

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Jason," said Greeba, "I wronged you once, and you have done nothing since but heap coals of fire on my head."  
"No, no; you never wronged me," he said. "I was a fool—that was all. I made myself think that I cared for you. But it's all over now."  
"Jason," she said again, "it was not altogether my fault. My husband was everything to me, but another woman might have loved you and made you happy."  
"Ay, ay," he said, "another woman, another woman."  
"Somewhere or other she waits for you," said Greeba. "Depend on that."  
"Ay, somewhere or other," he said. "So don't lose heart, Jason, she said: 'don't lose heart.'"  
"I don't," he said, "not I, and yet again he laughed. But, growing serious in a moment, he said, 'And did you leave home and kindred and come out to this desolate place only that you might live under the same room with your husband?'"  
"My home was his home," said Greeba, "my kindred his kindred, and where he was there I had to be."  
"And you have waited through these two long years," he said, "for the day and the hour when you might reveal yourself to him?"  
"I could have waited for my husband," said Greeba, "through twice the seven long years that Jacob waited for Rachel."  
He paused a moment, and then said, "No, no, I don't lose heart. Somewhere or other, somewhere or other—that's the way of it." Then he laughed louder than ever, and every hollow note of his voice went through Greeba like a knife. But in the empty chamber of his heart he was crying in despair, "My God! how she loves him! How she loves him!"  
Half an hour later, when the winter's day was done, and the candles had been lighted, Greeba went in to the priest, where he sat in his room alone, to say that a stranger was asking to see him.  
"Bring the stranger in," said the priest, putting down his spectacles on his open book, and then Jason entered.  
"Sir Sigfus," said Jason, "your good name has been known to me ever since the days when my poor mother mentioned it with gratitude and tears."  
"Your mother?" said the priest; "who was she?"  
"Rachel Jorgen's daughter, wife of Stein," said Jason.  
"Then you must be Jason."  
"Yes, your reverence."  
"My lad, my good lad," cried the priest, and with a look of joy he rose and laid hold of both of Jason's hands. "I have heard of you. I hear of you every day, for your brother is with me. Come, let us go to him. Let us go to him. Come!"  
"Wait!" said Jason. "First let me deliver you a message concerning him."  
The old priest's radiant face fell instantly to a deep sadness. "A message?" he said. "You have never come from Jorgen Jorgensen?"  
"No."  
"From whom, then?"  
"My brother's wife," said Jason.  
"His wife?"  
"Has he never spoken of her?"  
"Yes, but as one who had injured him, and bitterly and cruelly wronged and betrayed him."  
"That may be so, your reverence," said Jason, "but who can be hard on the penitent and the dying?"  
"Is she dying?" said the priest.  
"Jason dropped his head. 'She sends for his forgiveness,' he said. 'She cannot die without it.'"  
"Poor soul, poor soul!" said the priest.  
"Whatever her faults, he cannot deny her that little mercy," said Jason. "God forbid it!" said the priest.  
"She is alone in her misery, with none to help and none to pity her," said Jason.  
"Where is she?" said the priest.  
"At Husavik," said Jason.  
"But what is her message to me?"  
"That you should allow her husband to come to her."  
The old priest lifted his hands in helpless bewilderment, but Jason gave him no time to speak.  
"Only for a day," said Jason, quickly, "only for one day, an hour, one little hour. Wait, your reverence, do not say no. Think, only think! The poor woman is alone. Let her sins be what they may, she is penitent. She is calling for her husband. She is calling on you to send him. It is her last request—her last prayer. Grant it, and heaven will bless you."  
The poor old priest was cruelly distressed.  
"My good lad," he cried, "it is impossible. There is a ship outside to watch us. Twice a day I have to signal with the flag that the prisoner is safe, and twice a day the bell of the vessel answers me. It is impossible, I say, impossible, impossible! It cannot be done. There is no way."  
"Leave it to me, and I will find a way," said Jason.  
But the old priest only wrung his hands, and cried, "I dare not! I must not; it is more than my place is worth."  
"He will come back," said Jason.  
"Only last week," said the priest, "I had a message from Reykjavik which foreshadowed his death. He knows it, we all know it."  
"But he will come back," said Jason again.  
"My good lad, how can you say so? Where have you lived to think it possible? Once free of the place where the shadow of death hangs over him, what man alive would return to it?"  
"He will come back," said Jason, firmly; "I know he will; I swear by his will."  
"No, no," said the old man. "I'm only a simple old priest, buried alive these thirty years, or nearly so, on this lonely island of the frozen seas, but I know better than that. It isn't in human nature, my good lad, and no man that breathes can do it. These

