

# KORONG.

## A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By GRANT ALLEN.

### CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"What does he say?" the Frenchman began to know the truth. But Felix feared lest any interruption might break the thread of the sequel, held up a warning finger and then laid it on his lips in mute injunction. Methuselah threw back his head at that and laughed aloud. "God save the king!" he cried again in a still feebler way, "and to hell with all papists."

"It was a strange how they all hung on the words of that unconscious messenger from a dead and gone age, who himself knew nothing of the import of the words he was uttering. Methuselah laughed at their earnestness, shook his head once or twice, and seemed to think to himself. Then he remembered afresh the point he had broken of at.

"More fully discovered. For seven years have I now lived on this island, never having seen or heard Christian face or voice, and at the end of that time, feeling my health fail, and being apprehensive lest any of my fellow-countrymen should hereafter suffer the same fate as I have done, I began to teach this parrot my message, a few words at a time, impressing it duly and fully on his memory.

"Learn, then, O wayfarer, that the people of Boo Parry are most ardent gentiles heathens and caribbals. And this, as I discover, is the nature and method of their vile faith. They hold that the gods are each and several incarnate in some one particular human being. This human being, they worship and reverence with all choicest respect as his incarnation. And chiefly, above all, do they revere the great god Too-Keela-Keela, whose representative may the Lord in Heaven forgive me for the same I myself am at this present speaking. Having thus, for my sins, attained to that impious honor.

"God save the King. Confound the Duke of York! To hell with all papists."

"It is the fashion of this people to hold that their gods must always be strong and lusty. For they argue to themselves thus: That the continuance of the rain must needs depend upon the vigor and subtlety of its soul, the rain-god. So the continuance and fruitfulness of the trees and plants which yield them food must needs depend upon the health of the tree-god. And the life of the world, and the well-being of all things that in them are, must depend upon the strength and cunning of the high god of all, Too-Keela-Keela. Hence they take great care and worship of their gods, surrounding them with many rites which they call Taboo, and restricting them as to what they shall eat, and what drink, and wherewithal they shall seemingly clothe themselves. For they think that if the King of the Rain ate anything that might cause the colic, or like humor or distemper, the weather will thereafter be stormy and tempestuous, but so long as the King of the Rain fares well and retains his health, so long will the weather over their island of Boo Parry be clear and prosperous.

"Furthermore, as I have learned from their theologians, being myself, indeed, the greatest of their gods. It is evident that they may not let any god die lest that department of nature over which he presides should wither away and fall, as it were, with him. But reasonably, no care that mortal man can exercise will prevent the possibility of their god—seeing he is but one of themselves—growing old and feeble and dying at last. To prevent which calamity, these gentle folk have invented, as I believe, by the aid and device of Satan, this horrid and most unnatural practice. The man-god must be killed so soon as he showeth in body or mind that his native powers are beginning to fail. And it is necessary that he be killed, according to their faith, in this ensuing fashion.

"If the man-god were to die slowly by a death in the course of nature, the ways of the world might be stopped altogether. Hence these savages catch the soul of their god, as it were, ere it grow old and feeble, and transfer it to a magic device, to a suitable successor can be none other than him that is able to take it from him. This, then, is their horrid counsel and device—that each one of their gods should kill his predecessor. In doing this, he taketh the old god's life and soul, which thereupon migrates and dwells within him. And by this tenure—may Heaven be merciful to me, a sinner—do I, Nathaniel Cross, of the County of Doorham, now hold this dignity of Too-Keela-Keela, having slain, therefore, in due quarrel, my predecessor in the high godship."

As he reached these words Methuselah paused, and choked in his throat slightly. The more mechanical part of continuing the speech he had learned by heart 24 years before, and repeated so often since that it had become part of his being, was now almost too much for him. The Frenchman was right. They were only just in time. A few days later, and the secret would have died with the bird that preserved it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNFINISHED TALE.

