

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CONTINUED.

The day was a terrible one for them. They could not see any part of the battle; but the grinding roar of it rolled over the house, which shook as if with an earthquake. It seemed to them that they could hear the despairing cry of the Americans as they fell crushed and bleeding under the victorious columns of their enemies. Mrs. Vernon kneeling in agony prayed and wept. Mademoiselle de Sezannes cast herself upon a couch and hid her face in the pillows; but Pauline stood at a front window straining her eyes and ears to see and hear.

Before the middle of the forenoon the thunder and the patter of the fight gradually ceased, and soon enough the broken and fear-crazed columns of the British came wildly straggling back across the plain. What had been solid walls of red-uniformed soldiers moving with rhythmic vigor and steadiness was now a confused rabble, leaderless and dispersed, all flying away from an imaginary charging column of Americans.

"Heaven be praised!" cried Pauline. "They are flying! They are defeated! They are driven back all wild and routed!"

She precipitated herself upon her mother in an ecstasy of joy. Mademoiselle de Sezannes sprang up and ran to the window. Off in the distance, as she looked between the orange trees, she saw men bearing litters, rolling cannon, running, limping, gesticulating, assisting wounded comrades, leading horses on which lay dead officers—it was a terrible sight; but in the first rush of her realization of triumph she felt no horror from the scene. She clasped her hands together and gazed with wide open tearful eyes.

It was nearly noon when the servants brought in breakfast; meantime the British had disappeared, and a great silence lay upon the plain and the woods. The ladies had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and now, with the great reaction from the strain of terrible anxiety, there came hunger. But food did not seem to attract them; they ran to the windows and doors every minute or two only to turn away, disappointed, from the desolate scene.

At last, however, a footfall on the doorsteps was accompanied by the voice of Colonel Loring.

"Miss Pauline, will you let me in, please?" he called.

Pauline ran to the door and opened it. At first she did not notice that Loring was bloody. He stood quite erect, and his face showed no sign of suffering.

"Come in," she cried, "come in, Colonel Loring. It is so good of you—we are so frightened, so bewildered, so lonely."

She extended both hands with the impulse of her delight at the relief his presence afforded.

He inclined his hatless head and smiled in acknowledgement of her greeting, and now she saw that both his arms hung powerless, dangling and bloody.

"Oh, you are hurt, wounded?" she exclaimed. "You have been shot!"

"It is of no consequence; some light hurts that will give no trouble."

He came in with a firm step and sat down in a large arm chair.

"General Gibbs is killed; so is Pakenham; indeed, they are all killed; the army is destroyed, it destroyed itself. What a set of doits they all were!" Loring spoke rapidly, but seemingly without much feeling.

Before he had finished there was a knock at the door. Mademoiselle de Sezannes, who chanced to be nearest it, flung it open.

Vasseur came in without ceremony and stood before Loring, his face twitching with the ecstasy of terrible passion. Immediately he began to pour forth the most horrible curses, and between them he sandwiched what he knew of Loring's past history. It was a denunciation at once eloquent and brutal beyond description. Loring for once was unable to meet an enemy with a prompt bar. He sat calmly enough; but he could not stop the current. Vasseur, in his wild wrath, seeing that his victim was apparently helpless, went with a rush into the revolting details of the life which he and Loring had passed together as outlaws in Spain. They had robbed a convent, killing a nun to get the jewels and precious stones afterward taken from Vasseur by Pierre Rameau. He went on to tell how Loring and Pierre Rameau were the same man, and how Margaret, the robber's wife, had been murdered by him in cold blood because she sought the protection of a priest to escape brutality.

It was a story to chill the blood of any hearer, and its double climax was reached when Vasseur dwelt upon the whipping that Rameau had caused him to submit to and the attempt to murder old man Burns in the wilderness of the Pearl-River country.

The ladies retreated before the blasphemous torrent of mingled confession, denunciation and profanity.