think of me, think of me!"  
"I do think of you," said Jason, "and to show you how sure I am that he will come back, I will make you an offer."  
"What is it?" said the priest.  
"To stand as your bondman while he is away," said Jason.  
"What! Do you know what you are saying?" cried the priest.  
"Yes," said Jason, "for I came to say it."  
"Do you know," said the priest, "that any day, at any hour, the sailors from yonder ship may come to execute my poor prisoner?"  
"I do. But what of that?" said Jason. "Have they ever been here before?"  
"Never," said the priest.  
"Do they know your prisoner from another man?"  
"No."  
"Then where is your risk?" said Jason.  
"My risk? Mine?" cried the priest, with the great drops bursting from his eyes, "I was thinking of yours. My lad, my poor lad, you have made me ashamed. If you dare risk your life, I dare risk my place, and I'll do it. I'll do it."  
"God bless you!" said Jason.  
"And now let us go to him," said the priest. "He is in yonder room, poor soul. When the order came from Reykjavik that I was to keep close guard and watch on him, nothing would satisfy him but that I should turn the key on him but that I should be of fear for me. He is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb. Come, the sooner he hears his wife's message the better for all of us. It will be a sad blow to him, badly as she treated him. But come!"  
So saying, the old priest was fumbling his deep pockets for a key and shuffling along, candle in hand, towards a door at the end of a low passage, when Jason laid hold of his arm and said in a whisper, "Wait! It isn't fair that I should let you go farther in this matter. You should be ignorant of what we are doing until it is done."  
"As you will," said the priest.  
"Can you trust me?" said Jason.  
"That I can."  
"Then give me the key."  
The old man gave it.  
"When do you make your next signal?"  
"At daybreak tomorrow."  
"And when does the bell on the ship answer it?"  
"Immediately."  
"Go to your room, your reverence," said Jason, "and never stir out of it until you hear the ship's bell in the morning. Then come here and you will find me waiting on this spot to return this key to you. But first answer me again. Do you trust me?"  
"I do," said the old priest.  
"You believe I will keep to my bargain, come what may?"  
"I believe you will keep it."  
"And so I will, as sure as God's above me."  
IV.  
Jason opened the door and entered the room. It was quite dark, save for a dull red fire of dry moss that burned on the hearth in one corner. By this little fire Michael Sunlocks sat, with only his sad face visible in the gloom. His long thin hands were clasped about one knee, which was half-raised; his noble head was held down, and his flaxen hair fell across his cheeks to his shoulders.  
He had heard the key turn in the lock, and said quietly, "Is that you, Sir Sigfus?"  
"No," said Jason.  
"Who is it?" said Sunlocks.  
"A friend," said Jason.  
Sunlocks twisted about as though his blind eyes could see. "Whose voice was that?" he said, with a tremor in his own.  
"A brother's," said Jason.  
"Sunlocks rose to his feet. 'Jason?' he cried.  
"Yes, Jason."  
"Come to me! Come where are you? Let me touch you," cried Sunlocks, stretching out both his hands.  
Then they fell into each other's arms, and laughed and wept for joy.  
"After awhile Jason said—  
"Sunlocks, I have brought you a message."  
"Not from her, Jason?—no."  
"No, not from her—from dear old Adam Fairbrother," said Jason.  
"Where is he?"  
"At Husavik."  
"Why did you not bring him with you?"  
"He could not come."  
"Jason, is he ill?"  
"He has crossed the desert to see you, but he can go no further."  
"Jason, tell me, is he dying?"  
"The good old man is calling on you night and day, 'Sunlocks! he is crying. 'Sunlocks! my boy, my son, Sunlocks! Sunlocks!'"  
"My dear father, my other father, God bless him!"  
"He says he has crossed the seas to find you, and cannot die without seeing you again. And though he knows you are here, yet in his pain and trouble he forgets it, and cries, 'Come to me, my son, my Sunlocks.'"  
"Now, this is the hardest lot of all," said Sunlocks, and he cast himself down on his chair. "Oh, these blind eyes! Oh, this cruel prison! Oh, for one day of freedom! Only one day, one poor simple day!"  
"And so he wept and bemoaned his bitter fate.  
Jason stood over him with many pains and misgivings at sight of the distress he had created. And if the eye of heaven saw Jason there, surely the suffering in his face atoned for the lie on his tongue.  
"Hush, Sunlocks, hush!" he said in a tremulous whisper. "You can have the day you wish for; and if you cannot see, there are others to lead you. Yes, it is true, it is true, for I have settled it. It is all arranged, and you need not leave this place tomorrow."  
Hearing this, Michael Sunlocks made first a cry of delight, and then said after a moment, "But what of this poor old priest?"

