

## 

CHAPTER V.-(Continued.)

1.4.2.24

Contraction of

Buch was the talk, and such was the mood of the people when the hour arrived for the business of Althing to begin, and when all eyes turned to the little wooden Thing House by the side of the church, wherein tae Thing-men were wont to gather for their procession to the Mount of Laws. And when the hour passed, and the procession had not yet appeared, the whisper went around that the Governor had not arrived, and that the day was meant to humor him. At that the people began to mutter among themselves, for the slumbering fire of their national spirit had been stirred. By his tardy coming the Governor meant to humiliate them! But, Governor or no Governor let Althing begin its sitting. Who was the Governor that Althing should wait for him? What was Althing that it should submit to the

whim or the will of any Governor? Within the Thing House, as well as outside of it, such hot protests must have had sway, for presently the door of the little place was thrown open and the six and thirty Thing-men came out.

Then followed the solemn ceremonies that had been observed on the spot for nigh a thousand years. First walked the Chief Judge, carrying the sword of justice, and behind him walked his magistrates and Thing-men. They ascended to the Mount by a flight of steps cut out of its overhanging walls. At the same moment another procession, that of the old Bishop and his clergy, came out of the church, and ascended to the Mount by a similar flight of steps cut out of the opposite side of it. The two companies parted, the Thing-men to the north and the clergy to the south, leaving the line of this natural causeway open and free, save for the Judge, who stood at the head of it. with the Bishop to the right of him and the Governor's empty place to the left.

And first the Bishop offered prayer for the sitting of Althing that was then to begin.

"Thou Judge of Israel," he prayed, in the terrible words which had descended to him through centuries, "Thou that sittest upon the cherubims, come down and help Thy people. O, most mighty God, who art more pleased with the sacrifice of thanksgiving than with the burnt offerings of bullocks and goats, keep now our mouths from guile and deceit, from slander and from obloquy. O, Lord God, most holy, O, Lord, most mighty, endue Thy ministers with righteousness. Give them mercy that they may judge mercifully. Let them judge this nation as Thou wilt judge Thy people. Let them remember that he who takes the name of justice for his own profit or hatred or revenge is worse than the vulture that watches for the carcass. Let them not forget that howsoever high they stand they take from hence but the oak of their comn. Let them be sure that when Thou shalt appear with a consuming fire before Thee and a tempest round about Thee, calling the heaven and the earth together, no portion can

closely-pressed people. "You've got your guards," shouted a voice from below. "Why do you come to us?"

A deep murmur ran through the

"Because," cried Jorgen Jorgensen, "my guards are protecting Reykjavik, and because they might scour your island a hundred years and never find what they lookd for."

"Thank God!" muttered another voice from below.

"But you know it, every fell and flord," cried Jorgen Jorgensen," and never a toad could skulk under a stone but you would root him out of it. Chief Justice," he added, sweeping about, "I have a request to make of you.

"What is it, your Excellency?" said the Judge.

"That you should adjourn this Althing so that every man here present may go out in search of the traitor."

Then a loud involuntary murmur of dissent rose from the peop.e, and at the same moment the Juage said in be called upon to pay a fine of \$52,500. bewilderment, "What can your Excel-lency mean?"

'I mean," cried Jorgen Jorgensen, "that if you adjorn this Althing for three days, the traitor will be taken. if not, he will be at liberty as many years. Will you do it?"

"Your Excellency," said the Judge. "Althing has lived nigh upon a thousand years, and every other year for that thousand years it has met on this ancient ground, but never once since it began has the thing you ask been

"Let it be done now," cried Jorgen

Jorgensen. "Will you do it?" "We will do your duty by your Ex-cellency," said the Judge, "and we will expect your excellency to do your duty by ours.'

"But this man is a traitor," cried Jorgen Jorgensen, "and it is your duty to help me to capture him. Will you

"And this day is ours by ancient right and custom," said the Judge, "and it is your duty to stand aside." "I am here for the King of Denmark," cried Jorgen Jorgensen,

I ask you to adjourn this Althing. Will you do it?"

