

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The Captain snatched upon his warders and said, "It didn't look it, madam."
"But it is true," said Greeba.
"He has been your husband's best friend," said the Captain.
"He is my husband's worst enemy," said Greeba.
"He has carried him off, I tell you," said the Captain.

"Then it is only that he may have his wicked will of him," said Greeba. "Ah, sir, you will tell me I don't know what I'm saying. But I know too well. It was for attempting my husband's life that Jason was sent to this place. That was before your time; but look and see if I speak the truth. Now I know it is false that my husband is only injured. Would he were! Would he were! Yet, what am I saying? Mercy me, what am I saying? But, only think, he has been carried off to his death. I know he has—I am sure he has; and better, a thousand times better, that he should be here, however injured, with me to nurse him! But what am I saying again? Indeed, I don't know what I am saying. Oh, sir, forgive me; and heaven forgive me, also. But send after that man. Send instantly. Don't lose an hour more. Oh, believe me, sir, trust me, sir, for I am a broken-hearted woman; and why should I not speak the truth?"

"All this is very strange," said the Captain. "But set your mind at ease about the man Jason. The guards have already gone in pursuit of him, and he cannot escape. It is not for me to say your story is not true, though the facts, as we know them, discredit them. But, trust me, you shall tell it to the Governor as you have told it to me, so prepare to leave Krisuvik immediately."
And in less than an hour more Greeba was riding between two of the guards towards the valley of Thingvellir.

II.
Jorgen Jorgensen had thrice hardened his heart against Michael Sunlocks: first, when he pushed Sunlocks into Althing, and found his selfish ends were not thereby in the way of advancement; next, when he fell from his place and Sunlocks took possession of it; again, when he regained his stool and Sunlocks was condemned to the Sulphur Mines. But most of all he hated Sunlocks when old Adam Fairbrother came to Reykjavik and demanded for him, as an English subject, the benefit of Judge and Jury.

"We know of no jury here," said Jorgen, "and English subject or not English subject, this man has offended against the laws of Denmark."
"Then the laws of Denmark shall condemn him," said Adam, bravely, "and not the caprice of a tyrant governor."

"Keep a civil tongue in your old head, sir," said Jorgen, "or you may years to your east how far that caprice can go."
"I care nothing for your threats, sir," said Adam, "and I mean to accuse you before your master."
"Do your worst," said Jorgen, "and take care how you do it."

And at first Adam's worst seemed likely to be little, for hardly had he set foot in Reykjavik when he was brought front to front with the material difficulty that the few pounds with which he had set out were spent. Money was justice, and justice money, on that rock of the sea, as elsewhere, and on the horns of his dilemma, Adam bethought him to write to his master, the Duke of Athol, explaining his position, and asking for the loan of fifty pounds. A long month passed before he got back his answer. The old Duke sent forty pounds as a remonstrance against Adam's improvidence, and stern counsel to him to return forthwith to the homes of his children. In the meantime the old Bishop, out of love of Michael Sunlocks and sympathy with Greeba, had taken Adam into his house at Reykjavik. From there old Adam had sent petitions to the Minister at Copenhagen, petitions to the Danish Rigsraad, and finally petitions to the Danish King. His reward had been small, for no justice, or promise of justice, could be set.

But Jorgen Jorgensen had set no easier on his seat for Adam's zealous efforts. He had been hurried out of his peace by Government inquiries, and terrified by Government threats. But he had wriggled, he had lied, he had used subterfuge after subterfuge, and so pushed on the evil day of final reckoning.

And while his hoary head lay ill at ease because of the troubles that came from Copenhagen, the gorge of his stomach rose at the bitter waters he was made to drink at Reykjavik. He heard the name of Michael Sunlocks on every lip, as a name of honor, a name of affection, a name to conjure with whenever and wherever men talked of high talents, justice, honor and truth.

Jorgen perceived that the people of Iceland had recovered from the first surprise and suspicion that followed the fall of their Republic, and no longer saw Michael Sunlocks as their betrayer, but had begun to regard him as their martyr. They loved him still. If their hour ever came they would restore him. On the other hand, Jorgen realized that he himself was hated where he was not feared, and that the men whom he had counted upon because he had bought them with the places in his gift, smiled loftily upon him as upon one who had fallen on his second childhood. And so Jorgen Jorgensen hardened his heart against Michael Sunlocks, and vowed that the Sulphur Mines of Krisuvik should see the worst and last of him.