For a minute or two Methuselah mumbled inarticulately to himself. Then, to their intense discomfiture, he began once more. "In the nineteenth year of the reign of his most gracious majesty, King Charles the Second, I, Nathaniel Cross—

To her immense relief, Methuselah took the hint with charming docility. "In the high godship," he said on, mechanically where he had stopped. "And this here is the manner whereby I obtained it. The Too-Keela-Keela from time to time doth generally appoint any castaway stranger that comes to the island to the post of Korong—that is to say, an annual god-king. For as the year doth renew itself at each change of seasons, so do these caribbals in their gentile belief and hold that the gods of the seasons to wit, the King of the Rain, the Queen of the Clouds, the Lord of Green Leaves, the King of Fruits, and others—must needs be slain and renewed at the diverse solstices. Now, it so happened that I, on my arrival in the island, was appointed Korong, and promoted to the post of King of the Rain, having a native woman assigned me as Queen of the Clouds, with whom I might keep company. This woman being, after her kind, enamored of me, and anxious to escape her own fate, to be slain by my side, did betray to me that secret, which they call in their tongue the Great Taboo, which had been betrayed to herself in turn by a native man, her former lover. For the men are instructed in these things in the mysteries when they come of age, but not the women.

And the Great Taboo is this. No man can become a Too-Keela-Keela unless he first slay the man in whom the high god is incarnate for the moment, but in order that he may slay him, he must also himself be a full Korong, only those persons who are already so being capable for the highest post in their hierarchy, even as with ourselves, none but he that is a deacon may become a priest, and none but he that is a priest may be made a bishop. For this reason, then, the Too-Keela-Keela prefers to advance a stranger to the post of Korong, seeing that such a person will not have been initiated in the mysteries of the island and therefore will not be aware of those sacred steps which must needs be taken of him that would inherit the godship.

"Furthermore, even a Korong can only obtain the highest rank of Too-Keela-Keela if he order all things according to the forms and ceremonies of the Taboo perfectly. For these gentiles are very careful of the evilical arts of the deity of the Hebrews, the fame of whose tabernacle must surely have gone through the ends of the world, and the knowledge of whose temple in that have been yet more widely dispersed by Solomon, his son, when they came into these parts to fetch gold from Ophir. And the cere, ony is, that before any man may slay the 'artly tenement of Too-Keela-Keela and inherit his soul, which is in very truth, as they so think, the god himself, he must needs fight with the person in whom Too-Keela-Keela doth then dwell, and for this reason. If the holder of the soul can defend himself in fight, then it is clear that his strength is not one whit decayed, nor is his vigor failing; nor yet has his assailant been able to take a soul from him. But if the Korong in open fight do slay the person in whom Too-Keela-Keela dwells, he becometh at once a Too-Keela-Keela himself, that is to say, in their tongue, the Lord of Loris, because he hath taken the life of him that received him.

"Yet so intricate is the theology and practice of these loathsome savages, that not even now have I explained it in full to you. O shipwrecked mariner, for your aid and protection. For a Korong though it be part of his privilege to contend, if he will, with Too-Keela-Keela for the high godship and principedom of this isle, may only do so at certain appointed times, places, and seasons. Above all things, it is necessary that he should first find out the hiding place of the soul of Too-Keela-Keela, for though the Too-Keela-Keela for the time that is, be animated by the god, yet, for greater security, he doth not keep his soul in his own body, but, being above all things the god of fruitfulness and generation, who causes women to bear children, and the plant called taro to bring forth its increase, he keepeth his soul in the great sacred tree behind his temple, which is thus the Father of All Trees, and the chiefest abode of the great god Too-Keela-Keela.

"Nor does Too-Keela-Keela's soul abide equally in every part of this forested tree, but in a certain bough of it, resembling a mistletoe, which hath yellow leaves, and being broken off, groweth ever green and yellow afresh, which is the central mystery of all their Sathanic religion. For in this very bough—easy to be discerned by the eye among the green leaves of the tree—the bird paused and faltered.

Muriel leaned forward in an agony of excitement. "Among the green leaves of the tree," she went on soothing him.

