

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

A....
Continued
Story.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

With that he thrust spurs into his horse's sides and went off at utmost speed.

Then Jason was alone on the plain. Not another human soul was left. The crowd was gone; the Mount of Laws was silent, and a flock of young sheep ran past it bleating. Over the mountains to the south a red glow burned along the black sky and lurid flames shot through it.

Such was the beginning of the eruption of Skaptar. And Jason staggered along in the day-darkness alone, abandoned, shouting like a maniac, swearing like a man accursed, crying out to the desolate waste and the black wind sweeping over it that if this were the end of the world he had a question to ask of Him who made it: Why He had broken His word, which said that the wages of sin was death—why the avenger that was promised had not come to smite down the wicked and save the just?

VI.

In this valley of the Loberg there is a long peninsula of rock stretching between the western bank of the lake and the river called the Oxara. It begins in a narrow neck where a pass for one horse only, end ends in a deep pool over a jagged precipice, with a mighty gorge of water falling from the opposite ravine. It is said that in this awful place was used in ancient days for the execution of women who had killed their children, and of men who had robbed the widow and the orphan.

Near the narrowest part of the peninsula a man was plunging along in the darkness, trusting solely to the sight of his pony, for his own eyes could see nothing. Two long hours he had been groping his way from the Mount of Laws, and he was still within a short mile of it. But at last he saw help in his extremity, for a man on foot approached him out of the gloom. He took him for a farmer of those parts and hailed him with hearty cheer.

"Good man," he said, "put me on the right path for Reykjavik and you shall have five kroner, and welcome."

But scarcely had he spoken when he recognized the man he had met, and the man recognized him. The one was Jason and the other Jorgen Jorgensen.

Jorgen Jorgensen thought his hour had come, for, putting his hand to his weapon, he remembered that he had not reloaded it since he had shot at Jason, and so he flung it away. But the old tiger was not to be subdued. "Come," he said, "out of the black depths of his heart, let us have done. What is it to be?"

Then Jason stepped back and said, "That is the way to Reykjavik—over the stream and through the first chasm on the left."

At this Jorgen Jorgensen seemed to catch his breath. He tried to speak and could not.

"No," said Jason. "It may be weakness, it may be folly, it may be madness, but you were my mother's father, God pity her and forgive you, and not even at the price of my brother's life will I have your blood on my hands, Go!"

Jorgen Jorgensen touched his horse and rode on, with his gray, dishonored head deep in his breast. And, evil man as he was, surely his cold heart was smitten with shame.

CHAPTER VI.

No Althing was held in Iceland in that year of the great eruption of Skaptar. The dread visitation lasted six long months, from the end of June to the beginning of January of the year following. During that time the people of the south and southeast, who had been made homeless and penniless, were constantly trooping into Reykjavik in hundreds and tens of hundreds. The population of the capital rose from less than two thousand to more than twenty thousand. Where so many were housed no man ever knew, and how they lived none can say. Every hut, every hovel, every hole was full of human beings. Men, women and children crawled like vermin in every quarter. For food they had what fish came out of the sea, and when the frost covered the furd a foot deep with ice they starved on fish bones and moss and seaweed.

By this time a cry for help had gone up throughout Europe, and Denmark and England had each sent a shipload of provisions, corn and meal and potatoes. The relief came late, the ships were caught in the ice and held for a long month off Reykjavik, and when at length the food for which the people famished was brought into Reykjavik harbor the potatoes were like slabs of leather and the corn and meal like blocks of stone.

But even in this land of fire and frost the Universal Mother is good to her children, and the people lived through their distresses. By the end of February they were trooping back to the scenes of their former homes, for, desolate as those places were, they loved them and clung to them still.

In the days of this awful calamity there were few that remembered Michael Sunlocks. Jorgen Jorgensen might have had his will of him then and scarce anybody the wiser. That he held his hand was due first to fear and then to contempt; fear of Copenhagen, contempt of the man who had lost his influence over the people of Iceland. He was wrong on both counts. Copenhagen cared nothing for the life of Michael Sunlocks, and laughed at the revolution wherof he had been the head and center. But when the people of Iceland recovered from the deadly visitation their hearts turned back to the man who had suffered for their sakes.