He heard of Jason, too, that he was not dead, as they had supposed, but alive, and that he had been sent

to the Mines for attempting the life of Sunlocks. That attempt seemed to him to come of a natural passion, and as often as he spoke of it he warmed up visibly, not out of any human tenderness toward Jason, but with a sense of wild triumph over Sunlocks. And the more he thought of Jason, the firmer grew his resolve to take him out of the Sulphur Mines and place him by his side, not that his old age needed a stay, not that he was a lonely old man, and Jason was his daughter's son, but only because Jason hated Sunlocks and would crush him if by chance he rose again.

With such thoughts uppermost he went down to Krisuvik, and there his bitter purpose met with a shock. He found Jason the sole ally of Michael Sunlocks, his friend, his defender and champion against tyranny. It was then that he ordered the ruthless punishment of Sunlocks, that he should be nailed by his right hand to a log of driftwood, with meat and drink within sight but out of reach of him, and a huge knife by his side. And when Jason had liberated Sunlocks from this inhuman cruelty, and the two men, dearest foes and deadliest friends, were brought before him for their punishment, the gall of Jorgen's fate seemed to suffocate him. "Strap them up together," he cried, "leg to leg and arm to arm." Thus he thought to turn their love to hate, but he kept his own counsel, and left the Sulphur Mines without saying what evil dreams had brought him there, or confessing to his Danish officers the relations wherein this other prisoner stood to him, for secrecy is the chain-armor of the tyrant.

Back in Reykjavik he comforted himself with the assurance that Michael Sunlocks must die. "There was death in his face," he thought, "and he cannot last a month longer. Besides, he will fall to fighting with the other, and the other will surely kill him. Blind fools, both of them!"

In this mood he made ready for Thingvellir, and set out with all his people. Since the revolution, he had kept a bodyguard of five and twenty men, and with this following he was crossing the slope of the Basket Hill, behind the capital, when he saw a score of the guards from Krisuvik riding at a gallop from the direction of Hafnarfjord. They were the men who had been sent in pursuit of Red Jason and Michael Sunlocks, the same that had passed them in the hummock, where the carcass of the dog still lay.

Then Jorgen Jorgensen received news that terrified him. Michael Sunlocks had escaped, and Red Jason had escaped with him. They had not been seen at Hafnarfjord, and on ship had set sail from there since yesterday. Never a trace of them had been found on any of the paths from Krisuvik, and it was certain that they must be in the interior still. Would his Excellency lend them ten men more to scour the country?

Such was the message of the guards and at hearing it Jorgen's anger and fear overmastered him. "Fools! Blockheads! Asses!" he cried. "The man is making for Reykjavik. He knows what he is doing if you do not. Is this not the time of Althing, and must I not leave Reykjavik for Thingvellir? He is making for Reykjavik now! Once let him set foot there, and these damned Icelanders will rise at the sight of him. Then you may scour the country till you fall dead and turn back, and he will only laugh at the sight of you. Back, you blockheads, back! Back to Reykjavik, every man of you! And I am going back with you."

Thus driven by his frantic terror, Jorgen Jorgensen returned to the capital and searched every house and hovel, every hole and sty, for the two fugitives; and when he had satisfied himself that they were not anywhere within range of Reykjavik, his fears remembered Thingvellir, and what mischief might be going forward in his absence. So next day he left his bodyguard with the guard from Krisuvik to watch the capital, and set out alone for the Mount of Laws.

III.
The lonely valley of Thingvellir was alive that morning with a great throng of people. They came from the west by the Chasm of All Men, from the East by the Chasm of Ravens, and from the south by the lake. Troop after troop flowed into the vast amphitheatre that lies between dark hills and great jokulls tipped with snow. They pitched their tents on the green patch, under the fells to the north, and tying their ponies together, head to tail, they turned them loose to graze. Hundreds of tents were there by early morning, gleaming white in the sunlight, and tens of hundreds of ponies, shaggy and unkempt, grubbed among the short grass that grew between.

