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Professor Wiggins, words evoke the conjecture that, since the earth presents the phases of the moon to Mars, the lights of New York and Brooklin, especially the great Sandy Hook searchlight, might possibly be seen as a light spot from Mars with the aid of a great telescope.—Philadelpha Record.

While China and Japan are at war it will be just as well for the rest of the world to keep an eye on Russia. The bear is hungry for more territory and prefers Korea to the Pamir.—Cincinnatti Commercial Gazette.

We are somewhat in doubt about Professor Wiggins' authority to speak for the Marsians in this matter, but we place as much confidence in this prediction as in any other the professor ever has made.—Chicago Dispatch.

China is said to be sending soldiers armed with bows and arrows to fight the Japanese in Korea. This is an excellent plan if the object is to decrease the population of the Chinese empire.—Cleveland Leader.

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KORONG.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Tu Kila-Kila drew back with a little cry of surprise. "You know it is in the tree!" he cried. "You know my soul is kept there! Why, Ula, who told you that? and you a woman! Bad medicine, indeed! Some man has been babbling what he learned in the mysteries. If this should reach the ears of the King of the Rain—" he paused mysteriously.

"What? What?" Ula cried, seizing his hand in hers, and pressing it hard to her bosom in her anxiety and eagerness. "Tell me the secret. Tell me."

With a sudden sharp howl of darting pain, Tu-Kila-Kila withdrew her hand. She had squeezed the finger the parrot had bitten, and blood began once more to flow from it freely.

A wild impulse of revenge came over the savage. He caught her by the neck with his other hand, pressed her throat hard till she was black in the face, kicked her several times with ferocious rage and then flung her away from him to the other side of the hut with a fierce and untranslatable native imprecation.

Ula, shaken and hurt, darted away toward the door, with a face of abject terror. For every reason on earth she was intensely alarmed. Were it merely as a matter of purely earthly fear, she had ground enough for fright in having so roused the nasty anger of that powerful and implacable creature. He would kill her and eat her with far less compunction than an English farmer would kill and eat one of his own barn-yard chickens. But besides that, it terrified her not a little in more mysterious ways to see the blood of a good falling upon the earth so freely. She knew not what awful results to herself and her race might follow from so terrible a desecration.

But, to her utter astonishment, the great god himself, mad with rage as he was, seemed none the less almost as profoundly frightened and surprised as she herself was. "What did you do that for?" he cried, now sufficiently recovered for thought and speech, wringing his hand with pain, and then popping his finger hastily in his mouth to ease it. "You are a clumsy thing. And you want to destroy me, too, with your foolish clumsiness."

He looked at her and scowled. He was very angry. But the savage woman is nothing if not quick-witted and politic. In a flash of intuition, Ula saw at once he was more frightened than hurt; he was afraid of the effect of this strange revelation upon his own reputation for supreme godship. With every mark and gesture of deprecatory servility the woman sided back to his side like a whipped dog. For a second she looked down on the floor at the drops of blood; then, without one word of warning or one instant's hesitation, she bit her own finger hard till blood flowed from it freely. "I will show this to Fire and Water," she said; holding it up before his eyes, all red and bleeding. "I will say you were angry with me and bit me for a punishment, as you often do. They will never find out it was the blood of a god. Have no fear for their eyes. Let me look at your finger."

Tu-Kila-Kila, half appeased by her clever quickness, held his hand out sulkily, like a disobedient child. Ula examined it close. "A bite," she said, shortly. "A bite from a bird! a peck from a parrot!"

Tu-Kila-Kila jerked out a surly assent.

"Yes, the Soul of all dead parrots," he answered, with an angry glare. "It bit me this morning at the King of the Birds." A vicious brute. But no one saw it."

Ula put the finger up to her own mouth, and sucked the wound gently. Her medicine stanched it. Then she took a thin leaf of the paper mulberry, soft, cool, and soothing, and bound it round the place with a strip of the lace-like inner bark, as deftly as any hospital nurse in London would have done it. These savage women are capital hands in sickness. Tu-Kila-Kila sat and sulked meanwhile, like a disappointed child. When Ula had finished, she nodded her head and glided softly away. She knew her chance of learning the secret was gone for the moment, and she had too much of the gile of the savage woman to spoil her chances by loitering about unnecessarily while her lord was in his present ungracious humor.