Then it appeared that through these weary months Michael Sunlocks had been lying in the little house of detention at Reykjavik with no man save one man, and that was old Adam Fairbrother, to raise a voice on his behalf, and no woman, save one woman, and that was Greeba, to cling to him in his misery. Neither of these had been

allowed to come near to him, but both had been with him always. Again and again old Adam had forced his way to the governor and protested that Michael Sunlocks was not being treated as a prisoner, but as a condemned criminal and galley slave; and again and again Greeba had come and gone between her lodgings at the house of the bishop and her heart's home at the prison with food and drink for him who lay in darkness and solitude. Little he knew to whom he was thus beholden, for she took pains to keep her secret, but all Reykjavik saw what she was doing. And the heart of Reykjavik was touched when she brought her child from Kriauvik, thinking no shame of her altered state, content to exist in simple poverty where she had once lived in wealth, if so be that she might but touch the walls that contained her husband.

Seeing how the sympathy was going, Jorgen Jorgensen set himself to consider what step to take, and finally concluded to remove Michael Sunlocks as far as possible from the place where his power was still great and his temptation to use it was powerful. The remotest spot under his rule was Grimsey, an island lying on the Arctic circle, thirty-five miles from the mainland. It was small; it was sparsely populated; its inhabitants were fishermen with no craft but open row boats; it had no trade; no vessels touched at it, and the sea that separated it from Iceland was frozen during many months of the year. And to this island Jorgensen decided that Michael Sunlocks should go.

When the word was brought to Michael Sunlocks he asked what he was expected to do on that little rock at the end of the world, and said that Grimsey would be his sentence of Jorgen death.

"I prefer to die, for I have no great reason to wish for life," he said, "but if I must live, let me live here. I am blind; I do not know the darkness of this place, and all I ask of you is air and water."

Old Adam, too, protested loudly, whereupon Jorgen answered with a smile that he had supposed that all he intended to do was for the benefit of the prisoner himself, who would surely prefer a whole island to live upon to being confined in a cell at Reykjavik.

"He will there have liberty to move about," said Jorgen, "and he will live under the protection of the Danish laws."

"Then that will be more than he has done here," said Adam, boldly, "where he has existed at the caprice of a Danish tyrant."

The people of Reykjavik heard of the banishment with surprise and anger, but nothing availed to prevent it. When the appointed day came Michael Sunlocks was marched out of his prison and taken off towards the bursting sand desert between a line of glaciers. There was a great throng to bid adieu to him and to groan at the power that sent him. His face was pale, but his bodily strength was good. His step was firm and steady and gave hardly a hint of his blindness. His farewell of those who crowded upon him was simple and manly.

"Good-bye," he said, "and though with my eyes I cannot see you, I can see you with my heart, and that is the better sight wherof death alone can rob me. No doubt you have much to forgive to me; so forgive it to me now, for we shall meet no more."

There was many a sob at that word, but the two who would have been most touched by it were not there to hear it, for Greeba and old Adam were busy with own enterprise, as we shall learn hereafter.

When Michael Sunlocks was landed at Grimsey he was offered first as bondman for life, or prisoner-slave to the largest bonder there, a grasping old miser named Jonsson, who, like Jorgen himself, had never allowed his bad conscience to get the better of him. But Jonsson looked at Sunlocks with a curl of the lip and said: "What's the use of a blind man?" So the end of all was that Sunlocks was put in charge of the priest of the island. The priest was to take him into his house, to feed, clothe and attend to him, and report his condition twice a year to the governor at Reykjavik. For such service to the state the good man was to receive an annual stipend of one hundred kroner. And all arrangements being made, the escort that had brought Michael Sunlocks the ten days' journey over the desert set their faces towards the capital.

Michael Sunlocks was then on the edge of the habitable world. There was no attempt to confine him, for his home was an island bound by a rocky coast; he was blind and therefore helpless, and he could not step out a thousand yards alone without the danger of walking over a precipice into the sea. So that with all his brave show of liberty he was as much in fetters as if his feet had been enchained to the earth beneath them.