Near the middle of the plain stood the Mount of Laws, a lava island of oval shape, surrounded by a narrow stream, and bounded by overhanging walls, cut deep with fissures. Around this mount the people gathered. There friend met friend, foe met foe, rival met rival, northmen met southmen, the Westmann islander met the Grimsey islander, and the man from Seydisfjord met the man from Patkissfjord. And because Althing gathered only every other year, many musty kisses went round, with snuff boxes after them, among those who had not met before for two long years.

It was a vast assembly, chiefly of men, in their homespun and sheepskins and woolen stockings, cross-gartered with hemp from ankle to knee. Women, too, and young girls and children were there, all wearing their Sunday best. And in those first minutes of their meeting, before Althing began, the talk was of crops and stock, of the weather, and of what

show had been seen in the last two hard winters. The day had opened brightly, with clear air and bright sunshine, but the blue sky had soon become overcast with threatening clouds, and this led to stories of strange signs in the heavens, and unaccustomed noises on the earth and under it.

A man from the south spoke of rain of black dust as having fallen three nights before until the ground was covered deep with it. Another man, from the foot of Hekla, told of a shock of earthquake that had lately been felt there, traveling northeast to southwest. A third man spoke of grazing his horse on the wild oats of a glen that he had passed through, with a line of some twenty columns of smoke burst suddenly upon his view. All this seemed to pass from lip to lip in the twinkling of an eye, and when young men asked what the signs might mean, old men lifted both hands and shook their heads, and prayed that the visitations which their island had seen before might never come to it again.

(To be continued.)

URNS WAVES TO ACCOUNT,

Energy of Ocean Billows May Be Utilized in Propelling Vessels.

For years engineers have bemoaned the great loss of physical energy the ocean's waves and currents have presented and many have been the efforts to so control them as to make them subservient to the uses of mankind. At last Captain John S. Watters, a graduate of the naval academy at Annapolis, thinks he has solved the problem. Captain Watters is at present a resident of New Orleans, and claims that his invention can be applied to any vessel with little expense. He would substitute for the solid bilge keel one which would contain square apertures, and in each aperture firmly secure by its forward end a fin made of laminated spring material, preferably steel on a steel ship and brass on a wooden or coppered vessel. These fins fill up the apertures almost completely, and when the ship is steady offer very little, if any, more resistance to headway than such as is due to a plain bilge keel—merely skin friction. As soon, however, as the vessel rolls the pressure of the water itself, impinging upon the fins broadside on or at right angles to their length, springs all of the fins out and thus deflects the water aft, by reaction forcing the vessel ahead. It is an application of the turbine idea. He has tested the plan with a small boat on Lake Pontchartrain, where the waves are not powerful, and when running with the wind abeam, on which course it is obvious that no force whatever outside of the work of the fins could be driving the boat ahead, the speed was about three miles an hour. The fact that a vessel equipped with this apparatus may be headed in any direction, irrespective of the direction of the wind, makes it particularly advantageous in Captain Watters' opinion, for a vessel so equipped will travel directly against the wind and thus may be worked off a lee shore—where nine-tenths or more of all sailing ships come to grief.

NIAGARA FALLS TODAY.

Recent Breaks in Rocks Give Falls a Rounded Outline.

Recent breaks in the rock edge of the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall, over which by far the larger part of the Niagara river waters are precipitated, have tended still further to give the fall a rounded instead of an angular outline, says the New York Sun. This result of the breaking down of the rock has been observed for about ten years, and the Horseshoe Fall is gradually approaching again the shape that suggested its name. The brink of Niagara Falls was mapped in 1844 by James Hall, who established bench marks that have been connected with the last few years with the latest surveys. As Dr. Gilbert has pointed out, the comparison of Hall's bench marks with those recently established shows that in the middle of the Horseshoe Fall the brink is retrograding at the rate of four or five feet a year. On the other hand the American Fall, which carries a much thinner sheet of water, is receding so slowly that its rate is concealed by errors of survey. We know at least that the drainage of about one-thirtieth part of the area of the United States pours over these falls and that the volume of water is 275,000 cubic feet in a second. The day is coming when the grandeur of Niagara will vanish, but many generations will live and die before that comes to pass.

Russia in Danger of Famine.

