

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE WAS OVER, Lieutenant Ballanche was sent by General Jackson to confer with the British officers regarding the burial of the dead lying so thickly tumbled together on that bloody plain. In the course of the interview he did not fail to make inquiries concerning the captive ladies, and when he was told that they were in a small country house not far from the battle-field, he felt his heart leap. He had to smother impatience, however, and go on with his military duties just as though love were a matter of subordinate importance, and if the burial of a few hundred invaders were of higher obligation than rescuing a beautiful and adorable sweetheart from a situation of suffering and danger. A young man must be under good discipline to be thus wedded to military duty; but it may be remembered that Andrew Jackson had a way of making everyone about him regard orders as absolutely binding beyond even life itself.

What set the terrible sting of doubt in the lieutenant's heart and made him chafe through every moment of that seemingly interminable conference, was the fact that none of the British officers could tell him whether or not the captives were still safe from harm. All that they could say was to the effect that the ladies had been kindly treated and safely guarded up to the time of the battle. Since then no one had seen them nor heard of them. And what might have happened during that wild rush of overthrow, when the whole British army was torn and scattered, and when the exasperated soldiers were left to shift for themselves without officers to restrain them? The thought was one to chill the young man's blood; but he went on with the conference, his agitation showing only in a certain austerity of manner which the British officers attributed to native churlishness. When at last he had finished the matter, he hastened to General Jackson with his report.

Mr. Vernon was present when he arrived at headquarters and had already asked leave to go in search of his family. The old man's face lighted up wonderfully when Ballanche told what he knew.

"And they are safe!" he exclaimed, showing more passionate excitement than any one had ever witnessed in him before. "They told you that they were safe?" A singularly beseeching note rang through his words.

The lieutenant could not have the heart to tell him that there was a doubt.

General Jackson would not permit any precipitate action. He reminded Mr. Vernon that a truce was pending and that due formalities must be observed in the matter of penetrating the British lines for any purpose. The old man bore the delay in the spirit of a caged lion. It seemed to him that a year might have elapsed since he parted from his wife and daughter; every moment now dragged by like a snail.

What added a peculiar dread to the situation was the thought of Loring, Vasseur and old man Burns all going in the direction which might lead to where Mrs. Vernon and Pauline had been left by their captors. Mr. Vernon's whole mind dwelt on the fear that his wife and daughter might be told the secret of his past life. His imagination, which was as vigorous and lawless as his frame was stalwart, built up all manner of dark prophecies and filled him with forebodings too dreadful for any thought to give them definite form. He accused himself with all the bitterness of which self-accusation is possible. Why had he not left his loved ones at home, where they would have been so safe now? What demon had possessed him to send them (of all places in the world) to that plantation-house right in the path of the British army?

When at last, after hours of delay, all necessary formalities had been observed and everything was ready, General Jackson ordered six men detailed to accompany Mr. Vernon and Lieutenant Ballanche on their journey of love.

Old Enos Peavy was one of the squad. A young British officer joined them to see them safe to their destination. They were all mounted; but three of the horses were to bear the ladies back to the American lines.

A rough bridge had been hastily cast across the ditch of death, and over this Mr. Vernon led the way, passing in the awful swaths of war's reaping. Peavy rode beside him, sitting awkwardly but firmly on a little creole pony, his long, bony legs reaching down so far that his feet almost touched the blood-tinged ground. He was very much interested in noting the condition of the dead British as he passed along.

"That's a feller 'at I plumped a hole through," he exclaimed presently with great satisfaction, pointing toward a stalwart Highlander outstretched on his back. "I put it to 'im jes' ez 'e war."

"Hush, man!" said Mr. Vernon in an undertone, "remember that we have an English officer with us."

"Oh, tarnation take the officer! 'W'at I'er keerin' fer 'im?" grumbled the scout. "I wush 'at I'd er got a bead on him. Ef I he'd 'er ben good-bye 'at Mary Ann'd said to 'im."

