contacts is connected with the keyboard and with a row of little electromagnets in front of the strings, so that while any key is pressed the corresponding magnet keeps its string in continuous vibration with very beautiful flute-like effects. A knee swell throws the attachment into action, and when this is not being pressed the piano has its usual tone.

HOLDER FOR TYPEWRITER COPY.

The machine here illustrated has been patented in this country by Josef Jerabek of Vienna, Austria-Hungary, for holding typewriter copy in convenient position and automatically indicating the line on which the operator is reading. It comprises a frame for attachment to the desk on either side of the typewriter, supporting the copy roll and line indicator directly above and slightly at the rear of the machine carrier. The roller has a roughened surface to enable it to grip the sheet of paper, and at one end is a toothed wheel, which serves as a ratchet for rotating the roller. At the right side of the machine in front of the support, is an adjustable key, which is intended to be placed at the right of and in line with the typewriter keyboard. Beneath the key is a screw, which can be raised and lowered in its post to adjust the



AUTOMATIC LINE INDICATOR.

fall of the lever to correspond with the distance between the lines of the copy, the rotation of the roller depending upon the length of stroke of the lever.

SOME FIG THINGS.

The biggest cheese ever manufactured was called the "Canadian Mite." Its weight was 22,000 pounds, or about ten tons. It was twenty-three feet in circumference and stood six feet high. It was made as an exhibit for a show in Ontario. A little more than 200,000 quarts of milk, the daily produce of 10,000 cows, were required for its manufacture.

The weightiest ham placed before the public was that seen in the British section of the Paris exhibition. It turned the scale at over fifty pounds. The biggest match factory in the world is the Vulcan match factory, at Lidaholm, Sweden. It employs over 12,000 men, and manufactures daily 900,000 boxes of matches. The yearly output requires 600,000 cubic feet of wood, 250,000 pounds of paper, and 40,

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

Fostering the Child Too Young Doomed by Doctors and Scientists.

Children of this generation, says an educational observer of things, are educated in a manner so different from that pursued by the previous generation as a hippopotamus differs from a flea. With our fathers the earlier a child was taught his or her letters the better it was considered to be for his or her mind. Children were taught to read as young as possible and pushed in their studies as rapidly as might be thereafter. Lately, however, the medical fraternity and scientists have advanced the theory that this system was bad in the end for the development of the mind and (within certain limits) and the later a child was taught its letters and to read and write the better. There would seem to be something in the theory, when you take into consideration that of all the animal kingdom man is the slowest of development and requires longest the fostering care of its parents. A child of 5 cast out upon the world to fend for itself would most probably fare but ill. And, from immature years, but little muscular exercise should be required, else stunted growth inevitably results. If too early work stunts the growth of an infant's body, by analogy it seems not improbable that a like effect may follow a too early working of the infant's mind. Certainly history shows that some of our brainiest men have developed late in childhood, and I have in mind a certain statesman of world-wide reputation, who, up to the age of 9, was looked on by his family as a hopeless dullard and an impossibility mentally. On the other hand, the kindergarten and primary school had one great recommendation that this generation of mammas were loath to give up, and that was that for a certain number of hours a day it relieved them from the care of their young, a blessing not likely to be thrown aside. Besides, it was felt that while too much education for the infant was bad, none at all was bad also. Under the conditions a compromise system has grown up. Children receive what might be termed an objective education. They are taught what things are by handling and observing the thing. They are taught carpentry and manual arts and similar things, but of books nothing, save what their elders may tell them. As far as it has gone, the system seems to have worked famously.—Utica Globe.

SAYS THE BOERS WILL WIN.

Opinion of Capt. Turner. Recently Arrived from South Africa.

Capt. Francis John Turner, recently arrived in this country from South Africa, talks interestingly of conditions there. There is no peace in sight, he says. The Boer cause never looked so bright as at the present time, and although the burghers are sickening of the bloodshed that is darkening the soil of the two little republics, they are determined never to sign a peace unless absolute independence for their countries is granted. On that one condition, and that alone, will the Boers lay down their arms, and the treaty of peace must be signed by two world powers as sponsor for its observance by England. The reports of De Wet's insanity are absolutely baseless. Instead of being either physically, mentally sick he is as strong and vigorous as he ever has been, so much so, in fact, that the general is avoiding the British traps and continues to harass their generals by his rapid movements. Capt. Turner bears the marks of the bloody conflict raging in South Africa; a little finger he left at the battle of Abraham's Kreei and a bursting shell crippled him temporarily, while a bursting charge of lydite tore a jagged hole in his left cheek. He took part in the battles at Ladysmith, Heilmakar, Poplar Grove, Bloemfontein water works, Vet river, Klip river and San river, and with Gen De Wet he swept through the Free State, taking part in a number of that general's successful raids.—Utica Globe.

Growth of the Nutmegs.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like pear trees, and are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons.

A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they at once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined could not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again and the world had the benefit.

Records Kept in Chitany.

The city of South Norwalk, Conn., keeps a part of its records in a chimney. This unique "safe" is found at the municipal electric lighting plant. The space usually utilized as a soot pit in the base of the 800-foot brick smokestack has been utilized for keeping the records and books of the plant.

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