

# KORONG.

## A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By GRANT ALLEN.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### MURDER—AND AFTER.

The great god had wounded him. But not to the heart. Felix, as good luck would have it, happened to be wearing his killed headdress. He had seen them on board, and like the rest of his costume, had, of course, never been able to discard them. They stood him in good stead now. The buck's caught the very point of the bone-tipped spear, and broke the force of the blow, as the great god lunged forward. The wound was not a grave one. Tu-Kia-Kia's light shaft snapped short in the middle.

The Mauder's and water than ever. The savage pitched it away, pulling, rushing forward, with a fierce curse on his angry tongue, and flung himself, tooth and nail, on his astonished opponent.

The suddenness of the onslaught almost took the Englishman's breath away. By this time, however, Felix had pulled together his ideas and taken in the situation. Tu-Kia-Kia was attacking him now with a heavy stone axe. He must parry those deadly blows. He must be alert, but not too full. He must let himself be pushed to the defense at once. Above all, he must keep cool and have his wits about him.

For a minute or two they closed in perfectly savage combat. Fire and Water of servant and Imperial stood by like seconds to see the god himself decide the issue, which of the two combatants should be his living representative. The contest was brief but very hard-fought. Tu-Kia-Kia, inspired by the last year's despair, rushed wildly on his opponent with hands and feet, and teeth and nails, dealing his blows in blind fury, right and left, and seeking only to sell his life as dearly as possible. In this last extremely desperate struggle, he had drawn out his very superstitious and against him. Everything seemed to show his hour had come. The parrot's bite the omen of his blood that stained the dust of earth—his treachery the chance by which the Korong had learned the Great Taboo—Felix's accident or providential success in breaking off the tough—the length of time he himself had held the divine honors—the probability that the god would by this time begin to prefer a new and stronger representative—all these things seemed to be the drunk and maddened savage with the energy of despair. He fell upon his enemy like a tiger upon an elephant. He fought with his tomahawk and his feet, and his whole body; he foamed at the mouth with impotent rage, he spent his force on the air in the extremity of his passion.

Felix on the other hand, sobered by pain, and heated by the fixed consciousness that Muriel's safety now depended absolutely on his perfect coolness, fought with the calm skill of a practical boxer. Happily he had learned his gentle art of thrust and parry before in England, and though both weapon and opponent were here so different, the lesson of quickness and calm watchfulness he had gained in that civilized school stood him in good stead, even now, under such adverse circumstances. Tu-Kia-Kia, getting spent, drew back for a second at last, and panted for breath. That faint breathing space of a moment's duration sealed his fate. Seizing the chance with consummate skill, Felix closed upon the breathless monster, and brought down the heavy stone hammer point blank upon the center of his crashing skull. The weapon drove home. It left a great red gash in the coronal head. Tu-Kia-Kia reeled and fell. There was an interval of pause of silence and suspense. Then a great shout went up from all round to heaven. "He has killed him. He has killed him. We have a new-made god. Tu-Kia-Kia is dead. Long live Tu-Kia-Kia!"

Felix drew back for a moment, panting and breathless, and wiped his wet brow with his sleeve, his brain all whirling. At his feet, the savage lay stretched like a log. Felix gazed at the blood-battered face remorsefully. It is an awful thing, even in a just quarrel, to feel that you have really taken a human life! The responsibility is enough to appal the bravest of us. He stooped down and examined the prostrate body with solemn reverence. Blood was flowing in torrents from the wounded head. But Tu-Kia-Kia was dead—stone dead forever.

Hot tears of relief welled up into Felix's eyes. He touched the body calmly with a reverent hand. No life, no motion. Just as he did so, the woman Ula came forward, her limbs all beautiful, all triumphant in her walk, a proud insensitive aura. One second she gazed at the great corpse disdainfully. Then she lifted her dainty foot, and gave it a contemptuous kick. "The body of Lavita, the son of Sami," she said, with a gesture of hatred. "He had a bad heart. We will cook it and eat it." Next turning to Felix, "Oh, Tu-Kia-Kia," she cried, clapping her hands three times and bowing low to the ground, "you are a very great god. We will serve you and salute you. Am not I, Ula, one of your wives, your child? Do with me as you will. Take care for me, for the great god's sake!"

