HE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

2254

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

XXXXX

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

Coprright, 1892 and 1893 by Robert Donner's Sons.

CHAPTER XV.

CONTINUED.

' There is a great reserve in the Scotch physique as there is in the Scotch Character. Mr. Burns was an extreme example, else how could he have laiu there on the wet soil of the woods for three days and nights without so much as a sip of water and with nothing to stop the bleeding of ;his wound? He was but half conscious most of the time, and yet he heard a panther screaming all through one night, and once a wolf barked and howled close There was nothing in these by. sounds to frighten him; they came to him as in a dream, appealing to no particular sense, touching no particu-lar chord of consciousness, simply echoing through him. Slowly he sank away, weaker and weaker, down into darkness. Every thought faded out but one-the thought of failure-the thought that he was dying without hope.

On the third day, in the afternoon, some great black birds, evil-looking, with bare, congested heads and hungry eyes, came sailing low round | and round above him. He saw | solemnity brooded there, and the wide them, and thought: "They will eat me as soon as I am dead!" But there was no horror connected with the vision, which went farther and displayed his scattered and clean-picked bones. What could it matter to him, old, defeated, abaudoned, dying, if vultures began their work at once? Could their beaks add one pang to his torture?

With singular minuteness, for his leisure was ample, he reviewed his religious life, seeking for some justification of the act of Divine Provi-dence in thus casting him aside like a bit of old rubbish after all this wearying and fruitless effort-after all his trust and prayer.

And little Margaret-what of her? Beautiful, young, pure, with every bud of tender promise just showing the pink-why should she have been made the plaything of an enormous wrong, the helpless victim of an actrocious fate? He saw her as she was when she left him, fair, bright, loving, the idol of his widowed heart, and he followed her, step by step, through the cruel descent, till she lay in her coffin, murdered by that man.

By some mysterious cerebal action, The was able to note the correlation of his own experience with the girl's, and to fix, as by a flash, the meeting of his prayers with the succesnive downward rushes of her miserable career.

At every point where he sought her with utmost confidence and besought heaven with greatest faith, there she had met with calamity or taken some desperate step in infamy. And whose was the fault? Surely she had not been born with the taint of eril in her blood.

Aud Kirk MacCollough! The name brough the old man's fevered brain, and the tall, dark outlaw stalked across his vision like an actor meross the stage of melodrama. What health, what strength, what immunity from the physical effects of moral recklessness! in the pursuit of this man, Barns had wasted himself, his fortane, his career, his prayers, his life, while not a drop of desire thad been lost by the outlaw. It was bitter food for reflection for the aged preacher as he lay on the ground, his withered hubs outstretched and the wearness of death in his nerves. Slowly his mind worked its way down to that last scene and began to take up the details one by one, analyzing them with merciless exactness. Meanwhile, by that curious power of the brain which enables it when abnormally stimulated to follow two lines of thought at once, he was reviewing Kirk Mac-Collough's origin and accounting for his career by referring all his darker characterists to inheritance from his father, Thomas MacCollough, who committed a great political crime and was transported therefor in the first prime of his manhood while Kirk was yet a mere boy. Burns had never seen Thomas MacCollough, nor had he known much of the family before Kirk began to pay attention to Margaret; but since then he had found out the history which now seemed to account fitly for the young man's unparalleled course of evil. From father to son had descended the carse of outlawry. Bat it was natural that Barns's mind, even in the last extremity of despair, should turn with all its Scotch stubboraness and tenacity to take a religious survey, so to call it, of the situation. Perhaps it would be better to say that his thoughts were not driven at once, even by direst calamity, out of the groove in which they had been running since first he began to be a preacher. It had been his rule to measure everything by the standard disclosed to him in the Bible. "Thus saith the Word" had been his hobby, his guide, his comfort. Never during his long, absorbing chase after his child and her atrocious lover, had he forgotten the Sabbath cr failed to keep it holy; never had he neglected the simple forms of worship and of prayer to which his austere conscience and the obligations of his church bound him. He had lived unspotted, and now death hovered over him in that lonely place, with none to lift his | soil, soaked in blood and panting forth

head, speak a word of comfort to him or to touch his lips with water. Upon his soul the bitterness of all this settled, as his brain drew it in and analyzed it.