"And we are here for the people of Iceland," said the Judge, "and we ask you to step back and let us go on." Then Jorgen Jorgensen's anger knew

no bounds. "You are subjects of the King of

Denmark," he cried.

"Before ever Denmark was, we were," answered the Judge, proudly. "And in his name I demand that you adjourn. Will you do it now?" cried Jorgen Jorgensen, with a grin of triumph.

"No," cried the Judge, lifting an undaunted face to the face of Jorgen Jorgensen.

The people held their breath through this clash of words, but at the Judges brave answer a murmur of approval passed over them. Jorgen Jorgensen heard it, and flinched, but turned back to the Judge and said:

"Take care. If you do not help me, you hinder me; if you are not with me, you are against me. Is that man

a traitor? Answer me-yes or no." But the Judge made no answer, and there was dead shence among the peoe, for they knew well in what way the cruel question tended. "Answer me-yes or no," Jorgen Jorgensen cried again. Then the Bishop broke silence and said: "Whatever our hearts may be, your Excellency, our tongues must be silent."

of the involuntary impulses that move great assemblies, the solid wall of human beings seemed to part of itself,

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and make a way for someone. It was Red Jason, carrying Michael Sunlocks across his breast and shoulder. His bronzed cheeks were worn, his sunken eyes burned with a dull fire. He stroke on, erect and strong, through the riven way of men and women. A breathless silence seemed to follow him. When he came to the foot of the Mount, he stopped, and let Sunlocks drop gently to the ground. Sunlocks was insensible, and his piteous white face looked up at the heavy dome of the sky. A sensation of aw held the vast crowd spellbound. It was as if the Almighty God had heard the blasphemy of that miserable old man, and given him on the instant his impious wish

(To Be Continued.)

## FINES MAY REACH MILLION.

sfal Raid Made on Meepers of

Game Birds. John E. Overton, a state game protector discovered 2,100 game birds in the Arctic Freezing Warehouse in New York. The possession of game birds at this season by any one in the state of New York, or the killing of such birds, is a misdemeanor subject to fine. The fine is \$60 for the first offense and \$25 for each bird. As there were over be called upon to pay a fine of \$52,500. Mr. Overton only searched two rooms. There are forty-seven more rooms which may contain more game birds. It is thought that all told there are nearly 100,000 birds in the house. This would make the warehouse people liable to fines amounting to \$2,500,000 if the letter of the law could be enforced. The raid, according to Mr. Overton, is the largest ever made in New York, and was most successful, owing to the fact that it reveals where this vast amount of unlawful game is being sent from. Most of it comes from the far West. The authorities at the freezing plant assert that the birds are not their property, but are sent there in cases and barrels to be stored. They say also that they have no knowledge of just what i. in the place, but the law holds that any one having game out of season in his possession will be held responsible and subject to the fine. They sa'd they did not know where the game came from or where it went, as they were in the cold-storage business not dealers in game or poultry .- Exchange.

### Bees Sting Borses To Death.

The other day, as Frank O'Nell, an employe of Miller & Lux, was driving a team hitched to a derrick wagon, near Los Banos, Mexico, his horses were attacked by bees and stung to death, while he had a narrow escape with his own life. The bees find their best feed on Miller's immense alfalfa fields, and are swarming around so thick that it is often unsafe for teams to pass them. As soon as they were attacked the animals jumped sidewise and broke the wagon tongue, and the driver at once cut the team loose. One animal jumped a fence into a place where the bees were, and was stung to death in a few minutes, while the other van for the plow camp, where it died a few hours later. O'Neil was literally covered with bee stings, but fortunately they did not seem to polson him as badly as they do some peo-

