

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The coming of Michael Sunlocks startled him out of his tipsy sleep of a quarter of a century and his whole household was put into a wild turmoil. In the midst of it, when he was at his wit's end to know what to do for his prisoner-guest, a woman, a stranger to Grimsey, carrying a child in her arms, presented herself at his door. She was young and comely, poorly but not meanly clad, and she offered herself to the priest as his servant. Her story was simple, touching and plausible. She had lately lost her husband, an Icelander, though she herself was a foreigner, as her speech might tell. And hearing at Husavik that the priest of Grimsey was a lone old gentleman without kith or kin or belongings, she had bethought herself to come and say that she would be glad to take service from him for the sake of the home he might offer her.

It was Greeba, and simple old Sir Sigfus fell an easy prey to her woman's wit. He wiped his rheumy eyes while she told her story, and straightway sent her into the kitchen. Only one condition he made with her, and that was that she was to bear herself in his house as Icelander women bear themselves in the houses of Icelander masters. No more than that and no less. She was to keep her own apartments and never allow herself to be seen or heard by a guest that was henceforth to live with him. That good man was blind and would trouble her but little, for he had been sorrow, poor soul, and was very silent.

Greeba consented to this with all earnestness, for it fell straight in the way of her own designs. But with a true woman's innocent duplicity she showed modesty and said, "He shall never know that I'm in your house, sir, unless you tell him so yourself."

Thus did Greeba place herself under the same roof with Michael Sunlocks and baffle discovery by the cunning of love. Two purposes were to be served by her artifice. First, she was to be constantly by the side of her husband, to nurse him and tend him, to succor him, and to watch over him. Next, she was to be near him for her own sake, and for love's sake, to win him back to her some day by means more dear than those that she had decided not to use. She had decided not to let herself to him in the meantime, for he had lost faith in her affection. He had charged her with marrying him for pride's sake, but she should see that she had married him for himself alone. The heart of his love was dead, but day by day, unknown, unseen, unheard, she would breathe upon it until the fire in its ashes lived again. Such was the design with which Greeba took the place of a mental in the house where her husband lived as a prisoner, and little did she count the cost of it.

Six months passed, and she kept her promise to the priest to live as an Icelander servant in the house of an Icelander master. She was never seen and never heard, and what personal service was called for was done by the snappish old man servant. But she filled the old house, once so muggy and dark, with all the cheer and comfort of life. She knew that Michael Sunlocks felt the change, for one day she heard him say to the priest as he lifted his blind face and seemed to look around, "One would think that this place must be full of sunshine."

"Why, and so it is," said the priest, "and that's my good housekeeper's doing."

"I have heard her step," said Michael Sunlocks. "Who is she?"

"A poor young woman that has lately lost her husband," said the priest.

"Young, you say?" said Sunlocks.

"Why, yes; young as I go," said the priest.

"Poor soul!" said Sunlocks.

It cost Greeba many a pang not to fling herself at her husband's feet at hearing that word so sadly spoken. But she remembered her promise and was silent. Not long afterwards she heard Michael Sunlocks ask the priest if he had never thought of marriage. And the priest answered yes, that he was to have married at Reykjavik about the time he was sent to Grimsey, but the lady had looked shy at his banishment and declined to share it.

"So I have never looked at a woman again," said the priest.

"And I daresay you have your tender thoughts of her, though so badly treated," said Sunlocks.

"Well, yes," said the priest; "yes."

"You were chaplain at Reykjavik, but looking to be priest or dean, and perhaps bishop some day?" said Sunlocks.

"Well, maybe so; such dreams come in one's youth," said the priest.

"And when you were sent to Grimsey there was nothing before you but a cure of less than a hundred souls?" said Sunlocks.

"That is so," said the priest.

"The old story," said Sunlocks, and he drew a deep breath.

But deeper far was the breath that Greeba drew, for it seemed to be the last gasp of her heart.

