

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

Copyright, 1892 and 1893 by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER XI

CONTINUED.

Pauline felt some vague but troublesome stir of excitement in her heart when Colonel Loring came to remind her of the promised dance. It was as if she feared him and yet felt drawn toward him; as if some mystery in his nature or character possessed a fascination, while at the same time it suggested dark doubts.

There is a lure in veiled and shadowy things; we cannot resist the influence of those elusive elements which, in some way, like fine films of connection, set us in communication with the unusual, the strange, the romantic. It is especially dangerous for a young girl to come within the reach of such an influence when a strong-willed and handsome man is at the base of it. The snake and the bird, the fascination of a deadly thing—we all know how nature lends to fatal venom the tender glow of a precious elixir.

Colonel Loring was an interesting talker. He had traveled in many lands. His mind was stored with recollections of adventure, of perils by land and sea, and these he could set in contrast with pleasant experiences of social life in many a gay city of the old world. He was in the early prime of manhood, strong, in perfect health, and he had, when he wished, a way of sending his vigor through his firm, positive voice into every word he spoke.

In his presence, with his hand clasping hers now and again during the old-fashioned dance, Pauline felt that she was acting a part in a romance, and the sensation lifted the color into her cheeks and lips.

When the dance ended, Colonel Loring slipped her arm through his and led her through a broad, garlanded doorway into the conservatory.

"It is deliciously cool here. Let us take a turn or two up and down this charming aisle. This is like Mexico," he said, touching a vigorous cactus. "I can almost feel the winds of the plains."

"Life here must seem very dull and tame to you after all your stirring adventures," she suggested, looking up with frank interest into his face.

"No. It is delightful. I am enjoying every moment of it. I wish I could forget my whole past and begin anew from this moment."

There was a ring of infinite regret in his words, along with something wistful, that thrilled Pauline's heart.

She was about to speak with all the outright sympathy of her impulsive nature; she was going to enter straightway into the spirit of his mood; her words were already at her lips, and her eyes were upturned to his with an expression of earnestness and deep interest, when, just at the angle of the way between some tall vases, they came upon Fairfax standing quite still with folded arms. His eyes met Pauline's as she turned them quickly from Loring's face. Then the two men exchanged glances which conveyed no sign of pleasure. A deadly hatred, indeed, which had been kept hidden by both, showed itself ominously, as Loring, with head high and a sinister smile on his lips, passed on, talking Pauline with him.

She felt in some indirect way the change that passed over the dark face of the man whose arm she was touching, and something in the manner of Fairfax affected her unpleasantly. At the moment she did not examine, or, in fact, fully realize her impression; but later, when Lieutenant Ballanche was telling her that in a day or two he was going away to report to General Jackson at some place in the interior, and when she saw how piqued and almost savage he looked as he glanced at Parker who was dancing again with Mademoiselle de Sezannes, she suddenly understood or half understood what was happening, save that it was impossible to connect herself with it. These men, she surmised, were, all four of them, ready to quarrel about Mademoiselle de Sezannes, and she thought at once suggested a duel or two.

In those days duels were of almost daily and nightly occurrence in New Orleans and at the famous dueling grounds of the surrounding country. Consequently death on the sword's point or at the pistol's mouth was not so shocking to think of as it is now. The creole girl of our story's time could not fairly understand the philosophy of it, but still she recognized the importance of what was called "the only method by which insulted honor may be defended and purified," or as another old writer states it: "the swiftest, the fairest and the most satisfactory mode of settling matters of deadly concern between gentlemen."

The party at Chateau d'Or was likely to be pleasantly remembered; but it was also, as we shall see, the generating point for some disagreeable developments and some strange and sinister complications.

"It has been delightful, charming," exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, flinging herself into Pauline's arms after the last guest had gone. "Every one was happy—and how lovely the whole house was! And you were so beautiful; dear, so very, very beautiful!"

Pauline returned her mother's vehement embrace, and they were standing thus linked in each other's arms when

Mr. Vernon approached and encircled both with his bear-like hug.

Standing there, the group was a striking one. It was a living tableau of love as intense as it was strange and beautiful. There were the effect of high refinement in it and a delicate tenderness; but there was also something if but a hint of the ungoverned and the untrained.