## MONKEY A PRACTICAL JOKER. Sim's Fan Cost His Owner Money and

Bric-s-Bran

There is today in Baltimore a family which is bemoaning the destruction of some valued chinaware and bric-a-brac, total value, \$26.20, and there is a small simian of the ring-tail species with an abnormally developed sense of humor who is directly responsible for the mischief, yet who wonders daily at the sudden coolness which has sprung up between his master and himself. According to the story told by the aggrieved owner, he bought young simian as a pet for his cihidren, and for a few weeks the relations between all parties were amicable. Then, as the spring drew nigh, the family moved to their country home, taking Sim with them. About a week ago the family came into town to spend Sunday, and then the question as to what disposition to make of the monkey during their absence came up. It was finally decided to tether him to bis box in the kitchen, and leave him with enough food and water to last until their return. Monday morning the family arrived, and went to see how Sim had fared. It did not take them long to find out. The dining room looked like it had been the scene of a bull-fight. A sofa had all the stuffing pulled out of it and arranged in tasteful bunches about the room, china pitchers and plates lay smashed on the floor, and the small bronze clock on the mantel was upside down in the fireplace. Ruin greeted the explorers on every hand, but the greatest chaos was found in the kitchen. Sim had piled everything portable up in a heap in the center of the room, dusted the whole copiously with salt and flour, and after pouring a kettle of water on to finish the job, sat on top of the pile and greeted the master's family with squeaks of simian pride. It was later discovered that he had gnawed the string that kept him near his box, and had improved the shining hours not only in accomplishing the ruin told above, but a great deal more besides. As has been hinted, he is not in favor these days. Hs is bound with a chain, and a good monkey with a keen sense of and skill in practical joking is for sale.

Colonial Legislature Was Severe on the

ties, "for mere necessitie, for phisick, for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by annelent men." But the "creature called tobacco" seemed to have an indestructible life. Landlords were order-ed not to "suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses" on penalty of a fine to the "victualler" and another to "the party that takes it." The laws were constantly altered and enforced, and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it "publicquely" nor in his own house or any-

were forbidden to smoke together. No sently returned with an injunction beaten." one could smoke within two miles of "hereby restraining all cats of what-



THE INJUNCTION.

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

From the Chicago Record having secured an injunction restraining the police from interferring with his gambling business, the proprietor of the Gilded Front decided to go home and rest and be away from the reporters. He had hardly entered the house before his wife complained that the hired Gazette. girl was going to leave.

"Oh, ho, she is, is she?" the saloon and gambling house keeper answered; "well, we'll see about that. I'm not in politics for nothing."

Then he rushed out, and in half an hour returned with a big envelope, from which he took a legal document, saying:

"There, just go and read that to her. That's an injunction issued by a judge who is a friend of mine to keep her from leaving here as long as we think we want her around."

"Well, there's another thing," his wife said, "that troubles me. The ice man is going to charge us more for ice beginning next Monday."

"No he ain't." said the man who had access to the injunction mill, "I'll just see to the matter now, while I have time."

After another brief absence he returned with an injunction which made it impossible for the ice man to raise his price without being in contempt of court.

"Now," he said, "don't bother me for awhile. I need sleep. Business was so good at our place last night that I didn't get a chance to go to bed at all, and I expect there'll be another big rush tonight, since the papers have printed all about the police not being allowed to come in. So I must be ready for it."

He had not been asleep long, however, when his wife shook him by the shoulder and said: "I forgot to tell you that I can't

stand it here any more unless something is done to keep the cats from getting on our fence at night. They make a horrible racket, and my nerves are getting all upset. Something must be done "

"Something will be done," he an swered as he dressed himself. Then he went away again and pres-



"And he has named his best egg producer The Last Minstrel."

Queer name for a hen." "I should articulate! But that's Dingle exactly. Gave his hen that name so that he could have the lay of The Last Minstrel every morning for breakfast." - Pittsburg Commercial



"Did O'Toole get the wages he sued for?'

"No. He claimed he had been jobbing for three a week and the man said he had agreed to pay him a dollar." "Only a dollar a week?"

"Yes. And at that he said O'Toole was no good, but spent all of his time smoking."

"Well, I don't blame him. A man getting but a dollar a week must have to smoke up very hard to imagine he is existing at all."

"I see by the papers that a man can live on 60 cents a week, though."

"Yes-in the papers. And that leaves him all of 40 cents for perfectoes and Cohasset nunches." "What is a Cohasset punch."

"I don't know. I drank one once and found out, and then I drank a second one and forgot it."-New York Press.