The threatened famine in the regions of Volga is a subject of deep concern to the Russian government. The causes of the two-fold famine in that district are the frequent in the lower Volga regions, and second, the improvidence of the peasants, who, since the emancipation act of 1861, have ruthlessly destroyed the forests on their newly acquired lands. This in itself would have been sufficient to ruin the country. The task of providing food for the starving inhabitants of the Volga provinces is not an easy one. The government last year did all it possibly could, no less a sum than 5,000,000 rubles (2,222,000) having been distributed among the peasants, besides enormous quantities of corn. It is now stated that an even greater sum will be required this year. To further relieve the unfortunate inhabitants of the provinces the government proposes to convey, free of charge, as many families as may wish to emigrate to Siberia, and to employ as many peasants as possible as laborers on the Transiberian and other railways now building.

Life is worth living so long as there is somebody worth loving.



A CODE TYPEWRITER.

The New York Commercial gives the following account of a wonderful adaptation of the typewriter to the purposes of cipher code work which has been made by George C. Blicken-derfer of Stamford, Conn.: For hundreds of years the brightest minds of all civilized countries have been working to perfect a cipher code that could not be solved, and at the same time might be readily translated. This government has spent thousands of dollars to perfect each of the various codes used by the different departments, and yet what has been spent by this country is very small compared with the vast sums spent by European governments to obtain cipher systems which would defy the ingenuity of the sharpest spies in the world. Probably the most complicated code used by the United States is the naval code, and the secret of this code is guarded as nothing else is guarded. All the code books for the use of officers are bound in lead so that in case of possible accident or capture they can be thrown overboard. When the Maine was sunk at Havana the whole naval department was in a state of the wildest alarm until a diver found the code book in the captain's cabin. During all the Chinese troubles there was a constant fear lest the Chinese government had obtained a copy of Minister Conger's code and was translating his messages. The government codes are so complicated that when a message is received it takes hours of work to make a translation of it, and yet with all the precautions that can be taken, there is always the possibility that they may be a slip some place and that the code may fall into outside hands.

Very soon, however, the old clumsy codes used by the different governments and the cipher codes of commerce will be largely a thing of the past. A simple little typewriter—the most simple ever made, and at the same time the most wonderful—will cause all the lead-covered books to be heaved into the sea and revolutionize the method of transmission of all messages which must be secret. The wonderful new machine is the invention of George C. Blicken-derfer, and it is the result of nine years' constant work and study. In his office at Stamford, Conn., the inventor showed the machine to be a representative of the Commercial. Mr. Blicken-derfer spelled out on the machine, according to the letters on the outside dial:

"This . . . is . . . a . . . sample . . . of . . . the . . . cipher . . . code . . . work."

Upon the paper in the machine this appeared:

Then, without changing the pegs, but simply changing the indicator on the back of the first dial to another letter on the second dial, he wrote the same thing and this is what appeared on the paper:

"Dtd n i s trjrc rx bzv clpjk z. th ruvvh."

Then, adjusting the machine as it had been, he repeated the meaningless list of letters and upon the paper appeared:

"This . . . is . . . a . . . sample . . . of . . . the . . . cipher . . . code . . . work."



THE BASKET.

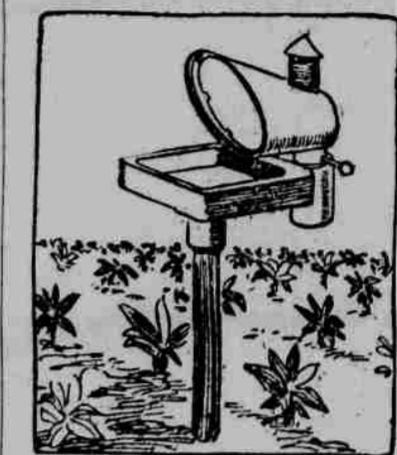
coils of rope are held together by strips of tough willow bark. The flat bottom of this basket was made first, upon which the ingenious squaw then sat and built up the walls with the coils of rope and strips of bark. It is four feet high, and the inside diameter at the bottom of the basket is four feet eight inches. It weighs seventy-five pounds and will hold eight bushels of grain.

