

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

A.....
Continued
Story.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He was crushed, but he was strong of heart and would not despair. So he pushed on over the green plain, through a hundred thousand mossy mounds that looked like the graves of a world of dead men.

But when he came out of it his case seemed yet more forlorn, for leaving the soft valley behind he had come upon a lava stream, a sea of stones, not dust or cinders, but a bleached cake of lava rock, with never a soft place for the foot, and never a green spot for the eye. Not a leaf to rustle in the breeze, not a blade of grass to whisper to it, not a bird's sweet voice, or the song of running water. Nothing lived there but dead silence on high and in air. Nothing but that, or in other hours the roar of wind, the rattle of rain, and the crash of thunder.

All this time Jason had walked on under the sweltering sun, never resting, never pausing, buoyed up with the hope of water—water for the fainting man that he might not die. But in the desolation of that moment he dropped Sunlocks from his shoulder, and threw himself down beside him.

And sitting there, with the head of his unconscious comrade upon his knees, he put it himself to say what had been the good of all that he had done, and it would not have been better for them both if he had submitted to base tyranny and remained at the Mines. Had he not brought this man out to his death? What else was before him in this waste wilderness, where there was a drop of water to cool his hot forehead or moisten his parched tongue? And thinking that his yoke-fellow might die, and die at his hands, and that he would then be alone, and the only man's face gone from him that had ever brightened his life, his heart began to waver and to say, "Rise up, Jason, rise up and go back."

But just then he was conscious of the click-clack of horses' hoofs on the echoing face of the stony sea about him, and he shaded his eyes and looked around, and saw in the distance a line of men on ponies coming on in his direction. And though he thought of the guards that had been signalled to pursue him, he made no effort to escape. He did not stir or try to hide himself, but sat as before with the head of his comrade on his knees.

The men on the ponies came up and passed him closely by without seeing him. But he saw them clearly and heard their talk. They were not the guards from the settlement, but Thing-men bound for Thingvellir and the meeting of Althing there. And while they were going on before him in their laughter and high spirits, Jason could scarce resist the impulse to cry out to them to stop and take him along with them as their prisoner, for that he was an outlaw who had broken his outlawry, and carried away this fainting man at his knees.

But before the words would form themselves, and while his blistering lips were shaping to speak them, a great thought came to him, and struck him back to silence. Why had he torn away from the Sulphur Mines? Only from a gloomy love of life, life for his comrade, and life for himself. And what life was there in this trackless waste, this mouldering dumb wilderness? None, none. Nothing but death lay here; death in these dank solitudes; death in these dry deserts; death amid these ghastly, haggard wrecks of human things. What chance could there be of escape from Iceland? None, none, none.

But there was one hope yet. Who were these men that had passed him? They were Thing-men; they were the lawmakers. Where were they going? They were going to the Mount of Laws. Why were they going there? To hold their meeting of Althing. What was Althing? The highest power of the State; the Supreme Court of legislation and law.

What did all this mean? It meant that Jason as an Icelander knew the laws of his country, and that one great law above all other laws he remembered at that instant. It concerned outlaws. And what were they but outlaws, both of them. It ordered that the condemned could appeal at Althing against the injustice of his sentence. If the ranks of the judges opened for his escape, then he was saved.

Jason leaped to his feet at the thought of it. That was what he would do for his comrade and himself. He would push on to Thingvellir. It was five and thirty heavy miles away; but no matter for that. The angel of hope would walk with him. He would reach the Mount of Laws, carrying his comrade all the way. And when he got there, he would plead the cause of both of them. Then the judges would rise, and part, and make way for them, and they would be free men thereafter.

Life, life, life! There was left for both of them, and very sweet it seemed after the shadow of death that had so nearly encompassed them. Only to live! Only to live! They were young yet and loved one another as brothers.

And while thinking so, in the whirl of his senses as he strode and fro over the lava blocks, Jason heard what his ear had hitherto been too heavy to catch, the thin music of falling water near at hand. And, looking up, he saw a tiny rivulet like a lock of silken hair dropping over a round face of rock, and thanking God for it, he ran to it, and filled both hands with it, and brought it to Sunlocks and bathed his forehead with it, and his poor blinded eyes, and moistened his withered lips, whispering meaningful words of hope and simple nothings, such as any woman might croon over her sick boy.