Suddenly there was a revuision, and it was as if the poles of his nature had been reversed on the instant. From some source he gathered strength to lift his head and shoulders; then, leaving on one arm, he gazed wildly around. There was a terrible look in his face. He almost bounded to his feet and stood swaying and trembling. his long legs far apart and one hand raised far above his disheveled head. A dying tiger might have glared as did he, and it was with a wild beast's voice that he cried aloud:

"I will not die-I will not dic--I cannot die, Kirk MacCollough, while while you live!"

It was a grand theatre in which to make such a speech. The dusky trees and the lurking wild things were fitting audience. The realism of the acting was .superhuman, and it was also superhumanly romantic. The stage accessories were in perfect harmony with it. Loneliness, grimuess, silence was fitting applause. Two of the evil birds took wing with loud flapping and sailed away from the dead bough on which they had been sttting so patiently. Burns was indirectly aware of them, as he rolled his bloodshot eyes and shook his head till the tangled hair fell over his forehead and temples.

His strength was but spasmodic. The next moment he tumbled down motionless.

Slowly the sun passed on to the western slope of the sky. The hideous' vultures returned to circle round and round, lower and lower; but they did not dare make the attack. They might have done it soon, however, had they been left to their will.

Once more the old man roused himself and struggled to his feet. The pallor of death flared out of his face, the frenzy of death glittered in his eyes. There were fragments of dead leaves and clots of earth in his hair and beard. Again he flung his hand on high and stood wavering and trembling, while his voice broke forth with awful sonorousness:

"Vengeance! 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!" "

This time the theatre held one human auditor, who stopped short in his walk and gazed with wide-open eyes at the towering actor in thei wild scene. At first Burns looked almost twice his real stature, so dilated was the expression of his form as seen against the dusky spaces and gloomy trunks of the wood.

"Wall, take my hat for a soap-kittle!" exclaimed the observer, resting the batt of his long rifle on his foot. "W'y, w'at's the matter, parson? W'at in all crea ion air ye a-doing'

yer?" started at the sound of the Barns

intolerable pression. He looked scarcely human-more like a beast of prey, wounded to death, tearing madly, blindly at whatever he could feel. His words soon became indistinguishable and ran together into a harsh, gut-

tura! growl. Dick Beckett (doubtless the reader has recognized him) was at first too much astonished to be at himself. As soon as he began to pull his wits together, however, the whole truth became more than a suspicion in his mind.

"Who hurt ye, Daddy Burns?" he demanded in his natural tone of voice. 'War it that air Pierre Rameau?"

Perhaps hearing Burns repeat the great robber's name had suggested the thought to Dick Beckett, or it may have risen out of the prevalent habit of laying everything cruel and otherwise unaccountable at the feet of Rameau.

Dick knelt down beside the old man, and, still holding his gun in one hand, felt of the wound, after pulling away the rent clothes from around it. In vain he tried to arouse him.

"Well-well-tut, tut, tut!" he spluttered.

R'sing again to his feet and standing with most or us weight on his crooked leg, he contemplated the situation, while with the fingers of his left hand he worried the frowzy red hair that hung under the brim of his battered cap.

"Poor ole daddy!" he exclaimed, after a while. "He do seem to be 'bout done for!"

Dick possessed executive ability of a sort, and when he got his faculties rightly put together tuere was no such a thing as his giving up to circumstances contrary to his wish. He examined Burns and found that he was not yet dying. The next thing was to save him. This looked like a forlorn hope, but he would try it at all events. So he caught the lingering horse and with its aid bore Burns through the wood to his cabin.

Here I insert a short paragraph from the "Honey Island Records." The reader will feel, in reading it, a waft from the old reckless life of the frontier:

"Dick Beckett," it goes on to say, 'found the preacher in a sad condition when he reached home with him, which it was after dark at the time and he struck a light. The wound was a tear in the side dug by a pistol bullet that had been amazingly flattened on a silver watch afore doing it. I will save him!' said Dick Beckett, who was a good nurse besides a distracting fiddler: and, belike, he had original medicine-strange roots and such. Some do say he did possess a root of the man-plant which he salved the hurt with. Sure enough, any way he cured him betimes. What they do say, also, is that Dick Beckett did fiddle and play profane musik unto the preacher what time he convalesced, even such tunes as 'Sugar in the Gourd' and "Riding on a Rail." No doubt, however, this matters not, seeing that the preacher survived and at last went on his way."

