

AN IDYL OF HONOLULU.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband. Written for This Paper.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"And now for a serious word, with you," said Bullet, as he drew his chair close to Alma's. "Has Benning proposed yet?"

"Not yet, father."

"Why don't you fetch him to the point?"

"I'm doing all I can."

"Well, you must do a little more," said Bullet, with unswayed gravity. "If this marriage does not soon take place, it will never take place at all. There seems to be a little lead somewhere. There are two or three sailors here, who are from here, and who seem to know all about him. At least, they have a great deal to say, especially when they are in their cups, and I begin to fear that the secret may, in some way, reach Benning's ears, or at least the ears of some one who will comprehend the situation and come here and claim him. As the case stands, something must be done immediately. How can we contrive to give him a shock—an impetus in the right direction—an awakener?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Alma, "unless I pretend to kill myself."

"Hush! What if he should hear you? Try to think of something practical. By the way, can you account for his coldness?"

"Certainly. He's bound up in a desire to know who and what he formerly was, who are his relatives, and how he came here, and so on."

The old sailor looked startled.

"Things are not in a very critical pass," he whispered. "Try to think of something over night that will concentrate his thoughts upon you."

The "awakener" so ardently desired by Bullet and his daughter came sooner than it was expected.

Impelled by his unrest, our hero again rambled off into the hills early in the forenoon subsequent to the conversation we have just recorded, and was absent several hours—so long, in fact that Alma again went to look for him.

Following a trill which she supposed to be Ralph's she advanced into the heart of one of those great solitudes which characterize so much of the interior of the island, when the snapping of a twig at her side caused her to start and look up quickly.

Keeri was again beside her.

The Kanaka was smiling now, but it was a grim sort of smile, one that rather conduced than relaxed his features.

"I am glad to see again," he said, half mockingly. "I have just been sending a snug retreat for you in one of the hills away here to the northward."

"For you?" cried Alma.

"Yes, for you. And as I know that you will not honor it with a visit of your own accord, I shall take you thither against your wishes."

"Villain! don't come a step nearer!"

"But I will, though!"

With this he seized her.

We need not relate the details of the struggle that followed. Suffice it to say that her hands, being duly secured, and a gag placed in her mouth, the girl was led away in the direction indicated by her desperate admirer.

About an hour thereafter, having come home to dinner, and experienced the double shock of finding both his daughter and Ralph absent, the old sailor conceived a lively suspicion that something was wrong, and at once took down an old musket from a peg and started for the Creekside, to learn if any one there knew anything of these unusual phenomena.

To his great surprise he found the premises in question utterly deserted. This third absence was significant in the highest degree, and it was in a perfect whirlwind of apprehension that Bullet began scouring the adjacent hills and forests.

He had not gone far, however, when he beheld a sight that brought him to an abrupt halt—Ralph Kemplin leaning against a tree and engaged in such a profound reverie as to be utterly unconscious of everything around him.

"Still thinking about his former self, I suppose," thought Bullet. "Wonder if I can't startle him into thinking of Alma?"

The case being at once stated to the young Chicagoan, he became as agitated as the old sailor cared to see him. The girl had not only been very kind to him, but had rendered him great services, especially in the matter of his new education—services for which he designed, as he had often assured himself, to always treat her as a sister.

"Yes, the cursed Kanaka has carried it off to some den in the mountains, and the adventure with which Bullet concluded his harrowing tale, 'and all because she has refused his offer of marriage, and because he suspects her of being engaged to you,'

This was certainly putting the case upon a footing that touched her heart closely, and the zeal with which he joined Bullet in a search for the missing girl can be imagined.

During the remainder of the day, and all the subsequent forenoon, the couple scoured the great solitudes of the interior for some trace of the missing girl and Keeri, but all in vain. It was not till the close of the second afternoon of their search that a clue was vouchsafed them, but it came at last. Just as the day was closing, and they were about to retreat from a narrow ravine into which they had descended, they saw a man emerge from a cave and look cautiously around. This man was Keeri, and the searchers at once comprehended the situation. They had traced the Kanaka to his lair.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE HER ONLY PROTECTION.

At sight of Keeri, so plainly revealed and so unscrupulous of any hostile presence, the old sailor smiled grimly, and his whole frame shook with a convulsion of joy and relief.

"Cautious!" was his warning whisper. "At last we have him! We've only to finish cleverly as we have begun."

His presence here is a sufficient indication of his business, returned Ralph. "It's not merely him, but he is here as Miss Bullet's jailor."

"Of course, of course. The minute you set eyes on him, you know that Alma is not far distant. I dare say we are within a few rods of her person. Take care that the infernal Kanaka does not see or hear us. He'd probably sooner murder the poor child than permit us to take her from him."

By this time the Kanaka had finished his keen survey of his surroundings, without detecting the presence of the two men, and commenced making his way down an abrupt declivity toward a small stream that wound its shining course along the bottom of the narrow valley. A pail he carried in his

right hand indicated clearly enough that he was seeking a supply of water for himself or for his captive.

"We have him!" breathed Bullet in Ralph's ear, as his grim smile gave place to a look of the sternest resolve. "You see the point for which he is making? From our present position we can almost drop ourselves upon him at the instant he is filling his pail. No one but him any more than is necessary. He's almost crazy, you know, his love for Alma—and it's little to be wondered at, for she's a girl of a million."

