

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE HALL.

"Do you know me?"
"No, how do you do?"
It was evident that Mr. Vernon was trying hard to cast off surprise and appear quite at ease; but lately he had been finding this more difficult than he was willing to acknowledge. His mind had been disturbed, and one burning suspicion was falling deeper and deeper into his heart.

He could not just then fairly understand why to see Burns standing before him should startle him so. True, the old man's face and form were clothed upon with an indescribable suggestion of weirdness; but to a man like Mr. Vernon this could not be a source of mental disquiet; it was not specially observed on the moment.

"I hope that you and your family have been well and happy since the time of your great kindness to me," said Burns, offering his hand, which Mr. Vernon felt to be like ice when he touched it.

Not the chill wind nor yet the almost numbing rain could account for the singular shiver and repulse which came out of that hand-clasp into Mr. Vernon's blood. It was like touching the flesh of a corpse, only it was far colder. On the old wanderer's cheeks burned hectic spots.

"Yes—yes, we are all very well—yes, very well. I am glad to see you again, sir. The ladies will be proud to have you come. Why haven't you been to the house?"

"I have been often but could not get in. Your man thinks I'm a beggar."

"No, don't bother with it. I am a beggar, a tramp, and I do not wish to disturb a happy family. What I want is easily told."

"Speak it, my dear sir, speak it; it is already yours."

Mr. Vernon was still holding that clammy hand and looking firmly and kindly, albeit with a sort of artificial expression, into Burns's deep-sunken and inflamed eyes.

"No, that is a polite lie. Wait till I make my desire known, then see if you can be generous."

"I am glad to hear it, sir—very glad, indeed."

Mr. Vernon wanted to shake him off for the present and go into the club-room of the Chats-Huants; he wanted to see Colonel Loring again; but Burns would not be abandoned.

"I am close on the track of Pierre Rameau," he said, "and I want your help. Turn your hand for me now, and I have him."

Mr. Vernon stood silent, and a peculiar shadow crept over his face.

"Ab, I see you are quite prompt, quite ready!" exclaimed Burns, after a mere moment. The irony was merciless.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Vernon. A gray film of passion or of some other deep feeling crept over his cheeks above the beard.

"Bah! Where were you going just now?" demanded Burns, as if with authority.

"Sir!"
"I can tell you. You were going upstairs, in there, to the room of the Chats-Huants, to meet Pierre Rameau, the robber."

"Sir!"
"You know that it is so."
"It is not true—it is—"

"Don't be angry. Stop and think. Stop and turn about. I like you; I owe my life to you. I would save yours now. Don't go in there."

Two or three suspicious-looking fellows came near and acted as if they were trying to overhear what was being said. Perhaps they thought it was a quarrel that would end in a fight, the most interesting thing in the world to such characters.

Burns, like the Ancient Mariner, was holding his auditor with his glittering eye. The wedding-guest was not more enthralled than was Mr. Vernon, albeit the latter turned abruptly and would hear no more for the moment. He could not, however, tear himself loose from the old man, who followed him and stepped again in front of him, now laying his hand on his top-coat's lapel and thrusting his eager, cadaverous lips close to his ear.

"Come aside somewhere, only for a minute. Don't stay here—for heaven's sake, don't!" he exclaimed, in a shrill whisper. "The time is at hand. Vengeance is mine! Come! I hear them approaching."

While he spoke, he was fairly forcing Mr. Vernon along, leading him away from the door of the restaurant.

About this time, a young man rode down the street at a swift pace and, flinging himself from the saddle of his beautiful horse, ran into the place, leaving the animal standing unhitched and unattended. A little later Colonel Loring came out, mounted and rode away.

So intent was Burns in his effort to draw Mr. Vernon aside, he did not notice this incident. Out slipped the Chats-Huants, one by one, two by two, quickly, silently, scattering and disappearing as if by magic.

