

# KORONG.



CHAPTER XX. Continued.

The Shadow started. It was a terrible suggestion. "You mean to say," he cried, then he overcame him, and, crouching down where he sat, he gazed around him, terrified. Who could say that the wind would not report his words to Tu-Kia-Kia? "I'm laughing at his fears," "Pooh," she answered, smiling. "You are a man, and you are afraid of a little taboo. I am a woman, and yet I know the secret as you do. I would break taboo as easily as I would break an egg-shell. I would tell the white-faced stranger all if only it would bring me together forever."

"It is a great risk, a very great risk," the Shadow answered, breathing. "Tu-Kia-Kia is a mighty god. He may be listening to this conversation, and may punish us to death by his spirit for our words, or burn us to ashes with a flash of his anger."

The woman smiled an incredulous smile. "If you had lived as near Tu-Kia-Kia as I have," she answered, boldly, "you would think as little, perhaps, of his divinity as I do."

For even in Polynesia, superstitions are it is, no hero is a god to his wives or his valets.

CHAPTER XXI. METHUSELAH GIVES SIGNS.

All the hopes of the three Europeans were concentrated now on the bare chance of a passing steamer. M. Peyron in particular was fully convinced that if the Australasian had found the inner channel, practically, other ships in future would follow her example. With this idea firmly fixed in his head, he arranged with Felix that one of them should keep watch alternately by night as far as possible; and he also undertook that a canoe should constantly be in readiness to carry them away to the supposititious ship, if occasion arose for it. Muriel took counsel with Mail on the question of rousing the Frenchman if a steamer appeared, and they were the first to sight it, and Mail, in whom Muriel had confidence, went to the other side of the island, and while the two English wanderers were watching the steamer, M. Peyron had restored to some extent the vitality of his mind, and he was ready enough to assist in their scheme, provided she was herself taken with them, and so relieved from the terrible vengeance which would otherwise overtake her. "If Boupari man catch me," she said, in her simple, graphic, Polynesian way, "Boupari man kill me, and lay me in leaves, and cook me very nice, and make great feast of me, like him do with Jaul." From that untimely end both Felix and Muriel protested faithfully, as far as in them lay, to protect her.

To communicate with M. Peyron by daylight, without arousing the ever-watchful suspicion of the natives, Felix hit upon an excellent plan. He furnished his metal matchbox to the very highest talisman he was capable of taking, and then photographed by means of sun-flashes on the Morse code. He had learned the code in his school, and he taught the Frenchman now readily enough how to read and reply with the other half of the box, torn off for the purpose.

It was three or four days, however, before the two English wanderers ventured to return M. Peyron's visit. They didn't wish to attract too greatly the attention of the islanders. Gradually, as their stay on the island went on, they learned the truth that Tu-Kia-Kia's eyes, as he himself had boasted, were literally everywhere. For he has spies of his own kind in every direction, who dozed the steps of his victims unseen. Sometimes, as Felix and Muriel walked unsuspecting through the jungle paths, closely followed by their Shadows, a stealthy brown figure, crouched low to the ground, would cross the road for a moment behind them, and disappear again noiselessly into the dense mass of underbrush. Then Mail and Toko, turning round, all hushed, with a terrified look, would murmur low to themselves, or to some another. "There goes one of the eyes of Tu-Kia-Kia!" It was only by slow degrees that this system of espionage grew clear to the strangers, but as soon as they had learned its reality and ubiquity, they felt at once how undesirable it would be for them to excite the terrible man's curious and suspicious by being observed too often in close personal intercourse with their fellow-exiles and victims, the Frenchman. It was this that made them have recourse to the device of the holograph.

