

AN IDYL OF HONOLULU.

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

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The surprise of this man, as Ralph, pale and perspiring, suddenly entered his presence, was most intense.

"Is it really you, Mr. Kempelin?" he demanded, offering his hand. "Take a seat, sir. Where have you been all this time?"

"Why, I have been taking a walk in the interior, Mr. Lane, as I told you this forenoon I thought of doing."

He sank wearily into the proffered chair, he uttered these words, and Mr. Lane dropped into another, opening his eyes wide with a wondering as-tonishment.

"You've been ill, I suppose—or ship-wrecked—but where?" asked Mr. Lane, with a gaze expressive of his curious interest.

"No; I've been waylaid by three runaway sailors from the *Nor'-wester*, at the instigation of Hank Ripple," returned Ralph, in turn scrutinizing Mr. Lane, and wondering at his remarks.

"They seem to have left me for dead, taking my purse and papers."

"And when was this done?"

"This afternoon—within an hour, in fact, after I left you!"

The gaze of Mr. Lane became concentrated still more strongly upon his visitor.

"See here, Mr. Kempelin," he said, "I have been three months since you took leave of me upon the forenoon in question!"

"Three months?" stammered Ralph. "It was now his turn to stare, and the wonder with which he took in the portrait of the agent's words was akin to consternation.

"One of us must be dreaming," he muttered. "I'll go off to the Yoko-hama—"

"The Yokohama, sir?" interrupted the agent. "She has been to China and is back again, the morning after you sawed so strangely."

Ralph gasped for breath.

"Impossible!" he muttered.

"And here's a letter from your father inquiring after you," pursued Mr. Lane. "The date will tell you that you've been taking a Rip Van Winkle sleep of the strangest description."

The young Chicagoan looked shocked and bewildered as he took in the purport of the missive in question, and the agent recited:

"Capt. Cross received a line purporting to come from you, and saying that you had suddenly decided to make a voyage with Capt. Stepp to the Arctic Ocean. This letter, I can now see, was the forgery of some enemy or plotter, for I am aware that you have not been in the *Nor'-wester*, the survivors of the ill-fated ship—"

"Ill-fated? Survivors?" gasped Ralph, as everything seemed to real around him. "Has anything happened to the *Nor'-wester*?"

"She's a total loss, probably. Got nipped in the ice beyond Behring's Straits, after securing an immense cargo of oil. Mr. Hadley started out on a scout, with part of the crew, and was in turn followed by Mr. Grubell and several others, leaving Miss Stepp and her aunt with the Captain and a few frost-bitten sailors. Hadley and Grubell, with the most of those who left the ship with them, have arrived in town this morning, after the greatest perils and fatigues. As to the ship, Hadley fears that she has been crushed, and that the women are lost, with the Captain and those with him—"

Ralph raised his head impudently. "Please go over all the facts again," he said. "I don't understand."

Mr. Lane complied, giving details. When the narration was ended, Ralph passed his hand nervously across his eyes.

"I must have been ill—fearfully ill—in some farm house—or elsewhere," he faltered. "I know nothing whatever of this lapse of time—nor where I have been—or whom I seen—nor what I have been doing!"

"You don't?" cried Mr. Lane, starting up abruptly. "I think I see, in part, how the singular stranger, who has been stopping at Bullet's, has been stopping at old Bullet's!"

"Bullet? Bullet? That's the man about whom some inquiry was made of me by a native as I came into town," said Ralph.

"Indeed? Then there's no doubt about it. You are the mysterious idiot, to borrow a current phrase, who has been stopping at Bullet's. As to the native in question—"

Here a shadow darkened the door of Mr. Lane's office, and the man under discussion entered—Kulu!

"Good-day, Mr. Lane," he said, producing a package of papers. "I have followed Mr. Kempelin into town," and he indicated Ralph by nod, "to repair, so far as I can, the imposition and wrong of which he has been a victim. About three months ago he was waylaid by three sailors near Kaili Bay, and received such injuries on the head that he lost all knowledge of his past, where he came from, his identity, and everything else."

"That's clear enough, sir."

"Is there anything to prevent you from taking service with me?"

"Nothing, sir. I shall be very glad—"

"You are in my employ, then, from this moment. Like all of your people, you are, doubtless, something of a sailor?"

"I have been at sea ten years, sir."

"In that case hurry home as soon as you can and get your affairs in readiness to sail immediately."

"I don't need to go home, sir, and he works just around the corner, and he ready in five minutes to take to any job you may give me."