Felix gazed at the beautiful, heart-battered woman—all horrified. Even on

board, that cannibal island, he was hardly prepared for quite so low a degree of savage insensibility. But all the people around, now a hundred or more, standing naked before their new god, took up the shout in concert. "The body of Lavita, the son of Sami," they cried. A carriage course. The god has deserted it. The great soul of the world has entered the heart of the white-faced stranger from the disk of the sun the king of the plain the great Tu-Kia-Kia. We will cook and eat the body of Lavita, the son of Sami. He was a bad man. He is a worn-out shell. Nothing remains of him now. The great god has left him.

Felix bent irresolute over the fallen savage's blood-stained corpse. What next was expected of him he hardly knew or cared. His one desire now was to return to Muriel to Muriel whom he had rescued from something worse than death at the hateful hands of that accursed creature who lay breathless forever on the ground beside him.

Somebody came up just then, and seized his hand warmly. Felix looked up with a start. It was their friend, the Frenchman. "Ah, my captain, you have done well," M. Peyron cried, admiring him. "What courage! What coolness! What pluck! What soldier's pluck! I couldn't see all that in you in the death! And oh, mon Dieu, how I admired and envied you!"

By this time the bull-roarer had ceased to bellow among the rocks. The King of Fire stood for him. In his hands he held a length of bamboo-stick with a pointed end. "Bring wood and palm-leaves," he said, in a tone of command. "Of no light weight—set up that I may be before Tu-Kia-Kia!"

He turned and looked thrice very low before Felix. "The accept-od of Heaven," he cried, holding his hands above him. "The very high god. The King of All Things. He sends down his showers upon our crops and our fields. He causes his sun to shine brightly over us. He makes our pigs and our slaves bring forth their increase. All we are but his meat. We, his people, praise him."

And all the men of Boupari, naked and bleeding, bent low in response. Tu-Kia-Kia is great," they chanted, as they clapped their hands. "We thank him that he has chosen a French incarnation. The sun will not set in the heavens overhead, nor the buds wither and cease to bear fruits on earth. Tu-Kia-Kia, our god, is great. He springs ever young and fresh, like the herbs of the field. He is a most high god. We, his people, praise him."

Four temple attendants brought sticks and lives, while Felix stood still, half daunted by these preparations. The King of Fire, with his torch, set light to the pile. It hissed merrily on high. "I Fire sal to you," he cried, bending over it toward Felix. "Now, out on the body of Lavita, the son of Sami," he went on, turning toward the contemptuous Ula. "I will cook it in my flame, that Tu-Kia-Kia the great may eat of it."

Felix drew back with a face all aglow with horror and disgust. "Don't touch that body!" he cried, authoritative, putting his foot down firm. "Leave it alone at once. I refuse to allow you." Then he turned to M. Peyron. "The King of the Birds and I," he said, with calm resolve, "we two will bury it." The King of Fire drew back at these strange words, nonplussed. This was, indeed, an ill-omened break in the ceremony of initiation of a new Tu-Kia-Kia, to which he had never before in his life been accustomed. He hardly knew how to comport himself under such singular circumstances. It was as though the Sovereign of England, on Coronation day, should not be crowned, and intimate to the Archbishop in his full canonicals, a confirmed preference for the Republican form of Government. It was a contingency that a law and custom in Boupari had neither, in their wisdom, foreseen nor provided for.

The King of Water whiskered low in the new god's ear. "You must eat of a body, my lord," he said. "That is absolutely necessary. Every one of us must eat of the flesh of the god but you above all, must eat his heart, his divine nature. Otherwise you can never be full Tu-Kia-Kia."

In a moment Felix's mind was fully made up. There was no time to think it was the hour for action. He saw how he must comport himself. Toward this strange wild people, seating Muriel gently on the ground, Mail beside her, and stepping forward himself, with Peyron's hand in his, he beckoned to the vast and surging crowd to bespeak respectful silence.