As she stole from the hut, Tu-Kila-Kila, looking ruefully at his wounded hand, and then at that light and supple retreating figure, muttered sulkily to himself, with a very bad grace, "the woman knows too much. She knows that Tu-Kila-Kila's life and soul are bound up in the tree. She knows that I bled, and that the parrot bit me. If she blabs, as woman will do, mischief may come of it. I am a great god, a very great god—keen, bloodthirsty, cruel. And I like that woman. But it would be wiser and safer, perhaps, after all, to forego my affection and to make a great feast of her."

And Ula, looking back with a smile and a nod, and holding up her own bitten and bleeding hand with a farewell shake, as if to remind her divine husband of her promise to show it to Fire and Water, murmured low to herself as she went, "He is a very great god; a very great god, no doubt; but I hate him! He would eat me to-morrow if I didn't coax him and wheedle him and keep him in good temper. You want to be sharp, indeed, to be the wife of a god. I got off to-day with the skin of my teeth. He might have turned and killed me. If only I could find out the Great Taboo, I would tell it to the stranger, the King of the Rain; and then, perhaps, Tu-Kila-Kila would die. And the stranger would become Tu-Kila-Kila in turn, and I would be one of his wives; and Toko, who is his Shadow, would return again to the service of Tu-Kila-Kila's temple."

But Fire, as she passed, was saying to water, "We are getting tired in Bouparl of Lavita, the son of Sami. If the luck of the island is not to change, it is high time, I think, we should have a new Tu-Kila-Kila."

CHAPTER XX.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

That same afternoon Muriel had a visitor. M. Jules Peyron, formerly of the College de France, no longer a mere Polynesian god, but a French gentleman of the Boulevards in voice and manner, came to pay his respects, as in duty bound, to Mademoiselle Ellis. M. Peyron had performed his toilet under trying circumstances, to the best of his ability. The remnants of his European clothes, much patched and overhung with squares of native tappa cloth, were hidden as much as possible by a wide feather cloak, very savage in effect, but more seemly, at any rate, than the tattered garments in which Felix had first found him in his own garden parterre. M. Peyron, however, was fully aware of the defects of his costume, and profoundly apologetic. "It is with ten thousand regrets, mademoiselle," he said, many times over, bowing low and simpering, "that I venture to appear in a lady's salon—for after all, wherever a European lady goes, there her salon follows her—in such a tenue as that in which I am now compelled to present myself. Mais que voulez-vous? Nous ne sommes pas à Paris." For to M. Peyron, as innocent in his way as Mali herself, the whole world divided itself into Paris and the provinces.

Nevertheless, it was touching to both the new-comers to see the Frenchman's delight at meeting once more with civilized beings. "Figure to yourself, mademoiselle," he said, with true French effusion—"figure to yourself the joy and surprise with which I, this morning, receive monsieur, your friend, at my humble cottage. For the first time after nine years on this hateful island, I see again a European face; I hear again French language. My emotion, believe me, was too profound for words. When monsieur was gone, I retired to my hut, I sat down on the floor, I gave myself over to tears, tears of joy and gratitude, to think I should once more catch a glimpse of civilization! This afternoon, I ask myself can I venture to go out and pay my respects, thus attired, in these rags, to a European lady? For a long time I doubt, I wonder, I hesitate. In my quality of Frenchman, I would have wished to call in civilized costume upon a civilized household. But what would you have? Necessity knows no law. I am compelled to envelope myself in my savage robe of office as a Polynesian god—a robe of office which, for the rest, is not without an interest of its own to the scientific ornithologist, it belongs to me, especially as King of the Birds, and in it, in effect, is represented at least one feather of each kind or color from every part of the body of every species of bird that inhabits Bouparl. I thus sum up, pour ainsi dire, in my official costume all the birds of the island, as Tu-Kila-Kila, the very high god, sums up, in his quaint and curious fashion, the land and the sea, the trees and the stones, earth, and air, and fire and water."

Familiarity with danger begets at last a certain callous indifference. Muriel was surprised in her own mind to discover how easily they could chat with M. Peyron on such indifferent subjects, with that awful doom of an approaching death hanging over them so shortly. But the fact was, terrors of every kind had so encompassed them round since their arrival on the island that the mere additional certainty of a date and mode of execution was rather a relief to their minds than otherwise. It partook of the nature of a reprieve, not a sentence. Besides, this meeting with another speaker of a European tongue seemed to them so full of promise and hope that they almost forgot the terrors of their threatened end in their discussion of possible schemes for escape to freedom. Even M. Peyron himself who had spent nine long years of exile in the island, felt that the arrival of two new Europeans gave him some hope of effecting at last his own retreat from this inenarrable position. His talk was all of passing steamers. If the Australasian had came near enough once to sight the island, he argued, then the homeward vessel, en route for Honolulu, must have began to take a new course considerably to the eastward of the old navigable channel. If this were so, their obvious plan was to keep a watch, day and night, for another passing Australian liner, and whenever one hove in sight, to steal away to the shore, seize a stray canoe, over ower, if possible, their Shadows, or even give them the slip, and make one bold stroke for freedom on the open ocean.