A little later, a company of mounted soldiers swept round a corner and deployed in front of the building. Of course, they were too late to make the capture they had intended, and when they leaped from their horses, pistols in hand, and rushed in, they discovered that their bird had flown.

The clatter of hoofs as they came up attracted Burns's attention. He let go his hold and turned.

"In there! In there!" he cried, leaping forward. "Up the stairway to the right! Follow me!"

He led the way with incredible nimbleness for one so old and frail-looking. A long, keen knife flashed in his hand.

The rush was over in a minute. Doors were dashed open or kicked off their hinges, and the rooms above and below were searched without ceremony.

Mr. Vernon stood looking on, apparently quite calm. He had seen Colonel Loring go, and now he comprehended the whole affair. It had been well planned and well executed, notwithstanding the outcome. But for the faithful spy at Jackson's headquarters and the swift courier sent in the very nick of time, Loring would have been taken.

"I said all the time that the old fool was crazy," growled the officer who had led the dash. "The whole story was absurd."

"Yes, sir," replied the subaltern whom he addressed, "it was indeed a fool's errand. Storming a junk-shop and led by a ragamuffin!"

They were coming out of the building, disappointed and vexed, ashamed of the part they had been forced to play in a scene so like a farce.

"You'd better go home and soak your head, old man!" added one of them, turning with brutal severity and addressing Burns. "I s'pose you've been drunk for a month."

The old man paid no attention to the remark, did not even glance at the speaker, but walked forth into the street and away, with his chin on his breast and his knife in his hand.

He overtook Mr. Vernon, or rather they came together when the latter emerged from a side street a block or two distant from the scene just witnessed. The rain was still slanting along the wind in a fine drizzle; Burns looked pinched and blue. Without a word, Mr. Vernon drew off his top-coat and hung it over the old man's shoulders.

"Put away your knife," he said. "You will need it."

Burns obeyed mechanically, hiding it somewhere in his bosom. Evidently he was but vaguely aware of what he was doing. His vision was introverted, his feelings were numbed.

"You will come home with me now," Mr. Vernon added, taking him gently by the arm. "We will have dinner."

Burns looked up quickly with a glance of suspicion or, perhaps, of deeper meaning.

"No," he said, "I will not."

Further words on the subject were shut off by the peremptory tone and manner. They walked on a little way in silence, hearing the surface-water bubble in the gutter beside the trottoir. Few people were in the streets; but the gambling-rooms were full, the coffee-houses noisy.

Suddenly Mr. Vernon closed his grasp more firmly on Burns's arm and, looking into his face said with the force of a command:

"Tell me, is Colonel Loring Pierre Rameau?"

Burns started at the mention of the latter name.

"You know Pierre Rameau; I know you do," he answered, slowly drawing out his words. "He calls himself Colonel Loring here in the city; but you know that he is Kirk MacCollough, son of Jane MacCollough, whose husband was Thomas MacCollough, the traitor, who was banished nearly forty years ago."

There was a horrible leer in the old preacher's eyes. It was the same glare that had been in the eyes of the vultures when they sailed low over him during those dreadful days in the woods. Behind his words there stretched an infinitude of significance; it was as if each syllable echoed back to some far date and stirred up long buried sentiments. Mr. Vernon stopped short in the street and held him as in a vise.

"What are you saying?" he demanded hoarsely. "What do you know about Thomas MacCollough and Jane MacCollough? Who are you?"

Burns did not speak forthwith.

"No! You are crazy!" Mr. Vernon cried, thrusting him away with such force that he almost fell into the gutter. But there was no anger in the act.

"Yes, I am crazy," the old man said, when he had regained his equilibrium, "and you ought to be."

At this moment came a curious exchange of glances between them. It was like a quick acknowledgement of a common thought, pang burdened and unwelcome to one, a matter of hopeless indifference to the other.

Mr. Vernon picked up the top-coat, which had fallen from Burns's shoulders, and replaced it with gentle care.

"I knew Jane MacCollough," he said; "she was Jane Alexander before she was married."