Vasseur spoke so rapidly that his say was soon ended, and then he sprang at Loring with a dagger.

"Die, Pierre Rameau!" he shrieked, in creole patois. "Die! Die!"

But Pierre Rameau had heard such tragic commands before this. He had played a part in tragedy too often to be taken by surprise and laid out so easily.

"Fool!" was all that he said; and, rising with the promptness of a steel spring, he kicked the little man through the open doorway into the yard.

Vasseur arose from where he had fallen, put his hands on his chest, tol-dered for a few paces along the walk

toward the gate, then sank down, all doubled together, and lay still.

Pierre Rameau stood gazing at the crumpled body for a moment, and when, presently, he lifted his calm, almost stolid eyes, he saw a tall form coming through the gate.

It was Burns. The old man saw him, and quickened his pace almost to a run.

Rameau turned about and passed through the house without a word. Going out, he crossed what had been a vegetable garden, kicked some palings from a fence, went through and was soon in the depth of the wood.

He was feeling the effect of his wounds. Not only were both his arms badly hurt, but a gun-shot rent in his breast, though it bled little, was weakening him rapidly.

Pauline saw him going away and ran after him, entreating him to return and have his hurts cared for. Something in his face had told her that he was desperate, hopeless, and she felt a great swell of pity for him rising in her heart.

She had not noticed the full of Yasseur or the approach of Burns. Just within the gloom of the moss-hung forest she overtook Rameau and sprang lightly before him.

He stood still and looked at her. A smile stole into his face; he tried to lift a hand; but could only twitch a shoulder. She was flushed and panting, her lips apart, her bright hair disheveled. Her appearance seemed to touch him with some deep emotion.

"My sweet sister," he murmured, then as if shaking off an illusion, he sprang past her while she was pouring forth entreaties, and fairly ran away from her into the gloomy swampy wood.

Pauline stood, like one in a dream, with the words, "My sweet sister," ringing strangely as if from distance to distance through her soul.

She saw, without fairly realizing it, the tall, gaunt form of Burns go by with long, half-feeble, half-vigorous strides.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

That morning of the eighth day of January was one of awful suspense to the patriotic women of New Orleans. Everything that could make life worth living depended upon the issue of the fight whose heavy billows of sound came rolling up the river to shake the foundation of the city.

Madame Souvestre, as she stood at the window of the chamber in which Fairfax lay, held one hand upon her heart. She felt it leaping heavily with mingled dread and joy. Each throb was for the brave men battling down there in the fog of morning, and each throb was also for the handsome soldier lying within four paces of her, weak and wounded, in her sole care.

The window-panes jarred with every palpitation of the battle-thunder. She turned now and again to look at Fairfax.

"Do not try to move," she would say; "it will hurt you. Be brave and patient; it will come out well."

Then she would go and smooth his pillows or adjust the snowy spread of his couch. Her tiny hands trembled, and a bright rose spot showed under the petal-like skin of either cheek.

He tried to talk to her about the battle, but she put one sweet hand over his mouth and shook her head.

"Listen and be calm, but do not speak," she commanded; and he had to obey.

"Monsieur Crapaudin Crapousin will return after a while," she went on, "and he will tell us glorious news. I know that our brave men are killing those British; I feel it in every drop of my blood. Hear how our guns crash and roll!"

She clasped her hands before her and stood in an attitude of intense, passionate attention to the tumbling and bounding din as it seemed to fill all space by ears and throbs.

Fairfax gazed at her through the shadows of the chamber, and to his feverish and misty imagination, she appeared to irradiate a heavenly light, like that pale, tender anacole trembled about her. A peaceful languor seized him, and he slept.

The streets were deserted and silent, and as the fog grew tenuous and vanished before the coming of the sun, the cannon roar seemed more distant.

Madame Souvestre wandered around in the chamber, moving noiselessly, covering her face now and again with her hands.