If the English officer heard what was said he discreetly kept silent.

As they rode along, picking their way between the heaps of slain, their horses stumbling over the rutts made by cannon balls, Lieutenant Ballanche looked back toward the low breastworks behind which he had fought, and it required but a glance to comprehend the fatal mistake made by the British. The deadly ditch looked harmless enough from this side—

often enter into conversation with her, nor were his visits more than merely formal. Pauline, however, in her great desire to know what was going on and what was likely to be the outcome of the impending battle watched for his coming each day, with the hope that he would have something to say which would lessen the strain of suspense.

Day after day went by, meantime, with nothing to break the dread monotony or to soften the horror of seeing the English troops swell in numbers and of hearing the preparation of an overwhelming column of attack which was meant to sweep the little American band before it like dry leaves before a breeze.

Mademoiselle de Sezanones hated Loring more and more as the time dragged on. She treated him with the cold courtesy of a scornful politeness when she was forced to accept a favor at his hands; but he appeared not to notice his mood. His whole mind seemed occupied with the thought of contributing all that he could to insuring the best disposition and direction of the British force. The little and yet in some way strangely significant marks of attention shown by him to Pauline were the only signs of any turning, even for a moment, from his concentrated singleness of interest.

The house on which our attention for the present centers stood at the edge of a dark wood bordering a swamp. Its front looked toward the plain upon which were being made the preparations for battle. Westward and not far away the muddy current of the Mississippi tumbled along darkly behind a low levee. It was a rough wooden building plainly furnished and but recently abandoned in great haste by its owner. Two elderly serving women were appointed to serve the captives.

After the night-fight already hastily sketched, Loring came to the house and reported that the Americans had shown their strength and mode of warfare and that now it would be an easy feat to attack them in force and destroy them. He appeared somewhat more animated than Pauline had ever before seen him; but she could not be sure that his excitement indicated, as it may have been, no more than the after-glow of the battle-spirit. It was evident, even to her inexperienced mind, that the British had not been successful in the engagement; but when, later on, the reinforcement landed and poured across the plain, when the great cannon went lumbering by, when the flags streamed out and the thousands of red uniforms shone in thick array, seen in the distance through the straggling orange grove, she felt that all hope was indeed gone.

Mrs. Vernon and Mademoiselle de Sezanones had been despondent and given over to moaning and tears from the first. Pauline, even when despair came, preserved her composure. Loring noted this steadfastness of will in the girl, and it seemed to appeal to him as through a strain of likeness to his own character, strange as such a comparison might be; and once, when Mademoiselle de Sezanones looked at the two standing near each other, she saw, as by a flash of sudden revelation, a striking resemblance between their faces, especially in the way of lengthening and narrowing the eyes in moments of deep feeling.

"I hate you, almost," she said to Pauline, when Loring was gone, "because you like that man."

"Look like him!" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon. "What a horrid jest!"

"It is horrible, but it is no jest," said Mademoiselle de Sezanones, with emphasis. "Just now their eyes were precisely alike."

Pauline was offended, and drew herself up to turn away. The quick rush of resentment, well repressed though it was, exemplified the theory of Mademoiselle de Sezanones. Madame Vernon saw the flattening and leveling of the beautiful eyelids and caught the momentary gleam from the lengthening eyes.

She started hysterically, and would have spoken had not Loring returned rather hastily to say that the battle would open on the following morning—that had just been determined upon—and that it was absolutely necessary for them to remain close shut in the house until all should be over.

And so when, in the small hours of the following night, the low, wide stir began, the women knew that the British columns were forming for the great assault.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Devastating Louse

The Pea Aphid at Work—Methods of Destroying It.

The appearance of the pea aphid, which last year attacked the peas in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and Connecticut, has called attention to the fact that pea culture is an important industry in the United States. The attack which the pea louse made on the growing crop last season cost a loss of about \$3,000,000.