So three or four days passed before Muriel dared to approach M. Peyron's cottage. When she did at last go there with Felix, it was in the early morning, before the fierce tropical sun, that beat full on the island, had begun to exert its midday force and power. The path that led there lay through the thick and tangled mass of beach-wood which covered the greater part of the island with its dense vegetation. It was overgrown by huge tree ferns and broad-leaved southern bushes, and started at last on the little wind-swept knoll where the King of the bird had his appropriate dwelling place. The Frenchman received them with studied Parisian hospitality. He had decorated his arbor, with fresh flowers for the occasion, and bright tropical fruits, with their own green leaves, did duty for the cones or the absence of his fatherland in his home-made rustic table. Yet in spite of all the evidence of the physical surroundings, they felt themselves at home again with this once exiled European, the faint flavor of civilization pervaded and permeated the Frenchman's hut, after the un-mixed savagery to which they had been so long accustomed.

Muriel's curiosity, however, centered most about the mysterious old parrot, of whose strange legend so much had been said to her. After they had sat for a little under the shade of the spread canopy, to cool down from their walk—for it was so

oppressive morning—M. Peyron led her round to his aviary at the back of the hut, and introduced her, by their naive names, to all his subjects. "I am responsible for their lives," he said, gravely, "for their welfare, for their happiness. If I were to let one of them to grow old without a successor in the field to follow him up and receive his soul—as in the case of my friend Methuselah, who was so neglected by my predecessors—the whole species would die out for want of a spirit, and my own life would atone for that of my people. There you have the central principle of theology of Boupari. Every race, every element, every power of nature, is summed up for them in some particular person or thing; and on the life of that person or thing depends, as they believe, the entire health of the species, the sequence of events, the whole order and succession of natural phenomena."

Felix approached the mysterious and venerable bird with somewhat incautious fingers. "It looks very old," he said, trying to stroke its head and neck with a friendly gesture. "You do well, indeed, in calling it Methuselah."

As he spoke, the bird, alarmed at the vague consciousness of a hand and voice which it did not recognize, and mindful of Tu-Kia-Kia's recent attack, made a vicious peck at the fingers outstretched to caress it. "Take care!" the Frenchman cried, in a warning voice. "The patriarch's temper is no longer what it was sixty or seventy years ago. He grows old and peevish. His humor is soured. He will sing no longer the lively little songs of Ouen-louer I have taught him. He does nothing but sit still and mumble now in his own forgotten language. And he's dreadfully cross so crabbed—mon Dieu, what a character. Why, the other day, as I told you, he bit Tu-Kia-Kia-Kia himself, the high god of the island, with a good hard peck, when that savage tried to louch him; you'd have laughed to see his godship sent off bleeding to his hut with a wounded finger! I will confess I was by no means sorry at the sight myself. I do not love that god, nor he me; and I was glad when Methuselah, on whom he is afraid to revenge himself openly, gave him a nice smart bite for trying to interfere with him."

"Felix's very snappish, to be sure," Felix said, with a smile, trying once more to push forward one hand to stroke the bird cautiously. But Methuselah resented all such unauthorized intrusions. He was growing too old to put up with strangers. He made a second vicious attempt to peck at the hand held out to soothe him, and screamed, as he did so, in the discordant and unpleasant voice of an angry or frightened parrot.

"Why, Felix," Muriel put in, taking him by the arm with a girlish gesture for once, "the terrors by which they were surrounded hadn't wholly subsided in killing out the woman within her—'how clumsy you are. You don't understand one bit how to manage parrots. I had a parrot of my own at my aunt's in Australia, and I know their ways and all about them. Just let me try him." She held out her soft white hand toward the sulky bird with a fearless, caressing gesture.

"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly," she said, in English, in the conventional tone of love to their kind. "Did the naughty man go and frighten her then? Was she afraid of his hand? Did 'Polly want a lump of sugar'?" On a sudden the bird opened its eyes quickly with an awkward air, and looked her back in the face, half blindly, half quizzing. It spread its wings for a second, and crooned with pleasure. Then it put forward its neck with its beak on one side, took her dainty finger gently between its beak and tongue, bit it for pure love with a soft, short pressure, and at once allowed her to stroke its back and sides with a very pleased and surprised expression. The success of her skill flattered Muriel. "There! it knows me! It takes to me at once! 'Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come, Polly, come and kiss me.'"