Slowly the moments passed. She looked at her jeweled watch; it was nine o'clock, and the guns had almost ceased their thunder. Fairfax was breathing heavily, but his sleep seemed natural. She bent over him and touched his hair with a furtive tender movement. How could he feel so light a stroke on his loosely tumbled locks?

"Ah, Pauline, you have come to me again! How kind, how sweet!" he murmured. "And the battle is over, and we shall not be parted any more!"

The little woman drew back from the sleeper and turned pale; then a hot glow suffused her cheeks. She trembled and held her brow with both hands.

"Pauline! Pauline!" she whispered. "He loves me one—Pauline! Pauline! But it may be his sister. Yes, yes, his voice was so gentle and calm; Pauline is his sister."

Once more she cast herself upon the pillow and lifted prayerful eyes.

A black woman, with a spotless white turban on her head, came in, carrying a silver tray with coffee, which she placed on the table. She glanced at Madame Souvestre, and then silently withdrew.

The rich brew in the shining pot filled the room with its fragrance. A plump-faced masculine saint looked down from a dark frame on the wall;

his lips appeared ready to ask for a cup.

Fairfax awoke. "Pauline! Pauline!" he gently called.

Madame Souvestre sprang up. "Oh! Ah!" he murmured, looking at her inquiringly.

"You have had a good sleep," she remarked, "and you look refreshed. Here is some coffee."

"I have been dreaming," he said, smiling apologetically, "and at first—"

"At first you thought Mademoiselle Pauline was here."

"How do you know?" "You are not reserved. You speak freely when you dream."

"Do I? Well, it is all right if I did not disturb you."

"Disturb me? Oh, no, not at all. I only heard you calling for Mademoiselle Pauline. She is your sister?"

"It was a most vivid dream. But the battle! Have you heard? Do you know how it is going?"

"You do not hear any more guns," she said, turning to help him with his coffee, "but no word has arrived yet. Surely, Monsieur Crapousin will arrive soon."

She put one hand under his head and with the other held the cup to his lips, while he took a hearty draught of the pungent black liquid.

"Thank you, madame. That was delicious—the best coffee that I ever tasted; and I feel so much better. Surely, there will be good news. But what is that noise?"

Madame Souvestre set the coffee on the table and hastened to the window. People were rushing along the street, shouting, gesticulating, grimacing wildly. Men, women, children, all appeared to be possessed by an uncontrollable excitement. Hats flew up into the air, old men were behaving like boys. She turned toward Fairfax with a great light in her face and said:

"It is victory! I hear them rejoicing! Listen!"

The tumult increased momentarily, and above it all they heard voices singing the "Marseillaise."

A servant admitted Crapaudin Crapousin whose left ear was under a white bandage that showed a stain of blood.

"It is glorious!" cried he, pirouetting across the floor, "and see, I am wounded! A bullet tore a gash in my ear; I shall have honorable mention. But, oh, it is a great victory! We tore them all to shreds!"

He went to the bedside and took a hand of Fairfax between both of his.

"Ah, monsieur, the whole plain down yonder is red with dead British soldiers, and our army is not hurt," he went on rapidly, almost out of breath.

"Crapaud," said Fairfax, "go fetch Mademoiselle Pauline Vernon here to me."

Madame Souvestre started and looked quickly back and forth, from Fairfax to the dwarf.

"Mademoiselle Pauline Vernon," she repeated, with a confused expression in her face, "oh, to be sure; but—" she hesitated.

"I made a foolish request," said Fairfax, quickly. "Of course it cannot be done. Forgive me; I fear my strength has fallen off until my mind is weak."

"No, no, monsieur; but you talk too much; you must not do it. Certainly, though, Mademoiselle Vernon can come to my house to see you. Go, Crapaud, order my carriage and bring the mademoiselle here."

She followed Crapaud out of the room, and when they were on the stair she stopped him and said:

"Is Mademoiselle Vernon his cousin or other kin?"

"No, madame."

"Is he her lover?"

"Yes, madame."