CHAPTER XII

COLONEL LORING AND PAULINE.

Fairfax went home from the party at Chateau d'Or feeling that it had been an unfortunate affair for him, and yet he could not have explained with any degree of exactitude why it had been so.

The adventure with the hunchback lingered in his memory as something picturesquely sinister and pathetic; then Colonel Loring arose before him whenever he turned his mind, with the growing certainty that he was identical with Pierre Rameau, the robber; but above and beyond all, Fairfax was annoyed with himself, because he had let the evening go by without paying any special attention to Pauline.

He felt humiliated that he should have frittered away so much time with the wound on his hand which, after all, seemed so small a thing, while men like Parker and Lieutenant Ballanche were boldly seizing upon every advantage offered them for cultivating the good will of Mrs. Vernon and her daughter. He recognized himself as one of those imaginative, self-conscious youths who dream that the smallest matter affecting them is of prime importance to the rest of mankind. He could not resist the impulse to laugh in a bitter way at the turn affairs had taken with him. Like a small boy, he had made faces over a sore finger, while the most important crisis (as he now felt) of his whole life had drawn past him.

Fairfax realized in a way how little right he had to connect Pauline with any love-dream of his own. He had never spoken a word of love to her, and this seemed inexplicable to him now. Why had he not? Perhaps he had been foolishly sure of his standing in her regard; he had taken too much for granted.

Reflections like these, while they made him uneasy, as is one who consciously walks upon treacherous ground, led him to resolve that Pauline should hear his plea and give him his answer at the first opportune moment. Young men often make these resolves and almost as frequently, perhaps, recede from them when the crucial moment comes. It is love that makes them brave, and it is love as well that makes them cowards.

The summer went by—as summers do in that beautiful gulf-coast climate—with days that burned through the noon and softened down to delicious coolness toward nightfall, and nights whose dreamy splendor made the creole city, with all its gaiety, its intrigue, its excitements, a place of indescribable allurements.

In the autumn the English fleet was making ready to swing round the gulf-coast. Colonel Nichols had arrived at Pensacola, and acting for the British Government, had set on foot a scheme by which he hoped to stir up the Indians to renewed hostilities and at the same time induce the white population of Louisiana to revolt against the United States Government.

Lieutenant Ballanche went away to join General Jackson, to whom he reported the situation in the New Orleans district, and did not return until about the first days in December.

Colonel Loring also disappeared, going, it was understood, on a mission connected with some scheme of his in Mississippi, while Parker, the shrewd and self-confident youth, had bidden his many friends in New Orleans good-bye and set out for his home in Tennessee about the first of August.

Fairfax had still another cause for discontent which he made the most of. Colonel Loring had rescued Pauline and Mrs. Vernon from imminent danger in the midst of a crowd of rioting sailors and boatmen. The ladies were in the Vernon carriage, and just as it turned a street-corner they found themselves surrounded by a mob of men who were fighting with staves, knives, pistols, cutlasses and whatever weapons they could command.

Aside from the actual danger of the situation; the brutal fury of the combatants; the atrocious profanity and sickening sounds of slashing and stabbing and shooting; the bewilderment and fright of the coachman, who presently abandoned his place to seek safety in flight, and the wild rearing and plunging of the horses in the midst of the crowding and heedless mass of riders—the ladies had good cause to faint at the mere thought of what brutality the scene implied, if they had been of the temperment dear to old romance. They called loudly for help, but who was likely to hear or to heed?

Fairfax chanced to be near the outer fringe of the crowd and recognized Pauline's voice. He rushed to the spot, only to find that Colonel Loring had already rendered all the service that was needed—and sprung, indeed,

to the coachman's seat and was turning the horses down a narrow side-street. The eyes of the two met for an instant at this point, Loring giving to his glance an expression of triumph, as Fairfax thought, and Fairfax himself scowling so viciously that, although Pauline looked straight into his face, she did not recognize him at the time.

Colonel Loring's promptness and nerve doubtless served the ladies from death or great injury. He drove the carriage to Chateau d'Or and received such thanks and such looks of gratitude as Fairfax would have fought around the earth to win.