HOW HE WAS REDUCED. "You must have played some great games of poker in your day," he said to the drummer who had been talking about luck at cards.

"Yes, I have," was the reply. "Yes, sir, I have had some great games." "How large a bet did you ever make,

may I ask?" "One hundred thousand plunks."

"You don't mean it!" "I certainly do, sir; I sat in a game

in Denver once and bet \$100,000 on my hand and I had only a pair in it at that."

"What an awful bluff! The other's laid down their hands, did they?"

"Oh, no! One of them called me. He had a full house and of course I was

"And you-you lost \$100,000!"

WHEN SMOKING WAS A CRIME. Users of Tobacco.

It is one of the curiosities of oldtime legislation that the use of tobacco was in early colonial days regarded as far more injurious, degrading, and sinful than intoxicating liquors. Both the use and the planting of the weed were forbidden, the cultivation of it being permitted only in small quanti-

where else before strangers. Two men

they have in that day like to the portion of thine inheritance."

The fierce prayer came to and end and then the Judge, holding his sword erect, read his charge and repeated his oath, to deal justly between man and man, even as the sword stood upright before him. And the vast assembly of rude men in sheepskins and in homespun looked on and listened all silent and solemn, all worshipful of law and reverent of its forms.

The oath being taken, the Judge had laid the sword aside and begun to promulgate the new laws, reading them clause by clause, first in Ice-landic and then in Danish, when there was an uneasy movement at the outskirts of the crowd to the west of the Mount.

"The Governor," whispered one. "It's himself," muttered another. "He's here at last," murmured a third, and dark were the faces turned round to see. It was the Governor, indeed, and he pushed his way through the closely-packed people, who saw him coming, but stood together like a wall until riven apart by his pony's feet. At the causeway he dismounted and stepped up to the top of the Mount. He looked old and feeble and torn by evil passions; his straight gray hair hung like blasted sheaf on to his shoulders, his forehead was blistered with blue veins, his cheeks were guttered with wrinkles, his little syes were cruel, his jaw was broad and heavy, and his mouth was hard and square.

The Judge made his no obelsance, but went on with his reading. The Bishop seemed not to see him, but gazed steadfastly forward. The Thingmen gave no sign.

He stood a moment, and looked around, and the people below could see his wrath rising like a white hand across his haggard face. Then he in-terrupted and said, "Chief Justice, I have something to say."

All heard the words, and the Sprak-r stopped, and, amid the breathless silence of the people, he answered quietly, "There will be a time and a

ace for that, your Excellency." "The time is now, and the place is re," cried Jorgen Jorgenson, in a tense voice, and quivering with anger. "Listen to me. The rebel and traitor who once usurped the government of this island has escaped." "Escaped," cried a hundred voices. "Michael Sunlocks!" cried as many

more

And a wave of excitement passed

over the vast essembly. "Yes, Michael Bunlocks has escaped," cried Jorgen Jorgensen. "That scound-rei is at liberty. He is free to do his wicked work again. Men of iceland, I call on you to help me. I call on you to help the Crown of Danmark. The traitor must be taken. I call on you to take him."

At that, Jorgen Jorgensen faced about to the crowd. "I put a price on his head." he cried.

"Two thousand kroner to anyone who takes him, alive or dead. Who will earn it?"

"No Icelander earns money with blood," said the Bishop. "If this thing is our duty, we will do it with-"If this out pay. If not, no bribe will tempt

"Ay, ay," shouted a hundred voices. Jorgen Jorgensen flinched again, and his face whitened as he grew darker within.

"So, I see how it is," he said," look-ing steadnastry at the Bishop, the Judge, and the Thing-men. "You are aiding this traitor's escape. You are his allies, every man of you. And you are seducing deceiving the people.'

Then he faced about towards the crowd more and more, and cried in a loud voice:

"Men of Iceland, you know the man who has escaped. You know what he s, and where he came from; s, and where he came from; you know he is not one of ourselves, but

a bastard Englishman. Then drive him back home. Listen to me. What price did I put on his head? Two housand kroner! I will give ten thousand! Ten thousand kroner for the man who takes him alive, and twenty thousand kroner-do you hear me?-twenty thousand kroner for the man who takes him dead."

