

# THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

CONTINUED.

He pushed on as best he could, guessing his direction by what he knew of the position of the Caroline and of the probable whereabouts of Jackson in reference thereto, and, before long, he found himself in a focus of converging bullets. The missiles swarmed past him like fretful bees. Then was a rush with loud yelling, and he was in the midst of a rough-and-tumble fight, where guns were clubbed, knives flashed and swords clinked savagely. He tried to fall in with his friends and take part in their behalf, but the struggle shifted the combatants so suddenly that before he could do anything he was surrounded by men wearing the uniform of the enemy. This he quickly noted by the flash of a rocket which fell, still burning, not far away.

Luckily, one of the excited and rushing British soldiers appeared to recognize his uniform. He was hastening to reach the cover of a hedge of bushes growing in an ill-kept fence-row, and had nearly reached it, when a tall man faced him and called out: "Halt! Where do you belong?" In the darkness, Fairfax, of course, could not make out the challenger's features; but the voice had a familiar sound, though his memory of it was not at the moment certain. He knew that he must answer instantly, and he did.

"I am Fairfax, of General Coffee's staff," said he.

"Then surrender!" came the short, stern command.

Fairfax responded with a sword-stroke as he leaped toward his would-be captor. He was deceived by the fog and the night's blackness, and so missed his point and his blade cut only the air. This threw him around just in time to disconcert the other's aim, which else had been deadly.

The flash and report of a pistol came together on the moment. By that instantaneous glare Fairfax saw the dark, cool face of his antagonist.

It was the face of Pierre Bameau, the face of Colonel Loring, who was replacing his pistol in his belt and drawing his sword.

The two men went toward each other; the thought of capture or surrender was vanished; for recognition had been mutual, and both felt a deadly hatred taking the place of mere soldierly animosity.

It would have gone ill with Fairfax, skillful fencer though he was, if the combat had been permitted to pass on to the end; but their swords never crossed. A heavy cannon-shot struck the ground between them and buried itself. Loring sprang away, thinking it a shell that would explode.

Fairfax took advantage of the moment and jumped through the line of weeds and bushes. It was not a heroic way of escaping from an unequal fight; but he did not think of this. Like a flash it had come into his mind that the fate of the American army might depend upon his finding General Jackson. The fall of the cannon-shot had reminded him that he was in a battle, not in a personal conflict.

On he ran till at last he came to some of Major Planché's men whom he knew. They had a torch and were working heroically to assist a party of artillerymen in getting a gun out of a little bog where its wheels had mired.

Just then General Jackson himself came up and exclaimed: "By the Eternal, men, save that gun!"

Fairfax leaped into the mud and set his shoulder into the strain. It was as if Jackson's appeal had given new strength to all. Out came the gun, and was soon again in working order.

The gun was quickly wheeled into position and began bellowing away, its balls bumping and thumping and crashing among some cabins not far off.

A party of the enemy, guided by the flash, ran up to within short musket range and fired a heavy volley. The gunner fell dead.

"Stand by that cannon, men! Stand firm! Give it to 'em!" stormed Jackson.

Fairfax sprang to the piece and took the dead gunner's place.

Then came another and heavier volley. A bullet hit him hard in the breast, but he fired the gun, now loaded to the muzzle with grape. It was a destructive shot. By merest chance, the storm of missiles went straight to the light board-fence behind which the British were massed and swept them away almost to a man.

In the space of silence that followed, Fairfax reeled, groaned and fell across the gun.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A TENDER NURSE.

Fairfax returned to consciousness after twelve hours of insensibility, and found himself in a beautiful furnished bedroom. There were bandages around his body, and his head was deep-sunk in a luxurious pillow. Around the pale-blue tester on the tall, heavily carved bed-posts hung a festoon of the most delicate and costly lace. The linen that covered him was fine, soft, fragrant, and on the walls of the chamber hung tapestries from ceiling to floor. A mahogany dressing-case, tall, slender, dark, with at-

teuanted carved legs and drawers, stood across one corner, and opposite to it a narrow cheval glass, framed in gold, was flanked by curious dog-eared vases filled with roses.

