

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

But, waiting for the coming of the apothecary, a new dread, that was also a new hope, stole over her.

Since that first day on which her boy and her husband talked together, and every day thereafter when Sunlocks had called out "Little Michael! Little Michael!" and she had sent the child in, with his little flaxen curls combed out, his little chubby face rubbed to a shiny red, and all his little body smelling sweet with the soft odors of childhood, she had noticed—she could not help it—that Sunlocks listened for the sound of her own footsteps whenever by chance (which might have been rare) she passed his way.

And at first this was a cause of fear to her, lest he should discover her before her time came to reveal herself; and then of hope that he might even do so, and save her against her will from the sickening pains of hungry waiting; and finally of horror, that perhaps after all he was thinking of her as another woman. This last thought sent all the blood of her body tingling into her face, and on the day it flashed upon her, do what she would she could not but hate him for it as for an infidelity that might not be forgiven.

"He never speaks of me," she thought, "never thinks of me! I am dead to him; quite, quite dead and swept out of his mind."

It was a cruel conflict of love and hate, and if it had come to a man he would have said within himself, "By this token I know that she whom I love has forgotten me, and may be happy with another some day. Well, I am nothing—let me go my ways."

But that is not the gospel of a woman's love, with all its sweet, delicious selfishness. So after Greeba had told herself once or twice that her husband had forgotten her, she told herself a score of times that do what she would be should yet be hers, hers only, and no other woman's in all the wide world. Then she thought, "How foolish! Who is there to take him from me? Why, no one."

About the same time she heard Sunlocks question the priest concerning asking what the mother of little Michael was like to look upon. And the priest answered that if the eyes of an old curmudgeon like himself could see straight, she was comely beyond her grade in life, and young, too, though her brown hair had sometimes a shade of gray, and gentle and silent, and of a soft and touching voice.

"I've heard her voice once," said Sunlocks. "And her husband was an Icelandic, and he is dead, you say?"

"Yes," said the priest; "and she's like myself in one thing."

"And what is that?" said Sunlocks. "That she has never been able to look at anybody else," said the priest. "And that's why she is here, you must know, burying herself alive in old Grimsey."

"Oh," said Sunlocks, in the low murmur of the blind, "if God had but given me this woman, so sweet, so true, so simple, instead of her—of her—and yet—"

"Gracious heavens!" thought Greeba, "he is falling in love with me."

At that, the hot flush overspread her cheeks again, and her dark eyes danced, and all her loveliness flowed back upon her in an instant. And then a subtle fancy, a daring scheme, a wild adventure broke on her heart and head, and made every nerve in her body quiver. She would let him go on; he should think she was the other woman; she would draw him on to love her, and one day when she held him fast and sure, and he was hers, hers, hers only forever and ever, she would open her arms and cry, "Sunlocks, Sunlocks, I am Greeba, Greeba!"

It was while she was in the first hot flush of this wild thought, never doubting but the frantic thing was possible, that the apothecary came from Husavik, saying he was sent by some unknown correspondent named Adam Fair brother, who had written from London. He examined the eyes of Michael Sunlocks by the daylight first, but the season being the winter season, and the daylight heavy with fog from off the sea, he asked for a candle, and Greeba was called to hold it while he examined the eyes again. Never before had she been so near to her husband throughout the two years, and now that she had lived under the same roof with him, and now that she stood face to face with him, within sound of his very breathing, with nothing between them but the thin gray film that lay over his dear eyes, she could not persuade herself but that he was looking at her and seeing her. Then she began to tremble, and presently a voice said, "Steadily, young woman, steadily, or your candle may fall on the good master's face."

She tried to compose herself, but could not, and when she had recovered from her first foolish dread, there came a fear that was not foolish—a fear of the verdict of the apothecary. Waiting for this in those minutes that seemed to be hours, she knew that she was on the verge of holding her breath, and however she held her breath, she could see that her bosom was heaving.

"Yes," said the apothecary, calmly, "yes, I see no reason why you should not recover your sight."

"Thank God!" said Michael Sunlocks.

"Thank God again," said the priest. And Greeba, who had dropped the candle to the floor at length, had to run from the room on the instant, lest the cry of her heart should be the cry of her lips as well. "Thank God, again and again, forever and forever."

