

AN IDYL OF HONOLULU.

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

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

That Keeri had foreseen about how the matter would turn, was sufficiently evinced by his conduct. Beyond the observations we have recorded, not a word escaped him; but he stood leaning calmly against the door of a pew, in the attitude of a man who considers himself master of the situation.

As to Alma and Ralph, they had taken very little notice of the intruder, the prompt action of Bullet having assured them that he would do all that could be done in his own interest and that of the bridal couple. Alma, it is true, could not refrain from darting sundry glances of scorn and indignation at the rejected suitor, and Ralph was only restrained by a sense of dignity from the instant chafing of the intruder; but both of the contracting parties were too eager to have never endured than resented the intrusion.

"Well, what is decided?" whispered Alma to her father, as Bullet returned, flushed and excited, to her side.

"We must go home immediately," was the answer, in a correspondingly low voice. "The conveyance is still in waiting. I'll explain all as soon as we are by ourselves."

This conclusion was so different from that expected by Alma that she could neither restrain her tears nor her anger.

"Is that tawny rascal, then, so high and mighty that we must be his human victims?" she demanded, excitedly. "Hush! Let us have no further scene here," enjoined Bullet, nervously. "Nothing is particularly amiss—if you do as I tell you. The priest has given me instructions. We must leave at once."

The gravity of her father's tones impressed the girl even more than the words had done, and now she delayed the departure. Keeri waited in his seat attitude until the bridal couple and Bullet had returned to their carriage, and then he stalked quietly away, paying little heed to the suppressed fears and reproaches of which he was the object from the younger portion of the guests, whose pleasure he had thus troubled.

In three minutes more the little church was deserted, and the bridal party were leaving the town behind them.

"To go home is our first step, of course," whispered Bullet, indicating by a nod an unwelcome listener in the person of the driver of the carriage. "It's only at home that I shall be able to talk with you freely."

Hardly a word passed until the ride was over, although it was one, it will be remembered, of nearly an hour's duration.

"You may wait," said Bullet to the driver, when the party had alighted. "I shall probably require your services further."

The bridal couple were soon seated with Bullet in the privacy of their little sitting room, and then the bold and still angry eyes of Alma turned inquisitively to her father.

"I can now tell you all," said the ex-sailor in a whisper, after looking nervously around. "That wretched Keeri had the basement of the church full of sailors from the dock and Kanakas from all points of the compass. He must have had, the pastor thinks, fifty or sixty armed men at his heels, and he came there intent upon an unheard-of disturbance. To kill Mr. Benning, outright, and to carry you off again to the hills, Alma, were two well-defined points of his plan and my life, of course, was not accounted for the safety of a few."

The Kanaka was silent a moment, recoiling in his amazement, and then he cried:

"You are aware, of course, that Mr. Bullet has been seriously injured taken home in an insensibility and dangerous condition?"

Clergyman and Baker.

A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when anyone said the thing that was not true they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and, being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those nowadays; they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland! He had scarcely pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle.

"What is that?" said he, "ca'me a lar?"

"It is I, Willy MacDonald, the baker."

"Well, Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha' told ye?"

"None," said he; "only I want to know what sort o' ovens they had to make those loaves o' bread in."—New York Ledger.

speedy and natural reflection. "As to the question of money, that can be managed readily enough, even if I do not recover my drafts and other papers."

He held to his course with such resolution that he made prompt entry into town, arriving there before the agent to whom he had made reference had left his office, although it was now late in the afternoon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beards.

The Moors hold by their beards when they swear, in order to give weight to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate. The length of beard seems to weigh with them more than the stock of brains.

Admiral Keppel was sent to Algiers to demand satisfaction for the injuries done to His Britannic Majesty's subjects by their corsairs; the day, enraged at the boldness of the ambassador, exclaimed "that he wondered at the insolence of the English monarch in sending him a message by a foolish, beardless boy."

The admiral, somewhat nettled, replied that "if his master had supposed wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would doubtless have sent the day a he-goat."