The photograph will repay a little more attention, for it gives a pretty glimpse of an Indian family at home. In order to convey a better idea of the size of the basket the husband of this happy family kindly got into it. It will be noticed that he left his bow and arrows outside whilst he did so. He is a handsome type of his kind, and has taken pains to bedeck himself with ornaments. The head-gear is rather striking. It consists of a band of dried deer skin, studded with the claws of a grizzly bear. The good Indian's wife is seated by the side of the basket, and is busily engaged in weaving another basket. The next object of interest is the "papoose," who stares so sternly at the camera from its little wicker cradle. On the left of the baby is a basket made by a squaw of the Maricopa tribe, and shows some of the ornamental work that is cleverly accomplished by these untutored people. Farther to the left is the

family pestle and mortar used for pounding grain. The family is sheltered by the broad leaves of a palm.

DESTROYS MOTHS AT NIGHT.

In sections of the country where tobacco is grown one of the chief troubles to contend with is the tobacco moth, and the apparatus shown in the cut has been designed especially to combat this pest, as well as to destroy other insects which move about at night. It is well known that moths and other insects are attracted by a light shining out of the darkness, and it is this fact that William Hill Morgan of Kentucky, makes use of in his trap, which consists of a light inclosed in a metallic hood and provided with a reflector and glass face, the latter being set in a slanting position. The lamp is attached to one edge of the tray containing a mixture of kerosene oil and water, and the angle of the glass in front of the light causes



DESIGNED TO KILL INSECTS.

The insects to fall into the liquid when they strike against the smooth surface. With a number of these traps set at the sides of a field a short distance above the plants the inventor claims that the injurious moths and other insects will exterminate themselves without the trouble of searching for them.

MODERN SOAP BUBBLES.

When great scientists drop their dignity and resume the sport of childhood they are apt to introduce some improvement. This has been done in the boyish pastime of blowing soap bubbles. Some English physicist took up the matter, and found that the youngsters were right in preferring clear honey soap to other kinds for making bubbles. The true reason lay in the fact that the favorite soap contained a trifle more glycerine than other popular brands. A number of experiments disclosed the proportion of glycerine in soap in order to obtain the best results. With this combination the gray-haired scientists blew bubbles two and three feet in diameter, and one of them is said to have had a wild enthusiastic audience of little children, who sat watching him for an hour or more.

The investigations have utilized by several enterprising soap-bottlers, who now turn out soap-bubble soap. With this three-year-old can make bubbles as large as himself. Not only are the iridescent spheres large than usual, but they last longer. When launched carefully from the end of the pipe they will float from two to three times as long as do those made from ordinary soaps. A very pretty experiment is to blow a bubble with cigar or cigarette smoke instead of the natural breath. The glycerine gives a play of rainbow color on the surface of the bubble, and the space within being rendered opaque by the cigar fumes, the entire effect is that of a giant pearl floating in the air.

If a few drops of any essential oil, such as violet, clove, or geranium, is stirred into the lather the particles will be separated, and, on account of the soap and glycerine, will not segregate upon the surface, as they do on water. A bubble blown under these circumstances comminates the drops of oil to almost inconceivable smallness, and when the bubble finally breaks the oil is sprayed in every direction more finely than by the best atomizer. A single large bubble launched in this way will fill a parlor or drawing room with an invisible film of perfume, which will last for twenty-four hours.

THE SIBERIAN FISHERIES.

Fishing is one of the leading industries on the eastern coast of Siberia, and on account of the rigor of the climate and the poverty of the soil in some parts of the Amur country, it is the only means of obtaining food. Many of the Russian settlers moving into that region are compelled to take up fishing for a livelihood. Fortunately, in a place where they are so sorely needed, fish are extremely abundant, and the sea along the coast teems with them. The gathering of seaweed is another important industry of eastern Siberia, but is carried on almost exclusively by the Chinese.

Movable Electric Platform.

There is a project on foot for the construction of a movable electric platform underground on the right bank of the Seine. The first platform will be stationary, the second will have a velocity of one and a half meters a second, the third three meters and the fourth five meters or sixteen and one-fourth feet. This will enable pedestrians to have a very rapid means of transit afoot in a portion of Paris which is greatly encumbered by traffic.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

What Happened When Failure Had Ceased to be a Virtue.