The louse has been known only about one year, but it has established its name as an economic pest. It appears suddenly and in large numbers, and soon kills the plants. The winged insect is about one-eighth of an inch long, with a wing expanse of nearly one-quarter of an inch. It is pale green, with darker legs and long honey tubes. The female produces living young, which reach maturity in from ten to fifteen days, and in less time when the weather is hot.

An observer of the pea louse writes this as to its peculiarities:

"A young one born on March 4 reached maturity—the winged form—on March 16, and was producing living young on the 19th. From March 19 to April 17 she became the mother of 111 young, and died on the latter date. Her first young—wingless form—born on March 19 produced on March 31, or eleven days from date of birth. From March 31 to April 18 she gave birth to 120 young and died."

When they are permitted to breed unchecked the pest sweeps over a large area in a short time, and many large fields have been killed in a few days.

The natural enemies of the pea louse are lady beetles and their larvae, the lace winged fly and its larvae, the syrphus fly and its young, and soldier beetles. These have been abundant in many parts of the country this year where peas had been planted, and in some parts of the country these natural enemies have saved twenty-five per cent. of the crop. Many were also destroyed by the fungous disease, and in places where the lice have appeared the growers wish for damp, warm and sultry weather, under which conditions the fungous disease usually develops.

It will not do, however, a pea grower said, to depend too much on these natural destroyers. He recommends the use of the brush and cultivator where the peas are in rows. A destroying spray composed of tobacco, whale oil soap and water was used with good effect until it became known that the spray destroyed also a natural enemy of the pea louse. This enemy is the syrphus worm. This insect's power as an exterminator of pea lice is demonstrated in the report of an observer to the Maryland Agricultural College. He says:

"The syrphus worms feed on the lice at a rapid rate. Yesterday we found a syrphus worm nearly full grown and

A PHYSICIAN'S AUTO.

Motor Vehicle Which is a Model of Compactness.

Several motor vehicles for the use of physicians have been placed on the market by American makers, but none of them are more compact than that shown in the accompanying illustration reproduced from the Horseless Age.



LA TEST AMERICAN DESIGN OF A GASOLINE COUPE FOR PHYSICIAN'S USE.

In this auto-coupe, as it might be called, the doctor is completely protected from storms. It is a model of coziness within, soft cushions, fine upholstery and highly finished woodwork combining to give it a luxuriousness which even the majority of horse-drawn physicians' carriages do not possess. In front a box of neat design affords a large storage space, while under the seat is additional room for the same purpose.

Although the vehicle here shown is fitted with a three and a half horsepower gasoline motor, the makers offer the option of a five horsepower engine, which will allow of increased passenger-carrying capacity.

A Life-Saving Boat.

A collapsible lifeboat has just been invented by a native of Switzerland. The appliance has two frames, one of which is inserted in the other and pivotedly mounted on bolts to turn at right angles with the outer frame. The frames are inserted in a canvas bag in such a manner that the operation of turning the frame across each other distends the canvas and forms a safe boat for the use of a shipwrecked passenger or sailor.



THE NEW LIFEBOAT IN USE.

THE URAL COSSACKS AND THEIR INTERESTING INDUSTRY

A Great River Given Up Entirely to the Purposes of Fishing, All Commercial Navigation Being Prohibited.

The Ural Cossacks, who live on the boundary between European Russia and Asia, have been known in Russia for a long time, not only as brave soldiers in war time, but also as peaceful fishermen, carrying on the fishing industry on a very large plan and in quite a peculiar manner.

The economical importance of the fisheries for this people is so immense that it influences their whole life, not excepting the military service. The Ural Cossacks have ready for the service every year about three thousand cavalry, and in case of war every adult may be called on to serve as a soldier.

The entire population is about 110,000 souls.