"Silence!" cried the Bishop. "Who are you, sir, that you dare tempt men to murder?"

"Murder!" cried Jorgen Jorgensen See how simple are the wise? Men of Iceland, listen to me again. The traitor is an outlaw. You know what that means. His blood is on your down head. Any man may shoot him down. No man may be called to ac-count for doing so. Do you hear me? It is the law of Iceland, the law of Denmark, the law of the world. He murder. Follow him up! Twenty housand kroner to the man who lays him at his feet."

He would have said more, for he was heaving with passion, and his white face had grown purple, but his tongue seemed suddenly para'yzed, and his wide eyes fixed themselves on something at the outskirts of the crowd. One thin and wrinkled hand he lifted up and pointed tremblingly over the heads of the people. "There!" e said in a smothered cry, and after

that he was silent. The crowd shifted and looked around, amid a deep murmur of sur-prise and expectation. Then by one

ple, and he has recovered. The team was one of the largest and most gentle on the Miller & Lux ranch.

#### Mrs. Louis Botha

Mrs. Louis Botha, the wife of the Boer general, who has become so prominent in her efforts to bring about peace, is of Irish extraction, being the great-grandniece of Robert Emmet. She has been one of the most beautiful women in the Transvaal, and though now the mother of a numerous family, is still a very charming and comely little woman. She is a highly-cultured woman, well read, musical, of artistic bent, and, in times of peace, a most successful and popular hostess. Mrs. Botha is on her way to visit President Kruger in Europe.

#### 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 overpowered by fumes in an empty still. Two rescuers also succumbed. Nevertheless, Allen insisted on being lowerd into the still and eventually saved all three.

#### Bankers Must Be Trained.

Secretary Lyman J. Gage, in an ar ticle in "Success" says: "The successful banker must be a trained man. Crigina ity counts for a great deal, but it is safer when one is young to follow the beaten track and profit by the wisdom of those who have learned in the school of experience.

#### PAT IL PASE.

Biz thick thistle sticks. Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared alickly six silky snakes. It is a shame, Sam; these are 'he same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sat., and a shame it is a sham. Sam. The bleak breze blighted the bright broom blossoins.

Will Teach Ecolesi stical H'story The successor of Professor G. P. Fisher in the chair of ecclesiastical history in the Yale divinity school is to be Frofessor Willson Walker, who now holds the same position in the Dr. Hartford Theological seminary. Figher will not, however, retire

Dimensions of Rain Drog A paluscaking meteorologist has suc ceeded in measuring the dimensions of rain drops. The largest, he states, are one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and the smallest 1-500th.

were caught smoking around the corin the stocks and in cages. Until with- plainant aforesaid." in few years there were New England streets was prohibited, and innocent cigarette loving travelers were aston- of need." ished at being requested to cease smoking. Mr. Drake wrote in 1886 that he knew men, then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Boston police court for smoking in the streets of Boston. In Connecticut in carry her in my arms nearly all day. early days a great indulgence was permit.ed to travelers-a man could

#### The Bad Man as a Hero.

miles.

thirty centuries of renown. The deeds of many frontiersmen excel Greek's. David did his own singing, causing the child hereinbeforementionand came out with a great reputation. ed any pain or inconvenience." let I doubt not the McKandals gang

a sweeter requiem. With all their faults they were brave and gallant gentlemen, who made it possible for quiet men to bring decent women and establish American homes on the have come to the knowledge of that said: fine old Scotchman, who delighted in the blare of bugles, the clash of arms, the tale of chivalry. Walter Scott would have made this great scout and peace officer a hero of romance and a

too ready to sell their horses to English army purchasing agents, and now the farmers are compelled to pay from \$125 to \$140 for animals that a year and a half ago found no purchasers at \$75.