The bird drew back at the words, and steadied itself for a moment knowingly on its perch. Then it held up its head, gazed around it with a vacant look, as suddenly awakened from a very long sleep, and, opening its mouth, exclaimed in loud, clear, sharp, and distinct tones, and in English: "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, Polly wants a kiss. Polly wants a nice sweet bit of apple!"

For a moment M. Peyron couldn't imagine what had happened. Felix looked at Muriel, Muriel looked at Felix. The Englishman held out both his hands to her in a wild, fervent surprise. Muriel took them in her own, and looked deep into his eyes, while tears rose suddenly and dropped upon her cheeks, one by one, unchecked. They couldn't say why, themselves; they didn't know wherefore, yet this unexpected echo of their own tongue, in the mouth of that strange and mysterious bird, thrilled through them instinctively with a strange, unexplained terror. In some dim and unexplained way they felt half-consciously to themselves that this discovery was, perhaps, the first clue to the solution of the terrible secret whose meshes encompassed them.

M. Peyron looked on in mute astonishment. He had heard the bird repeat that strange jargon so often that it had ceased to have even the possibility of a meaning for him. It was the way of Methuselah, just his language that he talked so far, he felt half-consciously to themselves that this discovery was, perhaps, the first clue to the solution of the terrible secret whose meshes encompassed them.

"Mademoiselle doesn't surely understand the barbarous dialect which our Methuselah speaks!" he exclaimed in surprise, glancing half suspiciously from one to the other of 'these incom-

prehensible lirrions. Like most other Frenchmen, he had been brought up in total ignorance of every European language except his own, and the words the parrot pronounced, when delivered with the well-known additions of parrot harshness and parrot volubility, seemed to him so inexplicably barbaric in their clicks and jerks that he hadn't yet arrived at the faintest inkling of the truth as he observed their emot on.

Felix seized his new friend's hand in his and wrung it warmly. "Don't you see what it is?" he exclaimed, half beside himself with this vague hope of some unknown solution. "Don't you read e how the thing stands? Don't you guess the truth? That isn't a Polynesian dialect at all. The bird speaks English!"

"English!" M. Peyron replied, with incredulous scorn. "What! Methuselah speaks English? Oh, no, monsieur, impossible. Vous vous trompez, trompez, je n'en suis sur. I can never believe those harsh inarticulate sounds to belong to the noble language of Shaxper and Newtowa. Ah, monsieur, incroyable! vous vous trompez; vous vous trompez!"

As he spoke, the bird put its head on one side once more, and, looking out of its hair-blind eyes with a crafty glance round the corner at Muriel observed again in not very polite English: "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! 'Polly wants some fruit! Polly wants a nut! 'Polly wants to go to bed! 'God save the King! To hell with all papists!'"

"Monsieur," Felix said, a certain solemn feeling of surprise coming over him slowly at this strange phrase, "it is perfectly true. The bird speaks English. The bird that we are all in search of—the bird that can tell us the truth about Tu-Kia-Kia-Kia—can tell us in the tongue which mademoiselle and I speak our native language. And what is more and more strange—gather from his tone and the tenor of his remarks, he was taught, long since a century ago, or more—and by an English sailor!"

Mail held out a bit of banana on a sharp stick to the bird. Methuselah Polly took it gingerly off the end, like a well-behaved parrot. "God save the King!" Muriel said in a quiet voice, trying to draw him on to speak a little further.

Methuselah twisted his eyes sideways, first this way, then that, and responded in a very clear tone, indeed. "God save the King! Confound the Duke of York! Long live Dr. Oates! And to hell with all papists!"

Mysteries of Dry Cleaning. Last year's garments would often be a well-cleaned at home as the dyer's if a superstitious idea did not prevail as to mysterious processes of the professionals.