There is an unusually quiet citizen up near the crown of Piety hill who is just now thinking a great deal of himself. One of his neighbors has three pet dogs. When separated they are well behaved and considerate to strangers, but when together they seem to regard it as an imperative duty to try to eat any agent or other strange caller at the house. After they had bitten three little children belonging to the quiet citizen, torn his wife's best gown, and snapped at him while he crossed the lot, he decided that duty as a husband and father called for action on his part. One evening he reached the house with a bulldog, bred in the purple, and much to be admired because he was so excruciatingly ugly. In a few days he followed his master wherever he went. Thus assured, the man made a call on his neighbor with the three pets. The French bull wanted to play, and cut great antics in trying to entice the trio into the game. They just snarled, showed their teeth and darted at him when the opening seemed favorable. Finally he was bitten on the end of his stub tail by the Scotch terrier, and he made a rush that his master checked in time. "Let him go," urged the host. "He's not dangerous, and the dogs can take care of themselves. I'll be responsible." The quiet man demurred until the pets were charging right into his lap after their prey, when he let go as if to protect himself. The imported cyclone had the air full of dogs for about three minutes. There was a continuous crash of brick-a-brac, all the light furniture was dancing, the host was kicking about wildly, and the quiet man was making an admirable bluff at trying to restrain his property. When the entertainment was over the sitting room looked like a junk shop. The neighbors had some little argument about whether the bull pup should be killed on the spot, and when the quiet man left he went out backward, cautioning his neighbor in a low tone of voice not to do anything rash. The neighbor has given away two of his pets, and advertised for one of these fighting white bulldogs with pink eyes. —Detroit Free Press.

JOHN MUIR AT HIS WORK.

The Good Man's Discoveries on the Muir Glacier.

"For twenty-five years John Muir has made out of doors his realm. For more than half this time he lived and wandered alone over the high Sierras, through the Yosemite valley, and among the glaciers of California and Alaska, studying, sketching, climbing. At night he sometimes rested luxuriously, wrapped in a half-blanket beside a camp-fire; sometimes, when fuel was wanting, and the way too arduous to admit of carrying his piece of blanket, he hollowed for himself a snug nest in the snow. He is no longer a young man, but when last I saw him he was making plans to go again to the North, to explore the four new glaciers discovered last summer by the Harriman expedition. What do you come here for?" two Alaskan Indians once asked him, when they had accompanied him as far, through perilous ways, as he could hike or coax them to go. "To get knowledge," was his reply. The Indians grunted; they had no words to express their opinion of this extraordinary lunatic. They turned back and left him to venture alone across the great glacier, which now bears his name. So trifling a matter as their desertion could not deter him from his purpose. He built a cabin at the edges of the glacier, and there settled to work, and to live, for two long years. He made daily trips over that icy region of deep gorges, rugged descents and vast moraines, taking notes and making sketches, until he had obtained the knowledge, and the understanding of the knowledge, that he was after. Muir Glacier is the largest glacier discharging into the wonderful Glacier Bay on the Alaskan coast. Being the most accessible one in that region, tourists are allowed to go ashore to climb upon its sheer, icy cliffs, and watch the many icebergs that go tumbling down from it. This is a thrilling experience to the globe-trotter, but to dwell there beside the glacier, to study the phenomena, encounter perils, alone and unaided, is an experience that few besides John Muir would court. —Adelaide Knapp in *Alnalee's*.

Altogether Novel.

As for blouses of lingerie materials, they will be altogether novel when worn with a corselet skirt of black taffeta, which will lace or button in close princess lines or in loose folds that will be drawn up high over the bust. The blouse of white lawn is tucked and lace inset to a marvelous degree, and the sleeves, tucked down from the shoulders, spread into simply enormous blouses, which are gathered at the wrists into a deep pouce of lace that entirely covers the hands.

Artificial Marble.

Manufacturers are actually making marble by the same process by which nature makes it, only in a few weeks instead of a few thousand years. They take a rather soft limestone and chemically permeate it with various coloring matters, which sink into the stone, and are not a mere surface coloring, as in seagliola. The completed material takes a fine polish, and many of the specimens are of beautiful color and marking. Used as a veneer, it is about one-third the price of nature's marble.

Development of Good Apples.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known. And we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and pucky—grab apples and nothing else.