And, being back in her own apartment, she plucked up her child into her arms, and cried over him, and laughed over him, and whispered strange words of delight into his ear.

mad words of love, wild words of hope.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "he will recover his sight, and see his little son, and know him for his own, his own, his own. Oh, yes, yes, yes, he will know him, he will know him, for he will see his own face, his own dear face, in little Michael's."

But next day, when the apothecary had gone, leaving lotions and drops for use throughout a month, and promising to return at the end of it, Greeba's new joy made way for a new terror, as she reflected that just as Sunlocks would see little Michael if he recovered his sight, so he would see herself. At that thought all her heart was in her mouth again, for she told herself that if Sunlocks saw her he would also see what deception she had practiced in that house, and would hate her for it, and tell her, as he had told her once before, that it came of the heaven or from old lightness that had led her on from false-dealing to false-dealing, and so he would turn his back upon her or drive her from him.

Then in the cruel war of her feelings she hardly knew whether to hope that Sunlocks should recover his sight, or remain as he was. Her pity cried out for the one, and her love for the other. If he recovered, at least there would be light for him in his dungeon, though she might not be near to share it. But if he remained as he was, she would be beside him always, his second sight, his silent guardian spirit, eating her heart out with hungry love, but content and thankful God.

"Why couldn't I leave things as they were?" she asked herself, but she was startled out of the selfishness of her love by a great crisis that came soon afterwards.

Now Michael Sunlocks had been allowed but little intercourse with the world during the two and a half years of his imprisonment since the day of his recapture at the Mount of Laws. While in the prison at Reykjavik he had heard the pitiful story of that day; who his old yoke-fellow had been, what he had done and said, and how at last, when his brave scheme had tottered to ruin, he had gone out of the ken and knowledge of all men. Since Sunlocks came to Grimsey he had written once to Adam Fairbrother, asking tenderly after the old man's condition, earnestly after Greeba's material welfare, and with deep affectionate solicitude for the last tidings of Jason. His letter never reached its destination, for the Governor of Iceland was the postmaster as well. And Adam on his part had written twice to Michael Sunlocks, once from Copenhagen where (when Greeba had left for Grimsey) he had gone by help of her money from Reykjavik, thinking to see the King of Denmark in his own person; and once from London, where he had followed on when that bold design had failed him. But Adam's letters shared the fate of the letter of Sunlocks, and thus through two long years no news of the world without had broken the silence of that lonely home on the rock of the Arctic seas.

But during that time there had been three unwritten communications from Jorgen Jorgensen. The first came after six months in the shape of a Danish sloop of war, which took up its moorings in the roadstead outside; the second after a year, in the shape of a flagstaff and flag which were to be used twice a day for signalling to the ship that the prisoner was still safe in custody; the third after two years, in the shape of a huge lock and key, to be placed on some room in which the prisoner was henceforth to be confined. These three communications, making in their contrary way the progress of old Adam's persistent suit, first in Denmark and then in England, were followed after awhile by a fourth. This was a message from the governor at Reykjavik to the old priest at Grimsey, that as he valued his livelihood and life he was to keep close guard and watch over his prisoner, and, if need be, to warn him that a worse fate might come to him at any time.

Now, the evil hour when this final message came was just upon the good time when the apothecary from Husavik brought the joyful tidings that Sunlocks might recover his sight, and the blow was the heavier for the hope that had gone before it. All Grimsey shared both, for the fisherfolk had grown to like the pale stranger who, though so simple in speech and manner, had been a great man in some way that they scarcely knew—having no one to tell them, being so far out of the world—but had fallen upon humiliation and deep dishonor. Michael Sunlocks himself took the blow with composure, saying it was plainly his destiny and of a piece with the rest of his fate, wherein no good thing had ever come to him without an evil one coming on the back of it. The tender heart of the old priest was thrown into wild commotion, for Sunlocks had become, during the two years of their life together, as a son to him, a son that was as a father also, a stay and guardian, before whom his weakness—that of intemperance—stood rebuked.