"Come, boy, come, come, boy, come," he whispered, and clasped his moist hands together over the placid face to call it back to itself.

And while he did so, sure enough Sunlocks moved, his lips parted, his cheeks quivered, and he sighed. And seeing these signs of consciousness, Jason began to cry for the great rude fellow who had not flinched before death was touched at the sight of life in that deep place where the strongest man is as a child.

But just then he heard once more the sound of horses' hoofs on the lava ground, and, looking up, he saw that there was no error this time, and that the guards were surely coming. Ten or twelve of them there seemed to be, mounted on as many ponies, and they were driving on at a furious gallop over the stones. There was a dog racing in front of them, another dog was running at their heels, and with the barking of the dogs, the loud whoops of the men to urge the ponies along, and to the clatter of the ponies' hoofs, the plain rang and echoed.

Jason saw that the guards were coming on in their direction. In three minutes more they would be upon them. They were taking the line followed by the Thing-men. Would they pass them by unseen as the Thing-men had passed them? That was not to be expected, for they were there to look for them. What was to be done? Jason looked behind him. Nothing was there but an implacable wall of stone, rising sheer up into the sky, with never a bough, or tussock of grass to cling to that a man might climb. He looked around. The ground was covered with cracked domes like the arches of buried cities, but the caverns that lay beneath them were guarded by spiked jaws which only a man's foot could slip through. Not a gap, not a hole to creep into; not a stone to crouch under; not a bush to hide behind; nothing in sight on any side but the bare, hard face of the wide sea of stone.

There was not a moment to lose. Jason lifted Sunlocks to his shoulder and crept along, bent nearly double, as silently and swiftly as he could go. And still behind him was the whoop of the men, the barking of the dogs and the clatter of hoofs.

On and on he went, minute after precious minute. The ground became heavier at every stride with huge stones that tore his stockinged legs and mangled his feet in his thin skin shoes. But he recked nothing of this, or rejoiced in it, for the way was as rough for the guards behind him, and he could hear that the horses had been drawn up from their gallop to a slow paced walk. At each step he scoured the bleak plain for shelter, and at length he saw among piles of vitreous ashes a hummock of great size, which he rushed to, with one side reared open. It was like nothing else on earth but a tomb in an old burial ground, where the vaults had fallen in and wrecked the monuments above them. Through the creaking lips of this hummock into its gaping throat, Jason pushed the unconscious body of Sunlocks, and crept in after it. And lying there in the gloom he waited for the guards to come on, and as they came he strained his ears to catch the sound of the words that passed between them.

"No, no, we're on the right course," said one voice. "How hollow and far away it sounded! 'You saw his foot-marks on the moss that we'd just crossed over, and you'll see them again on the clay we're coming to.'" "You're wrong," said another voice, "we saw one man's footsteps only, and we are following two."

"Don't I tell you the red man is carrying the other?"

"All these miles? Impossible! Anybody that's their course, not this."

"Why so?"

"Because they're bound for Hafnafloey."

"Why Hafnafloey?"

"To take ship and clear away."

"Tut, man, they've got bigger game than that. They're going to Reykjavik."

"What! To run into the lion's mouth?"

"Yes, and to draw his teeth, too. What has the Captain always said? Why, that the red man has all along been spy for the fair one, and we know who he is. Let him once set foot in Reykjavik and he'll do over again what he did before."

Crouching over Sunlocks in the darkness of that grim vault, Jason heard these words as the guards rode past him in the glare of the hot sun, and not until they were gone did he draw his breath. But just as he lay back with a sigh of relief, thinking all danger over, suddenly he heard a sound that startled him. It was the sniffing of a dog outside his hiding place, and at the next moment two glittering eyes looked in upon him from the gap whereby he had entered.

The dog growled, and Jason tried to pacify it. It barked, and then Jason laid hold of it, and gripped it about the throat to silence it. It fumed and fought, but Jason held it like a vice, until there came a whistle and a call, and then it struggled fresh.

"Erik!" shouted a voice without. "Erik, Erik!" and then whistle followed whistle.

Thinking the creature would now follow its master, Jason was for releasing it, but before he had yet fully done so the dog growled and barked again.

"Erik! Erik!" shouted the voice outside, and from the click-clack of hoofs, Jason judged that one of the men was returning.