The windows of the room were large and cut into minute square panes by heavy oak mullions that showed darkly through the close folds of the lace curtains.

On the dressing-case were various things suggestive of feminine needs and tastes—a gold thimble, a brass jewel-case finely decorated and surmounted by a sleeping Pan, a curious tortoise-shell comb, a fan of ebony and heron-plumes, a pair of wee gloves and a silver tray full of gay floss, scraps of embroidery silk and a pair of scissors.

The instant that Fairfax moved, a small, hump-backed man—Crapaud Crapoussin, in fact—arose from a low chair and slipped noiselessly out of the room. In a moment, he returned, following a petite brunette, whose face was saintly in its beauty. She was young, delicate, graceful and the dead-black of her dress contrasted strangely with the soft, rose-like underglow of her cheeks and the bright flush of her ruby lips. Her hair, black and wavy, was simply done in a Greek knot, and it crinkled with charming effect around her low forehead.

She came straightway to the young man's bedside and stood there, looking down into his face, a rare smile on her half-parting lips, her head bent a little, and her dark eyes beaming softly with tender inquiry.

Crapaud slunk down again into his chair with a peculiar celerity and resumed reading a French novel bound in black leather. He had been a great admirer of Fairfax ever since the night when the young man rescued him from his burly antagonist in the street, and it was he who had asked the privilege of bringing Fairfax to New Orleans when it was found that he was badly wounded. Crapaud had volunteered as a soldier in Planché's battalion and had fought like a demon in the battle of the 23d.

Dwarf though he was, he could shoot well, and he was as courageous as Jackson himself.

"Oh, you are awake! You have slept so well!" said the young woman, smoothing the snowy bed-clothes as she spoke.

On her tiny hands were rubies and emeralds and diamonds; at her throat an enormous pearl shimmered all alone.

"You feel refreshed, don't you? Ah, to be sure you do; and you are hungry. I will give you something good."

Her voice was so tender, so sweet, so soothing. It was the voice of a French creole speaking good English, but with an indescribable sub-accent engaging as it was strange and soft.

Fairfax looked steadily at her, but for a while did not speak.

"Some soup," she went on to say; "that will be nice for you. Go, Monsieur Crapoussin, and tell Felice to bring it."

Crapaud slipped away through the door in noiseless haste.

"You are so kind, mademoiselle," Fairfax presently found tongue to say, "so very good. Where am I? What is the matter with me?"

He was half beginning to remember the battle.

"Sh—h—h!" she exclaimed. "You must not speak; the doctor said so, and he knows. I will talk for both of us. You are not so badly hurt; you just need to keep quiet for a few days, and then you'll be all right, the doctor says. Sh—h—h! Don't try to speak."

The tapering, perfectly modeled finger that she touched her lip with had on it a superb sapphire.

Crapaud came in after a while, followed by a servant with a tray, on which steamed a bowl of broth.

Fairfax could not move; indeed, he felt no inclination to; nor was he yet quite aware of what had happened to him. The young woman fed a few spoonfuls of the warm liquid and practiced to him the while. Crapaud was deep into the book again.

"The surgeon says your wound is really not a bad one," said she; "the ball only tore the muscles a little and did not touch your lung. But you must not speak to-day."

When she had given him enough to eat, she sent the servant out with the tray and sat down beside him.

"The general says that you fired the gun that turned the tide of the fight, isn't it glorious to be wounded when that is said about you? No, no; don't try to answer. I'm to do the talking. I'm so proud to have you in my house, and to have the honor of nursing you. I wish I were a man! Oh, how I would fight!"