"Yes."
"And you said she had a son?"
"Yes; Kirk—Colonel Loring—Pierre Rameau. These three are one."
"You know this?"
"You know it."

They stood there in the rain and searching wind, the water dripping from their hat-brims and their gray locks tossing about. Mr. Vernon combed his abundant beard with his fingers.

Burns came closer to him.

"I think I had best tell you," he said; "for, after all, you ought to know."

"I know already," Mr. Vernon calmly replied, "all that you can tell me and more."

"No, not all. Kirk MacCollough's last—no, not exactly last, nor yet his worst, but one of his acts you have no account of. I will tell you."

Then the old man described his meeting with Pierre Rameau in the Pearl-River country and the cold-blooded event of it. He showed no senile crudity in delivering himself. Indeed, the blunt thrust of his sentences gave an awful realism to his story.

"I felt that it was best to tell you," he added at the end, with something like a suggestion of regret or apology for the indiction.

"Oh, certainly!" said Mr. Vernon. The coolness of this remark, not far removed from sheer indifference, seemed to excite Burns inordinately, and, as if in retaliation, he began at once to tell what Rameau had said regarding the fate of Margaret, and consequently with great candor and unconsciously with supreme feeling he presented the absolute dramatic spirit of the terrible deed.

Mr. Vernon stood in an attitude of stark attention. The story was quickly told with few gestures and in a low tone.

"But—but—" Burns hesitated a moment as he was concluding, gazing fixedly the while—"though you saved my life, though I would all but die for you and yours, I cannot spare him—I cannot spare him even for you!"

Mr. Vernon wrung water from his beard and stood silent. The rain was soaking his clothes, but he did not feel it.

A little later the two old men parted, Burns refusing to accompany the other any farther or to accept any aid from him. Unconsciously, however, he wore away Mr. Vernon's comfortable top-coat.

At Chateau d'Or, meantime, Pauline and her mother were discussing a subject which mothers and daughters have busied themselves with since the first day that love and marriage were lifted to a true sanctity in human households. Fairfax had just gone away, and Pauline, with true French impetuosity, an inheritance from Madame Vernon, ran to that warm-hearted woman and flung herself into her arms. The act interpreted itself for the mother knew every movement of her child and its meaning. She had expected this and was glad of it, and yet she felt a thrill that was more than half a pang as she clasped the little, quivering form and began passionately to kiss the blooming lips and cheeks. She felt hot tears dropping from the girl's eyes.

"But he is going to the army," Pauline sobbed. "Going right away to fight!"

"And your father, too, is going," said Mrs. Vernon, stroking her bright hair, soothingly. "We must be as brave as they."

In the midst of her distress, which was so largely joy, Pauline felt a distinct satisfaction in the parallel implied by her mother's remark. It was as if she had said: "My dearest one, too, is going to join the army. If I can let mine go, you can let yours go. We are quite on an equality in the matter." The comfort in this leveling and blending suggestion may have been remote and obscure to a degree; but it was nevertheless unmistakable.

"But they will be killed! They will be brought back dead!" Pauline continued, putting a hand on each side of her mother's face and gazing through her tears.

"We'll hope not. We'll pray for their safety, my dear. God takes care of us all. He keeps our beloved ones for us."

"Our beloved ones!" The phrase was like a sweet chime in Pauline's ears.

"But why must war come just now, mamma, dear? Just now—just now when we are so happy!"

"Men must fight, you know; it is their glory. And we poor women must wait and pray."

A servant announced Mademoiselle de Sezannes, who soon appeared, still muffled in her carriage-cloak, with a touch of the rain on her clothes. Her beauty was much heightened by her air of excitement. She had come to Pauline for comfort in her distress. Lieutenant Ballanche had been sent down the river in command of a scouting party detached by order of General Jackson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

During the last twelve months at least a dozen elephant trainers have been killed—more than have been killed in a dozen years previous.

Household Matters

Your Dog.

He should always have fresh drinking water.