"Good," said Ralph. "Get rid of your horse and come back here."

Kulu vanished.

"And now for a few words more about the *Nor'-wester*," resumed Ralph, turning to Mr. Lane. "You think she is lost in the ice, and the ladies with her?"

"That is rather Mr. Hadley's opinion than mine, of course," was the answer. "He judges by the weather that followed his withdrawal from the ship that her situation soon became one of great peril. He believes, in fact, that she was promptly destroyed, and that all those left in her perished."

"But he has no certainty to this effect."

"Of course not."

"You know, I suppose, that I am betrothed to Miss Stepp?"

"Certainly; that is the matter was so understood, and hence we did not wonder particularly at the forged statement that you were going to the Arctic Ocean with her."

"That letter was forged by Hank Ripple, I do not doubt," said Ralph, speaking more to himself than to his companions. "Without troubling you with details, Mr. Lane, I may say that I am worried greatly about Miss Stepp. I am even worried about her independently of the ice and all those considerations—afraid, in short, that she is beset by some sort of villainy, even as I have been. I shall accordingly sail at once in quest of her or of tidings of her fate."

"Mr. Lane could comprehend this purpose without approving it, and he knew Ralph too well to seek to combat it."

"Of course I shall be glad to help you in every way possible," he said.

"Then help me to find a stanch little craft and a few good sailors for this voyage," said Ralph, arising. "I'll start in a hour, if possible. Ah, what's that noise? Are the Bullets returning?"

"Another word could be uttered, Kulu came bounding into the office, a prey to the wildest excitement.

"Enough spider web to go around the world would weigh one-half pound."

"The best of news!" he cried. "The *Nor'-wester* has just entered port safely, with fifteen hundred barrels of oil, and here come the Captain and his daughter!"

With one bound Ralph was at the door, and in another moment his betrothed was sobbing for joy on his breast, while Capt. Stepp inclosed him in a vigorous embrace.

"Back again, Ralph, as you see!" cried the old navigator, in a voice husky with great joy. "And not only have we got Hank Ripple in irons, but the Chief of Police has arrested the three men who have so nearly killed us in our absence!"

"Hurrah! Glorious! Nothing could be better!" cried Mr. Lane, tossing his cap into the air. "Three cheers and a tiger for Captain Stepp and his family!"

The suggestion was duly honored by the large crowd, which had gathered around the new-comers, and nothing more was needed to tell Ralph and Maida Stepp that they had reached the end of their troubles and trials.

We need not pause upon the joyful wedding that took place the following evening at the American consulate, nor upon the happiness which has from that hour been the portion of the worthy Captain and all his family, including Maida's aunt. It is enough to say that the return home was not marred by the least drawback, and that the young couple are now among the most useful and honored residents of Chicago. Capt. Stepp and his sister make their home with them, and with each other in the care given several promising members of a new generation.

THE END!

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three women—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women, says a writer in another English magazine.

There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait.

As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, and a woman intent on those is ten thousand times worse than any man could be, for standing higher, she can fall lower.

Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but, after all, the prattle every woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings, is very sweet to masquerade ears.

It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife's or sweetest on her lips.

They may laugh too at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening.

And, as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.

Mind Your Own Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day, and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunnon flitch of bacon.

Though they swore on the four gospels, and held out their hand in earnest hope to rouse a mortise in the post, the catch falls into the notch, and no cow or horse can possibly remove it.

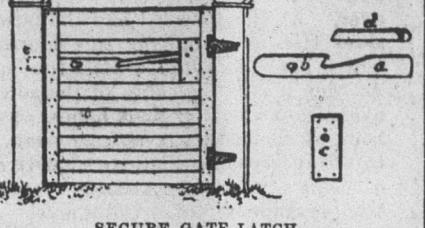
HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Care and Management of Dairy Calves—Secure Gate Latch—Clover as an Annual Injury to Wheat by Frost—Evergreens for Windbreaks.

Secure Fastening for a Gate.