A year passed, and never once had Greeba spoken that her husband might hear her. But if she did not speak, she listened always, and the silence of her tongue seemed to make her ears the more keen. Thus she found a way to meet all his wishes, and before he had asked he was answered. If the day was cold he found gloves to his hand; if he thought to wash there was water beside him; if he wished to write the pen lay near his fingers. Meantime he never heard more than a light footfall and the rustle of a dress about him, but as these sounds awoke painful memories he listened and said nothing.

The summer had come and gone in which he could walk out by the priest's arm, or lie by the hour within sound of a stream, and the winter had fallen in with its short days and long nights. And once, when the snow lay thick on the ground, Greeba heard him say how cheerfully he might chest his now of many a weary hour of days

like that if only he had a fiddle to beguile them. At that she remembered that it was not of money that had placed her where she was, and before the spring of that year a little church organ came from Reykjavik, addressed to the priest, as a present from someone whose name was unknown to him.

"Some guardian angel seems to hover around us," said Michael Sunlocks, "to give us everything that we can wish for."

The joy in his blind face brought smiles into the face of Greeba, but her heart was heavy for all that. To live within hourly sight of love, yet never to share it, was to sit at a feast and eat nothing. To hear his voice, yet never to answer it, to see his face, yet never to touch it with the lips that hungered to kiss it, was an ordeal more terrible than any woman's heart could bear. Should she not speak? Might she not reveal herself? Not yet, not yet! But how long, oh, how long!

In the heat of her impatience she could not quite restrain herself, and though she dare not speak, she sang. It was on the Sunday after the organ came, when all the people at Grimsey were at church, in their strong odor of fish and sea fowl, to hear the strange new music. Michael Sunlocks played it, and when the people sang Greeba also joined them. Her voice was low at first, but she soon lost herself, and then it rose above the other voices. Suddenly the organ stopped, and she was startled to see the blind face of her husband turning in her direction.

Later the same day she heard Sunlocks say to the priest, "Who was the lady who sang?"

"Why, that was my good housekeeper," said the priest.

"And did you say that she had lost her husband?" said Sunlocks.

"Yes, poor thing, and she is a foreigner, too," said the priest.

"Did you say a foreigner?" said Sunlocks.

"Yes, and she has a child with her also," said the priest.

"A child?" said Sunlocks. "And then after a pauper, poor girl! poor girl!"

"Singing this, Greeba fluttered on the verge of discovering herself. "If only I could be sure," she thought, "but she could not, and the more closely for the chance that had so nearly revealed her she hid herself henceforward in the solitude of an Icelander servant."

Two years passed and then Greeba had to share her secret with another. That other was her own child. The little man was nearly three years old by this time, walking a little and talking a great deal, and not to be withheld by any care from going over every corner of the house. He found Michael Sunlocks sitting alone in his darkness, and the two struck up a fast friendship. They talked in any fashion and played on the floor for hours. With a wild thrill of the heart, Greeba saw those two join together, and it cost her all she had of patience and self-command not to break in upon them with a shower of rapturous kisses. But she held back her heart like a dog on the leash and listened, while her eyes rained tears and her lips smiled to the words that passed between them.

"And what's your name, my sweet one?" said Sunlocks in English.

"Michael," lisped the little man.

"So? And an Englishman, too, that's brave."

"O'ts the name of your 'little boy'?"

"Ah, I've got none, sweetheart."

"Oh."

"But if I had one perhaps his name would be Michael also."

"Oh."

The little eyes looked up into the blind face, and the little lips began to fall. Then, by a sudden impulse, the little legs clambered up to the knee of Sunlocks and the little head nestled close against his breast.

"So you shall, my sweet one, and you shall come again and sit with me and sing to me, for I am very lonely sometimes, and your dear voice will cheer me."

But the little man had forgotten his trouble by this time and scrambled back to the floor. There he sat on his haunches like a frog and cried, "Look! look! look!" as he held up a white pebble in his dumpy hand.

"I cannot look, little one, for I am blind."

"O'ts blind?"

"Having eyes that cannot see, sweetheart."

"Oh."