Her voice seemed to give the parrot a fresh impulse to speak. "It is contained, as it were," he continued, feebly, "the divine essence itself, the soul and life of Too-Keela-Keela. Whoever, then, being a full Korong, breaks this off, hath thus possessed himself of the very God in person. This, however, he must do by exceeding stealth; for Too-Keela-Keela, or rather the man that bears that name, being the guardian and defender of the great god, walks ever up and down, by day and by night, in exceeding great cunning, armed with a spear and with a hatchet of stone, around the root of the tree, watching jealously over the branch which is, as he believes, his own soul and being. I, therefore, being warned of the Taboo by the woman that was my consort, did craftily, near the appointed time for my cast crew out of my hut, and my consort, having induced one of the wives of Too-Keela-Keela to make him drunken with too much of that intoxicating drink which they do call kava, did proceed—did proceed—did proceed—in the nineteenth year of the reign of his most gracious majesty, King Charles the Second—

Muriel bent forward once more in an agony of suspense. "On, go on, good old bird," she cried. "Go on, remember it. Did proceed to—"

The single syllable helped Methuselah's memory. "Did proceed to stealthily pluck the bough, and having shown the same to Fire and Water, the guardians of the Taboo, did boldly challenge to single combat the bodily tenement of the god, with spear and hatchet, provided for me in accordance with an ancient custom by Fire and Water. In which combat, Heaven mercifully befriending me against my enemy, I did come out conqueror; and was thereupon proclaimed Too-Keela-Keela myself, with ceremonies too many and barbarous to mention, lest I raise your gorge at them. But that which is most important to tell you for your own guidance and safety, O mariner, is this—that being the sole and only end I have in imparting this history to so strange a messenger—that after you have by craft plucked the sacred bough, and by force of arms procured Too-Keela-Keela, it is by all means needful, whether you will or not, that submitting to the hateful and gentle custom of this people of this people, Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! God save God save the king. Death to the nineteenth year of the reign of all ardent knaves and roundheads.

He dropped his head on his breast, and blinked his white eyelids more feebly than ever. His strength was failing him fast. The soul of all dead parrots was wearing out. M. Peyron, who had stood by all this time, not knowing in any way what might be the value of the birds' disclosures, came forward and stroked poor Methuselah with his caressing hand. But Methuselah was incapable now of any further effort. He opened his blind eyes sleepily for the last, last time, and stared around him with a blank stare at the fading universe. "God save the king," he screamed aloud with a terrible gasp, true to his colors still. "God save the king, and to hell with all papists!"

Then he fell off his perch, stone dead, on the ground. They were never to hear the conclusion of that strange, quaint message from a forgotten age to our more sceptical century.

Felix looked at Muriel, and Muriel looked at Felix. They could hardly contain their eyes with awe and surprise. The parrot's words were so human, its speech was so real to them, that they felt as though the English Tu-Kila-kila of 200 years back had really and truly been speaking to them from that perch; it was a human creature indeed that lay dead before them. Felix raised the warm body from the ground with positive reverence. "We will bury it decently," he said in French, turning to M. Peyron. "He was a plucky bird, indeed, and he has carried out his master's intentions nobly."

As they spoke, a little rustling in the jungle hard by attracted their attention. Felix turned to look. A stealthy brown figure glided away in silence through the tangled brush-wood. M. Peyron started. "We are observed, monsieur," he said. "We must look out for squalls! It is one of the eyes of Tu-Kila-kila!"

"Let him do his worst!" Felix answered. "We know his secret now, and can protect ourselves against him. Let us return to the shade, monsieur, and talk this all over. Methuselah has indeed given us something to-day very serious to think about."

### CHAPTER XXV.

TU-KILA-KILA STRIKES.

And yet, when all was said and done, knowledge of Tu-Kila-kila's secret didn't seem to bring Felix and Muriel much nearer a solution of their own great problems than they had been from the beginning. In spite of all Methuselah had told them, they were as far off as ever from securing their escape, or even from the chance of sighting an English steamer.

This last was still the main hope and expectation of all three Europeans. M. Peyron, who was a bit of a mathematician, had accurately calculated the time, from what Felix told him, when the Australasian would pass again on her next homeward voyage; and, when that time arrived, it was their united intention to watch night and day for the faintest glimmer of her light, or the faintest wreath of her smoke on the far eastern horizon. They had ventured to confide their design to all three of their shadows; and the Shadows, attached by the kindness to which they were so little accustomed among their own people, had in every case agreed to assist them with the canoe, if occasion served them. So for a time the two doomed victims subsided into their accustomed calm mingled hope and despair, waiting patiently for the expected arrival of the much-longed-for Australasian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### What Was Expected.