A puppy when about three weeks old should be encouraged to lap milk.

Milk for a puppy should be scalded (not boiled) and slightly sweetened and fed to him warm.

When a puppy is four weeks old soup thickened with stale bread may begin to be gradually substituted for the bread.

If a puppy be weaned when six weeks old there's less trouble with stomach worms.

Well-boiled meat and vegetables of all kinds (except potatoes, which are hard for dogs to digest) should gradually become the dog's food.

Though the dog be by nature carnivorous, the cooling effect of a part vegetable diet makes him more desirable as a pet.

Two meals a day is enough for a grown dog; when he has but one he is so hungry that he bolts it and gets dyspepsia. Plenty of exercise and plenty of good food make a fine, strong dog.—Philadelphia Record.

A Novel Bookcase.

It seems as though there could scarcely be anything new in the line of furniture, yet there are variations of old designs which have all the appearance of novelty. One of these is a rather low, broad bookcase, at each end of which is a closet or cabinet, extending the entire height of the book shelves. They are closed with doors, decorated with carving and metal hinges and fastenings. The combination of chair and table called the chair-table is not new, but has in the process of its evolution become a much more attractive article than it was formerly. A very neat specimen of its kind is of stained forest green oak, small in size and having an oval top, which is quite inconspicuous when folded back. For a hall or for a country home, where economy of space is an object, this chair-table especially commends itself. Equally practical is a table of oak, with metal trimmings. A shelf under and the same size as, the square top, is closed in at two opposite sides, while at the other two are little drop shelves, which, when shut up, enclose the shelf like a box. This compartment could be used for tea things, for sewing materials, or even as a receptacle for a smoker's set in a man's den.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Laundering Dainty Fabrics.

The laundering of embroidered linens requires almost as much skill as does the manufacture of the dainty fabrics. Carelessness in this respect may in a few minutes ruin weeks of work. An embroidered piece should never be put in with the regular wash. In fairly hot water and a light suds of some pure soap dip the soiled piece quickly several times. If it be necessary with any one spot, rub it gently between the hands, but avoid a general rubbing, as this is apt to disarrange the smooth surface of the most evenly set stitches. Rinse thoroughly in cold, clean water. To dry, lay it between two towels or thick line cloths and roll loosely in such a way that no part of the embroidery shall touch any other part of the piece. Never fold or hang up a wet piece of embroidery nor leave it in a little damp heap "just for a minute" while something else is attended to. But rolled between dry towels, it can be wrung, twisted or lightly pounded to hasten the drying process, without danger. When quite dry it may be removed from the towels and, for ironing, laid face down on a thickly covered ironing board. This gives a soft surface for the relief of the embroidered design to give into. Otherwise these surfaces would be flattened and the chief beauty of the piece ruined. Spread a clean white cloth, moistened in clean unsoaped water over the reverse side of the linen and pass the iron quickly and lightly over the whole surface, being careful not to press too heavily on the embroidery itself. Damp linen, dry silks, hot iron and quick action are the chief elements of success in the smoothing of embroideries.—New York Tribune.

RECIPES.

Black Raspberry Jam—Take four baskets of black raspberries and crush them, bring to the simmering point in a preserving kettle, then put through a sieve. If there are plenty of red currants on hand, use one basket of them instead of a basket of berries. Add to the juice four baskets of black raspberries and cook gently for ten minutes, then add two pounds of sugar and boil to a jam. Put in glasses and cover with paraffine.

Turkish Chicken—Singe and draw a good sized fowl, then split and cut each piece in two. In a large saucepan melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of chopped onion and one-half of a green pepper seeded and chopped; cook for a moment, lay in the chicken, and draw over the hot fire, turning until each piece is lightly browned. Add one quart of broth or water, three cupfuls of strained tomato, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of paprika or white pepper, two cloves, a stalk of celery and two sprigs of parsley. Cover with a little saffron, add one cupful of well-washed rice and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; cook until the broth is absorbed and the rice is tender. In dish use a deep platter and arrange the chicken over the mound of rice.

