

# KORONG.



By GRANT ALLEN.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

But nothing that Muriel could say would induce the girl further to explain her meaning. She shook her head and looked very wise. "When a god comes into somebody," she said, nodding toward Muriel in a mysterious way, "then him god off him him korong." When the god, away from him, Korong no longer, somebody else Korong. Queenie Korong now; so people worship him. While him time last, people plenty kind to him.

The day passed away, and night came on. As it approached, heavy clouds drifted up from eastward, and Muriel, leaning over the railing of her boat, looked at the sky. "It was so strange, and yet she was so utterly weary to do otherwise than sleep, in spite of her strange and terrible surroundings.

Felix, too, slept for some hours, but woke with a start in the night. It was raining heavily. He could hear the loud patter of a fierce tropical shower on the roof of his hut. His shadow, at his feet, slept still unmoved; but when Felix rose on his feet, the shadow rose on a sudden, too, and confronted him, earnestly. The young man heard the rain then he bowed down his face with an awe, not visible, but audible, in the still darkness. "It has come," he said, with superstitious terror. "It has come at last up here has brought it."

After that, Felix lay awake for some hours, hearing the rain on the roof, and puzzled in his own mind by a half-uncertain memory. What was it in his school reading that that connection with the water indefinitely reminded him of? Wasn't there some Greek or Roman, some hero about shaking your head when water was poured upon it? What could that superstition be, and what high might it cast on that mysterious ceremony? He wished he could remember, but it was so long since he'd read it, and he never cared much at school for Greek or Roman antiquities.

"Tu-Kila-Kila is coming," the young man-shadow said, in Polynesian, almost in the same breath, and no less tremulously. "We dare not look upon his face, he burns us to ashes. His is very great Taboo. His face is fire. But you two are gods. Step forth to receive him."

Felix took Muriel's hand in his, somewhat trembling himself, and led her forth on to the open space in front of the huts to meet the man-god. She followed him like a child. She was a woman enough for that. She had implicit trust in him.

As they emerged, a strange procession met their eyes, unawares, coming down the zigzag path that led from the huts to the shore of theagoon, where their huts were situated. At its head marched two men tall, straight, and supple—wearing huge feather masks over their faces, and beating tom-toms, decorated with long strings of shiny cowries. After them, in order, came a sort of hollow square of chiefs or warriors, surrounding with fan-palms a central object all shrouded from the view with the utmost precaution. This central object was covered with a huge, regal umbrella, from whose edge hung rows of small nautilus and other shells, so as to form a kind of screen, like the Japanese portiers now so common in English doorways. Two supporters held it up, one on either side, in long cloaks of feathers. Under the umbrella a man seemed to move; and as he approached, the natives, to right and left, flew precipitately to their huts, snatching up their naked little ones from the ground as they went, and crying aloud, "Taboo! Taboo!" He comes, he comes. Tu-Kila-Kila! Tu-Kila-Kila!

The procession wound slowly on, unheeding these common creatures, till it reached the huts. Then the chiefs who formed the hollow square fell back one by one, and the man under the umbrella, with his two supporters, came forward boldly. Felix noticed that they crossed without scruple the thick white line of sand, which all the other natives so carefully respected. The man within the umbrella drew aside the curtain of hanging nautilus shells. His face was covered with a thin mask of paper mulberry bark; but Felix knew he was the self-same person whom they had seen the day before in the central temple.

Tu-Kila-Kila's air was more insolent and arrogant than even before. He was clearly in high spirits. "You have done well, O King of the Rain," he said, turning zevly to Felix; and you, O Queen of the Clouds; you have done right bravely. We have all acquitted ourselves as our people would wish. We have made our showers to descend abundantly from heaven; we have caused the crops to grow; we have wetted the plantain bushes. See: Tu-Kila-Kila, who is so great a god, has come from his own home on the hills to greet you."

"It has certainly rained in the night," Felix answered, dryly.

But Tu-Kila-Kila was not to be put off thus. Adjusting his thin mask or veil of bark, so as to hide his face more thoroughly from the inferior god, he turned round once more to the chiefs, who even so, hardly dared to look openly upon him. Then he struck an attitude. The man was clearly bursting with spiritual pride. He knew himself to be a god, and was filled with the insolence of his supernatural power. "See, my people," he cried, holding up his hands, palms outward, in his accustomed god-like way: "I am indeed a great deity—Lord of Heaven, Lord of Earth, Life of the World, Master of Time, Measurer of the Sun's Course, Spirit of Growth, Creator of the Harvest, Master of Mortals, Bestower of Breath upon Men, Chief Pillar of Heaven!"