"He is a good man, and willing to let you go," said Jason.  
"But he has had warning that I may be wanted at any time," said Sunlocks, "and though his house is a prison, he has made it a home, and I would not do him a wrong to save my life."  
"He knows that," said Jason, "and he says that you will come back to him though death itself should be waiting to receive you."  
"He is right," said Sunlocks; "and no disaster save this one could take me from him to his peril. The good old soul! Come, let me thank him. And with that he was making for the door.  
But Jason stepped between, and said, "Nay, it isn't fair to the good priest that we should make him a party to our enterprise. I have told him all he needs know, and he is content. Now, let him be ignorant of what we are doing until it is done. Then if anything happens it will appear that you have escaped."  
"But I am coming back," said Sunlocks.  
"Yes, yes," said Jason, "but listen. Tomorrow morning, two hours before daybreak, you will go down to the bay. There is a small boat lying by the little jetty, and a fishing smack at anchor about a biscuit-throw farther out. The good woman who is housekeeper here will lead you—"  
(To Be Continued.)

### To Guard Against Jars.

The navy department has purchased a considerable tract of land surrounding the naval observatory at Washington in order to protect from jar the delicate instruments which record the time of the country. It was deemed desirable not to have any highways within 1,000 feet of the clock room where the instruments are stationed, and a circle with a radius of 1,000 feet, therefore, was drawn entirely around the observatory. At the last session of congress \$149,000 was appropriated to purchase the inclosed land.

### Cruelty for "Sport's" Sake.

The cruelty which attended the six-day bicycle race is suggested by the 750-mile Paris-Berlin automobile race, which starts next Thursday morning, and which is to be covered in three laps. It is believed that the effect upon the nerves of the men driving the machine will be terrific. M. Dannaud considers it positive cruelty to the human species to organize such a race. It appears to be the trend of nearly all "sport" to reach a degree of strenuous intensity that makes it very trying on those who engage in it.

### Long Family Service.

It appears that the sixty-nine years of the Sprague family in the Gibraltar consulate are outdone by the service of the Fox family at Falmouth, England, which has lasted 107 years, the first American consul there having been Robert W. Fox, grandfather of the present incumbent, whom President Washington appointed May 20, 1794. The present consul's son is vice consul, and is likely to succeed his father, as the salary is but \$300 a year.

### Swail Attire in Mexico.

"The sartorial world is full of prediction," remarks the Mexican Herald. "A single braided frock coat is due to arrive in May, also the once familiar long tailed, single breasted cut-away which gave a zapote air to its wearers. Down in Tlalasco the swail tailors are competing to make for Don Santiago Carter a combination pajama and frock combined, one in which the philosopher can both sleep and attend sweet functions when he makes his infrequent visits to this capital."

### Zola's Dreyfus Novel.

After a long delay is at last ready to make a novel out of the Dreyfus case. This book will be the last of the set of four paralleling the gospels, "Fecondite," "Travail," a socialist novel treating of the labor problem; "Verite," now ready to appear, and criticizing French educational methods, and "Justice," the application of which is evident.

### Victor Blue an Invalid.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, the darling South Carolinian who achieved fame by riding a mule around Santiago during the war, when the country was infested with Spanish soldiers, and discovering Cervera's fleet at anchor in the harbor, has been invalided home from the Asiatic station for treatment. He has been on the Asiatic station for more than a year, and is suffering from a fever contracted in Chinese waters.

### A Century's Growth Illustrated.

Only 100 years ago the other day the Thames saw a curious little scene which the newspapers reported as follows: "An experiment took place on the river Thames for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft against the tide by means of a steam engine of a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made her way against a strong current at the rate of two miles and a half an hour."

### No Good Unless a Cricketer.

An illustration of the growing demand for athletic clergymen was recently given by a country curate, who, says the London Telegraph, received notice to quit because he was not a good cricket player. Though unexceptionable in other respects, his vicar told him that "what this parish really needs is a good, fast bowler, with a break from the off."

### Sensible Church Present.

George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, a member of the firm of Drexel & Co., has presented the Church of the Holy Apostles, of which he is a member, eight large electrical fans, which have been placed in the body of the church, so as to send draughts of cool air in every direction across the pews.