The rate of suicides per million in London is 95; in Brussels, Berlin, Stockholm and St. Petersburg 300, and in Paris and Vienna 400 per million.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Twelve Points in Dairying.

At a recent meeting of the Georgia State Dairy Association, President Redding summed up the points in favor of dairying as follows:

First—The first advantage of dairying is that it takes less fertility from the soil than other branches of farming. A ton of wheat takes \$7 out of the farm and sells for less than \$16. A ton of butter takes fifty cents' worth of plant food from the farm and sells for from \$400 to \$600. Comment is needless.

Second—Butter is a condensed product. Nothing can be made or grown upon the farm that will bring as much per pound. Farms remote from market and communities far from railroads can send butter from farm or creamery with the least possible expense. The dairyman can condense tons of fodder and crops on the farm into dairy products and send them to market in compact and portable form.

Third—Butter is a finished product. It is ready for the consumer either at the private dairy or local factory, or creamery. The only exception is where cream is sent long distances to a central station from skimming scattered over a large section of the country. But this exception only proves the rule.

Fourth—Dairying brings in a constant income. The man who sells crops of any kind has to wait until he can market his product once a year. There is little satisfaction in this. It is unbusiness-like to go without cash for fifty-one weeks and then have a lot of money come in at one time. The dairyman has an income nearly or quite fifty-two weeks in the year.

Fifth—Dairying gives constant and remunerative employment. The grain or potato grower must spend a large part of the year in enforced and demoralizing idleness; but the dairyman finds profitable work is most profitable during the winter time. (The point is not well taken for this southern latitude. It might be said that the cotton farmer spends eleven months and three weeks of the year in making and harvesting his crop and one day to pay \$500 worth of debts with \$400.)

Sixth—On the dairy farm the work is better divided. The grain harvest comes so close to buying that it often gets mixed up with it, to the detriment of both; but when the corn is grown and put into the silo for dairy feed, and not so much or no grain raised, the harvests are several weeks apart.

Seventh—Skill and brain work get better pay in dairying than in any other branch in farming. To produce fine dairy products requires something besides hard work. The dairyman must have knowledge and skill, and must exercise great care.

Eighth—There is more room at the top, greater opportunity to improve, than in any other kind of hard work. Cows produce from 150 to 500 pounds of butter per year, and butter sells from ten cents to \$1 per pound. No branch of agriculture shows anything like this or gives such a chance to rise.

Ninth—Take the country through and there is no other kind of farm work so well suited to women as dairying.

Tenth—Dairying leads to thoughtfulness for the comfort of animals and thus tends to morality. To do her best the cow must be made as comfortable as possible in every way. She will tolerate no neglect or cruelty. She is a teacher of gentleness and kindness.

Eleventh—Dairying is the most progressive branch of farming.

Twelfth—Dairying pays better than any other branch of farming, both actually and prospectively.

Horse Sense About Peach Growing.

In a late issue of the National Stockman John F. Boyer gives some points on peach culture, that every observant person who has had experience will fully indorse. He says:

The production of the peach can be obtained in the sands of Florida, and in the icy clime of the far north. Yet we would not expect the best results in such extremes. The climate should be free from all dangerous frosts, but it is not. We get very nervous on cold nights late in spring when the temperature is likely to fall below the freezing point. The only and safest way to grow peaches is to locate our orchards on hills where there is more of an equal temperature.

The man is the most important element; he can cause failure when the most favorable conditions surround him.