Then Jason saw that there was nothing left to him but to quiet the dog, or it would betray them to their death; so, while the brute writhed in his great hands, struggling to tear the flesh from them, he laid hold of its jaws and rived them apart and broke them. In a moment more the dog was dead.

In the silence that followed, a faint voice came from the distance, crying, "Sigurd, Sigurd, why are you waiting!"

And then another voice shouted

back from near at hand—very near, so near as to seem to be on top of the hummock, "I've lost my dog; and I could swear I heard him growling somewhere hereabouts not a minute since."

Jason was holding his breath again, when suddenly a deep sigh came from Sunlocks; then another, and another, and then some rambling words that had no meaning, but made a dull hum in that hollow place. The man outside must have heard something, for he called his dog again.

At that Jason's heart fell low, and all he could do he did—he reached over the stretched form of his comrade, and put his lips to the lips of Sunlocks, just that he might smother their deadly babble with noiseless kisses.

This must have served, for when the voice that was far away shouted again, "Sigurd! Sigurd!" the voice that was near at hand answered, "Coming." And a moment later, Jason heard the sounds of hoofs going off from him as before.

Then Michael Sunlocks awoke to full consciousness, and realized his state, and what had befallen him, and where he was, and who was with him. At first he was overwhelmed by a tempest of agony at feeling that he was a lost and forlorn man, blind and maimed, at it seemed at that time, for all the rest of his life to come. After that he cried for water, saying that his throat was baked and his tongue cracked, and Jason replied that all the water they had found that day they had been forced to leave behind them where they could never return to it. Then he poured out a torrent of hot reproaches, calling on Jason to say why he had been brought out there to die of thirst; and Jason listened to all and made no answer, but stood with bent head, and quivering lips, and great tear-drops on his rugged cheeks.

The spasms of agony and anger soon passed, as Jason knew it must, and then, full of remorse, Sunlocks saw everything in a new light.

"What time of day is it?" he asked. "Evening," said Jason. "How many hours since we left Kitsuivik?"

"Ten." "How many miles from there?" "Twenty."

"Have you carried me all the way?" "Yes."

There was a moment's pause, then an audible sob, and then Sunlocks felt for Jason's hand and drew it down to his lips. That kiss was more than Jason could bear, though he bore the hot words well enough; so he made a brave show of unconcern, and rattled on with hopeful talk, saying where they were to go, and what he was to do for both of them, and how they would be free men to-morrow.

And as he talked of the great task that was before them, his heart grew strong again, and Sunlocks caught the contagion of his spirit and cried, "Yes, yes, let us set off. I can walk alone now. Come, let us go."

At that Jason drew Sunlocks out of the hummock, and helped him to his feet.

"You are weak still," he said. "Let me carry you again."

"No, no, I am strong. Give me your hand. That's enough," said Sunlocks. (To be continued.)

Economic Royal Gifts.

Queen Victoria's favorite form of gift was an Indian shawl. Thousands of these articles of attire were presented by her in the course of her long reign. King Edward is exhibiting a partiality for distributing etchings and engravings among his friends. His majesty, who, while Prince of Wales, was an industrious collector of "black and white" drawings, found himself the possessor of thousands of duplicate copies of published works of art upon succeeding to his mother's unique collection. He has therefore set apart a big store of drawings to be turned to whenever he desires to make a personal gift. When one considers that apart from frequent liberal purchases of works of art, both Queen Victoria and King Edward accepted copies of the majority of notable etchings and engravings published in the last quarter of a century and more, the magnitude of his majesty's present collection can be imagined. His friends are naturally gratified that he has decided to weed it out for their benefit.—*Leads Mercury.*

Violets on Italian Riviera.

The crop of violets on the Italian Riviera has been ruined owing to the bad season. The growers have all suffered heavy losses, and the Russian General Gorloff has sent 150,000 francs to the Russian consul at San Remo to be distributed among the poorest of the peasant growers in order that they may not be discouraged by this season's failure and to help them toward a better crop next year.

Kinship Among Plants.

A cross between a headless cabbage and the turnip produced the rape plant. Cabbages and turnips themselves are relatives; the lettuce plant also claims near kin to them, and far back in plant life grow a parent plant with some of the characteristics that each now claims as its own, from which all three, and many another plant also, descended.

Never Rode on a Railway.