This answer so enraged the day that he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-strings, saying that the admiral should pay for his boldness with his life. Nothing daunted by this threat the ambassador took the day to the window, and showing him the English fleet said, "If it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile."

The day, who wore a long beard, took the hint from the man who had none.

He left hastily in his pocket.

But Keeri was not to be so readily beaten.

The carriage had reached a lonely point of the road, in one of the valleys bordering Pearl Bay, when three ruffianly-looking men suddenly bounded from a place of concealment by the wayside, and hurried themselves upon Ralph and the ex-sailor, while the driver of the carriage turned like a tiger upon Alma, thus showing that he was in Keeri's service.

That Ralph fought with as much ability as courage will be taken as a matter of course, but what could he do against such odds and at such a disadvantage? The old sailor fell insensible at the first onslaught, and a crashing blow upon our hero's skull soon stretched him beside Bullet. Of what further then and there followed he knew nothing.

At least two or three hours must have passed subsequent to this furious assault before Ralph recovered his senses, but he finally gathered himself up into a sitting posture after sundry preliminaries, and bent a keen glance in every direction around him.

"The villains!" he ejaculated.

"They've fled, of course. They've not

given me the 'compliments' of

Hank Ripple, as they said, but they've

doubtless robbed me!"

He felt hastily in his pocket.

"Yes, they have taken purse and pa-

pers," he added. "And Maida? Ripple, too? Can it be that he has smuggled himself aboard the Nor'wester, as those deserters stated?"

Wiping his bruised head, he arose to his feet and bent his steps in the direction of Honolulu.

He had gone scarcely a hundred rods, however, when he met Kulu, that other Kanaka of our acquaintance—the servant of Bullet—the very man, it will be remembered, who had first encountered the young Chicagoan after the memorable injuries, many weeks before, which had robbed Ralph of his memory.

"Can't be of any use to you, Mr. Benning?" asked Kulu, after looking the wonder he felt at seeing him in such a plight.

Ralph halted with an inquiring glance.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" he asked.

Kulu nodded.

"Then I beg to inform you that my name is not Benning, but Kempelin-Ralph Kempelin."

"Oh, indeed!"

The Kanaka was silent a moment, recoiling in his amazement, and then he cried:

"You are aware, of course, that Mr. Bullet has been seriously injured taken home in an insensibility and dangerous condition?"

It was now Ralph's turn to recoil in astonishment, as he replied:

"No, I know nothing of any Mr. Bullet. Never heard the name before."

"But surely you must know that Miss Bullet has been carried off to the hills again by Keeri?"

"Miss Bullet? Keeri?" repeated Ralph wonderingly. "Never heard the name before. I know nothing of these parties. What are they to me? Are you drunk or joking? Or do you take me for a fool?"

The Kanaka was reasonably brave, as we have asserted in a former page, but things were now getting too mixed for his comprehension, and he turned and fled in silence.

"Well, let him go," muttered Ralph. "He probably finds his fool's game a losing one. Let's see—let me think a little. This business with these three ruffians has really confused me. Ah, I have it all now. Maida—my dear Maida—has just sailed in the Nor'wester for the Arctic Ocean. The Yokohama is to sail for China to-morrow. Feeling lonesome and gloomy I came out here to look at the ship-pards and other curiosities, and here I have been needlessly worried, at Hank Ripple's suggestion by those of our invited guests, the pastor rejoined me by everything sacred that take the course I have taken."

"You have done well in heeding the pastor's advice, of course," said Ralph; "but it is not necessary that Alma and I should abandon our idea of getting married. We can all slip off quietly to some near village of the interior, and there have the marriage ceremony performed, and the whole affair ended, I should say, within two or three hours."

"The very course I was intending to take—the very course, in fact, advised by the pastor," cried Bullet, jubilantly. "It was in this view that I have kept the carriage in waiting. In this way we shall turn the tables completely upon Keeri; for after you are once married, of course, all his schemes and machinations will fall to the ground, for the simple reason that they will be entirely futile."