In the French version of the story there is a statement not to be found in the other accounts.

"It cannot be denied," runs this creole document, which appears to be a rough translation of some lost English writing-"It cannot be denied that Burns, the preacher, did swear vengeance on Pierre Rameau, the robber (forban is the French word used), and did express himself in language dreadful in its nature. Some think that this Dick Beckett had fiddled all

THIS KEN REARED KITTENS. The Latter in Turn Adopted Trails of the Hen.

Some years ago my attention was called to a hen that had adopted a litter of kittens. When I first saw them they had got their eyes open. Every day I spent an hour or more watching the old hen and her strange family. The hen would let the cat suckle the kittens, but when they were through she would drive the cat away and hover over the family. The cat was a tramp that fed with several others on swill brought from the city for hens and hogs. As far as I could see, the cat was willing to let the hen rear her kittens. The whole affair seemed natural and was as intelligently arranged as if it had happened to human beings. I carefully noted the actions of the old hen and kittens. The kittens soon learned the calls of the hen, and the hen certainly understood the calls of the kittens. The ben would wander into the bushes, scratching for insects. which she ate without offering them to her adopted family. When the kittens wanted rest and sleep they made a thin cry, and the hen would immediately hover them. If they wanted food their cries sounded to me like the call to hover, but the heu understood and she led them to the milk dish. If the dish was empty, she led them to the hen yard and looked for bits of meat or bread. If she failed to find food, she went to the house door and called until some one of the family brought out milk. Before the cat deserted her family, the hen would lead the kittens to a flat ledge, where the cats sunned themseives. The cat usually hunted up the hen in the early days for a relief from an overflow of milk. Several times I saw the hen hunt for the cat when the kittens were hungry. When the cat weaned the kittens, the hea seemed to understand that she must look to the family for

food. I noticed that the kittens as they became older failed to play like kittens taught by a mother cat, and their voices remained weak and thin. In many ways they showed a lack of eat teaching. On the other hand, they adopted some of the ways of the hen. They would scatter like chickens, and They would scatter like chick has been of His purposes and the oringing of His would scratch in imitation of the hen. I did not see them eat the inserts which they found, excepting grass. Our temptation is to discretif our possessions and opportunities. But we may not despise the day of small things. hoppers. Mr. Parsons was a practical man and wanted eggs, so he killed the kittens. If I had known what he intended to do I should have offered to buy the lot for further study. I remember that I sent Forest and Stream an account of this case-I think a clipping from a local paper. The intelligence of the cat, hen and klittens, under strange conditions, was so evident that a dull observer could not make a mis-take. The cat reasoned that the hen would take good care of her family would take good care of her family and she was contented. like some human mothers that give their babies away. The hen understood fully that the kittens would not cat the insects which she found and reasoned that she must look for food in another direction reasoning .- Forest and Stream.

Why Mary Did Not Sing.

An able, but easily embarrassed and omewhat absent-minded young teachr was about to begin a singing lesson day when a knock at the schoolroom door interrupted proceedings. The teacher went to the door and ushered in a delegation from a prominent local woman's club. When the ladies were



Delineated in An Attractive Style By An Eloquent Preacher,

NEW YORK CITY.-Sunday morning the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, minister of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, had for his subject "A Supreme Opportunity." He chose as his text Esther iv: i4: "Who knoweth whether thou art zome to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Mr. Woelfkin said:

Woelfkin said: The history of Esther is a fascinating romance. Every changing scene in the panorama is a graphic illusaration of the providence of God. It traces the transi-tion from obscurity to prominence; from weakness to power. The scene opens showing Esther an orphan girl belonging to a captive and despised race. Naturally, every door of influence would be closed to her. Alone in the world, dependent upon a cousin's bounty, the horizon of ner life her. Alone in the world, dependent upon a cousin's bounty, the horizon of ner life was limited. Her chief endownent was beauty, and that, as the world goes, is more likely to become a snare of evil than a benediction of good. Yet, behind this humble, modest life there is working the might, wisdom and love of God. The Queen's throne is empty. The royal crown is waiting some one who may piezse the mood of the King. Thousands of gentle blood dream of the Queen's place as the acme of all ambition. But the providence of Jehovah has reserved the place for of Jehovah has reserved the place for Esther, the orphaned Jewish girl.