"I don't see how you did it, and so easily, too!" said Mrs. Vernon, after they had entered the parlor. Loring was still standing, hat in hand. "Please sit down, Colonel Loring, and tell us all about it. Mercy, how my heart is still fluttering! How did you manage to get to us and take us out of that horrible place?"

"It was nothing," he said, with his cold, peculiar smile. "I merely turned the horses and drove away. Any little boy could have done the same."

"But, no; that were impossible, sir," Pauline urged. "Nobody but you could have done what you did. When that dark, little man sprang at your throat with the knife I thought he had stabbed you; but you struck him with your hand and he fell quite as if he had been shot. Oh, it was dreadful, and you did not appear to care for it at all!"

Loring's narrow, fascinating eyes gazed steadily into her face as he said:

"I have been accustomed to dangers so much greater than that little affair could possibly bring, that I hardly count myself a hero, Miss Vernon, for having piloted you out of a trifling annoyance. Pray do not think of it as a matter of any importance whatever. I deem it a bit of good fortune for me that I can be at Chateau d'Or once more before I take my leave of New Orleans for a time."

"And you are going away?" Mrs. Vernon inquired with quick interest, that shaded sharply into regret. "Going away from us?"

"Yes—the war. I cannot rest idle while the country needs soldiers."

Pauline thought he looked the very model of what a soldier ought to be. "And where shall you join the army?" she asked.

"I do not know yet; my place has not yet been assigned to me; but that matters little. A soldier's business is to obey orders and have no preferences."

"Lieutenant Ballanche is gone already, I believe; at least he bade us good-bye, and was expecting to go to the interior the next day."

"Yes, the Government sent him to look after some outlaws over on the Mississippi border, I believe; he's likely to have some amusement before he accomplishes his errand, I should think."

"You gentlemen have strange ideas of amusement. What entertainment do you see in fighting robbers?" interposed Mrs. Vernon in a deprecatory tone, that yet had an admiration point in it. "Is it such great sport to kill and be killed?"

"I don't call it sport," he said, turning his gaze slowly from Pauline to her mother, "but the excitement is a mighty tonic. When a man is hunting a man, or is hunted by one, he feels, to the limit of possibility, the true meaning of self-reliance."

"But it is terrible!" exclaimed Pauline. "It makes men worse than beasts of prey!"

Loring laughed a slow, heavy laugh, his strong, mysterious face lighting up strangely.

Mrs. Vernon and Pauline were sitting side by side upon a dark-tapestryed sofa. Pauline was toying with her mother's hand.

"Isn't the whole of life terrible?" Loring demanded. "What, after all, is there to relieve it of its dark significance?"

The ladies looked disturbed. What he had said was depressing enough under the circumstances; but his voice, his manner and his inscrutable face made an impression singularly startling. It was one of those moments that come to all of us, when hidden things of strange import are half revealed to what, for want of a better name, we call our inner consciousness.

Pauline was aware of a sudden sympathy for this dark, weather-stained, scarred veteran who seemed to take such a jaundiced view of life. Her girl's heart went out to him as it might have done to a beautiful wounded animal. She felt the weight of his vast experience with evil pressing upon her with the effect of infinite pathos. She recalled what he had said to her on the evening of the party, and now, as she looked at him sitting there upright, muscular, sun-tanned, the picture of resolute, defiant health and vigor, she recognized in some way the romance that must lie behind him along the way he had come.

"The business of a soldier must be sad and saddening," she said, "and I do not wonder at your view of life; only you might promise yourself rest and happiness when the war is ended."

Mrs. Vernon was called away just then to meet some friends whom a servant announced.

As she arose to go, she made an apologetic gesture.

"Excuse me, but pray do not go till I return," she said.

Why she had spoken thus she could not have explained, save by admitting that he was a fascinating man to whom she felt that she owed her life and her daughter's.

Pauline involuntarily made a movement to clutch her mother's hand and detain her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The hair grows considerably faster in winter than in summer.

CONSTABULARY REPORT.

Showing Made By This Department of Dispensary System.