"But your eyes can see, and if you are to be my little boy, my little Michael, your eyes shall see for my eyes also, and you shall come to me every day and tell me when the sun is shining, and the sky is blue, and then we will go out together and listen for the birds that will be singing."

"Dat's nice," said the little fellow, looking down at the pebble in his palm, and just then the priest came into the house out of the snow.

"How comes it that this sweet little man and I have never met before?" said Sunlocks.

"You might live ten years in an Icelander house and never see the children of its servants," said the priest.

"I've heard his silvery voice, though," said Sunlocks. "What is the color of his eyes?"

"Blue," said the priest.

"Then his hair—this long, curly hair—it must be of the color of the sun!" said Sunlocks.

"Flaxen," said the priest.

"Run along to your mother, sweetheart, run," said Sunlocks, and, dropping back in his seat, he murmured, "How easily he might have been my son, indeed."

Kneeling on both knees, her hot faces turned down and her parted lips quivering, Greeba had listened to all this with the old delicious trembling at both sides her heart. And going back to her own room, she caught sight of herself in the glass and saw that her eyes were dancing like diamonds and all her cheeks a rosy red. Life and a gleam of sunshine seemed to have shot into her face in an instant, and while

she looked there came over her a creeping thrill of delight, for she knew that she was beautiful. And because he loved beauty, whose love was everything to her, she cried for joy, and picked up her boy, where he stood tugging at her gown, and kissed him rapturously.

The little man, with proper manly indifference to such endorsements, wriggled back to the ground, and then Greeba remembered, with a flash that fell on her brain like a sword, that her husband was blind now, and all the beauty of the world was nothing to him. Smitten by this thought, she stood a moment, while the sunshine died out of her eyes and the rosy red out of her cheeks. But presently it came to her to ask herself if Sunlocks was blind forever, and if nothing could be done for him. This brought back, with rangs of remorse for such long forgetfulness, the memory of some man, an apothecary in Husavik, who had the credit of curing many of blindness after accidents in the northern mines where free men worked for wages. So thinking of this apothecary throughout that day and the next, she found at last a crooked way to send money to him, out of the store that still remained to her, and to ask him to come to Grimsey.

(To Be Continued.)

Unappreciated Flowers.

The New York Times tells a story about a distinguished gentleman of that city who came home from a public dinner the other night and woke up his wife by exclaiming: "Got boo'ful bouquet for you, darling; right off the gov'nor's table—boo'ful, boo'ful flowers." "Well, put them in some water on the table and get to bed, dear," said his sleepy wife. Next morning, when his wife examined her husband's "boo'ful" floral offering she was shocked by the discovery that it was a big bunch of artificial flowers, and they looked very much as if they had been rudely snatched from some girl's hat.

Society Woman Runs a Laundry.

About a year ago Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn, a society woman of Brooklyn, lost her fortune in speculation, nearly all of her well friends manifested such strong disposition to drop her acquaintance that Mrs. Schermerhorn took the initiative by dropping theirs, and being a woman of sense began to look around for some means of self-support. She hit upon the idea of operating a laundry and opened such an establishment in Southampton, L. I., where the faithful among her former friends are helping to make the venture a success.

Wine at \$200 a Drop.

In the famous cellars of the Hotel de Ville at Bremen there are dozens of cells of holy wine which have been preserved for 250 years. A merchant figures out that if the cost of maintaining the cellars, payment of rent, interest upon the original value of the wine and other incidental charges are considered, a bottle of this choice Madeira has cost no less than \$2,000,000, each glassful \$270,000, and a single drop could not be sold without loss under \$200.

A Blow at His Pride.

Two Spaniards who had been absent from Cuba for several years recently sailed up the harbor of Havana and walked through its renovated streets. "Does it not give you pain," one traveler was overheard inquiring, "to see the stars and stripes waving over Morro castle?" "No," replied the other, looking earnestly at him. "What pains me to the quick is to see that the Americans have in two years done more for this island than the Spaniards did in almost 400 years."

Vermont Used to Bar Circuses.