This same divine power seeks to mold wery life. The circumstances and condievery tions that environ us may not seem prom ising. But what are these with God? strength is made perfect in weakness. with God? His vast majority of men and women who have made the molds of history were those whom God's providence brought from obscurity and lowly conditions. Your way is not hid from the Almighty. There is a place held vacant for your filling. That place is as honored and dignified as any royal throne, because it is divinely ap-The steps leading thereto pointed. The steps leading thereto may seem to be contingencies, accidents, for tuitous chances, and through the moods of other persons. But if there be the spirit of faith to trust Him, diligence to discover His will and readiness to obey. He will bring us to the place and position most suited for our eternal profit and glory. No one else may step into our place, until we, through unbelief and disobedience, have forfeited the privilege of its occupancy. Every life has its own unique endow

ment. Success or failure depends upon the manner in which we hold these posses-sions. If we hold them selfishly to profit ourselves withal, they turn into corrup-tion. But if they be held in trust as a sacred stewardship, used for the furtherance of His purposes and the bringing of His

Esther had only personal beauty to com-mend her at first. This is not a gift de-spised by Satan in his attempt to ruin a soul; then why should it be discredited as a power for good? The lad had only five loaves and two fishes, but, consecrated to His service, they fed the multitude and more. It all turns upon whether we are using our endowments in the interest of self and by the energy of self, or whether home and the orphan captive who mounted the Persian throne, but it was the same God who worked in each. The orphan girl became the bounteous

queen. She enjoys the honors and emolu ments of royalty. Banquets are held in her honor and a retinue of servants minister to her continually. Can she support the dignity thus thrust upon her? Will adulation, flattery and vanity enervate her soul's ability, or will she grow strong and potent for good amid opportunities? Only trial can answer such queries, and that comes soon enough. From the outer world she hears the lamentation of her kindred she hears the lamentation of her kinded people. Mordecai, her cousin, is in sack cloth and mourning and would not be comforted. All the captives are wailing with fear. What could it mean? If she with fear. What could it mean? It such that only been party to the conference be-tween her royal husband and the prime minister prince she would have understood. It she could see all the clerks writing the sentences of death which were being hur-ried throughout the empire she would have known. She seems to be exempt. Does she not dwell in the palace? But the blackness overshadows her even there. No circumstance or condition can shut it out. The court of Persia permitted no one wearing sack cloth, that symbol of sorrow and mourning, to enter the royal pre-eincts. They would not be disturbed by painful reminders of life's sorrows. But even the royal purple can neither ignore nor escape them. The tragedies of life are not shut out by hiding and ignoring them. We can build no barrier that will prevent their invasion. The Redeemer of the world did not ignore them. He did not isolate Hunself from human woe, but through suffering became a Saviour, forgiving sin, bringing became a Saviour, forgiving sin, origing glory out of the crucible of suffering and planting the light of hope amid the shadows of death. If Esther seeks to save her life alone she will lose it. But if in seeking to save others she lose it, she shall save it. We cannot in a time of epidemic think of ourselves alone. Individual care-One, two—" Mary watched the mo-tion of the teacher's lips anxiously— "three! Ready—sing!" The children's shrill treble rang out unaided by Mary's strong alto. "Don't you feel like singing, Mary? Try this verse, now—one, two, three. Well, what is it?" Mary had risen and was shyly twist-ing her fingers. "Please, Miss Brooks," generation that seem insoluble. We become bewildered aud perplexed: we feel our in-adequacy and despair. This perplexity and adequacy and despair. This perplexity and despair is purely human. Its shadow never falls upon the throne of God. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath ext judgment in the earth. All that He re-quires is an instrument that will not balk at the cost, and He brings speedy relief. Let us fling the sacrifice of life into the situation, and nothing shall be impossible to us. It is this desire to keep our skins whole, and to conserve our personal ease and comfort that makes situations difficult. Paul was an optimist, because he threw his life into the crisis. Comfort, ease, quiet, pleasure, were not aimed at by him. quiet, pleasure, were not aimed at by him, therefore he could confidently write: "I am pressed on every side yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed." Selfishness brings the middestroyed." Selfishness brings the mid-night, self-sacrifice the dawn. Then followed Esther's heroic resolve. A crisis always develops the character. In a moment she read the meaning of her providenthal experiences. She saw some-things of God's plan in her life. Why had she been exalted from the lowly position of an owhen to the read digmits of a she been exalted from the lowly position of an orphan to the regal dignity of a queen? Why had she been preferred above all others for this great place? The mean-ing begins to crystalize. God foresaw this crisis, anticipated the need, and for such a time as this was Esther come to the king-dom. In the very heart of that gravest difficulty lay her supreme opportunity. Our createst moments are often set in darkest greatest moments are often set in darkest circumstances. The providences of God have shaped our course, and there is a purpose and end as definite as that of Esther's in our lives. The hand that guides may be invisible, and the light may not always illu-mine the meaning. But if we are faithful ness ass in trust and obedience to every passing op- I. Stair.