The priest, who was in truth his jailer, was one who has already been heard of in this history, being no other than the Sigfus Thomson (titled Sigfus from his cure of souls) who was banished before for marrying Stephen Orry to Michael, the daughter of the Governor-General Jorgensen. He had been young then, and since his life had been cut in twain he had fallen into some excesses. Thus it had often happened that when his people came to church over miles of their trackless country he had been too drunk to go through with it, and sometimes when they wished to make sure of him for a wedding or a christening they had been compelled to decoy him into his house over night and lock him up until morning. Now he was elderly and live alone, save for a fractious old man servant, in a straggling old moss-covered house, or group of houses. He was weak of will, timid as a deer, and infirm of purpose, yet he was beloved by all men and pitied by all women for his sweet simplicity, wherof anyone

might take advantage, and for the tenderness that could never resist a story of distress.

(To Be Continued.)

Couldn't Work Him for a "Temple." A civil engineer employed in Salt Lake City received recently from the cashier at the works at which he had been engaged his first week's wages, less 10 per cent. He asked why, having worked a full week at agreed rate, there should be any deduction. "It's the tithe for the Temple," was the answer, and on further inquiry it appeared that it was usual in Salt Lake City for every citizen or workman to pay over to the elders a sum representing a tithe, or 10 per cent of his earnings or gains. The engineer said that he knew nothing about the Temple or the elders, and that he cared less. He added that he would have his full pay or know the reason why. "Oh, it's entirely optional," said the cashier, pushing over the balance.

Why the King Dropped Albert.

Many theories have been put forward with regard to King Edward's choice of name; that is, the dropping of the appellation "Albert." It is, however, no secret that the king never liked the name of "Albert," and it was only in deference to his mother's wish that he signed himself "Albert Edward." More than once he asked to be allowed to sign himself "Edward," but the queen was obdurate. The king knew that the name of "Albert" would not be congenial to the British nation, and as soon as Queen Victoria had passed away he communicated to Lord Salisbury his wish to be known as Edward VII.

One Sloop Anchored on Another.

It is not usual for a ship on the high seas to elect to cast anchor on the deck of a passing steamer; but that is what a four-masted schooner did recently in the Atlantic. The two vessels grazed in the fog, and the "catted" port anchor of the schooner caught in the steamer's deck "by a fluke." It fastened to an engineer's state room in such a manner as to bar his exit, but fortunately the chain parted just as the room was being ripped into fragments. The schooner followed the steamer to its destination to recover her anchor.

The Shah's \$20,000 Automobile.

A builder of motor cars in Liege, France, has just sent to Teheran an open carriage of the landau shape, ordered by the shah, at the price of \$20,000. It has seats for five, one of which is the driver. The body is painted royal blue, and the wheels carmine. The seats are luxurious, springy and covered with pearly gray satin. Two handsome lamps stand out well from the driver's seat; the frames are silver gilt, and the glass panes beveled; they are decorated in the middle with the lion and sun of Persia.

Artistic Timekeeper.

Phil May, the London artist, tells how at the age of 12 he became a timekeeper in a large iron foundry. Says he: "I was delighted with the office, but the foundry masters were not quite so satisfied. At first they were surprised at the great punctuality of the entire staff of workmen; later they simply marveled at its continuance, and finally they discovered that I kept the timebook on a system of my own."

Wide Variance in Pupils' Ages.

There are 1,100 Chinese pupils in Queens college, Hong Kong, varying in age from 9 up to 23, and many of them have family cares in the shape of a wife and children at home. Each year sees a decrease in the proportion of married school boys, and the average age becomes less every year. In its early history boys of all ages were to be found in the school, and it was quite possible to find father and son run a dead heat for the first prize.

Chinese Banknotes 500 Years Old.

The Chinese have on show in London, in an exhibition of early printing from Japan and China, a bank note issued in the course of the reign of Emperor Kienlung, 1368-99. This is 300 years earlier than the establishment at Stockholm of the first European bank which issued notes. This earliest of banknotes measures eighteen inches by nine.

Grecian Prince a Dramatist.

Prince Nicholas of Greece, third son of the king of the Hellenes, was recently designated "laureate" in a dramatic congress organized by the University of Athens. The work which obtained for him this distinction was a comedy entitled "The Reformers," and was judged on its merits, the competitors having to send in their compositions under pseudonyms only.

Her Lovable Ambition.

Colonel G. B. M. Harvey, the publisher, tells of meeting the young bride of a well known Kentucky family, who said: "I'm glad to meet you, because I'm thinking of writing a book." "Of what sort?" asked the colonel. "Oh," was the answer, "something like 'Les Miserables,' only more lively."