The young fellow had been quite devoted to the girl for several months, and one evening while he was waiting for her, her wealth and venerable dad walked in on him and began to ask questions.

"Oh, young man," he began, "it seems to me you come around here a good deal."

"Yes, sir," trembled the utter.

"Come to see my daughter, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you come to see her for?"

To an wer that question would be telling, but the youth thought he might as well make a clean breast of it and get it off his mind so he braced right up.

"Because, sir," he said between shakes, "because I love her and want to marry her, and she wants me too."

"Oh, does she?" snapped the other, "and you are poor as a Kansas farmer, too, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And still you want to marry her?"

"Yes, sir."

"In—er—well," growled the old gent, "I guess I'll put a check to that."

"Yes, sir," trembled the lover. "We had expected you would. Thank you, sir."

Don't long for good luck; if you get it, it will only result in an extra dose of bad luck.

FOURTY-FOUR COMETS were observed in the third century.

## OUR RURAL READERS.

### SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

**A Low-Down Wagon for Harvesting Ensilage—Owning vs. Renting Land—Durable Outside Cellular Stairs—Bran Dearer Than Wheat—Pure Water for Poultry.**

**An Ensilage Fodder Rack.**

Although the growing of a good crop of grain as well as fodder and allowing it to ripen for ensilage gives us much better ensilage than the old plan of growing fodder only and cutting and canning it green, it does not, in the least, aid us in the solution of the problem of transporting our ensilage material from the



HARVESTING ENSILAGE MADE EASY.

field to the cutter. The long stalks with large, heavy ears, are very difficult to handle. Many devices have been gotten up to aid in handling this fodder and one of the best which we have seen is a low-down wagon described in the Ohio Farmer by F. E. Stump of the Ohio State University Farm, as follows:

The plan is to fit the ordinary farm wagon with a rack low enough to allow one man alone to load conveniently, a fair load. It requires for material two pieces of pine 5x6x16 ft, one piece of oak 5x6x2 in, four pieces of pine 1x12 in. About 50 or 60 ft of inch lumber and four good, strong standards, of oak preferable, then for 2 bolts 2x2 in; one 1-in jointed king-bolt with two iron keys, one iron plate 12x12 in, four iron plates each 12x12 in, eight standard bands—four large four small—with two small 1-in bolts for each. Then a long chain completes the outfit, though the chain is not essential. The front bolt, rear hounds and coupling pole or reach must be removed from the wagon and the rack bolted under the rear axle, and suspended from the front axle as shown in the cut. We find this rack extremely convenient for many other uses on the farm. It comes in very useful when we stock his corn and draws it to the barn to husk, or in drawing the stalks to the barn after husking in the field.

**The Outside Cellular Stairs.**

As usually constructed, the outside cellar stairs become very much dilapidated after a few years of use, and many serious accidents occur by falling or slipping from and on the decaying steps. If stones of the right length can be obtained, they are the best possible material for the steps, the next best being plank, though neither can be depended upon unless the whole space underneath the steps, down to the level of the cellar floor, be laid up in masonry. Where



DURABLE CELLAR STAIRS.

only small stone, either round or flat, is at hand, lay up the stairs of this material thoroughly imbedded in mortar, making the steps of the needed height. When this is done, cut a plank step of the needed width and length for each step, and place them on top of the stone steps, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Upon each side fit a retaining board, and the result will be steps that are durable and generally satisfactory. If possible, make the steps from two inch pine plank covering the whole with folding doors, in the usual manner.—American Agriculturist.