Mrs. S. P. Mitchell, the oldest resident of Fayette, Mo., now in her 100th year, has never ridden on a railway. When the first train passed through Fayette, she went down to look at it. She vowed that she would never ride in one of "them wagons" for anything in the world, and she has kept her word.

Mileage in Star Perseus.

The observations concerning the new star in Perseus show that the star contains such substances as hydrogen, sodium, helium, calcium, magnesium and cerium. The shifting of the spectral lines shows that the new star is moving away from the earth at a low velocity.



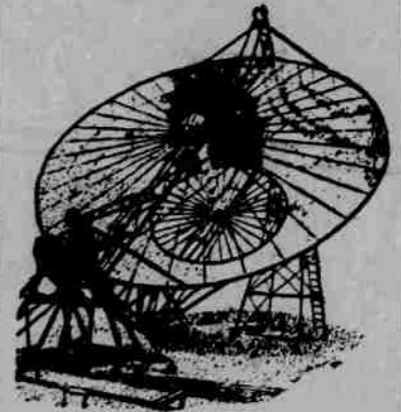
DRINK WATER FOR STIFF NECK.

The simplest temporary cure for a stiff neck or any similar attack of the muscles anywhere, explained a well-known physician to a Washington Star reporter, "is the very free drinking of water. A large glass full of water every half hour or even oftener, should be taken and the treatment kept up for at least half a day. This, it must be remembered, only cures the effects and unless it is kept up for a long time will hardly get at the cause, which is now generally understood to be an excess of uric acid in the blood. The cause of a very large amount of water has a tendency to dilute the blood and increase the supply of the lubricants about the sheaths of the muscles. It is the deficiency of those lubricants that produces what are known as stiff necks, stiff shoulders and the like. Nearly all of the so-called mineral waters can be used and those that have lime, iron, potash, lithia or sodium should be preferred if they are handy, but if none of them are gettable the ordinary drinking water, hydrant, well or spring, can be used. The point is to get an extraordinary amount, so as to dilute the blood as rapidly as possible. I have no objection to the use of liniments or external use of lubricants, but water can be depended upon if persisted in to do almost the same thing. Medical treatment, if people do not care to keep up the water treatment, is necessary, however, to keep from a recurrence of the attack. I really think the success of many of the famous water cures is not the quality of the water used, but the quantity of it. None of the water cures would think of promising any cure or relief even in the use of three or four glasses of water in a day, but they have but little hesitancy in doing so if from thirty to forty glasses are used each day. For the same reason if a cure is expected from drinking water a very large quantity of it must be drunk. Six hours' treatment, however, should cure the ordinary stiff neck."

ery of tubercle bacilli when the expectorated matter is studied under the microscope will remove all doubts as to the nature of the malady. Of course one who has persistent anemia, a rapid pulse, night sweats, and perhaps fever, is not necessarily in the early stages of consumption, although there is ground for suspicion. Even if he is, however, there need be no excessive alarm, for the disease at this stage is almost positively curable, and its early detection is therefore a blessing.

A SOLAR MOTOR.

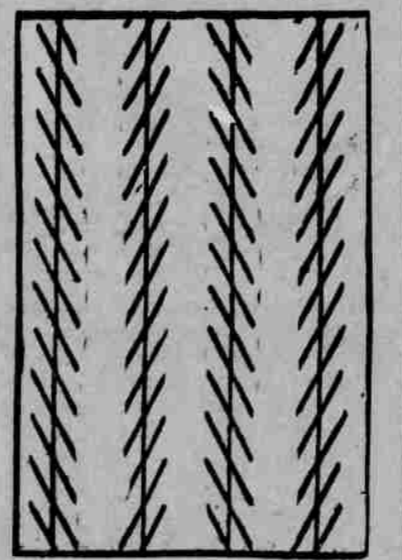
A practical demonstration of the possibility of running a steam engine with



THE SOLAR MOTOR.

heat derived directly from the sunshine has been made at Los Angeles, Col. The rays of the sun are focused upon a boiler by means of a reflector 33 feet in diameter, composed of 1,788 small mirrors which are so adjusted that they all concentrate the sunlight upon a single central point. The heat developed is sufficient to melt copper, and a wooden pole thrust into the focus bursts into flame at once. The steam from the suspended boiler is carried to the engine through a flexible tube. An energy of 15 horse-power is developed and used to pump water for irrigation. The reflector is mounted like an astronomical telescope and kept facing the sun by a driving clock.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



This diagram, taken from the New York Herald, is one of the best optical illusions that we have seen in a long time. Look at it in the ordinary way, and you cannot persuade yourself that the long up-and-down lines are parallel, but hold it on a level with your eye and look at it endwise and you will see that they are.