Fluke's Profundity.

In college the late John Fluke took up such unending courses of study as Gothic, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch and Roumanian; then he delved in law and was graduated from the law school at the age of 22. Such a list of achievements makes him an Admirable Crichton of extraordinary profundity.

How He Hopped Off Sharpshooters.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., does not intend that Idle Hour, his new house at Oakland, L. I., shall be photographed without his permission. He has accordingly had pictures taken from every possible point and copyrighted the results.

Royal Pistol Shot.

King George of Greece has lately taken up pistol practice as an amusement and is developing a considerable talent in that direction, so that he was able in a recent tournament to defeat some of the best shots in the kingdom.



THE BABY'S FIRST SUMMER.

Fortunate is the city baby who is born in September or October, for then he will have but one summer to pass through while his powers of resistance are very low. By the end of the second year the child should have developed considerable strength of constitution, and ought, if properly cared for, to triumph over many evil influences to which the younger infant is very apt to succumb.

The primary cause of infant mortality in cities during midsummer is the intense heat, and next comes, in the case of bottle-fed children, the giving of indigestible food or of milk which has begun to change. The baby's life, in other words, depends upon his being kept cool and being properly fed.

These matters are of such importance that in most of our cities the health boards issue each summer leaflets containing directions for the care of the baby, and distribute them among all the tenement-house dwellers.

In these leaflets, mothers are warned particularly to keep the baby and all its surroundings absolutely clean. The child should be sponged or bathed once or twice every day in lukewarm water, dried by wrapping in a soft towel, and then put into clean, dry clothes. The clothing should be light and loose and changed often. The baby should never sleep in the "cots" which it has worn during the day, nor wear in the day those which have been slept in at night. It should sleep in a separate cot, and never in the bed with its mother. The sleeping-room should always be well aired, the windows being open day and night. During the day the baby should be kept in the open air as much as possible, and a daily ride into the country on a trolley car, or an excursion on the water, if there is any large body of it accessible, will do more, perhaps, than anything else to keep the little one in health.

It should never be forgotten that a baby needs water to drink, and plenty of it, in hot weather. The water should be boiled, then poured into a bottle, half filling it, and well shaken to restore the air lost in boiling. This is then cooled, not iced, and given to the baby in small quantities at frequent intervals through the day.

A nursing baby has an immense advantage over one that is bottle-fed, and on no account should weaning be attempted just before or during the hot weather. If artificial feeding is necessary, the physician should be consulted as to the choice of a food, for among the many kinds on the market some are good and some are not.

A baby's diet will be considered more fully in another article on the prevention of summer complaint.

AN ELECTRIC STORM DETECTOR.

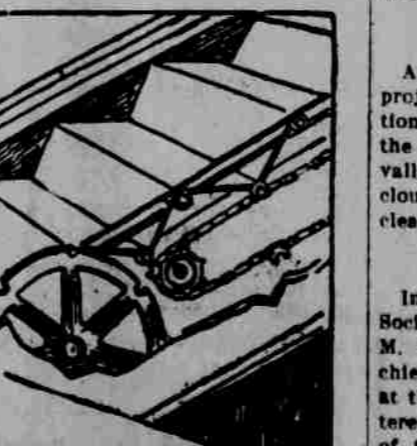
By connecting a form of electric coherer, invented by Professor Lera, which is capable of registering electric discharges taken place in the atmosphere at a distance of several miles, with a telephone receiver, Mr. Tommasina, an Italian experimenter, has produced an instrument, named "electro-radiophone," which enables an observer to follow the course of a storm so far away that no trace of it appears above the horizon. When the receiver is held at the ear, the listener hears the sounds of the storm as if it were raging in his immediate neighborhood. In one instance an approaching storm was thus detected 12 hours before it passed over Intra, the place of observation.

FILTERED WATER BAMBOO.

Mr. R. H. Yapp, an English naturalist who has recently explored the mountain ranges of the Malay Peninsula, reports the hitherto little known fact that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency. Mr. Yapp also discovered two species of ferns, growing on trees, whose thick, fleshy stems are filled with galleries tunneled by ants. The ferns thus forming living nests for ants.

STAIR-LIFT FOR PASSENGERS.