The man himself should have an iron constitution, he must use his brains, he must know chemistry in order to know what element of plant food is removed from the soil. Otherwise the soil may become exhausted and cause failure under most favorable conditions. He must like and have confidence in the business, he must be able

to bear reverses. The most important question before us to-day is how best and most economically to assist nature in the work and reap greatest rewards. Chemists tell us that a well matured peach contains about eighty-eight or ninety per cent. water, therefore it is essential to have an ever abundant supply of water where the fibers can reach it. We must, however, bear in mind that the peach tree will not bear stagnant water. This is very injurious. But what is the use talking about irrigation in a section of country where the streams are down in the valleys and the orchards located on the hills, especially if we think about the 27,000 gallons, the amount necessary to apply one inch of water to a single acre of ground, and in a dry season three such applications a week would be none too much. I have between seventeen and eighteen thousand peach trees in cultivation with a ground space of about eighty-eight acres. Were I to apply one inch of water to each acre devoted to peach trees it would require 2,376,000 gallons of water each application. This would be an impossibility. Could I apply a mulch with straw or litter I might possibly hold the required amount of moisture, but this is another impossibility.

Thus I have been driven to what is known as horse-leg irrigation.

Butter Making in the South.

Some time ago we read in an extract from a letter written by a butter expert, now located in Central Georgia, the following statement: "I wish to add emphasis to all you have said, that those who are making a good article of butter have a demand for it greater than they can supply. I came here as a dairy expert, to give special attention to the making of butter. I find that I am able to make just as good butter here as at the North, and we have increased the dairy herd from fifty to seventy and we intend to increase as fast as possible to 300. Dairying as a side issue in the cultivation of cotton, in a good rotation, would reduce the acreage and largely increase the profits." What this man says is the same thing that we have urged many a time in this paper. He does not say it any better than this paper has said it; but he does say it from the standpoint of experience and actual business practice. If the readers of this paper were all ignorant people, who could not recognize both the need for a change in the general line of farming now in vogue in this section, and the wisdom of raising such things as there is a home demand for, we should not think it worth while to insist upon this point. But every intelligent cotton grower certainly knows that exclusive cotton is not profitable, and that a change to something for which there is a good cash demand at home is the wise thing to do. All cannot and will not go to making butter. But a great many can, and if they will make good butter, they can sell it at a good price for cash, at home. It will be a good change to try. Butter-selling is the least exhaustive way of converting farm products into cash, and dairy farming is the most certain way to improve the farm. When the need for change and improvement is so universal and so urgent, it should surely induce the thinking farmers to look thoroughly into the proposition. We believe butter can be made cheaper in Georgia than in Wisconsin or Iowa. Then, why import butter from those States?

How to Destroy Sassafras Sprouts.

G. R. L. Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: I find that in a great deal of my best soil sassafras sprouts come up and it is almost impossible to kill them out. Can you tell me any way to accomplish this? Is there any certain season of the year when these sprouts can be cut so that it will kill the roots and prevent their further growth. I have heard that salt would kill them, but I fear this would be a very tedious and expensive method of getting rid of the trouble.

Sassafras sprouts are exceedingly hard to get rid of. Angora goats when placed on such lands help to destroy them. Probably the most feasible means of getting rid of them is to plow the land very deeply so as to bring most of the roots to the surface as they do not strike very deeply into the soil. Then harrow and re-harrow the ground well so as to bring them to the surface and gather up and burn. It does not cost any more to go about their destruction in a systematic way than to trifle with them for several years and still have them in possession of the soil. If ordinary plowing does not cut them off and bring them to the surface, a plow of the sub-soil type which will run deeper can be used. It would hardly be feasible to use salt to destroy them. It is much better and cheaper to plow them out and burn them.—Professor A. M. Soule, in the Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago Daily News.)

Often the price of liberty is \$10 for ten short days.

Lots of people who rob Peter to pay Paul manage to stand Paul off.

Many a man salts away money in the brine of other people's tears.

She may be a thing of beauty until you see her emerging from the surf.

A warehouse goes on a whaling voyage when it starts out to whip somebody.

Bulletin Bubbles.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

A poor lot—potter's field.

In hot weather even a straw hat is felt.

Dead letters do not require a "post" mortem.

An up-to-date newspaper doesn't always wear a stylish wrapper.

A stingy man may hedge and still not be a hedgehog.

When some men get a job they are between two fires.