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

Now that the value of the open-air treatment of consumption has been demonstrated, the great importance of an early diagnosis of the disease is evident. Unfortunately, it is by no means easy to recognize the disease in its incipency, for the early symptoms are not distinctive, and the cause of the falling health is often not suspected until the disease has become firmly established. The symptoms calling attention especially to disease of the lungs are generally late in appearing, and the physician's suspicions will usually have been aroused long before there is any severe cough or profuse expectoration. At first there is merely a falling off in health; the person is "a little below par," and his friends remark that he is losing flesh. He is not actually ill, and his condition causes him little anxiety, being attributed to a rush of work, or to worry caused by a business hitch or some family trouble. But as time goes on and the supposed cause of the trouble does not recover his strength; on the contrary, the gradual decline continues and a noticeable pallor appears. The lips are bluish, the eyes are abnormally white, the pinkish hue of the nails fades out, the mucous membrane of the mouth is pale—in medical language, the patient is anemic. This pallor is a suspicious sign; another symptom of marked significance is a rapid pulse, one that beats continuously ninety or one hundred times a minute. At this time there is usually also, more or less fever, although it may be so slight as to be detected only by a frequent use of the thermometer. A fourth symptom of importance is increased perspiration, usually most marked in the first hours after midnight—night sweats—but sometimes troublesome in the daytime as well. Cough during this period is so often absent as present, and in any case is seldom more than a nervous hacking; later it becomes more persistent, and some expectoration appears. But by this time the physician can generally detect signs of lung trouble by an examination of the chest and the discov-

"ELECTRIC GHOSTS."

Dr. Oliver J. Lodge, in an address to electrical engineers in Birmingham on February 27th, thus defined an electron, that new term of science which has recently assumed so much importance: "An atom is ordinarily associated with a charge, and force is required to separate the charge from the atom. The atom charge, when separated, is called an electron. In an electrolyte, i. e., a substance decomposed by an electric current, there is a bodily transfer of atoms with the charges; in a metallic conductor the charges are handed on, as electrons, from atom to atom. In the discharge through highly rarefied gases the electric current is in its most simple form, 'for here there is a flow of electrons traveling by themselves, of disembodied charges or electric ghosts.'" Electrons, Dr. Lodge added, are the fastest moving of all known terrestrial objects, their speed being one-tenth that of light, which is 186,300 miles per second.

EIGHT MILES UP.

The exploration of the air by means of balloons carrying self-registering instruments is pursued with much vigor in Europe. On February 7th there were simultaneous ascents from many points extending from France to Austria and Russia. One unmanned balloon near Paris reached an elevation of 41,666 feet, not much short of eight miles. The temperature of the air at that height as shown by a self-registering thermometer, was 57 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Another balloon near Berlin found the same temperature at an elevation 10,000 feet less. These experiments are expected to throw much light on the laws of storms and of atmospheric circulation.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

How the Speed of Ships is Measured.

The speed of a ship is measured by a log line—a cord knotted every fifty-one feet; 120 of these lengths make a geographical mile. At one end of the line is the log, a piece of flat, light wood, generally triangular, and weighted along one edge, so that when thrown overboard it floats vertically with its flat face to the ship, and theoretically stationary. The number of knots in the cord being equal to the number of half minutes in an hour, it follows that as many knots as pass over the stern every half minute, so many geographical miles—or knots—are being made in an hour.

Life Near the Equator.

The Reverend Father Grison of Stanley Falls, Africa, writes that Europeans have a very inaccurate idea of tropical temperatures. He passed eight years at the equator on the Pacific coast, he says, and never saw the mercury above 85 degrees, while at Stanley Falls the maximum is 90 degrees, and the nights are deliciously cool. On the other hand, there are frequent tempests of indescribable violence, and Father Grison has counted 66 lightning flashes in one minute, the thunder being continuous and has seen ten thunderbolts strike within a radius of a few hundred meters in the space of two hours.