A mighty hush fell at once upon the people. The King of Fire and the King of Water stood back, obedient to his nod. They waited for the signal of this strange new development.

"Men of Boupari," Felix began speaking with a marvelous fluency in their own tongue for the excitement of the occasion, "I have placed the sacred body, and found it in single combat by the established rule of your own religion. Fire and Water, your own religion, of this new island, is it not so? You saw all things done, did you not, after the precedents of your ancestors?"

The King of Fire bowed low and answered. "Tu-Kia-Kia speaks indeed, the truth. Water and I, with our own eyes, have seen it."

"I do now," Felix went on, "I am myself, by your own laws, Tu-Kia-Kia."

The King of Fire made a gesture of dissent. "Oh, great God, pardon me," he murmured. "If I say aught, now, to contradict you, but you are not a full Tu-Kia-Kia yet till you have eaten of the heart of the god, your predecessor."

Then where is now the spirit of Tu-Kia-Kia, the very high god, if I am not he? Felix asked, abrupt, thus puzzling them with a hard problem in their own savage theology.

The King of the Fire gave a start, and pondered. This was a detail of his creed that had never before so much as occurred to him. All aiths have their creases. "I do not well know," he answered, "whether it is in the heart of Lavita, the son of Sami, or in your own body. But I feel sure it must now be certainly somewhere, though we where our fathers have never told us."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

### WOMEN NOT CONTENT.

#### EVER DEMANDING CHANGES IN CURRENT STYLES.

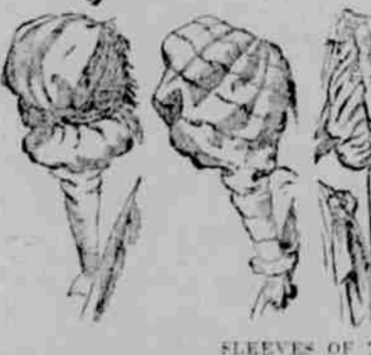
Envy Ones Now Trying to Induce Frivolous Folk to Wear Hats with Big Crowns—Many Protest Against Burying Their Heads in a Millinery Store.

Chapter on Hats. New York correspondence.



OME WOMEN are never contented with the styles of the moment. They are forever demanding changes in current styles, which are in the nature of reforms. The envious ones are now trying to induce frivolous folk to wear hats big enough in the crown to fit their heads. As if in these war times at present, a woman of great number of generally stylish shapes to suit everyone. As if a woman could afford to distinguish a good hat of her head in a hat that sets down about the top of her ears as a man does. What difference does it make if a man does not have to wear hat-pin, and if when it blows he can just pull his hat down hard? Do women want to see their heads wear in that way? It seems not, for the indications are that women are to wear their crown matter that ever, just as they wear their belts.

Hats are to be made to stay on by thrusting a long thin iron peg through the back of the crown, or by snubbing right through the heart of the little knob of hair that stands up inside the crown. When it blows they go indoors, they are afraid their hair



SLEEVES OF THE SEASON

will come off otherwise they try to look as if they liked having their scalps pulled. The present fashionable hat is a street wear, it consists of a big band of canvas to the breeze, too, and argued by the wind will be hard to release.

Large as are many of these belated models, they are never conspicuous. The strictly well-dressed

is far above the real height of the crown. It towers so far that the girl who has given his seat to a pretty girl and stands in the car, with the privilege of seeing the top of said pretty girl's hat, feels as if he were looking down a well and holds on tightly to the strap. On theater boxes wired wings often rise far above the artist's next flooring. This was a fair is of pale cream lace, two ruffles covering the crown and a narrower lace giving the brim. The garniture consists of go big soft rows of blue chiffon, and red wings of lace and chiffon.