Fairfax remembered everything now. The circumstances of the past few days came back to him all at once, and with a cold shiver he thought of Pauline, a prisoner in the British camp. He closed his eyes and groaned.

men who are not too old are gone; and women have to take care of the city and the wounded; we are making clothes for the men, making bandages, cooking food and sending it down to them. They are brave, brave men and will never let those English come here."

She stroked his temples and forehead until he dropped asleep again. For a good while she stood gazing at his pale, handsome, half-boyish face, then turning to Crapaud, said: "Watch him all the time, and if he needs me come for me."

As she turned to go out of the room she paused before the cheval glass and looked into it over her shoulder. It was a quick, bird-like, comprehensive glance. She smiled, gave a little satisfied sigh, turned her eyes once more to the bed and, shaking her jeweled finger at Crapaud to signify that he must be watchful, went out.

Crapaud read on and on, now and again looking up when Fairfax drew a deeper breath than usual. The novel was one of mystery and adventure that stirred the hunchback's blood and set his imagination into ecstasy. When it was read he flung it on the cushion of the prie-dieu where it lay an hour later when the young woman returned.

She noticed it immediately and snatched it off with a chirruping cry of disapproval.

"A romance there!" she exclaimed, with the peculiar rising inflection of the upper-class creoles.

Her little flurry disturbed Fairfax. "Sh-sh-h-h!" she hissed at Crapaud, who had not so much as breathed aloud. "You'll wake him!"

The book was placed on the dressing-case; then she went to the bed and bent over the sleeper just as he opened his eyes.

"Pauline," he murmured, gazing wistfully, "Pauline, where are you?" "There, now, be still," she said coaxingly, stroking his forehead until he again fell away into sleep.

"Crapaud," she presently spoke up, turning to the dwarf with sudden inquiry, "that's his sister's name, eh? Pauline is his sister, isn't she?"

"Yes, mademoiselle—"

"No—say, 'madame,' sir, say 'madame' to me!"

"Yes, madame, his sister, a beautiful young lady, that Pauline."

Crapaud had no particular object in telling this lie; it came to him promptly, spontaneously, just as his breath came and went forth and just as lightly.

"And she loves him very much, doesn't she?"

"Yes, madame, it is a beautiful love that sister has for him, very beautiful."

"And he loves her the same?"

"Oh, yes, madame."

She clasped her little hands, keeping undermost the one bearing the richest jewels, and turning her head to one side, looked admiringly at the wounded man's face.

"Is she like her brother, Crapaud?"

"Very like him, madame."

"How beautiful she must be, Crapaud, how very beautiful!"

An underglow showed in her dark cheeks.

"What did you say his name is?"

"Fairfax, madame."

"Ah, a fine name. I knew he was an American."

She gave the bed-covering some dainty touches and went out of the room, singing under her breath a snatch of old French song.

The next day Fairfax was feverish and sleepless; his wound had inflamed a trifle.

## STATE OF MILITARY

### Interesting Report From the Army and Navy Departments

#### SOME SOURCES OF OPPOSITION

##### Labor Leaders in Certain Quarters Contend That Our Army is An Oppressive Agency.

Washington, Special.—The annual report of Acting Adjutant General Hall of the army, was made public Wednesday. It deals with every phase of the military establishment. The actual strength of the army on October 15, 1903, was 3,681 officers and 55,500 enlisted men. Over one-half of the report is devoted to the militia and it gives a detailed account of the workings of the act to promote the efficiency of the militia in time of national peril. The Adjutant General states that "although the obligations of officers and men of the militia to respond promptly to a sudden call of the President has been on the statute books more than a hundred years, and of the organized militia of National Guard for nearly forty, and the neglect to so respond is punishable by such penalties as a court-martial may direct, experience has shown that this obligation is a theory rather than a fact. Without going farther back than the late war with Spain, the proportion of the membership of militia organizations who have actually responded to such calls of the President has borne a very small proportion to those actually borne on the company rolls." The Adjutant General comments at length on the opposition developed in some quarters to the militia law, which he says is less on the whole than was anticipated. He says it is true that certain radical leaders of the labor unions regard the militia as a menace to their purposes, although it is doubtful, he adds, if this emity extends to any considerable proportion of their membership.