"Crapaud Crapousin, if you bring her here, I will kill you, do you hear?"

"Yes, madame."

She wrung her hands and looked down into the distorted face of the dwarf.

"No, no, Crapaud," she presently added, her voice softening and the tears rising in her eyes, "no, no, I am foolish—I did not mean that—Here Crapaud!" She drew forth her purse and gave him some pieces of gold, pieces hard to get in those days.

"Take this, and make haste! Go bring Mademoiselle Vernon. Do you hear? Harry!"

"Bat, madame," said Crapaud, with a sheepish smile as he pocketed the money, "Mademoiselle Vernon is a prisoner in the hands of the British. I had to speak as I did to Monsieur Fairfax, because he ought not to know that the mademoiselle is a prisoner. It would excite him, kill him, to know."

Madame Souvestre's face paled, and she trembled from head to foot.

"These are terrible times, Crapaud," she faltered, with a meaningless inflection in her voice, "terrible times."

He saw her gasp and loose her balance. He caught her in his sturdy arms, lifted her with ease and bore her up the steps into a chamber where he laid her on a couch; then he ran for her maid and sent her to her mistress.

"Bah! It is very bad," he muttered to himself, "this way of the women. It is always love and spasm with them. Bah!"

He fumbled the bandage over his ear and grimaced hideously as he looked at the blood that had oozed out upon his fingers.

Fairfax waited for what seemed an age to him before Madame Souvestre returned. She was pale, but the smile on her lips and the ready cleverness on her manner hid from him the fact that she had been suffering. He knew that she had a brother in Jackson's army, a young fellow just coming to manhood; she had spoken of him often, and he attributed her excitement to uneasiness about him.

Crapaud Crapousin returned at the end of an hour and said that Pauline was not at home.

"She is very well, though," he volunteered to remark, "the servants told me so."

"Thank you! I am glad you did not find her. I was half dreaming when I asked you to fetch her; it was absurd."

Fairfax was looking at Madame Souvestre while he spoke. Something in the depth of her eye as she momentarily returned his gaze was a rev-

elation; he felt a strange, sorrowful thrill go through him. After all, her kindness to him had brought her but suffering. He was aware of this; but the knowledge came to him through one of those obscure but ever reliable veins of consciousness by which we receive all of the most precious and many of the most saddening impressions of life.

Just then she thought of her brother. Why had she not inquired about him of Crapaud Crapousin? She felt guilty and abashed, and her heart throbbed painfully. Turning upon the dwarf with a sudden flare of fretfulness in her face, she demanded:

"Why have you not told me of my brother, Emile?"

Crapaud's countenance grew ashen-gray, and his usual clever glibness forsook him wholly.

"Oh, yes, your brother—your brother Emile is—oh, he is very well; yes, he—"

"Monsieur Crapousin!"

"Yes, madame, your brother—"

"Monsieur!"

"Monsieur Emile, your brother is—"

"Crapaud!"

"Is dead—shot—killed!"

Crapaud bubbled these words forth as if frightened almost out of his senses.

That afternoon they brought the dead soldier home to his sister's house and prepared him for burial.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT LAST.

Burns, when he caught sight of Pierre Rameau making his way through the woods into the swamp, rushed after him with the energy of one who feels that the spur of strength vouchsafed to him is to be short and final.

The old man knew that to fail now meant to fail forever. The terrible excitement, exposure and effort of the past fortnight had drained the cup of his vitality almost to the bottom. The fire of monomaniacal frenzy had burned so fiercely in his breast of late that his eyes showed the effect by a wild, steadfast, strained stare, not unlike that of a dead man. When he stumbled past Pauline at the edge of the swamp, he did not see her, so intently was his gaze set upon the retreating figure of the victim he longed for.

"Kirk MacCollough!" he called, and the name rasped the woods like a file.

"Kirk MacCollough, I am coming!"

At the sound of the voice the dark man halted and turned about.