Women seem to be always asking for a simple hat that will do for any occasion and need no trimming, yet directly they are permitted such a hat by fashion, they proceed to trim it and make it anything but a plain and all-round a thing. That was the way with the sailor. It was not long before it was decorated with bows and feathers, and now the dainty English walking hat has gone the same way. The underside of its rolling brim is spread smoothly over heavy eave, wide and is banded about the crown, drawn through a buckle that covers the front and spread at its side into a lot of fat loops, and at the left side rises a waterspout of feathery rigatures. Of course, the effect is go big soft rows of blue chiffon, and red wings of lace and chiffon. It seems to be disappearing a trifle in all sorts of modifications. Sometimes the brim is very wide and rolled only at the very edges of the side, pointing mesh at the front and back, giving a regular gondola effect. In another shape it is very wide and rolled close to the crown, the edge almost disappearing. Again, one side rolls small and close, and the other has one big, loose row of ruffles all round, more a bird, a bow, or a eave and four, a little thing of the kind that the wearer fancies and that will help lift the low side to the height of the high

imitations of straw braid are numerous and are often very cunningly made, but they are generally of pleasant effect. The brim of the dainty hat beside the initial is edged with an odd strand of this sort, composed of mottled silk braid. The hat is round and of sheer black tulle. It is garnished with a large bow of coarse velvet ribbon from which rises an elegant variety of colored beads. In back the trimming is completed by a large rosette with a wired wing of black Chantilly lace on either side. It is surprising how much lace is used on the hats of the late autumn and winter, and the shades chosen for it are most often cream or white. But the street hat—with many women that means the best hat—abounds in plumes. A lot of this second picture will illustrate the abundance of these feathers, and handsome hatwear they make, too. This one, like most of its sort, is of black tulle, trimmed with black plumes and accented a dash of color here and there so that the whole may seem somber. If a rolling brim is turned up in a draped biased fold of velvet in the new shade called tulle and a rosette of the same is put on either side of the front. Ring of from the center is a group of three ostrich tips, two more lie on the brim, and a sixth falls toward the back, all wing the tip to droop over. A dust velvet rosette fastens the brim in back. The relieving color might as well be cerise, a new magenta shade, but it should be

used more sparingly, particularly about the face. It is a latest idea and not anything more a-hundred of the sort, but it is a shade so agreeably brilliant that a little of it is enough for a large hat.

Every hat should have a dash of bright color, a knot of cherry velvet, a tiny grass-green parrot feather, or an emerald buckle, and the more demure in color the rest of the hat is the more dashy the bit must be. This rule is



A PICTURESQUE TYPE

tastefully followed in the third model shown, which is a round hat of black novelty felt with a crown of jet encircled by a black lace veil that falls on the brim. The latter is waved and turned up in back with a coarse chiffon rosette, a second being passed in front. The garniture is completed by several ostrich tips.

Fake height is given to hats by banding them with a stiff collar that

is thought that the recently contrived apparatus called the fumenephone, designed to trace in air the presence of any gas having a different density, will serve an important practical purpose in the detection of the quantity of coal gas in mines.

The construction of this instrument is based upon the well-known acoustic principle that, if two organ pipes of the same pitch are sounded simultaneously by means of blowers fed by pure air, a simple sound is heard, but if there be forced through one of these pipes pure air, while the other is thrown into vibrations by means of a mixture of air and gas, the sound of the latter pipe is correspondingly modified and unevenly, when the two pipes are sounded simultaneously, a certain number of interference beats will be heard, depending upon the quantity of gas contained in the air with which the pipe is fed. To the fumenephone, the apparatus by means of which this operation is performed, consists simply of two blowers and two pipes precisely alike. One of the blowers and its appropriate pipe is enclosed in an air-tight box containing pure air, and the other pipe is fed by a mixture of air and gas. The whole proceeding involves only a very brief time, perhaps a few seconds.—New York Sun.

Cheerful.

There has lately been opened at Brussels a cafe of new and peculiar attractions. It is known as La Mort, and its entrance is down a flight of stairs to a vault, ferned in decoration. The tables are coffin-shaped; the waiters are in monastic robes. There are various exhilarating entertainments in this charming retreat.

The visitor can look through a hole in the wall draped with black and, by an arrangement of mirrors, see himself in a coffin. Or, again, if he can induce anyone to stand in an upright coffin, he can see the face change, by some process of lights and shades, through all the lines of approaching death, lastly that of death itself, until it seems as if he were looking at a skull.