The warriors bowed down before their bleated master with an unquestioned assent. "Giver of Life to all the host of the gods," they cried, "you are indeed a mighty one. Weigher of the equipoise of Heaven and Earth, we acknowledge your might; we give you thanks eternally."

Tu-Kila-Kila swelled with visible importance. "Did I not tell you, my meat," he exclaimed, "I would bring you new gods, great spirits from the sun, fetchers of fire from my bright home in the heavens? Have they not brought the precious gift of fresh fire with them?"

"Tu-Kila-Kila speaks true," the chiefs echoed, submissively, with bent heads.

"Did I not make one of them, King of the Rain?" Tu-Kila-Kila asked once more, stretching one hand toward the sky with theatrical magnificence. "Did I not declare the other Queen of the Clouds in Heaven? And have I not caused them to bring down showers of rain upon our crops? Has not the dry earth drunk? Am I not the great god, the Saviour of Boupari?"

"Tu-Kila-Kila says well," the chiefs responded, once more, in unanimous chorus.

Tu-Kila-Kila struck another attitude with childish self-assertion. "I go into the hut to speak with my ministers," he said, grandiloquently. "Fire and water, wait you hear outside while I enter and speak with my friends from the sun, whom I have brought for the salvation of the crops to Boupari."

The King of Fire and the King of Water, supporting the umbrella, bowed assent to his words. Tu-Kila-Kila motioned Felix and Muriel into the nearest hut. It was the one where the two shadows lay crouching in terror among the native mats. As the god tried to enter, the two cowering wretches set up a loud shout: "Taboo! Taboo! Mercy! Mercy!" Tu-Kila-Kila retreated with a contemptuous smile. "I want to see you alone," he said, in Polynesian, to Felix. "Is the other hut empty? If not, go in and cut their throats who sit there, and make the place a solitude for Tu-Kila-Kila."

"There is no one in the hut," Felix answered, with a nod, concealing his disgust at the command as far as he was able.

"That is well," Tu-Kila-Kila answered, and walked into it, carelessly. Felix followed him close and deemed it best to make Muriel enter also.

As soon as they were alone, Tu-Kila-Kila's manner altered greatly. "Come, now," he said, quite genially, yet with a curious under-current of hate in his slightly gray eyes. "We three are all gods. We who are in heaven need no secrets from one another. Tell me the truth; did you really come to us direct from the sun, or are you sailing gods, dropped from a great canoe belonging to the warriors who seek laborers for the white men in the distant country?"

Felix told him briefly, in as few words as possible, the story of their arrival.

Tu-Kila-Kila listened with lively interest, then he said, very decisively, with great bravado, "It was I who made the big wave wash your sixes overboard. I sent it to your ship. I wanted a Korong just now in Boupari. It was I who brought you."

"You are mistaken," Felix said, simply not thinking it worth while to contradict him further. "It was a purely natural accident."

"Well, tell me," the savage god went on once more, eyeing him close and sharp. "They say you have brought fresh fire from the sun with you, and that you know how to make it burst out like lightning at will. My people have seen it. They tell me the wonder. I wish to see it too. We are all gods here; we need have no secrets. Only I didn't want to let those common people outside see I asked you to show me. Make fire leap forth. I desire to behold it."

Felix took out the match-box from his pocket and struck a vesta carefully. Tu-Kila-Kila looked on with profound interest. "It is wonderful," he said, taking the vesta in his own hand, as if burned, and examining it closely. "I have heard of this before, but I have never seen it. You are indeed gods, you white men, you sailors of the sea." He glanced at Muriel. "And the woman, too," he said, with a horrible leer, "the woman is pretty."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

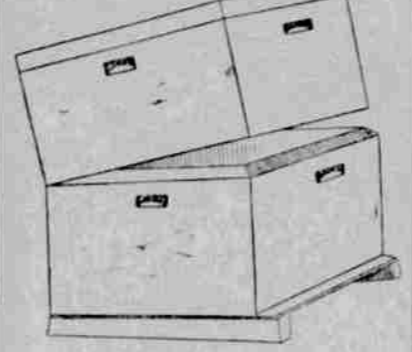
## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

### TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Construct a Convenient Bee Hive—Summer Care of Horses—A Garden Marker—Serviceable Chicken Coop—Farm and Household Notes.