In the far west, a barnyard is called by the Spanish name, corral. A gate to a corral that is proof against being opened by swine or cattle should always be provided. One that is excellent for security, and that can be easily constructed by any man, is shown in the illustration taken from the American Agriculturist. It may be of any desired width, but it over three feet wide, it should be provided with a diagonal brace, extending from the lower hinge corner to the opposite upper corner. The gate is made of one-inch lumber, four inches wide, with bottom pieces six inches wide. The vertical cleats on the sides are double, and secured by wrought or wire nails driven clear



SECURE GATE LATCH.

through and clinched. A sliding bar, a with peg b extending through for a handle, is notched on the upper side, and placed between two of the gate bars. Two cleats, c, of 1x6 inch stuff, are nailed across two bars on the hinge side of the gate. To these cleats a drop catch, d, is fastened by a wooden pin, so that it will allow the sliding bar to traverse beneath. When the sliding bar is pushed forward to a mortise in the post, the catch falls into the notch, and no cow or horse can possibly remove it.

How to Make Insect Powder.

There are few people who have any idea to what extent the flowers of Chrysanthemum cinarifolium are cultivated in Dalmatia, for the sole purpose of making the powder which has such a reputation as an insect destroyer. The whole of the supply of these flowers has hitherto been derived from the Austrian province of Dalmatia and the neighboring state, Montenegro. Trieste is the market to which these flowers are brought, and from whence they are distributed to the average annual value of £40,000 to £50,000. The plant is one that is easily cultivated in any kind of soil and almost any climate. Within quite recent years it is said to have been introduced into Australia, California, and South Africa, in each of which its cultivation on an extended scale for commercial purposes is contemplated. In the neighborhood of Berlin it is also stated that the plant is grown largely, but up to the present time Dalmatia is the chief source from whence Europe and America draw their principal supplies. The harvest commences at the beginning of June, and in the face of the report that the plants had suffered much from the severity of the past winter the crops are looked forward to with much anxiety.

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What's that? a question from the

Original Bluebird.

The story of "Bluebird" was written during the reign of Louis XIV, by a Frenchman named Perrault, and is supposed to have been suggested by the deeds of Giles de La Val, better known as Marshal de Retz. He was born in 1600, and subsequently served the Duke of Brabant and Charles VII, with distinction, and was one of the trusted captains of Joan of Arc. In 1432 he was reputed the richest man in France, but quickly squandered his fortune. It is said that soon after that event, through the influence of an alchemist named Prelat, he pledged all but his soul to the devil in exchange for a fortune equal to the one he had spent. His career from that time became that of a demon. Children and young women were impregnated into his house and killed. It is related that the children were dangled at ropes' ends, pricked with needles and otherwise tortured until dead, and their heads were afterward used as ornaments for his mantelpiece and bed-posts. After he had carried on that career of crime for about eight years he was arrested, condemned and burned at the stake about December 22, 1440.

Asphalt in the Indian Territory.

A recent find which is about to be developed in the Chickasaw Indian Reservation, south of Guthrie, Okla., is of interest all over the West and Southwest. Immense bodies of asphaltum, rivaling those of the island of Trinidad, have been found near the Arbuckle Mountains, and a company has been formed to develop the find.

The quality is the very best, and the quantity sufficient to pave the streets of every city in the West and not show any diminution of the supply. Being easy of access and easily mined, the result will be a great cheapening of this very useful article, and the people of the whole country will be greatly benefited by the find.

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Clover as an Annual.

A writer in the American Agriculturist claims a valuable discovery in the fact that spring-sown clover cut just after harvest has produced a good crop of seed the same season. If he had waited until spring he would not be so enthusiastic. Treating clover in this way, seedling early on rich land and cutting close to the ground at mid-summer, he obtained clover into an annual. This is sometimes done with other plants, beets, radishes and carrots, but the plants after seedling will at once die. What is most needed with clover is to make it perennial. This to some extent

can be done by entirely preventing seedling the second year. This requires several cuttings. The plants should not even be allowed to blossom, for that also is exhaustive—American Cultivator.

Care of Dairy Calves.

Prof. Robertson says that breeches and feed are to a cow like two wings to a bird—one alone is of but little use. A rule that will apply to a mature cow ought to apply with full as much force to young calf. A calf may have descended from a good strain of animals, those possessed of good milk and butter qualities and yet be injured in bringing up. A calf may be injured by extremes in feeding, by feeding too much of too concentrated food and by feeding too little of poor food. We have seen numerous instances of the latter treatment, and carried a little too far for the health and even the life of the calf. As a rule, we are favorable to a natural course unless it is too uncertain and expensive, and believe that the milk as it comes from the cow is fully as beneficial as any artificial food that can be produced; but the question of profit after a time comes in and the cream can be better employed than in making calves, so after one gets a fair start skim milk may be employed with dry ground oats. The oats are fed dry so as to secure a healthy degree of salivation which by aiding digestion ensures