### Bran Dearer Than Wheat.

The value of bran as food has been so greatly exaggerated by some agricultural writers that the demand has put it beyond the reach of farmers who are not carried away by this new fad. In truth, bran as made nowadays is mainly the husk of the wheat grain, and it is not worth nearly so much as it used to be when much of the gluten went with it. Then bran was really valuable. Now, though worth but little, it sometimes sells at more per pound than does wheat. A Canada farmer took a few bushels of wheat to mill and intended to return with a load of bran. He found the bran was 1 per ton, or nearly a cent a pound, while his wheat would hardly bring as much. He has enclosed herewith to use ground whole wheat and leave bran to the fancy farmers who may prefer it.

### Corn Suckers.

Nothing of late years is said about the once common practice of suckering corn, that is removing the suckers so as to give the main stalk a better chance. It was always a practice of doubtful advantage, and cost a great deal of labor that could be better employed. The corn that produces the most suckers is that whose early growth was stunted. When midsummer heats come on, developing more plant food in the soil than the single stalk could dispose of, one or more suckers were put forth to utilize the surplus. Sometimes ears are grown on these suckers.

### Unimproved Lands.

In South Carolina, of a total area of 18,000,000 acres, 6,000,000 are improved and 8,000,000 unimproved.

In Georgia, of a total of 25,000,000 acres, 9,000,000 are improved and 11,500,000 unimproved. A similar proportion exists in Florida. In Illinois there are 34,000,000 acres of farming lands of which 4,000,000 acres are idle. There is a much larger proportion of unimproved land in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, than there is in Texas, which will surprise the people.

### Owning vs. Renting Land.

Statistics show even in the West that a large proportion of farmers rent instead of owning their land. It is probably due to the retirement of those who have passed the three score and ten limit, and yet hold on to their farms as a safe means of securing revenue for their remaining days. We cannot believe that the renters will not buy the farms if they have a good chance. The money is safer on a mortgage than the rent would be. When a man works rented land there is constant temptation to take from it all he can and leave it poorer than he found it. Ownership gives an interest to make the farm better, and this is the condition that is best for both parties.—American Cultivator.

### Water for Poultry.

The ordinary V shaped trough B, shown below, made from ordinary fence boards, shows a simple method of supplying the pouty regularly with pure water, says the Farm and Home. It may be made of any desired length, but eighteen inches is sufficient. In this at one end invert a five-gallon or jug A which has previously been filled with pure water. To keep it erect, drive two stakes at the end of the trough and lean the



TROUGH FOR POULTRY.

can against them. If further support is necessary, tie it to the stakes. As soon as the water is lowered in the trough below the opening in the can, a little air is admitted and water flows out to take the place of that consumed. By this means water can be kept pure and wholesome and if the vessel be made of earthenware and placed in the shade it will keep cool for a long time.

### Field of Honey.

A writer in the Orange Judg Farmer has thoroughly tested his colonies, and says that when he runs them for comb honey he has not been able to get any large number to average over 50 or 60 pounds to the colony, but colonies in the same yard, run for extra deep honey, have averaged from 100 to 160 pounds in a season. The bees run for extracted honey were given empty combs as rapidly as they could fill them. He keeps his queens clipped and has little or no trouble from swarming. In this way with the self spacing frames in the hive, he claims to be able to cure 100 colonies, and do it easier than he could handle half that number in sections.

### Uneven Stands of Corn.

No small part of the failure of corn to make a good crop comes from poor seed. It operates in two ways. The farmer who doubts his seed is tempted to plant more in a hill, thinking that some may not germinate. If half the seed failed entirely the crop would be better. But poor seed does not operate that way. If its vitality is wholly destroyed the appearance of the seed shows it, and it is usually rejected. The consequence is that the hill has a number of feeble stalks crowding each other so that not one in the hill can set an ear. The poor seed ought not to have more than two stalks in a hill, and if the soil is poor also, thinning to one stalk would be better still.

### An Easily Made Wagon Jack.

This wagon jack should be made of hard wood. The large end of the lever should be covered with strap



A WAGON JACK THAT HOLDS.

iron or an iron plate set on its upper surface where the axle rests. To hold the lever, a bolt may be put through the upright and the diagonal piece notched to fit thus regulating the use of the jack to high or low wagons.