#### The Simplicity Langstroth Hive.

Some twenty years ago I owned my first colony of bees. I was then attacked with a severe spell of the bee fever, which left my mind fertile for invention. My first swarm was placed in a Buckeye hive. Imagine me hauling the entire inside of this hive out, bees and all, every day or two to see whether my bees were doing well, or perhaps to obtain a glimpse of her majesty, the queen. My improvements consisted in constructing a hive with a double deck. My frames instead of resting on a monster moth trap for a foundation, as the frame of the Bu keye, slid into my hive upon strips nailed on the sides of the hive a proper distance from the bottom board. The upper story was separated from the lower

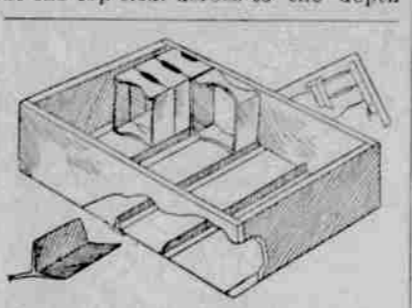


story or brood chamber by an inch board with holes in it, for the bees to pass through. The honey boxes were much like a cigar box in form. This hive being an infringement upon many other hives, I failed to get a patent.

From reading, observing and experimenting for twenty years, I believe that the beginner who does not adopt what is known as the Simplicity Langstroth hive makes a grave mistake. This hive is too well known to require more than a brief description. It may be constructed by making the hive like a box, by rabbeting the corners, or by dovetailing them, the latter way being preferable. Lumber should be seasoned, dressed on both sides and one inch thick. The hive with 8 brood frames is my favorite; many prefer 10 frames. The 8-frame hive when put together is 20 in. long and 13 1/2 in. wide outside measure. The depth is 9 in. Hand-holes are made in the ends an inch from the top. The ends are rabbeted inside at the top clear across to the depth

of 1 in. and far enough back to receive the top bar of the frames, which are 19 in. long. The Langstroth frame outside measure is 17 1/2 by 9 in. The top of the hive is level, allowing the Moore case, or the famous T super, to be placed on the top. The cover is a board, a little larger than the top of the hive, cleated to keep it from warping. The bottom board is the width of the hive and 2 in. longer. This board with cleats 2 in. wide nailed on each end forms an excellent base for the hive to set on, the 2 in. extra forms the alighting board. When using this hive for comb honey, I use the breakpoint honey board. No beehive made contains more points of interest.—J. E. Michael, in Farm and Home.

**A Garden Marker.**  
The vegetable garden, and in fact all growing crops, should at all times be laid out with a system. To a successful gardener, every break in the straightness of a row of growing crops, especially garden crops, is offensive to the eye. The cut shows a marker that may be easily made by any gardener of ingenuity. Take one inch boards, cut to a circle and bevel the edges. The wheels revolve on an iron rod, and are held at the desired distance by pieces of 1/2 inch scantling, through the center of each, lengthwise, is bored a hole of corresponding size. A handle fastened to the centerpiece and braced by iron rods completes the tool.



A GARDEN MARKER.

**Keeping Hillside in Mud.**  
On tillable, hillside land there is usually a heavy loss every time the land is newly plowed, as the rain of even a moderate shower is not absorbed as fast as it falls, but by its

## own gravity rushes down the hillside carrying with it much of the surface soil, and if the soil be soft, often deep gutters are formed. If such slopes were well seeded to timothy or clover, but little injury would result, and if properly managed a timothy sod may be kept in good condition on hillside pasture land for many years. Usually the soil in such places is naturally thin, hence previous to plowing apply fertilizer in some form, preferably well rotted barnyard manure. This will keep the timothy in good health for many years. Should any portion become thin, let the whole row to a height of six or eight inches, when either commercial fertilizers or well rotted manure can be applied to the thin portions. Thus guarded, even heavy rains will not carry much fertility away, but cause it to lodge against and become absorbed by the growing plants. Hillside should never be pastured very closely.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

**Very little ultramarine is found in the market.** It is obtained from the precious lapis-lazuli, and commands a fabulous price.

First balance themselves in water by the muscular contraction of the air bladders. At death the muscles relax and the air bladder expands, with the result that the fish is thrown on one side and rises to the surface.

It is not generally known that India rubber expands by cold, but this was shown experimentally by Professor Dewar at a recent lecture. A piece of rubber tissue was stretched like the head of a drum and cooled to 60° by the application of a pad wetted with liquid at 100 degrees below zero C. The rubber, whenever touched by the cool pad, expanded into puckers, and these stretched tight again as the rubber got warm.

The following are interesting facts about snow: A foot of newly fallen snow makes but one inch of water when melted. Snow seldom falls as far south as Pensacola, Fla., but has been known to border the Gulf from that point to Brownsville, Texas. One hundred miles north of Key West is the farthest point south in Florida that it has ever been known to fall, at Punta Gorda, on December 1, 1876. The only time snow was ever known to fall at San Diego, Cal., was during the great storm period of January 1-11, 1852. The average annual fall in Maine is seven feet, New York four feet, and Iowa two and a half feet.

