

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued
Story.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
“Come, then,” said Jason, “the guards have gone that way to Reykjavik. It’s this way to Thingvelli—over the hill yonder, and through the Chasm of All Men, and down by the lake to Mount of Laws.”

Then Jason wound his right arm about the waist of Sunlocks, and Sunlocks rested his left hand on the shoulder of Jason, and so they started out again over that gaunt wilderness that was once a sea of living fire. Bravely they struggled on, with words of courage and good cheer passing between them, and Sunlocks tried to be strong for Jason’s sake, and Jason tried to be blind for sake of Sunlocks. If Sunlocks stumbled, Jason pretended not to know it, though his strong arm bore him up, and when Jason spoke of water and said they would soon come to a whole lake of it, Sunlocks pretended that he was no longer thirsty. Thus, like little children playing at make-believe, they tottered on, side by side, arm through arm, yoked together by a bond far tighter than ever bound them before, for the love that was their weakness was God’s own strength.

But no power of spirit could take the place of power of body, and Sunlocks grew faint and very feeble.

“Is the sun still shining?” he asked at one time.

“Yes,” said Jason.

Whereupon Sunlocks added, sadly, “And I am blind—blind—blind.”

“Courage,” whispered Jason, “the lake is yonder. I can see it plainly. We’ll have water soon.”

“It’s not that,” said Sunlocks, “but something else that troubles me.”

“What else?” said Jason.

“That I am blind, and sick, and have a broken hand, a broken heart, and a broken brain, and am not worth saving.”

“Lean heavier on my shoulder, and wind your arm about my neck,” whined Jason.

Sunlocks struggled on a little longer, and then the power of life fell low in him, and he could walk no farther. “Let me go,” he said. “I will lie down here awhile.”

And when Jason had dropped him gently to the ground, thinking he meant to rest a little and then continue his journey, Sunlocks said, very gently:

“Now, save yourself. I am only a burden to you. Escape, or you will be captured and taken back.”

“What?” cried Jason, “and leave you here to die?”

“That may be my fate in any case,” said Sunlocks faintly, “so go, brother—go—farewell—and God bless you!”

“Courage,” whispered Jason again.

“I know a farm not far away, and the good man that keeps it. He will give us milk and bread; and we’ll sleep under his roof tonight, and start afresh in the morning.”

But the passionate voice fell on a deaf ear, for Sunlocks was unconscious before half the words were spoken. Then Jason lifted him to his shoulder once more, and set out for the third time over the rocky waste.

It would be a weary task to tell of the adventures that afterwards befell him. In the fading sunlight of that day he crossed trackless places, void of any sound or sight of life; silent, save for the horse croak of the raven, without sign of human foregoer, except some pyramidal heaps of stones, that once served as mournful sentinels to point the human scapegoat to the cities of refuge.

He came up to the lake and saw that it was poisonous, for the plowers that flew over it fell dead from its fumes; and when he reached the farm he found it a ruin, the good farmer gone, and his hearth cold. He toiled through mud and boggy places, and crossed narrow bridle paths along perpendicular sides of precipices. The night came on as he walked, the short night of that northern summer, where the sun never sets in blessed darkness; but weary eyes may close in sleep, but a blood-red glow burns an hour in the northern sky at midnight, and then the bright rises again over the unrested world. He was faint for bread, and athirst for water, but still he struggled on—on—on—over the dismal chaos.

Sometimes when the pang of thirst was strongest he remembered what he had heard of madness that comes of it—that the afflicted man walks round in a narrow circle, round and round over the self-same place (as if the devil’s bridle bound him like an unbroken horse) until nature fails and he faints and falls. Yet thinking of himself so, in that weary spot, with Sunlocks over him, he shuddered, but took heart of strength and struggled on.

“God—a-mercy!” cried Jason.

“And when I looked at him,” said Sunlocks, “it seemed to me that he was you. Yes, you; for he had the face of my yoke-fellow at the Mines. I thought you were my brother indeed.”

“Sit still, brother,” whispered Jason; “I’m still and rest.”

In the second moment of his consciousness Sunlocks said, “Do you think the judges will listen to us?”

“Nothing else.”

“Who is this other man?” asked the Captain.

“What man?” said Greeba.

Then they told her that her husband was gone, having been carried off by a fellow-prisoner who had effected the escape of both of them.