The moving stairway in the eastern department stores have ceased to



be a wonder to the shoppers and have proved themselves a great convenience and necessity, being always ready to carry passengers without the necessity of waiting for a return trip as in the case of the ordinary elevator. Now comes an inventor of Philadelphia with an improvement on the original moving stairway, with its low treads, the new arrangement taking the form of stairs which are made to rise on the endless chain conveyor. These

stairs afford a firm foothold on which the passengers can stand until they reach the upper level. A glance at the picture will show the plan on which the apparatus works, the treads forming automatically at the bottom of the lift by causing the supporting bars to pass into alternate upper and lower slots or guideways, thus bending the conveyor out of a straight line to form the treads and risers. Of course, the moving handrail is also provided to aid the passengers in maintaining their balance.

FROG NESTS.

In Brazil a species of tree-frog (Hyla faber) constructs in the water a curious nest, or fortification, to protect its eggs and its young from the attacks of fish. Starting at the bottom of a pond, the mother frog erects a circular, tubelike wall of mud, which at the top projects above the surface of the water, where it bears some resemblance to the crater of a miniature volcano. In the water thus enclosed the eggs are laid, and when they have hatched out the young frogs are secure from enemies until they are able to take care of themselves. In the meantime the parents remain in the neighborhood as if on guard.

PERUVIAN SEA PONIES.

Among curiosities of human invention are the small, gondola-shaped floats called caballitos, "little horses," employed by fishermen on the coast of Peru. They are made of sticks of cane, firmly bound together, with a high, turned-up prow. The rider rests on his knees and guides his water-er pony with a paddle. He rides over the roughest waves, and penetrates the surf and breakers without fear. Occasionally he is dismounted, but immediately regains his seat. His little raft is unsinkable and defies the stormiest sea, although of course he never goes far from land.

DUST FROM THE CLOUDS.

Baron Nordenskjold, upon finding on the snows of Greenland dust composed of the elements invariably associated with meteorites, and of uncommon occurrence in terrestrial matter, concluded that cosmic dust is falling imperceptibly but continually upon the earth. Recent spectroscopic examination of many varieties of dust collected in England and elsewhere has an interesting bearing on Nordenskjold's conclusions. Among the constituents of dust floating in the air are lead, silver, copper, rubidium, gallium, indium, thallium, nickel, manganese and so forth. Many of these can be traced to their sources in factory chimneys and flues. Volcanic dust has characteristic features, and dust from clouds, collected either by itself or in hail, snow, sleet or rain, exhibits a regularity of composition not seen in other varieties of dust. Iron, nickel, calcium, copper, potassium, and sodium always appear in it in about the same proportions. Some dust that fell near Dublin in 1897 resembles meteorites in its composition, is attracted by a magnet and seems to be of cosmic origin.

A GIANT VARIABLE STAR.

In the constellation Gemini is a well-known variable star, Zeta, of less than the third magnitude when brightest, which, according to an estimate recently set forth in the Observatory by Miss Agnes M. Clerke, may be ranked among the giants of starry space. The comparative insignificance of Zeta Geminorum among the visible stars appears to be due to its enormous distance. If removed equally far away, our sun would be only one thirty-seventh as bright as Zeta Geminorum when at its maximum brightness, and Miss Clarke computes the gravitative power of the star at 225 times that of the sun.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Sugar Cane of China. The sugar cane of China is said by botanists to be an entirely distinct species from that of India, and this fact is supposed to indicate that the development of sugar cane was carried on independently by two different nations at the same time.

Telescope Above the Clouds.

Another mountain observatory is projected. It is to stand at an elevation of 6,000 feet near Semmering, in the Austrian Alps. The neighboring valleys are frequently filled with clouds, while the chosen peak towers clear in the starlight.

Electrical Power.

In a paper read recently before the Societe Internationale des Electriciens M. Picou, who was the engineer-in-chief for the electricity supply service at the Paris exposition, gave some interesting figures. The total duration of the electricity service at the fair was 2,766 hours, during which public lighting was supplied for 809 hours, and the average number of hours of running of the generators was 718.5. The total connections to the mains represented 11,386 kilowatts—practically 20,000 horse power.

"Wind shakes" are circular cracks in a tree separating the different layers. They are supposed to be caused by wind, and greatly injure the lumber made from such a tree.

SOTHERN'S LITTLE JOKE.

As a Ventriloquist He Plays Trick on His Partner.