### Home-Bred Cows.

A cow bred on the farm where it will be kept is more contented and will give better results than she will on a strange place. This is a strong point in favor of breeding cows for the dairy, instead of relying on purchasing them. Besides, it is every year becoming more difficult to buy cows of the best milking strains in the numbers required for any dairy. The value of the best cows is more highly appreciated and they bring prices that make it pay for breeding them. By using a thoroughbred bull a herd of natives may be improved rapidly, and this increase in value of the herd makes the farming profitable, even though the dairymen gets little above his current expense in sales of milk, butter, and cheese.

## NAPOLÉON FOND OF HOMER.

Thought He Was the Encyclopedia of His Time.

The Emperor, says the Figaro, admired Homer in every way, and thus expressed himself on the subject: "Th' Iliad, as much as Genesis and the Bible is the sign and token of its time. Homer in his work is poet, orator, legislator, geographer, and theologian he is the encyclopedia of his time. Homer is intimate father Hardouin had the generosity to impugn this sacred monument of antiquity and to attribute it to a monk of the tenth century, an impertinent imbecility. I ever have I been so struck with his beauty as now May, 1814, and the sensations which he aroused in me confirm the justice of the approbation accorded to him by the whole world. What strikes me especially in reading the pages of his work is the grossness of the customs as compared with the elevation of the thought of the epoch. We see heroes killing their own beef, preparing to with their own hands, and yet pronouncing discourses of rare eloquence and worthy of a high civilization. In the dyssej I greatly disapprove of the combat of Ius against Ulysses on the threshold of his own palace, both disguised as beggars. I consider this episode wretched, coarse, unbecoming, and unworthy of a king. And then, after having eliminated everything that I find objectionable, I feel what still affects me, I at myself in his place. I am seized with the fear of being beaten by a common fellow. It is not given to every prince, to every general, to have the shoulders of his guards or of his grenadiers, to convert himself into a street porter at will."

"The good Homer remedies all this by making his heroes so many colossi; but this is not the case with us. What chance would we have if we still lived in the happy days in which physical strength was the real scepter? It would come to this, that Noverras, my valet, who waits upon us, would be king over us all. We must agree, then, that civilization does everything for the mind, and favors it exclusively at the expense of the body."

### Politeness.

There is nothing more difficult to attain, or necessary to possess, as perfect good breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and awkward backwardness. A little ceremony is sometimes necessary; a certain degree of humanness is absolutely so, and an awkward modesty is extremely unbecoming. In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to take part in them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest, a consequence, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. There is nothing so little forgiven as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you. We have seen many people, who, while you are speaking to them, instead of looking at and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling or some other part of the room, look out at the window, lit a book or a newspaper, and read it. Nothing discovers a little, futile, frivolous mind more than this, and nothing is so offensively ill-bred. Be assured that the profoundest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry. A man who is not well bred is unfit for good society, and is unwelcome in it. Make, then, good breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions. Observe carefully the behavior and manner of those who are distinguished by their good breeding. Imitate and endeavor to excel, that you may at least equal them. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it.

### Tonsorial Intuition.

A barber out on New York Avenue d d not know that he was saying something appropriate until after someone had told him of the point of the joke, but the d dlish young man did. The barber was cutting the long, curling, profuse locks of the young man who has some pretensions to being literary, and occasionally poses before his friends as a great genius. With a supercilious smile and words that could be heard all over the room the young man inquired: "My barber, what makes a man grow bald?"

The barber snapped his scissors once or twice and ran the comb through his beard.

"Well, he answered, slowly, "if a man has got lots of brains and is a deep thinker he generally gets bald. That, they say, leads to it every time."

Several of the customers looked at the young man's luxurious crop and smiled rather broadly. The young man, however, d d not exactly see the joke, so pretty soon, when the barber was running his fingers over the curly locks he tempted fate again.

"My," he asked: "do you think my hair will come out and I'll get bald?"

The man of the scissors paused reflectively, and then in a tone like he was delivering a judicial decision, announced:

"No; I don't think you stand any danger of getting bald."

Then the crowd laughed and the barber looked surprised.—Washington Post.

### A Good Man is One who behaves himself, and forgives others who do not.

MANY people carry themselves too far.