But the trouble of old Sir Sigtus was as nothing to that of Greeba. In the message of the Governor she saw death, instant death, death without word or warning, and every hour of her life thereafter was beset with terrors. It was the month of February; and if the snow fell from the mossy eaves in heavy thuds, she thought it was the muffled tread of the guards that swept down from Greenland cracks on the coast of Grimsey, she heard the shot that was to end his life. When Sunlocks talked of destiny she cried, and when the priest railed at Jorgen Jorgensen (having his own reason to hate him) she cursed the name of the tyrant. But all the while she had to cry out without tears and curse only in the dark silence of her

heart, though she was near to betraying herself a hundred times a day. "Oh, it is cruel," she thought, "very, very cruel. Is this what I have waited for all this weary, weary time?"

And though so lately her love had fought with her pity to prove that it was best for both of them that Sunlocks should remain blind, she found it another disaster now, in the dear inconsistency of womanhood, that he should die on the eve of regaining his sight.

"He will never see his boy," she thought, "never, never, never now."

Yet she could hardly believe it true that the cruel chance could befall. What good would the death of Sunlocks do to anyone? What evil did it bring to any creature that he was alive on that rock at the farthest ends of the earth and sea? Blind, too, and helpless, degraded from his high place, his young life wrecked, and his noble gifts wasted! There must have been some mistake. She would go out to the ship and ask if it was not so.

And with such wild thoughts she hurried off to the little village at the edge of the bay. There she stood a long hour by the fisherman's jetty, looking wistfully out to where the sloop of war lay, like a big wooden tub, between gloomy sea and gloomy sky, and her spirit failed her, and though she had borrowed a boat she could go no further.

"They might laugh at me, and make a jest of me," she thought, "for I cannot tell them that I am his wife."

With that, she went her way back as she came, crying on the good powers above to tell her what to do next, and where to look for help. And entering in at the porch of her own apartment, which stood aside from the body of the house, she heard voices within, and stopped to listen. At first she thought they were the voices of her child and her husband, but though one of them was that of little Michael, the other was too deep, too strong, too sad for the voice of Sunlocks.

"And so your name is Michael, my brave boy. Michael! Michael!" said the voice, and it was strange and yet familiar. "And how like you are to your mother, too! How like! To your mother, too!" And the voice seemed to break in the speaker's throat.

Greeba grew dizzy and stumbled forward. And, as she entered the house, a man rose from the settle, put little Michael to the ground and faced about to her. The man was Jason.

(To Be Continued.)

### Where the Pass Came From.

A social worker who has had occasion to inspect most of the so-called sweat shops in New York gave it as his belief that the person who invented the electrical fans got his idea from the funny little tailors and their sewing machines. It has been an old practice with these workmen in warm weather, said the agent, to use the power in their machines to fan themselves. They they accomplish by tying pieces of stiff cardboard to the spokes of the fly or balance wheel, and, as they work the pedal with the feet, the cardboard on the wheel cuts the air like a small pinwheel and plays the air upon the face of the tailor.

### New Place for Corsets.

A Manila exchange tells of an American soldier who, while stationed in Bulacan, became enamored of a pretty Filipino. Wishing to show his affection he purchased and sent to her a complete outfit of American clothing. When next he called he found her arrayed in all the pretty things, but she had made one radical mistake. This was with the corsets, which had caused her a great deal of worry before she discovered what she took to be the use for which they were intended. Then she unlaced them and put on the two pieces as leggings.

### His Royal Flush Saved Him.

There was a big game of poker in progress at a New York hotel the other night. The game had lasted for hours and finally the players decided to stop, after a last "jackpot" had been played. A well known lawyer did not draw any cards. He had been a heavy loser all the evening. Finally the betting narrowed down to the lawyer and another man, until there was \$2,000 on the table. When the call came the lawyer laid down a royal flush. The other fellow had two jacks and a heavy heart.

### Schwab Misrepresented.

"This talk about Mr. Schwab deriding education," said a Pittsburg man, who knows him well, the other day, "is all nonsense. No man in the country thinks more of education than Mr. Schwab. He thinks all the more of it because he has had but little of it. It was for Mr. Schwab to make very large gifts to education institutions. Mr. Schwab is not at all the sort of person he is represented to be."

### More from the "Que Vadis" Man.

Henry Stenkiewicz's translator, Jerry Curtin, has just returned from a visit to the novelist at his summer home in the Carpathians. Stenkiewicz is at work on a novel of the life of John Sobieski, a king of Poland. He intends to later write a series of historical novels on the career of Napoleon I, and then a novel treating of the career of Kościuszko and the downfall of Poland.