Columbia, S. C., August 8, 1903. Governor D. C. Heyward, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith my second report of the transactions of the constabulary, which covers the months of May and June, 1903, as compared with the same months of 1902. The figures given will, I hope, prove interesting, from among which your attention is respectfully called to the following:

Exhibit "A" shows the expense of the constabulary for the months mentioned. The expenses for the two months of this year are \$2,169.96 more than a year ago. This has been brought about, as you are aware, by the necessity for an increased force in order to better accomplish the objects of the law, and I feel confident that a careful examination of all the figures will convince your excellency that the "ends have justified the means."

Exhibit "B" informs you what has been accomplished in the way of seizures, from which you will note that the value of seizures made is \$828.28 in excess of those for May and June one year ago. In addition to the seizures here shown there have been taken 1,500 gallons of beer in kegs, which has no value, for the reason that after this beer has once been brewed it cannot be returned to the breweries or otherwise disposed of at a money value, but has to be emptied. While this stuff has no money value, yet the sale by "tigers" is curtailed to that extent.

Exhibit "C" will advise you as to the amount of business done by the local and State Dispensaries during May and June of this year and last. You will note that the actual sales by the local Dispensaries in the State amounted to \$76,243.18 more for 1903 than for 1902, while the increase in the sales of the State Dispensary amounts to \$72,048.48. In these figures is not included the sales by the Beer Dispensers, thirty of whom there are in the State. I have endeavored to get the exact amount of the gross sales of these Dispensers, and regret to say that very few of them have responded, but from the information I have been able to gather it will be seen that the sales of these few have increased \$17,262.92 over the same months of last year.

Exhibit "D." In May and June, 1902, there were 64 convictions of violators of the Dispensary law in the courts. Fines were imposed to the amount of \$3,460.00, and \$770.00 were paid (while 26 persons went to the chain gang. In the same two months of this year there were 64 convictions, \$5,675.00 in fines imposed, \$1,340.00 collected, 21 persons sent to the chain gang and a number of cases appealed which are still pending.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to repeat, as stated in my first report, that there has been very little friction in the conduct of this department. There has been only one occurrence of an unpleasant and nature, which was slight, and steps have been taken to prevent a recurrence of this affair.

Information before me goes to show that there has been a considerable diminution of the quantity of whiskey imported into this State. In the rural districts we are experiencing less trouble day by day, while in the cities every possible effort is being made to enforce the law. The increase in the Dispensary sales satisfies me that our efforts are having their effect.

Very truly yours,
W. B. HAMMET,
Chief Constable.

EXHIBIT "A."

Expense of Constabulary.		
May.	1902.	1903.
Constables' accounts . . .	\$3,843.08	\$4,844.79
Supplementary accounts . . .	299.44	464.02
Total	\$4,142.52	\$5,308.81
June.	1902.	1903.
Constables' accounts . . .	\$3,872.66	\$4,626.70
Supplementary accounts . . .	271.62	521.25
Total	\$4,144.28	\$5,147.95

Increase in expenses of the constabulary \$2,169.96.

EXHIBIT "B."

Showing seizures by the constabulary for the months of May and June, 1902 and 1903.				
Whiskey, Etc.				
No. Gals.	Value.	No. Gals.	Value.	
May	708	\$1,062.00	569	\$532.50
June	455	632.50	1163	1,752.00
BEER.				
Doz. Bot. Value.	Doz. Bot. Value.	Doz. Bot. Value.	Doz. Bot. Value.	
May	370	\$177.60	553	\$265.44
June	370	177.60	553	265.44

Increase in value of seizures, \$818.28.

EXHIBIT "C."

Showing amount of sales of the local dispensaries in the State and of the State Dispensary for the months of May and June, 1902 and 1903:			
Local Dispensaries.			
May	1902.	1903.	1903.
May	\$154,156.22	\$196,318.42	
June	140,578.87	174,659.85	
Increase in sales of local Dispensaries, \$76,243.18.			
State Dispensary.			
May	1902.	1903.	1903.
May	\$140,876.49	\$176,159.72	
June	126,309.40	163,074.65	

Increase in sales of State Dispensary, \$72,048.48.

In addition to the above sales, I have reports from several of the Beer Dispensaries in the State which show: Total sales for May and June, 1902, \$21,942.07.

Total sales for May and June, 1903, \$39,204.99.

Increase, \$17,262.92.