One of the peculiarities of Sothern's elaborated jokes was the way in which he worked up to them. He pretended to have discovered accidentally that he possessed the gift of the born ventriloquist, and arranged an experiment on the occasion of a supper party given in his honor at a pleasant house in a London suburb. There was a foolish kind of hanger-on of Sothern's who loved to boast of his intimacy with the famous comedian. He had often said, "I wish you would let me help you in one of your practical jokes, Mr. Sothern." Sothern humored his desire. Every one knows how fond the professional ventriloquist is of talking up the chimney to an imaginary man on the roof. Sothern had arranged for his slavish confederate to mount the roof by a ladder and play the part of the voice on the roof, which he did to perfection, and Sothern's success as a ventriloquist was voted nothing short of marvelous. Supper being over, the party adjourned to another room, at which point Sothern said "Good night" to his friend above when it was arranged that the scene should be concluded. Sothern, had, however, plotted against his man, who found, when he wished to descend, that the ladder was gone. By hook or by crook the deceived confederate found his way to the chimney of the smoking room, where the supper party were settling down for a long evening. Presently a voice was heard calling down the chimney, "Sothern! Sothern! for heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only to be in ecstasies the next at the exclamations of his friends, who considered the voice only another example of Sothern's skill. "You said you could do more, your voice was tired, and here it is stronger than ever!" Sothern, accepting the compliments of his friends, managed in a short conversation with the voice on the roof to let his happy confederate understand that as soon as possible he would go out and help him down. After a time, just when Sothern was about to slip out and release his friend, his host went to the chimney, and, all the more emphasize Sothern's success, as he thought, called out, "Are you still there?" This was the last straw upon the rain-drenched back of the sufferer. "Oh, go to blazes!" came the angry reply, and with it a piece of mortar that rattled in the grate. "You're a beast!"—Exchange.

HOME OF MYRIADS OF BATS.

Great Cavern in East Africa Inhabited by Enormous Mammals.

One of the most remarkable caverns in the world has recently been discovered by a Belgian missionary, M. Chaudois, on the coast of German east Africa, near the harbor of Tanga. The main entrance to the cavern is in the form of a majestic arch, which is more than thirty feet in height. Beneath it gushes from the earth a stream of water. The cavern is 120 feet high in some places and as many as 240 feet in others. The principal portion is fashioned like a chamber and it is so spacious that it reminds one of a square in some large city. A labyrinth of halls intersects this chamber and each of these leads to a smaller room. Intense darkness prevails throughout this subterranean region and the man who loses his way in it cannot easily find it again. A worse difficulty than this, however, has to be encountered, for from time immemorial the cavern has furnished a home for myriads of bats, and the human being who penetrates into their stronghold finds it at times impossible to make the slightest headway and is sometimes even obliged to make a hasty retreat. According to M. Chaudois, the sides of the cavern are literally covered with these bats and some of them are such a monstrous size that it is impossible to defend one's self against them, even with a stout stick. "I saw some," he says, "that measured more than three feet in width and whose heads were as big as chickens. One can imagine that it is very unpleasant to find one's self suddenly surrounded by thousands of such creatures, and that as they swarm around you it is very difficult to prevent them from extinguishing your torch. More than once they obliged me to take flight, for their attack was so vigorous I could not withstand it." Another discomfort lies in the fact that water is perpetually dripping from the roof of the cavern.

Animal Sagacity.

The marmoset is not generally an animal whose intelligence is well developed. The following anecdote, however, will prove that there are individual exceptions. M. Hatcher-Souplet possessed one of these monkeys, which was subject to toothache; for, when it was eating nuts, it manifested its sufferings by expressive pantomime. It would try with its fingers to get out the small pieces of nuts lodged in its teeth, only doing so with great difficulty. It occurred to M. Hatcher-Souplet one day to suggest to the monkey a better means of getting out of the difficulty. He took a toothpick and used it before the animal. Then, after giving the monkey a lot of nuts, he placed in the middle of its cage a short stem of iron, which he had sharpened to a point on a stone. The monkey seized the iron and tried to use it as he had seen his master do with the toothpick. Not finding it to his liking, he proceeded to put a finer point upon it by sharpening it on the stone. He dislodged the pieces of nut, and always afterward used his iron toothpick with most satisfactory results.

The German army includes more than 10,000 musicians.