Not until twenty years ago were circuses allowed to exhibit in Vermont, but the circuses used to skirt three sides of the state closely, and it was most gratifying to the proprietors to see the way in which the men, women and children of the Green mountains used to troop across the border into New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to enjoy the feats forbidden them at home.

The Torturing Feed Bag.

One of the animal tortures of the day is the feed bag that is pulled over a horse's nose, as if it were a muzzle, and supported by a rope or strap over his head, asserts an observing writer. When the breathing holes become clogged with oats or corn on a hot and humid day the victim's suffering must be intense. Besides, it is poor economy, as a horse wastes nearly as much as he eats by the act of tossing the bag up to get a mouthful.

Oom Paul's Smoking and Drinking.

Paul Kruger smokes almost incessantly and for many years drank amazing quantities of beer daily, but only on one occasion did he ever taste alcohol. That was at Bloemfontein after the signing of an alliance with the Orange Free State. On that occasion Oom Paul took off a bumper of champagne, and he liked it so well that he has never tasted it since.

Wedding Gown for Wives.

There are three or four shops in Philadelphia where costumes for weddings and funerals may be hired at a reasonable rate. The renting of masquerade costumes and of men's evening clothes is a business as old almost as pawn brokering, but this renting of wedding and funeral clothes is said to be something new.

Began in a Gravel Pit.

Congressman Charles B. Landis, the Indiana orator, is another self-made statesman. These are his own words: "I pitched hay as a lad, worked in a gravel pit in my youth, and attended college only when I reached manhood."



READS LIKE ROMANCE.

"Yes," said a Chicago business man to a reporter; "yes, we think we have hit upon one of the greatest inventions of this age of invention, and when the busy world is introduced to our phono-typograph it will stop a moment in amazement and admiration. That may sound to you like a clause out of a circus bill, or a chapter from a Chicago novelist's novel, but it is a true bill, nevertheless. You are aware that for a long time there have been efforts to combine in some way the present style of typewriter and the phonograph, but until now these efforts have invariably failed. A year ago we discovered in Chicago a young mechanic who had solved the problem, as we believed, and we put money back of our belief, and told him to go ahead with his machine until he had it where he thought it ought to be ready to be offered to the world. It is hardly that yet, for the best machine is susceptible of improvement, but we think we have a good thing.

"Of course, I can't give you all of the details, but I think I can make clear to you the general working principle of the phono-typograph. As its name indicates, it is a typewriting of sound. That has been the idea in all other attempts, but it was not found practicable, because the sounds were words, and there were too many words to reduce to machinery, as it were. The phonograph and the telephone principle got the sounds all right, but each sound was a word and that could not be put in type. Our man, however, hit upon a separation of the words into letters, and that brought his field of operation into the limit of twenty-six sounds. For punctuating marks we use spaces, but as yet we have no capitals. The machine, of course, is electric, and the operator talks into it as into a telephone, except that he spells out each word and as the sound of the letter strikes upon the disk it is reproduced upon the corresponding letter, which in turn is printed exactly as the ordinary typewriter would print it.

"At first blush the spelling out of each word would seem to entail more time and labor than the old style of typewriting, but a very few hours will show any person that our phono-typograph will do the work of two people in half the time they will consume by the existing methods. We are willing to admit that our machine is not perfect in all its details, but as far as it goes, and it goes a good long way, it is a world beater. A newspaper friend of mine has one on trial on which he has written a hundred words a minute, and averages seventy-five right along. He doesn't know anything about typewriting of the old kind, either, and doesn't have to, as glibness of tongue takes the place of nimbleness of fingers. We hope to have them on the market within sixty days, but are in no especial hurry, as there are some small details we want perfected before coming up for judgment. No," concluded the gentleman in response to a query, "there is no stock for sale. We know a good thing when we see it."—Ex.

HAYCOCKS OF SALT.