The sternness of the old sailor's countenance showed that this suggestion was more designed to influence Ralph than to spare the Kanaka.

"Do just as you see me do, my dear Benning," added Bullet, when Keeri had nearly reached the brook, "and we shall have him safe and snug in less than a minute."

The event proved the justness of the old man's calculations. At the very instant Keeri stooped beside the stream to fill his pail, the two men hurled themselves upon him.

The contest that followed, however, was as desperate as it was short. The savage Kanaka exerted himself so violently that Ralph had to set themselves extremely to work before he was overpowered and bound securely.

"So you've gone to keeping house in the hills, have you?" sneered Bullet, when at last the Kanaka lay panting and helpless at his feet. "Where is your daughter?"

"Don't you wish you knew, old man?" was the spiteful answer.

"We shall have to extract the desired information from him, I think," suggested Ralph, quietly. "A good sousing in the nearest pool will probably loosen his tongue."

"I dare say. Let's try it."

The two men laid hold of the Kanaka immediately, with an air which showed how earnestly they were in quest of information.

"If the water don't fetch him, we'll tie him up by the thumbs, salt fashion," muttered Bullet, as he and Ralph bore the prisoner toward a considerate pool, which had formed at a bend in the stream. "He must tell us where Alma is or we'll souse the breath out of his body."

"Touching faith!" muttered Bullet, as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes. "But in this case it was not falacious. Mr. Benning and I have indeed found you, never again to lose sight of you in such a way as this, if human foresight can prevent it."

Leaving Keeri in the cave, so secured in well-knotted ropes that several hours would be consumed by him in setting them free, the rescuers and Alma took their homeward way. Bullet leading the way, and the girl leaning heavily upon the arm of Ralph.

That she had suffered from her captivity was apparent at a glance, her features being much thinner and paler than usual, but the fresh air, coupled with the excitement of the hour, soon brought the color to her cheeks. An easy walk of a couple of hours brought the trio to Bullet's dwelling, where they proceeded to rest and recuperate from their fatigues and trials.

"Safe and well?"

The old sailor drew a long sigh of relief, as did Ralph. It occupied only a few moments to find the key of the door in Keeri's pocket and to use it, thus bringing the captive and her rescuers face to face.

The scene that followed was sufficiently emotional, the girl not only clinging sobbingly to her father's breast, but also throwing herself impulsively into the arms of Ralph, with joyous cries and tears. And it was not without an answering emotion that he received these grateful effusions for his share in the rescue. As he had long been oblivious of even Maida Stepp's existence, no former memory preserved him from the full effect of Alma's exaggerated gratitude. He did not love the wily girl, but he was grateful to her for all the interested kindnesses she had shown him, and he was neither so stony nor so wooden as to receive her demonstrations unmoved. To the contrary, as he found her arms thrown tightly around his neck, at that moment of joyous excitement, he became conscious of a deeper interest in her than he had ever before experienced. Even Keeri perceived that he had lost his love for Alma—and it's little to be wondered at, for she's a girl of a million."

"How has the Kanaka treated you?" asked Bullet, as soon as Alma, with well-acted confusion, had withdrawn from the arms of the young Chicagoan.

"Oh, very well," replied Alma. "He has kept me a close prisoner and has tried to coax and scare me into marrying him, but he has not been particularly intrusive or dangerous."

"What shall be his punishment?"

"I think he'll be punished enough if you take good care of him that he does not get hold of me again," returned the shaming girl, with a stealthy glance at Ralph.

"I'll take good care for that—with Mr. Benning's aid," said Bullet. "But what a curious place the rascal fitted up for you here!" he added, waylaying the girl and holding her marking the extent and contents of the cavern.

"Everything indicates that he has taken time to prepare for your long residence in this hideout place."

"Certainly. He has been engaged for weeks in fitting up the place, and he has declared again and again that I should never leave it, unless under a solemn promise to marry him. But all his threats did not trouble me greatly, for I felt sure that Mr. Benning and you would find me."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Deadly Lockjaw.

One of the most violent diseases we have, lockjaw, has at last been found to be curable, and where 99 per cent. of those who contracted the disease were before sure to die, we now can rely upon nearly as large a percentage of cures. This disease has been a mystery until quite recently. Why one should contract lockjaw by running a small tack, splinter or other substance into his body, and another escape all trouble, no one could understand. It was supposed for a long time that certain people had a predisposition to the disease, and the least wound inflicted this way would cause lockjaw. But now that the bacillus of lockjaw has been discovered we know differently. This bacillus is in the shape of a drum-stick and contains a deadly poison. The bacillus is found everywhere in the surface soil of the streets or fields, and every time we run any foreign substance into the body we run the risk of getting lockjaw. The germs are all around us in the dirt of streets, and this is why nails that are run into the feet when walking on the roads are apt to give the person lockjaw. The bacilli have congregated on the nail in great numbers, and when introduced into the system they set up a violent poison. A curious powder has now been obtained after a long series of experiments which will instantly kill the bacilli of lockjaw, and when patients are suffering from the dreaded disease, and the least wound inflicted this way would cause lockjaw. But now that the bacillus of lockjaw has been discovered we know differently. This bacillus is in the shape of a drum-stick and contains a deadly poison. The bacillus is found everywhere in the surface soil of the streets or fields, and every time we run any foreign substance into the body we run the risk of getting lockjaw. 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