The Ural River is the only large river that is entirely given over to the fishing industry, all sorts of commercial navigation being absolutely forbidden from Ural to the Caspian Sea—330 miles—and more than that in some places, where sturgeon congregate for their winter, sojourn, no one is permitted in a boat, to make any noise or build a fire on the shore, etc. By the laws of the community summer fishing is almost entirely prohibited, for the purpose of protecting the spawn. The fish are allowed to enter the river from the sea and settle there quietly for the winter. All possible means are used to secure for the fish an unrestricted passage to the upper parts of the river, but not beyond Ural, where a carrier is constructed across the river to keep them back.

Owing to this arrangement, the lower part of the river forms a large natural fish pond, 330 miles in length, where the fish are carefully watched by a great many fish wardens until the regular time for fishing, which is fixed by general consent of the community.

As a rule, one part of the river, the lower, is intended to be fished out in the fall, the other, upper, portion in winter. The fall fishing begins about the 17th of September. On a certain day, the "fishing army," as it is called, moves to the fishing places, which are sometimes very far from home. The Cossack carts, generally drawn by camels, contain not only nets and provisions, but also the boat used in this fishing. The boats are known by the name of boudaras, are so light that two of them may be carried in one cart. The boudaras are taken from the carts, and early in the appointed morning they are placed at the edge of the water, right along the river. No less than 3000 boats, each containing two men, meet on the shores. To maintain discipline, a chief, or "fishing ataman," is appointed, and several representatives of the fishermen are elected to assist the chief. The ataman gives a signal to commence fishing by a cannon shot, and then the crowd rush to the boats, and in less time than one can realize what has happened all the fishermen are in their boats and a peculiar kind of boat racing commences. Various kinds of sturgeon, from thirty to 600 pounds weight, sander, carp, bream and silurus are the principal fish caught. The seines differ, of course, in the size of their meshes, according to the fish for which they are intended.

The total catch during the fall selling is from 54,000,000 to 72,000,000 pounds, which includes two hundred and sixteen thousand pounds sturgeon and about twenty-one thousand six hundred pounds caviar.

Another large army of equal magnitude, consisting of carts, accompanies the fishing army. These carts are constructed to carry the catch to the city markets, there being no railroad in this steppe. No less than 10,000 carts are used here.

The fishing is carried on in winter, under the ice, and that is the most peculiar of all fisheries. It is called "bagrenie," which means "hooking," because the fishing is accomplished by a peculiar kind of hook. When the ice in the river becomes firm enough to support the weight of the fishing army, which generally takes place in December, an order is given for the army to meet at Ural, from which point the fishing is begun. On a fixed day, thousands of people, old and young, hasten to the shores. The fishermen are armed with a chisel, and two half-hooks—the long one, with a haft of seven or more fathoms, is used for catching fish in deep places on the bottom; the short one is designed to hold the fish when it is brought to the surface of the ice. At the signal two living waves of people rush forward to the middle of the river, and the arduous work begins, everyone trying to be the first to make a hole in the ice with a chisel.

In a few minutes an entire forest of long hafts grows up over the ice. The fishermen move the haft up and down and listen intently that he may know when the fish touch the hook. Once this has happened, he hooks the fish by an alert movement, then hauls it immediately up to the surface of the ice, calling in the meantime for help from his fellow-fishermen. They fish here usually in groups of from six to twenty men, for it is not easy work to pull up a huge sturgeon of several hundred pounds weight. In a very short time the surface becomes marked with blood and covered with big fish. The most important fish caught in winter are different kinds of sturgeon, desired principally for the roe—Philadelphia Record.

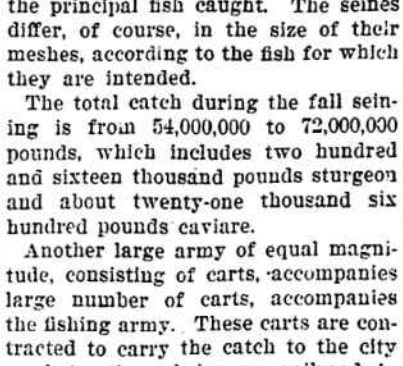
Electric Time Alarm.