"And she actually fell in love with the first baseman. Why?" "I really couldn't say. He certainly didn't seem good catch."

pever sex, breed, color, age or previ-There were wicked backsliders who ous condition from assembling on the said complainant's back fence, or upon ner of the meeting house and others on the roofs of the sheds located in the street, and they were fined and set the backyard belonging to the com-

"I guess that'll cure 'em," he said. towns where tobacco smoking in the "There's nothing like having a good, willing friend on the bench in a time

> Just then their baby in the next room set up a howl, and the great jointkeeper's wife said:

"I don't know what to do with tha child; she frets so. Yesterday I had to I guess she must be teething."

"Never mind," he said, "I'll fix her." Then he made another trip to the office of his friend, the judge, and returned home with an injunction restraining the child from making any more outcries on account of her teeth. Homer sang the ruffian Achilles into and "further providing that the aforesaid teeth must under penalty of the the court's displeasure refrain from

"There," the husband and father would have made Goliath look like an said, with the air of one who is conamateur. Ivanhoe, in his iron kettle scious of having done his duty, "I with his long lance killing the neigh- guess you'll be able to get along for a bors for love of God and lady, never day or two. Now, I've got to go down surpassed in courage and sacrifice Wild to the joint, for I s'pose the dealers Bill and his comrades. But the dime and bartenders are all tired out by this novelist has been their blographer, time. If things ain't all right around and cheap notoriety is their reward, the house let me know to morrow, and They deserve a stateller history and I'll get some more injunctions."

### METHOD OF REDUCTION.

From the Albany Journal: A little newsboy was watching a man on High street weigh ice yesterday. After the plains and in the mountains. Wild Bill ice had been chipped, the little chap Hickok's adventurous career should took a few puffs off a cigarette and

"Say, ice man, how much is dat size wort?'

The ice man, being a gruff sort of individual, was not quite sure that he should pay any attention to the urchin, prince of the border.E. C. Little in Finally, however, he answered: "It's Worth 50 could.

Before he could say more the chap said: 'Well, just sit on it and make it t'irty cents wort!"

#### GREAT SCOTT !

"Young Mr. Dingle tells me that he is extremely fond of the poetry of Sir Walter Scott," remarked Wintergreen to Tenterbook.

"Yes, I know; but he carries his fondness too far," replied the latter. "In what way?" "Well, he's a chicken fancier, as per-haps you know." "Weil?"

I did. For the fraction of a second a feeling of faintness stole over me and things looked wizzy wazzy, but then I pulled myself together and reached down into my vest pocket and handed him the money, with a smile." "Great Scott!" sighed the querist as he mopped his brow. "Think of losing that much money on a turn of the cards! I suppose that is why you were forced to take to the road?"

"Well, no. The winner said that such check as mine ought to be rewarded and returned my money. I'd have been all right only when I got back to Chicago I put \$900,000 with it and bet the whole pile on a horse race and lost by a nose. That reduced my fortune to less than \$4,000,-000 and so I had to take up this business to eke out my income. Of course, it's a sad case and I feel my position keenly, but with perseverance and integrity I hope to pull through in time to be able to pay the cook her wages again. Have you a match, please?'

THE MAJOR'S PREDICTIONS "I hear that the major predicted a

frost fer the Fourth o' July." "Who's the major?" "Why's he the man who predicted a earthquake last June."

"Did the earthquake come?" "No, but the entire settlement had the chills, an' went to shaking so that some o' the buildings fell down, an' you couldn't tell whether it wus s earthquake or not."-Atlanta Constitution.

# LITTLE LAUGHS.

A Lost Joy Ah, ice cream soda-as it goes-Is quite good enough, 'tis true: But it doesn't buzz the victim's nose As the old kind used to do.

A Lasting Scars.

"rugby tells me he never travels at night on the cars." "Nervous?"

'Well, the last trip he took he saw one of those women who wear thei: husband's old linen dusters for sleep ing car gowns."

A Restful Function. "Deaf and dumb trolley parties are

the latest." "What are they?"

"A lot of talkative women ride around town in the street cars all evening, and the one who speaks first pays for the ride and the ice cream."

Wealth is not his who makes it, but his who enjoys it.

Horse Famine in Kansas.

Everybody's Magaizne.

Central Kansas is complaining of a horse famine. The farmers have been

smoke once during a journey of 10