At Salton in southern California, exists a basin of land between 200 and 300 feet below sea level. About 1,000 acres of the depressed area are covered with a deposit of salt, which C. F. Holden describes in the Scientific American as one of the sights of California. The salt is first thrown into ridges by a peculiarly shaped plow, drawn by a dummy engine with cables, and then is piled into conical heaps before being carried to the drying-house and crushing mill. The expanse looks like a field of snow. About 2,000 tons of salt are removed each year, but the supply is perennially renewed by the deposits of salt springs which flow into the basin. In June the temperature of the air reaches 150 degrees, and only Indian workmen can withstand the heat and glare.

BELLOWS FOR ROCKING CHAIR.

In the accompanying drawing is shown a rocking chair with an air compressing and discharging apparatus which is intended to aid in keeping the person who sits in the chair cool. The arrangement consists of a



set of bellows, which are so made that they can be fitted underneath an ordinary spring rocking chair, together with an ice chamber and adjustable discharge pipes. One portion of the bellows is secured to the under side of the chair seat and the opposite end engages the frame on which the rockers rest, in order that the motion of the chair when being rocked may open and close the bellows to receive and discharge the air. In the lower portion of the bellows is located a sliding

drawer, which can be drawn out for the insertion of a cake of ice of any desired size, and the air circulates around this in entering the bellows, being then discharged through the nozzles attached to the ends of the arm rests. As these nozzles are adjustable the currents of air may be directed toward any portion of the face or upper portion of the body.

ARTIFICIAL CALF FEEDER.

What an awful disappointment it must be to a calf to wake up some morning and find its mother missing



and no warm breakfast waiting, and how disgusted it must feel when the farmer comes in a little later with a pail of skimmed milk, straddles the calf's neck, inserts his finger in its mouth and tries to convince it that drinking is the proper method of feeding from that time on. Happy would be that calf if the farmer would provide it with the feeding arrangement here shown, and happy would the farmer be if he did not have to waste his time in teaching the calf to drink. The calf seems to get along fairly well until the farmer undertakes to withdraw his finger and make the calf go it alone, but then rebellion rises and an upset pail is the result in some cases. Once introduced the calf to this device and he may bunt to his heart's content without upsetting the milk. The arrangement consists of a reservoir, suspended from the wall, with a tube leading to a block underneath, on which is mounted a rubber nipple. As the nipple is screwed on the block it may be removed as soon as the feeding is finished, or the entire feeder can be taken down if desired.

GROWTH OF COKE INDUSTRY.

A report on the growth and present condition of coke manufacture has been issued by the census office, says the Black Diamond. The report says the manufacture of coke is a comparatively new industry in this country. In 1850 the value of coke produced was \$15,250, while in 1899 it was \$35,585,445, including by-products amounting to \$52,027 in value, or an increase of over 100 per cent in ten years, from 1889 to 1899. This extraordinary growth of the coke industry has only kept pace with the growth of the iron manufacture.

According to the report the modern tendency of industry to concentrate in a comparatively small number of establishments is strikingly exemplified in the coke industry, where there is an increase of only 10.6 per cent in the number of establishments reported, as compared with 1889, while the increase in tons of coke produced is 96.2 per cent and in the value of all products, 115.7 per cent.

A capital of \$36,502,679 has been invested in the manufacture of the product. The value of the output was \$35,585,445, to produce which involved an outlay of \$7,085,736 for wages, \$19,865,532 for raw materials and \$2,184,968 for miscellaneous expenses.

Pennsylvania leads the six chief producing states, with 26,920 ovens in operation and an output of 13,245,594 tons of coke out of a total of 19,640,798 tons, or 67.4 per cent of the total output.

HOW TREES BREATHE.

F. Schuyler Mathews, in a recently issued work on "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," says: "The greatest sphere of usefulness which a tree occupies is connected with its life. It is a great air purifier; it absorbs from the atmosphere the carbonic acid gas which is poisonous to us; it holds and slowly dispenses moisture which the parched air needs; it gives out the ozone (or oxygen in an active electro-negative condition) which is particularly conducive to our health; and it modifies heat which would otherwise be overpowering. Step into the thick woods from an open space on a very hot day, and immediate relief is experienced from the intense heat. This is not wholly the result of shade furnished by the trees; much of it proceeds from the modification of the air through the breathing of the tree leaves.