“They must—they shall,” said Jason. “But the governor himself may be one of them,” said Sunlocks.

“What matter?” said Jason.

“He is a hard man—do you know who he is?”

“No,” said Jason; but he added quickly, “Wait! Ah, now I remember. Will he be there?”

“Yes.”

“So much the better.”

“Why?” said Sunlocks.

And Jason answered, with heat and flame of voice, “Because I hate and loathe him.”

“Has he wronged you also?” said Sunlocks.

“Yes,” said Jason, “and I have waited and watched five years to require him.”

“Have you never met with him?”

“Never! But I’ll see him now. And if he denies me this justice, I’ll—”

“What?”

At that he paused, and then said quickly, “No matter.”

But Sunlocks understood and said, “God forbid it.”

Half an hour later, Red Jason, still carrying Michael Sunlocks, was passing through the Chasm of All Men, a grand, gloomy diabolical fissure opening into the valley of Thingvelli. It was morning of the day following his escape from the Sulphur Mines of Krusvik. The air was clear, the sun was bright, and a dull sound, such as the sea makes when far away, came up from the plain below. It was a deep multitudinous hum of many voices. Jason heard it, and his heavy face lightened with the vividness of a grim joy.

CHAPTER V. THE MOUNT OF LAWS.

And now, that we may stride on the faster, we must step back a pace or two. What happened to Greeba after she parted from her father at Krusvik, and took up her employment as nurse to the sick prisoners, we partly know already from the history of Red Jason and Michael Sunlocks. Accused of unchastity, she was turned away from the hospital; and suspected of collusion to effect the escape of some prisoner unrecognized, she was ordered to leave the neighborhood of the Sulphur Mines. But where her affections are at stake a woman’s wit is more than a match for a man’s cunning, and Greeba contrived to remain at Krusvik. For her material needs she still had the larger part of the money that her brothers, in their scheming selfishness, had brought her, and she had her child to cheer her solitude. It was a boy, unchristened as yet, save in the secret place of her heart, where it bore a name that she dare not speak. And if its life was her shame in the eyes of the good folk who gave her shelter, it was a dear and sweet dishonor, for well she knew and loved to remember that one word from her would turn it to glory and to joy.

“If only I dare tell,” she would whisper into her babe’s ear again and again. “If I only dare!”

But it’s father’s name she never uttered, and so with pride for her secret, and honor for her disgrace, she clung the closer to both, though they were sometimes hard to bear, and she thought a thousand times they were a loving and true revenge on him that had doubted her love and told her she had married him for the poor glory of his place.

Not daring to let herself to be seen within range of the Sulphur Mines, she sought out the prisoner priest from time to time, where he lived in the partial liberty of the Free Command, and learned from him such good tidings of her husband as came his way. The good man knew nothing of the identity of Michael Sunlocks in that world of boudoirs where all identity was lost, save that A25 was the husband of the woman who waited without. But that was Greeba’s sole secret, and the true soul kept it.

And soon the long winter passed, and the summer came, and Greeba was content to live by the side of Sunlocks, content to breathe the air he breathed, to have the same sky above her, to share the same sunshine and the same rain, only repining when she remembered that while she was looking for love into the eyes of their child, he was slaving like a beast of burden; but waiting, waiting, waiting, without for the chance—she knew not what—that must release him yet, she knew not when.

Her great hour came at length, but an awful blow came with it. One day the prisoner-priest hurried up to the farm where she lived, and said, “I have news for you; forgive me; prisoner A25 has met with an accident.”

She did not stay to hear more, but with her child in her arms she hurried away to the Mines, and there in the tempest of her trouble the secret of months went to the winds in an instant.

“Where is he?” she cried. “Let me see him. He is my husband.”

“Your husband!” said the warders, and without more ado they laid hands upon her and carried her off to their Captain.

“This woman,” they said, “turns out to be the wife of A25.”

“As I suspected,” the Captain answered.

“Where is my husband?” Greeba cried. “What accident has befallen him? Take me to him.”

“First tell me why you came to this place,” said the Captain.

“To be near my husband,” said Greeba.

“Escaped!” cried Greeba, with a look of bewilderment, glancing from face to face of the men about her. “Then it is not true that he has met with an accident. Thank God, oh! thank God!” And she clutched her child closer to her breast, and kissed it.