"Let us be off at once," proposed Alma, arising. "There's the little chapel on the other side of Pearl Bay. Mr. Hapgood's—severely five miles distant, and that is probably as good a place for us as any other."

"At any rate, it is the place I have mentally selected," said Bullet, giving his daughter a look of secret intelligence. "You and Ashley had better look to your toils, and we'll be off for Mr. Hapgood's in a few moments."

It seemed to Ralph that Bullet was anxious to say a few words in private to Alma, and he accordingly availed himself of the suggestion about his toilet to retreat to his own apartment. Alma, in like manner, was about retiring to her room when her father interrupted her on the stairs.

"One word, but a very important one," he whispered. "Alma, I've said about Keeri's state of desperation is a lie, made up under the spur of the moment. The real difficulty is, as the pastor informed me, that Keeri came to the church with the intention of declaring who Ashley is, and with the further intention of showing that we also know who and what he is."

"But how can Keeri have learned Ashley's identity?" breathed Alma.

"The Lord only knows; but, perhaps, from the three sailors of whom I have spoken—the three who have been hanging around Honolulu all these weeks, and who have shown clearly enough, in one way and another, that they are in the secret of Ashley's identity. You see, therefore, that it was very considerate of the pastor not to force Keeri to bawl out all he knows about Ashley, and you also see that it was equally inconsiderate upon me to beat a retreat."

"Explain!" breathed Alma, with a fiercer look of rage upon her countenance than Bullet had ever seen before seen upon it. "See! I see! No time is to be lost. Let us be off for Mr. Hapgood's at once. By this movement we shall beat the Kanaka and make a success of our project."

In five minutes more the trio were on their way in the carriage around Pearl Bay to the little chapel of Mr. Hapgood. Not a soul had been seen approaching from the town, and the hearts of Bullet and his daughter beat high with the hope that their conspiracy would be crowned with success.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

How the Traveling Public May Have Convenient Watering Places—Too Much Potash is Harmful—Value of Agricultural Fairs—Calf Weaver.

Roadside Watering Troughs. Whenever practicable, watering troughs should be located at convenient distances along the highway.

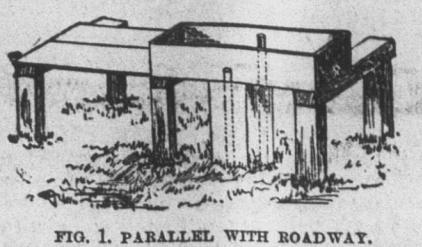


FIG. 1. PARALLEL WITH ROADWAY.

In some States any one of the residents who will establish and maintain a watering trough along the highway is exempted from a certain number of days of road tax. This law proves such a convenience to the traveling public as well as the residents that it should find a place upon the statute books of all the States; however, to aid those who desire to erect the best forms of troughs, the accompanying sketches from the American Agriculturist, are presented. In Fig. 1, the trough is placed parallel with the roadway, as often there is no room to extend it in any other direction. Whenever possible let the water enter near the bottom of the trough, as the upward flow keeps the water continually agitated and pure. The outlet or overflow pipe should have its mouth as near the top as possible, and in no case let the surplus water overflow the trough and run upon the surrounding soil to form mud holes. The plan in Fig. 2 will prove more convenient, and should be imitated whenever practicable; its form not only allows both horses of the team to drink at once, but a team may also drive up at the opposite side. This trough need not be over five feet in length, and should be placed four feet from the ground, that horses may drink without being uncheckered; how-

ever cattle very often drift before a raging storm, and unless carefully watched they are liable to continue their march until scores of miles away from the ranch, and not infrequently do many of them perish from exposure. To guard against this cattle very often drift before a raging storm, and unless carefully watched they are liable to continue their march until scores of miles away from the ranch, and not infrequently do many of them perish from exposure. To guard against this

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