### Says It Is a Business Proposition.

A millionaire shoe manufacturer is going to leave his palace home and occupy one of the plain cottages he is building for his workmen. He is constructing at Endicott, N. Y. He is himself from all philanthropic measures and declares he is actuated in securing ideal surroundings for his laborers simply by the knowledge that it will pay.

### Belongs to an Old Firm.

Charles Lawrence Clark, who has just died in London, had for thirty years organized and managed every lord mayor's show in the British capital. The firm of which he was a member, Messrs. Bishop & Clark, has been in existence since 1592, and for 300 years has had intimate connection with all sorts of civic and state ceremonies from the time of Henry VIII down.

We should all like to see the undertaker prosper if we could designate the source of his income.

## NOTES ON SCIENCE

### CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Curvature of the Spine, Its Causes and Symptoms—An Instrument Which Simplifies Instruction in Telegraphy—Photographing a Dragon-Fly.

#### CURVATURE OF THE SPINE.

In infancy and childhood lateral curvature of the spine develops very readily. In some cases, as will be presently shown, the causes are very slight; so that, to use the words of one of our most eminent medical authors, "It is really wonderful that most of us are tolerably straight."

A slight asymmetry of one of the vertebrae of which the back-bone is built up, or an abnormal development or lack of development, of one of the muscles which hold it upright, is sufficient to produce a deviation from its proper position.

This of itself would be of comparatively small moment if the organs contained within the trunk were not affected by any considerable change from its proper upright position. A lateral curvature cannot exist without a shortening of the trunk, just as a bow when bent measures less from tip to tip than when it is unstrung. This shortening in turn necessarily implies a crowding together of the organs contained within the trunk.

Constitutional weakness naturally tends to make lateral curvature of the spine more readily acquired. Of specific disorders which produce the same effect, rickets is perhaps the chief.

With the knowledge that lateral deviation is thus easily caused, it is not to be wondered at that causes apparently very slight are frequently the only ones discoverable to account for certain of the many cases coming under the physician's notice. A baby can scarcely support its back before it is three or four months old. Yet the proud nurse or mother not infrequently sets it erect, or carries it on her arm without a proper support, at a much earlier age.

Children who go to school at six or seven years of age are often compelled to sit on a badly shaped bench, sometimes with no support for the back, during school hours. The muscles become tired, and the child leans to one side, usually to the right.

A narrow space between the seat and the desk obliges the child to push between them, so that, in girls particularly, a drag is exerted on one shoulder; or the skirts form an uneven cushion, tilting the spinal column out of the perpendicular. Even in grown men and women occupations requiring a one-sided muscular action affect the vertebrae, and therefore the shape of the spine. In children the much softer bones are still more readily affected.

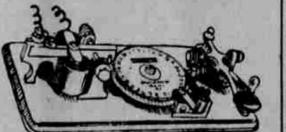
Parents may therefore be pardoned if they insist on abundance of room and considerable lack of restraint for young children in the schoolroom.

Teachers have frequently to take the initiative in matters of school hygiene, especially when their pupils are from homes in crowded, unsanitary city tenements.

Lateral curvature is rarely congenital. It is in most cases preventable, and cases taken in hand early are usually checked by strict observance of hygienic measures.

#### THE OMNIGRAPH.

An instrument which is designed to simplify instruction in telegraphy, and



THE OMNIGRAPH.

to impart in a comparatively short time a complete knowledge of the Morse alphabet, has recently been introduced by an inventor of New York. Patents have been applied for. The Omnigraph, as the instrument is called, consists of a baseboard on which are secured an ordinary key and sounner, between which a disk is mounted, formed on its periphery with teeth. A spring contact adjacent to the wheel engages the peripheral teeth of the disk. Although irregular, the arrangement of the teeth is arbitrary. For if the disk be rotated by means of a small crank shaft geared with the disk shaft, the spring contact is forced outwardly by the teeth, but drops back by its own elasticity, and thus makes and breaks the circuit. The experienced telegraph operator detecting these makes and breaks at the sounner, recognises them as the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. A close inspection of the disk would reveal to him that the teeth are so arranged as to spell the sentence, "John quickly extemporized five tow bags." If the disk be rotated forwardly, this sentence, thus oddly worded to include every letter in the alphabet, is ticked off at the sounner; if rotated in the opposite direction the sentence will be telegraphed backward.