If they cannot be put in water they are dipped in a vat of benzine. Whether they are put in benzine or water depends upon the material, a piece of which is experimented with beforehand.

Other garments that are too complex to be laid on a marble slab and rubbed with palm oil soap. Many garments restored to natural color in laundries supposedly by cleaning are in reality dyed over. The dye is dissolved in a tub of water and the garments floated in and left to stand a while.

If there is only a grease spot to be taken out the part is covered with prepared chalk and laid between flannels with a warm iron on it.

If it is rust on cotton fabrics the spot is covered with salt and lemon juice poured through it, and after the lemon juice warm water. Only cotton can be thus treated.

Lace is washed in borax soap and water, stiffened if desired with borax and pinned between flannels pressed. Wool and silk garments in all fast colors, such as brown, blue, etc., black, are washed in soap bark, which takes out all the grease and seems to give new body to the material. Soap bark restores black, however rusty or green. The secret of its use is to have it very strong. The laundries put two tablespoonfuls in nearly two quarts of water and boil it down to one quart, when they put it in a bucket and add warm water. Sometimes in a bad case this strength is doubled.

It is easy enough to wash a made-up dress; the trouble is to iron it, and here we are near a mystery. The dyeing establishments are supplied with irons of endless variety, of all sizes and shapes down to the most minute. The problem is to iron a garment so that the ironing will not be suspected, and naturally this requires skill and care.

A girl will sometimes spend three days in pressing one waist and sleeves. She must know just how hot her iron can be, and she must go over every square inch and between every gathering with the iron often, as she almost as needed.

The only mystery in doing these things is in taking infinite pains.

THE MAXIM BOY. When Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, lived in Sargerville, anxious manumans used to warn their hopeful not to play with "that wicked Maxim boy." In fact young Hiram grew up under the doubtful reputation of being the worst boy in the neighborhood. This isn't said for the purpose of encouraging any other Maine incorrigibles who are in the death of their misdeeds. If Hiram had been a perfectly good little boy and had devoted his time to studying his lessons he might have had that flying machine completed by this time.

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**The Wee One's Thumb.**  
Nothing too strong can be said against permitting children to suck their thumbs. Charming and heart-delighting at this common occupation of the baby is to the average mother, a thing will more surely ruin the shape of the hands. It is the cause of broad flat thumbs in after life. There are preparations to put upon the baby's thumbs which will render these rosy digits less palatable, and after one or two attempts baby will soon forget the injurious habit.

**Curving a Baseball.**  
There are some people still left who refuse to believe that a base ball can travel out of the straight line between the pitcher's box and the home plate on its way to the catcher, says Cody's Magazine. It has been proved again and again that a ball can be "curved" by a now well known experiment. Two stakes are set up so that the pitcher, standing behind one, cannot hit a mark on the left side of the other in a straight line, the ball passing to the right of the first. Indeed a short while ago a noted college pitcher was offered \$1,000 by an old gentleman if he could prove to his satisfaction that a baseball could be pitched in a curve. The pitcher at once set up two stakes and curved the ball around them in fine style. But the old gentleman insisted that the whole thing was an optical illusion.

Every boy knows how hard it is to bat an "out curve" or a "drop," and after he has struck out a few times wants no one to prove to him there is such a thing as curve pitching. The final twist given the ball as it leaves the hand makes a spinning motion, so that there is more resistance by the air on one side or the other, and the ball is forced out of a straight line by unequal pressure on one of its sides.

**Italy Has a Dower Fund.**  
There is a government fund in Italy for providing marriage portions for poor young girls. Without a dower it would be almost impossible for a girl to be married, and this form of charity is said to be highly appreciated. The annual sum available for this purpose and distributed every year among the marriageable young girls is \$2,000,000. To be a recipient it is necessary for the applicant to prove her good reputation and character by a cloud of witnesses; to show that she has no means available and that the young man who wishes to marry her has a trade.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75 cents.