##### One Hundred Petitions.

Washington, Special.—Several hundred petitions protesting against Reed Smoot retaining his seat as junior Senator from Utah were filed in the Senate. Most of these were offered by Senator Burrows, chairman of the elections committee, though nearly every State registered objection, through petitions filed by their Senators. The churches, religious organizations of all kinds, universities, colleges and other educational institutions are among the organizations which have filed protests. Some of these petitions charge that Senator Smoot has practiced polygamy, while others rest their objections on the charge that he is a member of an organization which countenances the practice of plural marriages. Senator Burrows said no action will be taken by the elections committee until the one vacancy on the committee had been filled, and that it is not likely the charges will be considered before the last week of the special session or the first week of the regular session.

##### Bryan Interviewed.

New York, Special.—Before he sailed for Europe on the Majestic, Wm. J. Bryan was asked by an interviewer: "Will the Democrats go to the polls next year as a united party?" "I think all Democrats will be united at the polls, but not, of course, those who are not Democrats. Those who are not Democrats will not be with the Democrats. If all agreed upon you, would you accept the nomination? I am not a candidate. I have said this before. I repeat it. I am not a candidate for the office. On my return I shall simply resume my fight for Democracy, and what I shall do can be gauged by what I have done in the past. I hope to keep up the fight at least 25 years more. I will then be 68 years of age, and in the meantime there will be six presidential elections. Even then I may not be too old to continue the fight." Mr. Bryan would not discuss the Panama situation at this time.

##### Grandson of Patrick Henry Dead.

Roanoke, Va., Special.—J. R. Henry, an ex-Confederate soldier, and a grandson of the famous orator and statesman, Patrick Henry, was struck by a Norfolk & Western freight train at Elliston, ten miles west of Roanoke, Wednesday and killed. His son, Daniel Henry, was killed by an engine blowing up on his first trip as a fireman on the same road several years ago.

##### Labor President Surprised.

Boston, Special.—James Tansey, president of the Textile Workers of America, who is here from Fall River attending the convention of the American Federation of Labor, expressed great surprise at the notice of a cut-down at Fall River. He said that he did not see how a cut-down would prove a remedy for existing conditions and would express no opinion whether or not the operatives would resist the reduction. In his opinion, other mills in Massachusetts and Southern New England would be likely to follow the lead of Fall River, in which case 80,000 to 100,000 operatives would be affected.

##### Hunt-Vanderbilt Suit.

Asheville, Special.—The damage suit of Hunt vs. Vanderbilt, for \$30,000, will be taken up in the Federal Court. There is a large volume of evidence to be heard in the case, and it is expected that several days will be consumed in the trial. This is the case in which Hunt was injured by a stone being thrown from a blast, while the Negro Young Men's Institute, of this city, was under construction, which Vanderbilt was having built.

#### PROMINENT PEOPLE.

F. Marion Crawford says that he never reads newspapers.

Premier Combes, who is to retire from the French Council of Ministers, is of English ancestry.

Emperor William of Germany has a collection of walking sticks of all shapes and cut in every part of the world.

The Rev. B. Alden, of Streator, Ill., ninety-seven years of age, is the oldest Methodist minister in the United States.

George S. Buxton, a friend of Charles Dickens, and at one time a playmate of Queen Victoria, died recently in Rockford, Ill.

George B. McClellan has been elected successively President of the Board of Aldermen, Congressman and Mayor of New York.

Richard T. Laffin, of Worcester, Mass., will go to the Philippines early in 1904 to superintend the construction of electric lines in and about Manila.

The place of the Von Buelow family in German history dates back 750 years. No other family during the period has contributed more officers to the empire either in military or civil life.