portunity, we shall some time understand

portunity, we shall some time understand that we, too. are come to the kingdom for a specific end. To seize this supreme opportunity in-volved a risk. She dare not wait to weign the chances too minutely. Life itself is a stewardship Duty constrains us to pay out its energies in proportion to obligations, and opportunities. Sometimes the whole price must be paid down at once. But if life be held at the disposal of God it will make little difference whether it be paid in installments or at one payment. Life is a possession that we must surrender any-way, but we may elect whether it shall be invested in eternal treasure or squandered in temporal gratification.

invested in eternal treasure of the second s and had the chance of success. There is not much room for choice. Death is the worst that can come, and that will come cither way. Esther said, "If I perish. I perish." This is synonymous with those expressions made by the martyr spirits of bitteer I is in a successful and express history. It is the only attitude and expression that will fit the supreme crisis and opportunity. In just such situations Moses said, "Blot me, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written." Jesus said, "I hold not My life of any account as dear unto Myself. I am ready to die." Who-Thold not all the of any account as wear unto Myself. I am ready to die." Who-ever goes upon a great mission must, like the early Christians, take his life in his hands. It is only along that pathway that salvation lies. It is a great price, but of-ten paid for an inferior purpose. Heroism asks for life as the price of patriotism, home and freedom. Ambition demands life for reputation and honor. Conve-nience and progress do not hesitate to ac-cept life as a price. Our bridges, buildings and tunnels are built with the cost of life. Shall we, then, murnur at the missionary who is willing to risk ferer and riot in the

Shall we, then, murmur at the missionary who is willing to risk fever and riot in the interests of eternal salvation? When ex-amples of self-devotion fall into the per-spective of history we applaud the martyr spirit. God help us to value and covet it when near at hand. Esther went with fear and treinbling, but not cowardice. Heroism is not fooi-hardy. To go forward in the face of dan-ger, despite fear, is true courage. Paul ministered in Corinth with much weak-ness, fear and trembling, but beneath all was the splendid heroism of self-devotion. was the splendid heroism of self-devotion. "If I perish"-but such a spirit cannot was the splendid heroism of self-devotion. "If I perish"—but such a spirit cannot perish. It may seem to fall in self-action free, but it does not perish. Some heroes of faith come out unscathed from conflict, they are delivered from the edge of the sword, the force of violence and power of fire. Others are stoned, sawn asunder and killed. But they do not perish. The mar-tyrs torn by lions on the Roman arena were as victorious as Daniel who was de-livered. The witnesses who burned at Smithfield were as triumphant as the three livered. The witnesses who burned at Smithfield were as triumphant as the three men who could not be burned by the seven fold heat of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. The Huguenots who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day were no less conquerors than Joshua's army. Christ did not perish on the cross. Paul did not perish in Rome. Telemachus did not perish in the Roman arena. Such dying is the highway to life and nower and power.

The Queen asked the forfeited lives of her people. She was related to them and a sufferer with them. From their side she a sufferer with them. From their side she was moved with compassion. From her queenly position she obtained deiverance. This is the object of all mediation. Our Saviour as the man Jesus is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. As the ex-alted Lord He intercedes to supply our need according to His riches in glory. The mention of protect is granted to us that privilege of prayer is granted to us, that from the human side we may feel the bur-den of human sorrow and wee, and so be pressed into an intercession for divine sucpressed into an intercession for divine suc-cor. In our weakness we are tempted to abuse this great carte blanche of our Lord. Salome, who received the same overture from a king as did Esther, asked the death of John the Baptist. Many a petition of prayer would end in death if granted. But no caunal, selfish supplication will receive the indorsement of the Lord Christ, and consequently fails. onsequently fails.