**Care for Your Own Garden.**  
No man gets the full measure of enjoyment which his yard or grounds can yield unless he takes care of them himself. He who hires another to push his lawn mower voluntarily gives up the best pleasure that a lawn can give. He who hires a hureling to turn the nose upon his grass and flowers loses the best of that calm but subtle pleasure that training of grass and flowers can impart. Every man is a farmer at heart. His primal kinship with the soil reassures itself every spring, and hence the sanest and best enjoyment vouchsafed to a man consists in the management of a garden, a lawn or a little plot of ground. It is the old Eden instinct as eternal as the race. So a man who surrenders up this right to another voluntarily cuts himself off from one of the healthiest and most natural of pleasures. —Boston Globe.

**Miss Winslow's Sorcerer's Syrup** for children coughs, whooping cough, croup, influenza, bronchitis, whooping cough, etc. 25c bottle.

**Drum all to Frounce.**  
It was the duchess of Gordon, a clever and beautiful Scotch woman, who successfully dnfounded a pretentious dandy. He was beside her at the supper-party and in order to gain her good graces, affected a liking for the Scotch tongue, declaring there was no a Scotchish phrase he did not understand.

"Rax me a sprawl of that humpback!" replied the duchess, without changing a muscle of her face.

The exquisite looked appalled, and then sunk away in confusion, while the commission was performed by a cavalier billing from the north of the Tweed. She wanted a turkey-wing.

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**Currency Lacking.**  
A southern exchange says that "under the present system of contraction men in fairly good circumstances find it difficult to exchange their products because the medium of exchange—currency—is lacking. The great west and the great south have to depend upon New York for the money to move their crops, and when the moneyed men of the metropolis decide to hold to their currency, business and industry throughout the continent are paralyzed."

**Something to Learn and Regard.**  
There is a righteous retribution in the providence of God which all should learn and regard. Of necessity the law of God is right, and therefore he that does right is in harmony with God. The laws of God do not average themselves hurriedly, and therefore the righteous man may suffer. He may be censured, and held in disrepute for his well doing, so that wicked men boast themselves and say that righteousness does not avail anything. But the sure working of the providence of God vindicates him, and at the same time brings upon wrong doers the legitimate results of their evil ways. The law of God's providence is the law of His righteousness, and all in harmony with it will prevail in the end. "If the vision tarry, wait for it," "The righteous is delivered out of his trouble, and the wicked cometh in his stead." —United Presbyterian.

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**To Test the Heat of an Oven.**  
The French method of testing the heat of an oven is a very simple one. It is done with a piece of white paper. If the oven is too hot the paper will blacken or blaze up; if it becomes a light brown the oven is right for pastry. If it turns a dark yellow the temperature is proper for baking bread and the heavier kinds of cake; if light yellow it is just fit for sponge cakes and the lighter desserts.

**Domestic Service in England.**  
Women whose lives are made miserable by the peculiarities of domestic life will read with interest, if not appreciation, this item concerning the laws of Saxony, which are indeed somewhat curious, relating to servants. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or their equivalent in money. If the servant furnishes her own bedding she receives three farthings per night for so doing. Three shillings per month is allowed the servant for washing, and she receives five per cent, on all purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place, and must keep a book of recommendations in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving, and also what is her character.

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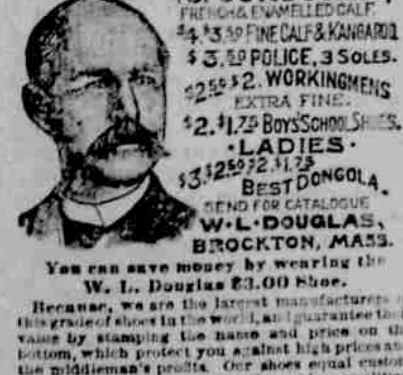
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