The disk is completely under the control of the students. It can be rotated as slowly as desired; or it can be so rapidly turned that its curious sentence will be received at the sounner with a speed that would open the eyes of a good operator. Moreover, the message on the disk is transmitted with a distinctness and faultlessness which the most perfect operator can never hope to attain. At first blush it might seem that the student simply learns one sentence forward and backward, and that the instrument is a good teacher only within very narrow limits. But this disk can be partially rotated forward and backward any number of times, in any place, so

that the letter to be transmitted can not possibly be anticipated. Thus the student learns how to receive a cipher message, the meaning of which he can not know.

When sufficient proficiency has been obtained in receiving messages from the sounner, the student can learn to transmit messages in the regular method by means of the key which forms part of the apparatus.

#### PHOTOGRAPHING A DRAGON-FLY.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society Mr. Enoch exhibited a series of photographs which showed every stage of the process of metamorphosis by which the dragon fly emerges from the form of the nymph and which in this particular case occupied six hours. But at one period the emergence was so rapid that three photographs had to be made within six seconds. In the larval form, called the nymph, the dragon fly lives at the bottom of ponds and streams, but as the metamorphosis approaches, it climbs up the stem of a plant, hooks its feet fast, and awaits the inevitable change.



#### ONE OF VESUVIUS' BOMBS.

During an explosion in the crater of Mount Vesuvius on May 9, 1900, one of the volcanic bombs hurled skyward, and the largest one observed, attained an elevation of a third of a mile, and then fell

back upon the mountain. As it now lies, its height exceeds that of a man standing beside it, and its estimated weight is thirty tons. Mr. Manteucci, the geologist, says that the energy of the explosion of steam that threw this huge projectile must have equaled about 600,000 horse power. When the masses of partially fluid lava from which such bombs are formed rise in the air they rotate, and are thus caused to assume a more or less globular shape.

#### ELECTRICITY IN MAIL TUBES.

Experts appointed to investigate the workings of the pneumatic tube system of carrying mails in cities report that on the present basis of cast the system is too expensive. It adds that a system to be operated by electricity is in process of development and bids fair to be successful. This is simply a three-rail trolley road, operated in a tube. The tracks would be laid, insulated and bonded before the top is fastened down. The carriers would be built with slightly rounded corners, so as to conform to the turns made at street corners. The carriers and their motors would be operated between guides. By cutting the tracks and the introduction of a system of looping, well understood by electrical engineers, the speed of the carriers could be lessened at corners and also when approaching stations. Electrical engineers say it is feasible and could be operated for any distance.

#### FIRE FROM WASTE PAPER.

The deterioration in the quality of paper increases the liability of fire wherever waste paper is accumulated in any quantity. Most modern paper is made from wood and other vegetable fibres which chemically are not very different from the component material of a hayrick. If the waste paper is stacked in large quantities and especially if it happens to be a little damp, heating takes place just as with a prematurely stacked hayrick, and spontaneous combustion may at any time break out in flame, as it has often been known to do in the farmyard, and of late years the greatest care and vigilance has been necessary to guard against it.

#### SWEDEN'S SCHOOL GARDENS.

Scientific gardening is taught in the national schools of Sweden and in the seminaries for the education of national school teachers. There is a school garden in nearly every rural school district in the kingdom. The garden is placed near the schoolhouse, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of plants, berries, flowers, herbs and fruits; the management of hotbeds, greenhouses, and so forth. The parishes are required to furnish the necessary ground for the gardens, and trees and shrubs are annually given to the children to be planted at their homes.

#### NOTES ON SCIENCE.

An attachment is provided in Sweden by which the secrecy of the telephone line is assured. The apparatus, which is rented at a moderate rate, indicates whether the telephone operator is listening to the conversation or not.

Mr. Marconi has a motor carriage which is equipped with a folding cylinder on top of the car and devices for the transmission of wireless telegraphic signaling. Motor cars fitted with this device are to be used in the forthcoming military maneuvers of the British army.

All British battle ships and cruisers in commission for home stations, and all vessels being prepared for the Reserve, Training and Channel squadrons, are to be fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus. All future battle ships and cruisers sent to the Mediterranean are also to be so equipped.

How is it that "a bad beginning makes a good ending," when it is a "d" that ends them both?