For fourteen years Clark Russell, the novelist, has been crippled with rheumatism, and has not set foot to ground nor had a day's freedom from racking pain. Nevertheless, he works with much youthful energy.

The bronze statue of Cecil Rhodes, which was recently completed at Fulham, England, for shipment to South Africa, is one of the largest ever cast in England. It is fourteen feet high and weighs over five tons.

Charles H. Voorhees has just died suddenly at Lexington, Ky., at the age of sixty-two. He was perhaps the most famous American duelist that was ever graduated at Heidelberg, having on his body at least twenty scars caused from wounds received in dueling.

##### Daughters of Confederacy.

Charleston, S. C., Special.—Wednesday the tenth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held in this city. Governor Heyward welcomed the 300 or more delegates to the State, and Mayor Smyth will voice the welcome of the people of Charleston. Mrs. James A. Roundville, of Georgia, the president of the order, responded. Elaborate receptions was extended to the visitors. The order has already collected \$62,000 for a \$75,000 memorial to President Davis at Richmond and doubtless will take some steps at this convention to raise the balance of the fund.

##### Great Day For Catholics.

Albany, Special.—One of the most elaborate ceremonies in the history of the Catholic church of Albany took place Sunday, when Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio, apostolic delegate of the Catholic church of the United States, paid his first official visit to this city and celebrated pontifical high mass at the Catholic Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. The occasion brought thousands of both Catholics and Protestants for many miles around, and the church streets surrounding were packed with people.

##### Threatened Assault on Jail.

Newbern, N. C., Special.—Newbern was thrown into a state of intense excitement Wednesday afternoon by a message received from the sheriff of Jones county, to the sheriff of Craven county, to the effect that a movement on foot around Trenton to raise a body of men to come to Newbern by road and raid the county jail for the purpose of liberating the murderer, Dixon, of Jones county, who was convicted and sentenced twice to be hanged for the murder of Weber. His last sentence is that he, Dixon, is to hang on the first day of December of this year.

##### News Notes.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey arrived at Norfolk and inspected the navy yard there.

The Norfolk and Southern railroad has been indicted, charged with violating the "Jim Crow" car law.

The Oyster Commission reported to the Virginia Legislature, which met in Richmond, recommending the lease for planting of about 170,000 acres in the Baylor survey.

Postmaster General Payne estimates the deficit of the postal service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, at \$8,813,709.

Rear-Admiral O'Neil in his annual report says the greatest need of the Bureau of Ordnance is a larger supply of guns.

Two hold-up men robbed Assistant Cashier Melville Wheeler, of the telephone company at Knoxville, Tenn., of \$3,000.

Representative Denny introduced in the House two bills providing for appropriations for the improvement of Baltimore's harbor and a deep-water channel to the sea.

Mr. John P. Morgan denied that he intended to retire from active business.

Announcement was made that last year's contributions of the Methodist Episcopal church has passed the \$1,500,000 mark.

Mrs. D. T. Hollis, of Camden, Del., shot and killed her husband as he slept. She is said to be insane.

The Amalgamated copper mines in Montana resumed work.

The German Imperial family was reported much alarmed at the Emperor's malady.

##### Engineer Earned Money.

When Engineer Warboy took the special train chartered by Mr. Lowe to take him to his daughter's bedside, the latter, in his anxiety to complete his wonderful journey, offered \$50 for every minute gained by the engineer over the schedule. The run from San Bernardino to Los Angeles is 60 miles, and Warboy covered the distance in 62 minutes, nine minutes ahead of the schedule. A great part of the run was at the rate of a mile for every 50 seconds.

## PALMETTO CLEANINGS.

Minor Events of the Week in a Brief Form.

#### For a Closer Union.

Greenville, Special.—The following order has been issued by Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, with reference to a closer union with the Sons of Veterans:

Headquarters, U. C. V.  
New Orleans, Oct. 31, 1903.  
General Orders No. 303.