Then we come to the hanquet scene. It Then we come to the banquet scene. It is most suggestive. Only the hostess and two guests, but what issues tremble in the balances. Esther is under sentence of death. The dark hour is drawing nigh. Haman, the prime minister, is in glee; he is succeeding most marvelously. Yet in one day all is suddenly reversed. The Queen becomes the author of life and Ha-man is sent to the gallows built for an-other. Success may be upon us in the very other. Success may be upon us in the very darkest hour, while failure may be dog-ging the tracks of the most lightsome heart. Righteousness seems to be worsted in the conflict with evil. Good measures in the conflict with evil. Good measures seem to fail, evil ones to triumph. Scru-pulous honesty goes to the wall, while trickery and fraud are crowned with suc-cess. Virtue is seemingly strangied and vice is robed with royalty. And we are tempted to be envious at the prosperity of the wicked. But we may not pass judg-ment until the issue is seen. There will some a day when vichtcourses skill flour. come a day when righteousness shall flour-ish and evil perish. The plots of the world's Hamans, Herods and Judases all miscarry. Sin and evil rot at the core. Righteousness and truth have the quality At the right moment Esther not only stated the plot, but named the adversary and enemy-this wicked Haman. It was an awful crisis. It is always a crisis when an awful crisis. It is always a crisis when contending principles come to the decisive struggle. In every soul there is a Haman who seeks the betrayal and destruction of the spiritual life. In our conflict with this evil self there comes a time when we must be specific in naming the foe. No salvation comes from generalities. This adversary and enemy may wear different rames in our disposition. It may be pride, envy, isalousy, bitterness, worldliness, etc. Whatever it may be, it has planned our ruin and waits the moment of execution. If we would save our lives, families, cities and the world we runst deal uncompromisand the world we must deal uncompromis-ingly with the particular Haman who is working destruction. Not until Haman goes to the gallows can life stand secure. Having seized the supreme opportunity at great risk. Esther finds a great reward. The clerks write the message of life more rapidly than they wrote the sentence of death. The good work is hastened with more speed than the message of woe. Joy supplants sorrow and life comes in the place of death. The harvest of sacrifice is place of death. The harvest of sacrifice is life. We sow in tears, we reap in joy. In this successful mission of Esther the me-diatrix we have an adumbration of the sal-vation wrought out by Jesus Christ. He took His life in His hands. He died and reversal of the sentence of death written against us and proclaims forgiveness of sins and the gift of eternal life. Ours is the privilege first to receive and rejoice in this truth, and then to speed the glad tid-ings to every creature in all the world. These are our supreme opportunities. They may be shadowed with self-sacrifice, but if they are resolutely seized they will issue in the morning of joy.

voice, and half turned to look. The effort lost him his balance, and down he fell again, his arm still outstretched.

"Hello! Hello!" shouted the man. running forward as rapidly as a crooked leg would permit, "air ye ailin' parson?"

He half recoiled at the sight of the blood on the Burns's clothes, and his rough face showed surprise and quick sympathy. He had been accustomed to open-air tragedies, had, indeed, been a star performer in not a few; but here was a mysiery as well as a catastrophe. For lack of other vent to relieve his feelings withal he began to swear disapprovingly, intimating through his oaths that it would please him to hew limb from limb the man who hurt Parsons Burns.

"Parson, parson!"?he exclaimed, stooping over him and touching his shoulder. "W'at's the matter of ye, parson?"

"Then, as he received no answer, he straightened himself up, leaned on his gun and scratched his head with an air of contemplative confusion. Just then, a horse gave forth one of those casual snorts characteristic of the genus. It was the animal that Burns had ridden. Not far away it was browsing dolefully, with a melancholy twist in its cadaverous neck and switching its tail this way and that more by force of habit than in response to the attack of one or two thriftless flies which were content to worry a skin too tough for their tiny spears.

"Yer, yer, parson! W'at's this mean?" he went on, blustering a triffe and shaking the old man's shoulder. "Can't ye speak to a feller? Air ye bad hurt?"

Burns writhed about, turning his grimy face full upon his interrogator. The stare he gave the man fairly chilled him.