The mercury mines of Almaden, Spain, the quality of the mercury improves and the quantity increases the further the distance traversed. In the deepest gallery the mercury seems to run from the rocks as resin from the trees. On being taken from the pits the ore is smelted in vast furnaces. Distillation is effected through a long and complete series of tubes, formed of thick jars, with a long, narrow neck, fitting into each other. In the lower portion of these jars there exists a kind of reservoir, where the drops of mercury produced by the evaporation of the metal in a state of fusion are condensed. These drops are then collected, and with the aid of small pipes, stored in large iron barrels. A strong and penetrating odor, which irritates the eyes and, no trills, escapes from the jars and barrels.

It is well to remember.

That a box in the kitchen or drawer or shelf in the cupboard will hold paper bags, also the straws, and they will be found useful many times.

That one use is to slit them open and line the cake tins.

That another use is to cover each jar of canned fruit to keep out the light.

That newspapers should be saved for kitchen use, to wipe the stove off, to polish the teakettle, to wipe the flat-iron, doubled to place under a hot kettle or hot dish we wish to place on the table.

That two or three spread on the floor in front of the table, stove, sink on baking day saves the floor, and they can be turned up when through with, taking the dust with them.

That a handful of iron tacks are good to clean out bottles and fruit cans with; half fill the jars with soapuds, then add the tacks and shake.

That it is safer to use them than snots, as the latter may leave a poison deposit.

That if one cooks in hot summer weather one should dress as cool as possible.

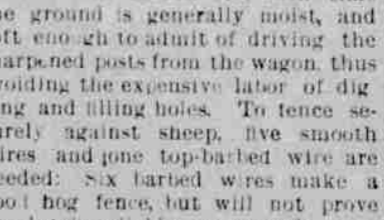
That a dress made of five-cent challe is surprisingly cool and will wear longer than one would suppose from the thin nature of the goods.—Good Housekeeping.

#### Uses of Barbed Wire Fences.

Barbed wire fence is steadily gaining favor on its merits of strength, durability, effectiveness, and low cost. The galvanized wire lasts many years, and only half as many posts need be used as with other kinds of fences. When the ground is so wet that other farm work cannot be done, is a proper time to build barbed wire fences. At such time the ground is generally moist, and soft enough to admit of driving the sharpened posts from the wagon, thus avoiding the expensive labor of digging and filling holes. To fence securely against sheep, five smooth wires and one top-barbed wire are needed. Six barbed wires make a good hog fence, but will not prove absolutely reliable as regards very small pigs. For cattle and horses, three barbed wires are fairly well, but will be more satisfactory if four strands are used.

#### Dry Goods Box Chicken Coop.

The illustration herewith shows how dry goods boxes have, for a number of seasons, been adopted by a correspondent of the American Agriculturist for use as chicken coops. The box is placed in its natural position, one side being made higher by a single board. This provides for a sloping roof, the central



SEVICABLE CHICKEN COOP.

#### Farm Notes.

It requires time to convert substances into plant food, but fertilizers are readily soluble and give almost immediate results on nearly all crops.

A distinguished fruit grower, in an address before the agricultural students of the Ohio State University, gave it as his opinion that you can get 5,000 bushels of pears of one kind more easily than you can dispose of one load of mixed varieties.

A STOCKMAN says that sulphur should always be kept in handy reach of the sheep house. It is a preventive of many ills. A few pieces of roll brimstone should be always found in the horse and cow troughs. Insects and vermin do not like sulphur.

If a team pulls unevenly the trouble may be remedied by unhitching the inside traces and crossing them so as to have the same horse attached to the same end of each swingletree. One case is known where many a heavy load has been pulled by adopting this expedient.

The value of a garden does not depend on what the crops may bring on the market, but upon how much such vegetables would cost for a family if they were bought. The best market for garden crops is at home, on the farmer's table. The farmer who will buy his vegetables and small fruit when he can raise them pays twice as much for his luxuries as he should.

#### Propitiating the Domestic Tyrant.

In Berlin at the house of a celebrated physician and geheimer sanitairath, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into his service of a girl named Auguste Prill was lately celebrated in the most brilliant manner. All the members of the family, many of whom live at a great distance from Berlin, assembled to do the faithful servant honor, and she was loaded with beautiful gifts.—London Daily News.

#### Augers.

The largest auger ever made in an auger and bit manufacturing town has been recently finished at James Swan's shops. The tool is fourteen feet long and three inches in diameter. It was made in sections three feet long, and three men were kept busy nearly three days in polishing it, and there is but one use for this immense tool, and that is for boring pump stocks.

The women are particularly pleased with a marriage ceremony so impressive that it makes the chills run down their backs.

#### Once heard a Scotchman say that he had distant relatives who were very near.