I. The commanding general announces with peculiar pride the intense satisfaction he feels in directing attention to the closer relations that are to be established between the U. C. V. and the U. S. C. V.; and he is confident that this feeling animates the breast of every member of our beloved organization.

II. The commanding general directs particular attention to the following report of the special committee who had this matter under consideration during the recent reunion, which report was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted by the convention.

"The committee appointed for the purpose of a conference between the United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans with a view to the closer association of the two confederations, having met and exchanged views, submit the following as their unanimous report:

1. "That there shall be appointed a standing committee of five members of the United Confederate Veterans and a like number from the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be selected by the respective commanders-in-chief, to be known as the joint committee on cooperation between the veterans and sons; and it is recommended that the several divisions appoint similar committees.

2. "That at all the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans the United Sons of Confederate Veterans shall have the privileges of the floor, but without the right to vote. That particularly at the opening or welcoming ceremonies the sons shall be seated with the veterans, and the commander of the sons shall respond to the address of welcome as well as the commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and the veterans have similar privileges of the conventions of the sons. That divisions of the United Confederate Veterans be authorized to extend similar courtesies to the sons at all division reunions.

4. "That the camps of the United Confederate Veterans shall be authorized to enroll in associate membership the sons, giving them, for each camp, such privileges of membership as such camp may determine; provided, such son is a member of some duly organized camp, belonging to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

5. "That the sons be urged to uniform themselves in historic grey, but in so doing omit from such uniforms all designations of military rank; and that they be urged in the designation of their officers to use no military titles.

"That all camps and all officers of the United Confederate Veterans be earnestly recommended to assist in every possible manner in the organization and support of camps of sons; and that the veterans see to it that in all Confederate gatherings and celebrations the sons shall be given prominence. They are the heirs of and must, by association with the veterans, be taught the glorious heritage that belongs to them.

"C. IRVINE WALKER,  
"Chairman for Com. U. C. V."

#### South Carolina Items.

Mr. H. M. Dooley, chief law agent of the Southern Railroad, went to Rock Hill Monday night from Washington and after conference with Mr. R. A. Willis, of Edgemoor, who was so seriously hurt in the Fishing Creek wreck, gave him a check for \$5,000, full settlement of all damage claims against the road. Mr. Willis is still on crutches and the probability is he will be more or less crippled permanently.

Constable Jenkins of Rock Hill went to Fort Lawn Thursday and before he had been there a half day he captured two tigers for selling and one for storing and keeping contraband liquor in possession. The three offenders were taken before Magistrate C. T. Minors Monday and the two sellers were bound over to court in the sum of \$300 each and the other in the sum of \$200. This action occasioned consternation among the tigers. The trial was attended by all the negroes for miles around.

Aquilla Ehney, of Orangeburg county, shot a negro, his wife and baby with No. 3 shot, a few days ago, but neither was dangerously hurt.

The Olympia Mill, in Columbia, the largest mill under one roof on the continent, was placed in the hands of receivers by Judge Simonton Tuesday. The company will be reorganized.

The Bank of Piedmont has recently been organized with the following officers: W. A. Simpson, president; E. P. Vandiver, vice-president; Jos. Norwood, cashier and manager. The directors of the bank are the following well-known gentlemen: Jas. L. Orr, W. H. Hammett, J. T. Long, M. W. Merritt, W. A. Simpson, J. M. Long, W. S. Mauldin, E. P. Vandiver and Jos. Norwood.

In a house of ill fame, in Greenville, Homer Everett shot and seriously wounded Henry Haynes of Spartanburg Sunday night at 3:40 o'clock. Everett, who was said to have been drunk at the time, left the premises shortly after the shooting and has not been seen since. Haynes says that Everett came into the house and shot at him without any provocation whatever. The bullet entered the right arm and passed through into the right breast. Dr. Mauldin was summoned and gave Haynes's wound proper attention. It is not thought that it will result fatally.