Exhibit "D."

Showing the number of convictions of parties charged with violations of the Dispensary law, fines imposed, amount collected, etc., for the months of May and June, 1902, and 1903.

No. Fines Amount. Chain Convictions. Imposed. Col. Gang.	May and June, 1902.	41	\$3,460.00	\$770.00	26
May and June, 1903.	64	5,675.00	\$1,345.00	21	

There has also been received from the sale of soft drinks, etc., seized by the constables, \$51.75.

SOUTH CAROLINA CROPS.

Conditions Have Been More Favorable For the Past Week.

The week ending 8 a. m., Monday, August 17th, had a mean temperature of 79 degrees, which is about 1 degree below normal. The day temperatures were slightly lower than usual, while the night temperatures were normal. There was more than the usual amount of cloudiness, and the air was unusually humid the entire week. The need of sunshine is indicated.

Parts of the State had almost daily rains, with excessive amounts in places. The drought in the north central and south central counties was broken on the 14th, but there are a few scattered places in the west central counties that are in need of rain, or more rain. In lower Lancaster county there was a fall of over six inches in about three hours that severely damaged crops and lands. The average precipitation for the State was 2.50 inches.

Young corn shared in the general improvement of crop conditions, and remains very promising except on bottom lands that had excessive precipitation, where it is firing. Old corn was not affected by the weather. Fodder pulling is well advanced in the eastern and central counties, and considerable fodder was damaged by the heavy rains.

There was a marked improvement in cotton over a large part of the State, especially in the western counties, but there are also numerous reports of excessive shedding and a few of general deterioration. Rust is more prevalent than last week, and blight is reported from a few counties. Generally cotton is well fruited, and holding its fruit, though the plants are small, and very late in the extreme west, with exceptions where recently growth has been too rapid. Sea Island cotton continues to bloom profusely, and bolls are forming. The first bale of the season was ginned in Bamberg county on the 11th. The ten year average of first bales is August 7th; the earliest was on July 28th, in 1896, the latest was on August 20th, in 1895.

There is some tobacco yet to be cured in the central and western counties, but in the principal districts the work is finished. The weather was favorable on rice, and especially so on June rice in the Georgetown district. In the southern districts rice is ripening. Fall truck continues to be planted extensively, under favorable conditions for quick germination. Cane and sweet potatoes are excellent; peas generally so. Turnips are being sown. The fruit season is about ended. The late hay crop will be large.

State News.

Ike Kelly, an 18-year-old negro of Newberry county, was convicted at the last term of court of assault and battery with intent to kill and sentenced to pay \$25 or serve three months on the county chain-gang. While he was in jail he overheard a conversation among some prisoners who were conspiring to kill Sheriff Buford and his deputy and was afterwards asked by one of their number to join in the plan. Instead he informed the Sheriff of the plot against his life and has now been pardoned.

Jerome Stark, of Columbia, a lineman in the employ of the Bell Telephone Company, came in contact with a live wire in Charleston Thursday afternoon while at work on a pole and fell a distance of sixty feet to the pavement. Fortunately his fall was broken by coming down upon a fellow worker and he suffered no serious bodily injury. His right hand was badly burned by the wire.

The first bale of the South Carolina cotton crop was sold in Augusta Wednesday for 20 cents per pound. It was bought by A. B. Baxter & Co., of New York. H. H. Cabiness, of the Chronicle was the auctioneer. It was consigned to Pope & Fleming, of Augusta. It was made the occasion of a great gathering of the cotton men, who cheered the opening of the season.

Abraham Reed and Olive Perry were committed to jail Thursday on the charge of assaulting Constable Lykes, of Columbia. It will be recalled that these negroes were in charge of one of Chico's wagons some weeks ago, and when the constable attempted to stop the horse to examine the wagon the negroes beat the animal which knocked the officer down and confined him to his bed and room for some time. The negroes will be tried at the court of general sessions.

Considerable new life was infused into the State Live Stock Association at Clemson College Wednesday afternoon. The organization was perfected and officers elected who will try to make it a factor in live stock circles in South Carolina.

Minor Matters.

During their Irish visit King Edward and Queen Alexandra of England carried with them trunks and other luggage weighing in all some 200 tons. Among these were two large chests of gold plate.