### Is Active Business at 85.

Ex-Mayor Daniel D. Whitney, of Brooklyn, now in his 83d year, is president of an insurance company, director of a bank and proprietor of a wholesale grocery store, and attends strictly to business in each of these capacities. He has lived in the same house for nearly sixty years.

## NOTES ON SCIENCE

### CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

#### The World's Best Timber for Use in Ships—Nature's Clay Imides—Rubber and Gutta-Percha—Cold Winters, Hot Summers.

#### THE WORLD'S BEST SHIP TIMBER.

Some of the most useful products of our planet are confined to small areas of its surface, situated at a great distance from the main centers of population and industry. India-rubber is one of these, and according to a report from Consul-General King at Bangkok, teak, the most valuable ship timber in existence, is another. Extensive teak forests, he says, are restricted to Burma, Siam and Cochinchina. There are only three ports in the world from which teak is exported: Rangoon, Moulmein and Bangkok. It is a beautiful dark-colored wood, taking a high finish, and its value in ship-building depends upon its strength, its durability, its resistance to both moisture and drouth, its non-liability to be attacked by boring insects, its lightness in the water, and its resistance to the influence of iron when brought in close contact. In this last point of excellence it has no substitute as a backing for armor-plate.

#### RUBBER AND GUTTA-PERCHA.


Mr. Berkhout, formerly forester in the Dutch East Indies, recently gave some facts not generally known concerning these two products, which are often confused. The quality of elasticity distinguishes india-rubber from gutta-percha. The latter is derived from one plant only, while india-rubber is produced from more than 60 plants. Three-fourths of the gutta-percha of commerce comes from Sumatra and Borneo. Of the total annual production of india-rubber, estimated at about \$9,000,000 pounds, nearly two-thirds comes from the Amazon Valley, about one-third from Central Africa, and one-twentieth from Asia. The total production of gutta-percha is about one-twentieth as great as that of india-rubber. The gutta-percha tree is cultivated with difficulty, and the natives of the countries where it grows cut it down to get its valuable sap.

#### THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Prof. Hugo de Vries, the well-known Dutch botanist and biologist, is credited with a "momentous discovery" concerning the origin of species among plants. Briefly stated, his observations indicate that new species appear suddenly by mutation, never as the outcome of a progressive variation. He avers that he has been able, for the first time, to watch the formation and development of new species. A reviewer of his work in the English scientific journal, Nature, says: "The facts are so striking and convincing that an outsider, like the reviewer, cannot but feel that new period in the theories of the origin of species and of evolution has been inaugurated."

#### HANDY KITCHEN UTENSIL.

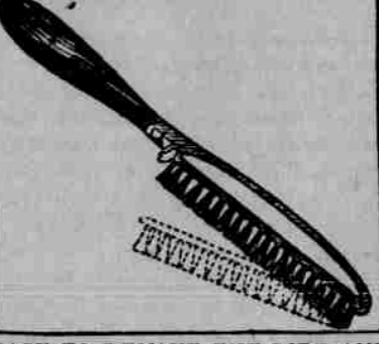
Kate Hatch McRae, of Colorado, has designed a machine for beating cake rapidly and thoroughly with little exertion, the picture showing the apparatus in operation. The beater proper may be of any desired form, to suit the numerous uses for which the beater may be used. When it is desired to make use of the apparatus the hanger is rigidly secured to the edge of the table by the clamps, and the cake dish is held underneath the downward-projecting beater with one hand, while the crank is grasped in the other hand to revolve the beater until the operation is completed. The beating frame is easily removed for cleaning or for inserting another style for performing different work.



woven into the material. Designs, when applied to rooms, are arranged to suit the wall space and blend with the color tones, sometimes in panels, sometimes in a frieze. Occasionally flowers may be used, more or less conventionalized, and some charming work has been done in preparing marine designs for decorations on yachts. These latter are used also for rooms in houses by the sea. Not only are hangings and wall coverings treated in this way, but sets of furniture carry out the decorations on the walls. White mahogany is one of the most beautiful of the woods used for this purpose.—Chicago Journal.