Generosity makes many acquaintances, but it doesn't know its friends until Adversity singles them out.—*Indianapolis News.*

NEW YORK'S WISE JULLS.

They Know Fish Day and the Steamers Sailing Days.

Every day is in a measure a fish day at Fulton market, but the seagulls know the chief fish day of the week, says the New York Sun. It is then that they feast to their hearts' content. Their coming and going has for years amused and interested the ferryboat passengers, and some of the latter have been observed to look up from their papers, glance out of the cabin windows, catch sight of the army of gulls and exclaim, "Bless me, there are the gulls. It is Friday again."

The long-winged travelers of the sea are always to be seen in the East river, opposite Fulton market in the day time, but they gather there in greater numbers on Friday because so much refuse is thrown away that day. They hover over the surface of the water by hundreds, taking from the water such food as is to their liking. They are the scavengers of the East River in this respect. The intelligence of the gulls is remarkable in one way. Besides knowing which is the big fish day on the East river, they know the chief sailing days on the North river. The American line usually dispatches a steamer for Southampton at 10 a. m., every Wednesday. Some minutes before the ship leaves the pier the circling of the gulls in midstream begins. The birds know from experience that before the ship leaves quantities of food are thrown from the ship's ports and they make a dash to recover it the moment the ship pulls out. It is amusing to watch one of the gulls trying to lift from the water a piece of food twice as heavy as itself. Sometimes these gulls will hover around the American Line pier until noon of Wednesday. At this hour the Red Star liner starts for Antwerp, leaving the water of the slip filled with discarded food. More frequently, however, the birds will hurry off to the White Star line piers directly after the American liner leaves her wharf. The White Star steamer sails each Wednesday at noon. On Saturdays and Thursdays the gulls go to Hoboken and get what the Hamburg-American liners leave behind. These are about the only lines that have a fixed hour for sailing and the gulls have become acquainted with the fact. The harbor gulls fare better than their kind far out at sea. The latter frequently have to follow a ship for days to supply the demands of their appetite.

A RAZOR-BACK'S SENSE.

One Case, at Least, in Which a Hog Was Not Stupid.

But while dogs have been celebrated for semi-human intelligence, and cattle have been known to evince some practical understanding, it was a surprise to discover something like intelligence in an animal whose stupidity had given occasion for a proverb. Not long ago one of the razor-back swine indigenous to the State made an essay on the fence of a place nearby. It had been the site of a sawmill, and the fence was built of waste boards remaining after the removal of the works. The boar commenced his attack at the end of the board part of the fence by swaying sidewise as far as possible without losing balance, and then hurling his bulk against the board as close as he could to the post. He had apparently decided that drawing out the nails would be the easier manner of entrance. The force of impact was really formidable, and the watchers of his movements were not a little fearful of his success. After several unsuccessful attempts, he desisted, but went grunting along the fence as if examining the quality of the lumber until a split plank was found. A sharp crack followed the throwing of himself against this. He returned to the charge again and again until the barrier was removed, when, with a satisfied grunt and a squeal of invitation to his numerous family, his long bristly snout appeared through the opening.—*Our Animal Friends.*

Cats to Eradicate Rabbits.

Australian papers state that the experiment of the West Australian government in turning domestic cats loose in the southeastern districts of the colony to check the invasion of rabbits from South Australia has been a pronounced success. The felices destroyed immense numbers of the nests, and in some cases almost cleared the squatters' runs of the rabbits. In anticipation of the demand which is expected for cats for this work breeding establishments are being started. It is believed, however, that it will be found much cheaper to import the animals.

Ejecting Passenger from Street Car.

A passenger on a street car who acts in such a manner as to justify the inference that he is intoxicated, and falls into a sleep from which the conductor fails to arouse him by shaking him, may be ejected, holds the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, in the case of Hudson vs. Lynn and B. R. R. (59 N. E. Rep. 647), but the court holds further that it is not due care to put him on a dark and stormy night, in an unlighted road, some distance from buildings, though street cars are passing at the time and teams are likely to pass.

Gladstone's Daughter Accepts Felicitations.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the late William E. Gladstone, has accepted the post of warden of the Women's University settlement, Southwark, London. Miss Gladstone will go into residence early in September.

Submer Navigation of the Kaw.

Forty-four years ago the Kansas Kaw river was navigated from its mouth up as far as Lawrence. Now railroads do the business.