PALMETTO CLEANINGS.

Minor Events of the Week in a Brief Form.

Get No Special Concessions.

The Secretary of State recently gave out an interview on the subject of social clubs recently raided by the dispensary constabulary and the worth of their charters. Many people have thought that because these clubs were chartered organizations they were thus protected. Mr. Ganit, in the course of conversation, clearly showed that no violator of the law is ever protected by a charter.

"In view of a misapprehension in some quarters," said Mr. Ganit, "I would be glad to have the newspapers state the fact, as from me, that a charter gives no individual association or company the right to violate the law of the State. A corporation simply creates a corporation of two or more individuals, and confers only the rights enumerated in the code, to wit: to hold their property in common and regulate their affairs as a unit. It is not the grant of a single right that an individual does not possess, and all corporations in the State, whether chartered through my office or by the General Assembly, are amenable to every law on the statute books.

"When two or more persons file a declaration that they desire to form a social organization, it is not my duty to inquire nor have I any means of ascertaining whether they intend to violate the law; on the contrary it is my duty to take for granted that they intend to obey the law."

"Mr. Ganit, have you received, in your official capacity any objections to the issuance of charters to these so-called social clubs?"

"No, I have not," answered the Secretary of State. "Before any club or association can be organized, published notice must be given in the newspapers, and there has not been filed with the Secretary of State in several years one word of protest against the organization of any club or similar association."

"It is the duty of the regular officers of the law to see that clubs and associations, as well as individuals, obey the law of the State."

Palmetto Briefs.

The judgement of the circuit court in the case of J. L. Carson, of Greenville, vs. the Southern Railway company has been affirmed by the supreme court. It will be remembered that on August 18th, 1902, Mr. Carson's right arm was crushed between two freight cars at Converse. A novel feature of the suit was the joinder of the engineer and conductor with the railway company as defendants, thus keeping the case for trial in the State courts. On December 4th, 1902, a verdict was rendered for \$6,500 against the railway company and releasing the engineer and conductor of any liability. The supreme court, however, sustained this verdict on appeal.

Edward Mikell, a colored barber, setting himself up as good as any white man and passing the preposition in an offensive way upon J. A. Storer, alderman from Ward 12 in Charleston, was given a hard punch in the face by Mr. Storer Monday morning while the two were riding on a trolley car. Later in the day Mikell sought Mr. Storer at his store on King street and attempted to renew the discussion, drawing a razor. He was knocked down, remaining unconscious for some time.

Governor Heyward Tuesday commuted the sentence of John Pickens, of Richland county, who was sentenced to 12 months. Pickens was sent up for stealing a bicycle. The petition, signed by the prosecutor and county officials, set forth that he was drunk and picked up the bicycle in the presence of witnesses, rode a short distance and fell off, having no intention of stealing the wheel. Judge Klough and Solicitor Thurmond thought that he had been punished sufficiently.

The Southern Railway's trestle over Middle Tyger river between Welford and Duncan was washed away Tuesday, thus blocking traffic on the main line.

Some five miles south, extending a few miles beyond, of Bennettsville, is a dry streak—a strip of territory on which no rain has fallen for five weeks, and crops have been materially damaged. With this exception rains have been pretty general through that county, and the crops are indeed fine.

The sewerage system in Columbia, is practically completed and by the end of the week it is expected that the contractors will turn over the work to the city. Approximately the system has cost over \$155,000. For some time the system, or most of it, has been in operation and many have already connected their property with the sewer.

At the local United States army recruiting office in Spartanburg since last Friday 38 out of 46 applicants have been rejected by the officers, a fact somewhat peculiar when it is only required that an applicant have normal physical qualities to be admitted in the service. The recruiting sergeant said that the principal cause was weak lungs.

The secretary of State Tuesday granted a charter to the Kemper tobacco warehouse of Marion county. The capital is \$2,000 and the president C. P. Hayes.

W. G. Huckabee, a good and prominent citizen of Lowndesville, died very suddenly early Saturday morning. He had been in bad health for some time. He arose feeling some better, ate his breakfast, took his seat near a window, commenced reading a newspaper and died instantly while sitting in his chair.