#### SANITARY HAIR-BRUSH.

The ordinary hair brush is so difficult to clean that it is often neglected until it becomes a sort of paradise for disease germs, and finally reaches the stage where it must be cleaned or thrown away. In the illustration is shown a brush recently designed by Robert J. Montgomery, of Illinois, which should recommend itself on sight for cleanliness and ease with which the parts may be separated for washing. The bristles are attached to a skeleton or open-work frame, which is hinged at the outer end of the back, the handle being provided with a spring catch to hold the frame while in use. The interior of the back is concave in shape, better to receive the siftings which fall through the frame from the bristles. In the ordinary brush the dirt always accumulates at



## ORCHID DRINKS WITH NOSE.

#### A Plant Which Takes Drink of Water When Thirsty.

What is probably the most singular plant ever discovered has been found by E. A. Suverrop of Philadelphia. Mr. Suverrop has for some years been making journeys to South and Central America, where he has searched for rare orchids and other plants. The amazing orchid which has now been found by him is a plant which takes a drink of water whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the stream beneath it. The tube, when not in use, lies coiled up on top of the plant. One hot afternoon Mr. Suverrop sat down to rest beside a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near by was a forest of dead, short trees which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cactus. In front of him and stretching out over the warm waters of the still lagoon was a branch of one of these dead trees. The branch was about a foot above the surface of the water, and rioting upon its decaying wood were orchids and cacti, the plants which had caused its death. Here and there were clusters of the common "planta del ayre," and twining all around it a network of green cacti. Among the orchids was one different from the rest, which immediately caught Mr. Suverrop's attention. The leaves were of the shape of a sharp lance head. They grew all around the root, and radiated from it. From the center or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch in thickness and one-quarter of an inch wide. The lower end of this stem was in the water to the depth of about four inches. It was unlike any orchid Mr. Suverrop had ever seen or heard of, and he went nearer to examine his discovery. He touched the plant, when, to his surprise, the stem which had been in the water gradually contracted and rolled itself up in a coil on the top of the plant. It was a tube and as it rolled itself up it deposited the water, which had been taken in by the part of the tube submerged, on to the roots of the plant. The discoverer now watched the plant, and found that when it was thirsty it let down its hose into the water and dipped up like a hose until its thirst was satisfied, when the tube remained coiled up like a hose until it was time for the orchid to take another drink. Generally the coiling process is slow, the plant drinking like a gentleman and taking its time about taking its refreshment. But if the plant is touched the coiling process is accelerated.

#### DESCRIBES A HASHEESH DEN.

Traveler in Cairo Visits Resort Where the Drug Is Smoked.

A German physician describes his visit to a den of hasheesh smokers in Cairo. His guide was a donkey boy, who could speak German. In a dark and dirty alley they came to a lighted doorway. Entering, they passed through a room filled with men playing dominoes to the smoking-room. "Here," says the explorer, "we were welcomed like old acquaintances. The room was filled with smoke of peculiar aromatic odor and the smokers were in a very happy mood. On the walls were Arabic inscriptions and pictures of European beauties. In one corner was a stone bearing a mass of glowing coals. A man cut up some tobacco, another filled a clay pipe bowl with it, a third bit off little pieces of brown hasheesh paste and laid them down on the tobacco, a fourth added some glowing coals and attached the bowl to a narghieh or water pipe, which he then handed to his neighbor. The pipe passed from mouth to mouth, each man taking a few whiffs and expelling the smoke from nose and mouth." The German physician declined the proffered pipe and ordered coffee. All the smokers talked and laughed incessantly. Most of them were young or middle-aged men. Suddenly an elderly man rose to his feet and stood staring at the floor, with a vacuous smile. He was a hasheesh wreck, an imbecile. "He is a philosopher," said one of the others, and a general laugh followed.

#### A Profane Interruption.

The late Father Pettit was one of the best known priests in the Milwaukee diocese. It may well be said that he was a fine representative of the pioneer priest. With a wide experience and an appreciation of the humor of a situation, many interesting stories are told of him. On one occasion he was preaching in St. Raphael's church, Madison, of which he was pastor. It was a fine summer day and the windows were open. In an adjoining vacant lot a number of boys were playing a game of baseball. Father Pettit's sermon was on heaven and the means of reaching there. He had just come to the end of a passage. "How, then, shall we reach heaven?" he asked, and paused in a solemn manner. Just then came floating through the church window in a high-keyed voice, "Slide like the devil, slide!" It was one of the boys playing baseball coaching a base runner.—Current Literature.

#### Greater London.

According to the new census "Greater London"—the district under the metropolitan and city police—has a population of 6,687,784, an increase of 961,552 since 1891. Seventeen populous suburbs, having a total of 2,042,750 inhabitants, have been added to London proper.—Chicago News.

#### England as an Apple Buyer.

Although there are 214,000 acres of orchards in England, yet Britain buys 100,000 tons of apples abroad in a year.