"I have estimated that a certain sugar maple of large proportions which grows near my cottage puts forth in one season about 432,000 leaves; these leaves combined present a surface to sunlight of about 21,600 square feet, or an area equal to pretty nearly half an acre. Every inch of this expanse breathes in life for the tree and out health for the man, while it absorbs in the aggregate an enormous amount of heat and sunlight."

For very minute writing, pens made from crow quills have been found to do excellent work.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that you would never speak to me again if I were to kiss you?" "Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "why don't you get over the habit of always looking at the dark side of things?"

A man's idea of a phenomenon is another man who never loses his collar button.

HE RULES HIS STATE.

HERE IS AN AUTOCRAT WHO RULES AS HE PLEASES.

Young Potentate Who is an Absolute as Czar or Sultan, He is Frederick Francis IV Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Frederick Francis IV., Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently upon attaining his majority assumed the reins of government, shares with the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey the distinction of being one of the three only absolute monarchs left in Europe. He rules his little principality without any restriction of constitution of Parliament. His word is law. He appoints all officials, levies just what taxes he chooses, and spends them as he wills, and there is no one to question his right. He has the power of life and death over his subjects; may fine them, imprison them, draft them into his army, cut off their heads or burn them, decorate them, enoble them, or dower their daughters, just as the mood strikes him.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been ruled thus ever since the days of Prince Niklot, who died in 1160. The family claims to be the oldest reigning house in Europe, though there are several that dispute this distinction—no-



FREDERICK FRANCIS IV.

tably the House of Orange, which the young Queen of Holland is the head.

HATCHING ALLIGATORS.

Ten Inches Long When They Emerge from the Eggs.

The casual observer would be very much surprised if you were to ask him if he saw any resemblance between a bird and alligator. Paleontological evidence, however, demonstrates that our every-day barnyard fowl and the scaly denizen of the Florida swamps are descendants of identically and the same progenitor. But let the casual observer be handed the egg of a common fowl and that of an alligator, and he will be much puzzled to tell you which will hatch a tasty chick and which a lusty "nigger guzzler." Possibly he did not know that alligators laid eggs, and if so, perhaps he will be interested in hearing what a professor of the Johns Hopkins university has been doing. He secured some fresh alligator eggs and kept them in an incubator for a couple of weeks; at the end of that time he noticed a curious squeaking sound coming from the inside of the eggs—the sound which tells the mother that her babies are about ready to appear and should be helped out of the mess of earth and leaves which constitute their nest and in which they are buried. During the act of hatching the professor tells us the little creatures were quite savage and would snap at his fingers. The newly born alligator is about ten inches long, and it is marvelous how he can be stowed away in so small an egg.

"Humor in Examination Papers." The grind of going over examination papers," said the principal of a down-town school yesterday, "has its compensation if one has a sense of humor. Some of the answers are stupidly funny, while others are unconsciously witty. One of the questions in the papers I went over this morning was: 'Name some of the causes of dyspepsia.' One boy's answer was 'Eating green apples and drinking beer between meals.' Another answered: 'Drinking ice water and after-dinner speaking.' Isn't that delicious? A third boy said dyspepsia was caused by going in swimming on an empty stomach. Another question was: 'Name some of the vital organs of the human body.' One answer was: 'Heart, liver, lungs and lights. These are the eternal organs.'—Philadelphia Record.

Highest Telegraph Pole. The highest telegraph poles in the United States have just been put up in Beaumont, Texas. So far as known, they are the highest of any in the world, the top being 150 feet above the ground. They were erected on the opposite banks of the Neches river by the Western Union Telegraph Company in order to string its cable across the stream. The span is 144 feet in length. This height is necessary to admit the passage of ships through the drawbridge, their masts being 100 feet tall and more. This serial span was preferred to laying a submarine cable, for it is expected that Congress may at some future day have the Neches river dredged, and this would ruin the cable. It is also much the cheaper.