Petroleum.

The rapidity with which the world moves nowadays is illustrated by the fact that there are men now living, and plenty of them too, who can remember when petroleum was gathered from the surface of the springs in Pennsylvania, and was sold in ounce phials as rock-oil, an admirable specific for rheumatism. Its scarcity was its most effective commendation, for as soon as it became plentiful, nobody thought of rubbing it on his joints. The entire system of petroleum wells, the immense petroleum trade, have all sprung up within the recollection of a single generation.

People do not consider advertising immodest unless they are asked to pay for it.

An Attack of the Blues.

One of the most suddenly transforming and, to those who witnessed it, amusing effects produced by a toilet preparation, advertised to make its user beautiful for eyes, was undoubtedly the following:

A certain young lady, of generally attractive appearance, was amongst the audience listening attentively to a popular lecture by a well known professor of chemistry when most mysteriously her countenance became distinctly blue. She had been heightening the charms of her complexion by artificial means, and the rouge that she had applied had now changed to a blue color through the unforeseen action of a chemical substance with which the professor was largely experimenting.

The audience were at first non-plussed at the transformation, but soon smiled at their appeal on the fact. The lady was, however, in blissful ignorance of the actual change she had suffered, and merely regarded the radiant looks with which she was greeted from every direction as so many tributes of homage to her queenly beauty.

At last a lady of her acquaintance, who was seated by her side, cruelly informed her of the purple, plum-like glow which suffused her face and was the undeniable cause of the beaming countenance.

Quickly producing her handkerchief, she hid her attack of the blues from the vulgar gaze, and made a speedy exit.

Unavoidably Prevented.

Captain Bliss was, like all women, a strict disciplinarian, and his crew resented him beyond measure. Not one of the would have dreamed of interpreting a command otherwise than according to the strict letter of the law, things not to be done "slap-shape" under his rule.

One day, while the ship was in a certain small port, the captain gave a dinner to some town acquaintances, and as the resources of the ship were not great, some of the sailors were deputed to wait on the table, to reinforce the insufficient number of stewards.

As these men were not used to such work, each one was told exactly what his vice would fall to his share. The first came and the dinner went hurriedly on. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none very near her, and the finely disciplined steward seemed to be quite oblivious of her need. She turned her head and spoke very softly to the man at her elbow.

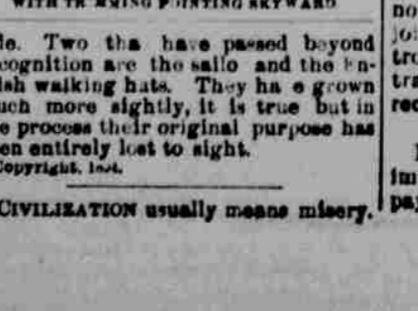
"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread, and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her, if it had been in his power. He saluted in the naval style.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said he. "I'm told of for 'taters!"

Discovering Gas by Sound.

It is thought that the recently contrived apparatus called the fumenephone, designed to trace in air the presence of any gas having a different density, will serve an important practical purpose in the detection of the quantity of coal gas in mines. The construction of this instrument is based upon the well-known acoustic principle that, if two organ pipes of the same pitch are sounded simultaneously by means of blowers fed by pure air, a simple sound is heard, but if there be forced through one of these pipes pure air, while the other is thrown into vibrations by means of a mixture of air and gas, the sound of the latter pipe is correspondingly modified and unevenly, when the two pipes are sounded simultaneously, a certain number of interference beats will be heard, depending upon the quantity of gas contained in the air with which the pipe is fed. To the fumenephone, the apparatus by means of which this operation is performed, consists simply of two blowers and two pipes precisely alike. One of the blowers and its appropriate pipe is enclosed in an air-tight box containing pure air, and the other pipe is fed by a mixture of air and gas. The whole proceeding involves only a very brief time, perhaps a few seconds.—New York Sun.



WITH TRIMMING POINTING SKYWARD

CIVILIZATION usually means misery.