Unreciprocated love can't kill a man who has a healthy liver.

## HE'S NOW A WHEAT KING.

Man Who Bought Kansas Farm Land and Is a Millionaire.

The wheat rentals of John T. Stewart of Sumner county will amount to nearly 100,000 bushels of wheat this year, says the Kansas City World. In his home county he owns 115 quarter sections of land and about thirty quarter sections in adjoining counties. He rents the land on the basis of half the yield, he furnishing all the seed and taking chances of securing a crop. It is estimated that if all the wheat due him on rentals this year was shipped in one consignment it would require seventeen freight trains of fifteen cars each to take it to market. His rentals in wheat last year netted him \$45,000. In addition to owning about \$350,000 worth of land, every foot of it paid for he has nearly \$250,000 worth of bank stock and \$300,000 invested in farm lands in Sumner county and Oklahoma. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Stewart began life as a clerk in an obscure office in this city at \$60 a month. He alect in the office and was economical in other ways. He began loaning money in Sumner county about twenty years ago and has developed into a remarkable financier. It is said that his ambition is to finally own a railroad and he may gratify it, as he is still a very young man, not more than 45. He carries a small memorandum book in his pocket and it is said that he can take it out at any hour of the day when required and tell every debtor exactly what his account is. Indeed, it is said that accounts of his vast transactions are always kept in a book that fits his trousers pocket. It is said that he lives on less than \$100 per month and that outside of this his largest annual expense is \$500 to the Methodist church his wife and large family of children attend. He is not fond of traveling except to go to a Democratic convention, a diversion he is passionately fond of. He is a pronounced temperance man, and, it is said, believes in the prohibition laws of Kansas.

## A BRAHMIN WEDDING.

Elaborate Ceremonies That Spread Over a Week.

Ornate marriage ceremonies are the most elaborate, and those of a Brahmin wedding, spread over the greater part of a week, are probably the most complicated. All the Hindoo gods are invited, and on the first day the pair sit under an alcove or canopy, with their faces turned to the east, while married women wave lighted camphor to avert the evil eye. On the second day the bridegroom appears eager to make a pilgrimage to Benares to wash in the sacred waters of the Ganges. His future father-in-law, after much entreaty, persuades the would-be pilgrim to give up the idea, and the priests profess readiness to accept the will for the deed, at the same time accepting a gift of 14 flags, by which the bridegroom symbolizes his purity of freedom from sin. A thread is then tied on the man's right wrist and the woman's left to show that they are united for life. The father-in-law now feigns to behold in the bridegroom the great god Vishnu himself, and makes an offering to him. Then water is poured over the two, and the "tail," a jewel set in gold, is tied on the bride's neck, while sandal paste, perfumes and flowers are offered to the guests. Fire is then brought in and, while a sacrifice is offered to Agni, the couple walk hand in hand seven times around it, and so make the "seven steps"—a symbol of everlasting friendship. The next day the astrologer points out the star Arundhati to impress upon the pair the duty of faithfulness. Then they eat together and, having sprinkled each other with rice, a final bridal procession takes place at night, when friends and relatives again avert the evil eye by the ceremony of Arati, or waving a lamp over the heads of the newly wed.—Utica Globe.

## Athlete Tied to a Desk.

Albert Payson Terhune might be described as an athlete tied to a desk. He was a fence, boxer, weight-thrower and sprinter in college; crossed the Syrian desert on horseback, afterward living among the Bedouin tribes and preparing material for his book, "Syria from the Saddle." "On my return to America," he writes, "I got a job as reporter, working my way up, mainly through luck, to the post of subeditor and special writer. Mr. Terhune once proposed to box three rounds apiece with the six foremost heavy-weight prizefighters in the world (Jeffries, Corbett, Sharkey, McCoy, Ruffin and Fitzsimmons), and write up his experiences with them in a series of articles for his newspaper. The articles made a hit. He is also a contributor of humorous articles to various periodicals. His latest literary venture was a novel written in collaboration with his mother, Marian Harland Terhune.

## A Question of Bills.

A traveler in England rested at noon at a wayside inn, and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person, and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest. "By the way," the latter said, after a while, "what is your name?" "My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge." "Ah," returned the traveler, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it was Woodcock!" This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat, is credited with having amused Bismarck.

No man is strong who is unable to conquer himself.