"Pierre Rameau-that's your name, ch?" he gurgled harshly. "Pierre Rameau, I will kill you-ki-i-ill you!" He tried with desperate energy to gain his fect, but he faltered and fell. "Kill! Kill!" he moaned. "I caunot-I will not die till I have kille you!"

The incomparable strangeness of his voice and the awful expression of his countonance cannot be indicated; not can more words give any adequate im pression of the man, old, withered ill-clad, groveling in the wet, sandy

the piety and tenderness of religion out of the old man's soul, for, after this, he is mightily changed in his temper and disposition, and some desperate acts are set down to his credit." Dick Beckett himself, in his extreme old age, when his mind ran mostly on things long since done, was sometimes ready to talk about Burns; but even the garrulity of nearly a century of years did not overcome a certain tantalizing discretion. The most that he would tell was to the effect that Burns seemed a little "onsettled in 'is upper story w'en 'e got well."

"Yes," he would remark, "I 'member how 'e looked w'en 'e up an' tole me good-bye an' went off to s'arch for Pierre Rameau. 'Twas ob a Thursday morniu' an' 'e said:

"'Farewell Dick. I go unto Honey Island an' woe be upon that infernal darn rascal what stole my chile!"" Doubtless this seemed to the aged fiddler the exact language of Burns; but it does not sound like him. If we cannot wholly believe that there could have been a change so sudden and so radical in the character of one who had been for so many years a sincere and singularly humble-minded preacher, we must, at least, give due weight to the evidence tending to prove it. One thing is pretty conclusively settled: Barns did penetrate to the innermost fastnesses of Honey Island, and, not finding Pierre Rameau there. made his way, by what route is not known, to New Orleans, where for some time he attracted little attention, though he wandered about by night and by day, going into all sort of places, his eyes full of a half-smoldering fire and glancing keenly into the

face of every person he met. He had no money, and how he lived ins never been found out, though after a time he met Vasseur, who thenceforward took such care of him as circumstances permitted. He had but one thought and that thought was Pierro Ramcau. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Electric Light a By-Product.

It is stated that the plate glass works at Elwood, Ind., which operates an up-to date electric light station as part of its plant to supply its own light, intends to enter into competition with the local lighting company to supply the city with lights. This is a unique by product of a glass manufacturing establishment.

comfortably seated and each had assumed a critical, listening attitude the teacher resumed the singing lesson. It was one of her most stringent rules of action that when company was present everything should go on exactly as usual.

One of her pupils, Mary Holmes, a somewhat shy girl, had a good alto voice, and the teacher was anxious that she should display it to advantage.

"Now, Mary," she said encouragingly, "when I count four you be sure to sing. Attention, children."' raising her baton. "One, two, three-readysing." The children sang lustily, but Mary's alto voice was missing.

"I dien't hear your voice that time. Mary. Remember, when I count four you are to sing. Next verse, children! One, two-" Mary watched the mostrong alto.

Well, what is it?"

ing her fingers. "Please, Miss Brooks," she said breathlessly, "you told me to sing when you counted four, and you only count just to three every time!"-Youth's Companion.

Music Heard in Moro.

Moro music is strangely unrhythmical to European ears, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine. It consists mainly of a monotonous reiteration of sound, even a supposed change of air being almost imperceptible to an ear unaccustomed to the barbarous lack of tone. The Moro piano is a wooden frame shaped like the runners of a child's sled, on which small kettledrums are balanced by means of cords and sticks laid horizontally. These rather resemble pots for the kitchen range than musical instruments, but each is roughly tuned, forming the eight notes of the scale. Women crouching on the ground before this instrument beat out a wailing sound from it with shaped sticks, while from larger kettle-drums, hung by ropes from a wooden railing at one side, two men accompanied the piano, and one old woman in the background drummed out an independent air of her own on an empty tin pan.

Honesty.

Honesty doesn't really amount to much until it has been tried out.

Victories Won.

the morning of joy.

"It is not by regretting what is irrepar-able that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement-God's doing, there it may be a man's misdoing and hough it may be a man's misdoing; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them. Life, like your disadvantages in the lact, Life, like what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general the best christian fewest false steps. He is who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid vic-tories by the retrieval of mistakes."-F. W. Robertson.

Makes One Charitable.

True religion will make its possessor truly charitable in dealing with his busi-ness associates and competitors.-Rev. G.