When the bell of an ordinary alarm clock begins to ring the sleeper is apt to wake up sufficiently to think it will stop soon, and as he is not compelled to arise and stop it, the result is often another nap with its consequent delays throughout the day. This objection has led to the designing of the continuous ringing alarm, of which several are already in use. The electric alarm, which we show in the accompanying picture, has just been patented by Simon Wolf, of Essen, Germany, and has at least one novelty, to recommend it. It is directly connected to the bed, and it is impossible for the sleeper to stop it until he gets up to stay. Underneath the bed is a series of contact points, one of which is shown in the picture, the weight of the person forcing them together. A clock is used in connection with the apparatus, and as soon as the hour of rising is indicated the remaining opening or break in the wire is closed, the current passing through the contact points underneath the bed and causing the bell to ring continuously until the sleeper by leaving the bed, breaks the circuit. Should he lie down again the circuit is again completed and the bell rings until the second rising.

No More Runaways.

It is a well-known fact that the maddest horse will come to a standstill almost instantaneously if deprived of the use of his eyes, a fact made use of by cowboys on the plains who will whip off his coat and throw it over the head of a runaway. A Frenchman, M. Ranglard, has made use of this knowledge and has turned it to good account in the construction of a simple arrangement by means of which the horse's eyes may at will be covered, so as to shut out the light. It is called a blinder brake, and, as will be seen from the accompanying cut, consists of double blinders. The inside ones, which can readily be fastened on the ordinary blinder, is made of very pliable leather, and controlled by a cord, the end of which is accessible to the driver and experiments show that the device is very effective.

There are said to be 800 known varieties of wheat in the world.



BLINDERS TO STOP RUNAWAYS.

THE DESTRUCTIVE PEA LOUSE AND ITS ENEMIES.



placed a louse within its reach, when it was quickly devoured. We then placed a mother and seven newly born lice clustered about her in a small vial, enclosed the syrphus worm and found that by actual time the worm destroyed the seven lice in exactly seven minutes and the mother a little later.

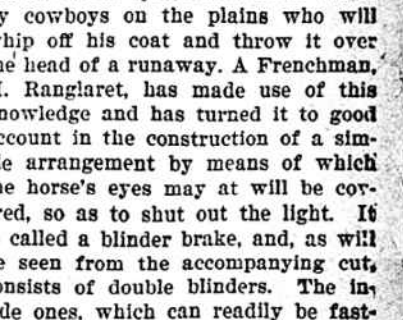
The writer warns pea growers not to destroy the syrphus, and in order to avoid all possibility of doing so to use no spray against the pea destroyer. When the lice are brushed off and the ground is hot the little creatures are roasted to death by the sun.

Etiquette and Pic.

It is proper to lift the lid of the picnic basket to see what's inside at a boarding-house, but not proper when you are invited out.—Aitchison Globe.

A Roman Milestone.

Yellaheen workmen, in digging for a new road near Shapat, two miles east of Jerusalem, recently unearthed a



ROMAN MILESTONE. A section of it is shown in the cut. This milliarium was probably the second one from Jerusalem. They were placed at intervals of 1000 Roman paces about equivalent to our mile.

Battleships of 18,000 Tons.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales, new battleships, will be of 18,000 tons, and carry four 12-inch (Mark IX), eight 7.5-inch on the main deck; eight or ten 6-inch on the upper deck; or else the 7.5-inch turrets on the upper deck, and the 6-inch in battery on the main deck. Nothing is very definite as yet. More than a year ago we prophesied that the 15,000-ton limit would not last long.—London Globe.

A School For Housekeepers.

Much has been done in the way of training servants in England, and now the attempt is to be made to train the mistress as well. A large house has been taken at Brighton, where the art of housewifery is to be taught in all its branches, the idea being that it is the accomplished housekeeper who is most likely to secure the best servants.

When a fellow refers to a girl as a peach, the marrying clergyman may be justified in looking for a pair.