"You had better come no farther!" he coolly said. "Stop right here!"

Burns slackened his pace, but came steadily upon him, fumbling meantime for the knife in his bosom, his drawn feature set and rigid.

Rameau retreated, walking slowly backward, fixing his tiger-like eyes steadily on the old man's face.

Pauline ran back to the house as soon as Rameau left her; so she did not hear the voices of the two men, although they rang with strange distinctness through the moss-hung aisles of the forest.

"Max Burns," growled the outlaw, with a certain harsh accentuation, "I do not wish to injure you. Keep off!"

"Ha! Ha! Injure me! You cannot; I am beyond that. Injury is already hardened upon me like a mail. Death itself cannot find a loose joint."

He was speaking with the preacher's intonation and his words had a suggestion of the pulpit. "Though you be Satan himself, I will prevail over you! Yes, now is your time come to die!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whistled as They Died.

It was the fourth day after the late General Lawton's force had left Manila on its dash into Laguna. They were approaching the town of Paete, and a squad of five of Weissenberger's sharpshooters, men from the North Dakota regiment, were working their way through the bamboo thicket. It had been the boast of the North Dakotas that they had not as yet lost no men in action.

Suddenly the squad received a volley of fifty shots from an insurgent trench fifteen yards in front. Two men were killed, one mortally wounded, one slightly wounded, and the fifth unhurt. He was Slatland, big and red-checked. He does not think he did anything remarkable; but instead of running he dropped behind a rock, yelled for assistance and emptied the chamber of his rifle into the enemy.

He held his ground till assistance came, and then he joined in the charge of our line, which emptied the trenches.

That night two North Dakota men who knew that their wounds were mortal were lying on cots side by side.

"Let's smile and die game," one said.

"We might as well whistle, too," was the reply.

They whistled until their breath gave out, and then they died smiling.

—New York World.

Three Chivalrous Young Men.

The age of chivalry is not dead. A small girl was coming down the steps of the elevated railroad. She came down in jumps, one step at a time, after the manner of small girls, and she held an open bag of candy in her hand.

Three young men, in the awe-some regalia of correct young men of their way to make a party call, started to ascend the stairs. The small girl's eyes opened wide and fixed themselves on the row of shining hats approaching. She continued to jump, one step at a time, missed her footing, and just saved herself from falling by grasping the handrail. But the candies hopped high in the air out of the paper-bag and flew in a chocolate shower over the three exquisites. For an instant they stood amazed, staring at the puckered-up face of the young lady in short skirts. She was the first to recover presence of mind (and her equilibrium) and at once set about recovering her chocolates. The three young men took the hint. And the birds in the square near by twittered with mirth to see three frock-coated, gloved, high-hatted irreproachable stooping and peering and bumping against each other as they gathered up the sweets of a maiden in short skirts. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Military styles have taken an acknowledged place and are in great demand, both for house and street wear. The glint of gold, the



MILITARY SHIRT WAIST.

straight standing collar, the strappings and the brass buttons are all dear to the feminine heart. The chic May Manton waist illustrated includes all the essential features, and can be relied upon to give ample satisfaction.

As shown, it is of dark red silk flannel, combined with black velvet, and trimmed with gold braid and buttons, but can be varied again and again.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the plain back, the vest and fronts. The vest, which tapers gracefully, is attached permanently to the right side and hooked into place at the left, and is finished at the neck with a standing collar portion that meets that of the waist. The fronts are plain at the shoulders, but gathered at the waist and are finished with applied bands of the material. The shoulder seams are covered with pointed straps, and the neck is finished with a regulation military collar that closes at the left side, where it hooks over invisibly onto the front portion. A pocket is inserted in the left front that finishes with a flap, but both it and the shoul-

der straps can be omitted, when preferred. The sleeves are in bishop style, finished with narrow, pointed cuffs. At the waist is worn a belt of black velvet ribbon held by a gold clasp.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with five-eighths yard for plastron, collar and wrist bands.