“We know nothing of that either way,” said the Captain. “But tell us who and what is this other man? His number here was B25. His name is Jason.”

“Jason?” she cried.

“Yes, who is he?” the Captain asked. And Greeba answered, after a pause, “His own brother.”

“We might have thought as much,” said the Captain.

There was another pause, and then Greeba said, “Yes, his own brother, who has followed him all his life to kill him.”

(To be continued.)

Botanical Experiments.

Some curious botanical experiments made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in the water, was inverted, specimens being placed with the leaves buried in the sand and the roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, the buried parts became roots.

Pan American Congress.

The officials of the state department are encouraged in the hope that the Pan-American congress at Mexico will meet after all with a full attendance of the republics of the two continents. Exchanges now in progress are in such satisfactory shape that the department expects that Chile, on the one side, and Peru and Bolivia on the other, will compromise their difficulties.—Philadelphia Times.

Books Shut Out World.

I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door to me excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all that know not this happiness.—Heinsius.

Medal for Great Bravery.

William Allen, a workman in a patent fuel factory in Sunderland, has been given a gold medal as the bravest man in England during the year 1900. On March 15 of that year a fellow workman was overcome by fumes in an empty still. Two rescuers also succumbed. Nevertheless, Allen insisted on being lowered into the still and eventually saved all three.

Care of the Stomach.

Among the chief ways of preventing typhoid fever must be mentioned the care of the stomach itself. It seems highly probable that the natural juices of the healthy stomach are able to destroy many germs of disease; but the number which any stomach may be able to digest, and thus render its owner safe from attack, must always be uncertain, and it is not desirable to test its capacity in this direction.

The fact that only certain persons out of a number who have partaken of food or drink infected with disease-germs may suffer is explainable on the ground of their different general physical condition, or of the varying states of their digestive organs.



PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Typhoid fever, being a disease that always requires the personal attendance of a physician, may be properly referred to from the point of view of prevention.

It is well known that typhoid fever is a water-borne disease, and is commonly taken into the system in drinking water which has become contaminated from the excreta of persons suffering from the disease. Freezing does not in any way impair the vitality of the bacillus of typhoid, so that ice from a river or pond may convey the disease to consumers hundreds of miles, perhaps, from the source of infection.

Carried in Milk.

Milk has more than once been the means of conveying the disease. Fortunately most milk dealers are aware of the necessity of cleanliness in the preparation of milk for shipment. In most modern dairies the bottles, before being filled, are subjected to the sterilizing effects of steam. Epidemics of typhoid fever traced to dairies have in most cases been due to the bottles having been washed with water from an infected well or pond.

Oysters that have been bedded in bodies of water which receive the contents of sewerage pipes have likewise been the means of conveying typhoid fever. Only oysters eaten raw or on the half-shell can carry infection to the consumer, since cooking destroys the bacillus.

A pure water supply is rightly looked upon as one of the greatest essentials to the healthfulness of a community. Many foods—salads, for example—cannot be cooked or subjected to the effects of a high temperature; while, on the other hand, washing them in infected water may render them the means of conveying disease.

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A CURIOUS CASE.

Electricity, according to the Scientific American, played a curious part in a recent law suit. A certain telephone company was not allowed to have its wire run into a race course. Telegraphic operators were stationed in a cupola of hotel opposite the grounds, and signals were transmitted to them from the race track by means of electric lights concealed in the hats of the party seated in the carriage, including the coachman on the carriage. The results of the races and the betting were thus communicated to the operators, who were enabled to send out the information to all poolrooms. The gentlemen who were electrically equipped were arrested, and after some years a verdict of \$5,000 was obtained against the detectives who made the arrest.

THE ANCIENT ALPHABET.

Prof. Flinders Petrie has recently announced a new revelation from his latest Egyptian excavations. This time he has thrown new light upon the alphabet, and makes the announcement that he has set back the earliest use of letters by nearly 2,000 years. The discovery is of far-reaching im-

EGYPTIAN	HIEROGLYPHIC	HIEROGLYPHIC	SPRING	SUMMER	AUTUMN	WINTER	SPRING	
							REEDS	CARDS
							XII	VIII
							IV	II
							IX	VII
					</td			