Girl's Costume. Little girls are never more charming than when gowned in plaid materials showing bright, vivid colors. The very pretty little May Manton costume illustrated in the large cut is made from camel's hair cheviot woven with much red and lines of black, green and yellow, and is trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon that serve as an admirable foil. At the neck is a V-shaped shield of heavy cream lace over plain red, finished by a simple standing collar.

The skirt is circular, with a single seam at the centre back. The upper portion fits snugly and smoothly, but below the hips it falls in soft, undulating folds that mean ample freedom and flare. The fulness at the back is laid in an inverted pleat or can be gathered, if preferred.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and, with the skirt, closes at the centre back. The V-shaped portions are faced onto the lining and the waist proper is arranged over it. The backs are plain across the shoulders and drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The front is laid in two backward-turning tucks at each shoulder, which provides soft, full folds below, and also is gathered at the waist line. The sleeves are snug, but not over-tight, and are finished with roll-over cuffs.

To make this costume for a girl of eight years of age four and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with one-half yard for V-shaped shield and ten yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

The Coral Front. A stunning effect produced by a beautiful young blonde at an "at-home" where she was visiting was achieved in the following manner: She wore a dove gray cloth frock. The skirt plain, with no fur or velvet trimming, fell

beneath the jacket, also quite plain. The soft chinchilla collar was thrown back and the huge muff was carried in one hand. The jacket was worn open to allow the white lace waistcoat to be seen. This is a full "blouse" front, the fulness restrained in the following manner: Four chains of pinkest corals strung on gold wire meet on the breast behind a large coral dish, which was really a clasp, or pair of clasps. The chains ran up and down to right and left, connecting the upper and lower edges of the jacket fronts with each other and with the clasp. This is very beautiful.

The Smart Thing. If you're visiting costume is of pastel gray or a tender almond-fawn set off with one or two things. Do not dream of purchasing a hat to match. You will present a much smarter appearance if you choose either a black hat, a mass of quilled chiffon arranged in waves, or a charming turquois, blue felt "plateau." Trim it with ribbon to match or with feathers the tint of your dress, and do not omit the correct touch of a few roses or rosebuds at one side under the brim or introduced between the superimposed folds of a double brim.

Embroidered Shoes. Evening shoes and stockings are embroidered in gold. White slippers have designs done on the toes in seed pearls and gold threads. The white silk stockings that are worn with these have gold threads, in very delicate patterns of embroidery, running up over the instep.

The Latest Silk. A novelty is phosphorized silk, so called because the surface has a phosphorescent effect intended to suggest the glimmer on the sea.

A Woman's Waist. Fancy waists that include a waistcoat effect are exceedingly smart and much liked, both for the odd bodices and costumes made of one material. Silk, lace, chiffon and velvet are all combined, and rightly handled give a



GIRL'S COSTUME.

most satisfactory result. The chic May Manton design illustrated is one of the latest from the other side, and will be found desirable in every way. The model is made from satin Aiglon in pastel pink with revers of cream guipure over white, soft, full front of white chiffon, and simulated waistcoat of pink panne with band of white or ornamented with small jeweled buttons.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. The back proper is seamless, but is joined to the fronts by means of under-seam gores. The fronts are plain and turned back to form revers. The full front, or plastron, is attached to the right side of the lining and is hooked over onto the left, and the simulated vest is stitched to position beneath the revers. The sleeves, as shown, are tucked above and below the elbows and wrists, where they are finished with bands of lace, but, if preferred, they can be made plain.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yard of chiffon for full front and five-eighths yard for simulated waistcoat, will be required when tucked sleeves are used; three and three-quarter

yards twenty-one inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, when plain sleeves are used.

Fancy Waist. A stunning effect produced by a beautiful young blonde at an "at-home" where she was visiting was achieved in the following manner: She wore a dove gray cloth frock. The skirt plain, with no fur or velvet trimming, fell

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