None of them could conceal from their own minds, to be sure, the extreme difficulty of carrying out this program. In the first place, it was a toss-up whether they oversighted another steamer at all; for during the weeks they had already passed on the island, not a sigh of one had appeared from any quarter. Then, again, even supposing a steamer ever hove in sight, what likelihood that they could make out for her in an open canoe in time to attract attention before she had passed the island? Tu-Kila-Kila would never willingly let them go; their Shadows would watch them with unceasing care; the whole body of natives would combine together to prevent their departure. If they ran away at all, they must run for their lives; as soon as the islanders discovered they were gone, manned at once with bloodthirsty savages, who would follow on their track with relentless persistence.

As for Muriel, less prepared for such dangerous adventures than the two men, she was rather inclined to attach a certain romantic importance (as a girl might do) to the story of the parrot and the possible disclosures which it could make if it could only communicate with them. The mysterious element in the history of that unique bird attracted her fancy. "The only one of its race now left alive," she said, with slow reflectiveness. "Like Dolly Pentreath, the last old woman who could speak Cornish! I wonder how long parrots ever live. For you know at all, monsieur? You are the king of the Birds; you ought to be an authority on their habits and manners."

The Frenchman smiled a gallant smile. "Unhappily, mademoiselle," he said, "though as a medical student I took up to a certain extent biological science in general at the College de France, I never paid any special or peculiar attention in Paris to birds in particular. But it is the universal opinion of the natives if that count for much that parrots live to a very great age; and this one old parrot of mine, whom I call Methuselah on account of his advanced years, is considered by them all to be a perfect patriarch. In effect, when the oldest men now living on the island were little boys, they tell me that Methuselah was already a venerable and much-venerated parrot. He must certainly have outlived all the rest of his race by at least the best part of three-quarters of a century. For the islanders themselves not infrequently live by unanimous consent, to be over a hundred."

"I remember to have read somewhere," Felix said, turning it over in his mind, "that when Humboldt was traveling in the wilds of South America he found one very old parrot in an Indian village, which the Indians assured him spoke the language of an extinct tribe incomprehensible then by any living person. If I recollect aright, Humboldt believed that particular bird must have lived to be nearly a 150."

"That is so, monsieur," the Frenchman answered. "I remember the case well, and have often recalled it. I recollect our professor mentioning it one day in the course of his lectures. And I have always mentally coupled that parrot of Humboldt's with my old friend and subject, Methuselah. However, that only impresses upon me more fully the folly of hoping that we can learn anything worth knowing from him. I have heard him recite his story many times over though now he repeats it less frequently than he used formerly to do; and I feel convinced it is couched in some unknown and, no doubt, forgotten language. It is a much more guttural and unpleasant tongue than any of the soft dialects now spoken in Polynesia. It belonged, I am convinced, to that yet earlier and more savage race which the Polynesians must have displaced; and as such it is now, I feel certain, practically irrevocable."

"If they were more savage than the Polynesians," Muriel said, with a profound sigh, "I'm sorry for anybody who fell into their clutches."

"But what would not many philologists at home in England give," Felix murmured, philosophically, "for a transcript of the words that parrot can speak—perhaps a last relic of the very earliest and most primitive form of human language!"

At the very moment when these things were passing under the wattled roof of Muriel's hut, it happened that on the taboo-space outside, Toko, the Shadow, stood talking for a moment with Ula, the fourteenth wife of the great Tu-Kila-Kila.

"I never see you now, Toko," the beautiful Polynesian said, leaning almost across the white line of coral-sand which she dared not transgress. "Times are dull at the temple since you came to be Shadow to the white-faced stranger."

"It was for that that Tu-Kila-Kila sent me here," the Shadow answered, with profound conviction. "He is jealous, the great god. He is bad. He is cruel. He wanted to get rid of me. So he sent me away to the King of the Rain that I might not see you."

Ula pouted, and held up her wounded finger before his eyes coquettishly. "See, what he did for me," she said, with a mute appeal for sympathy—though in that particular matter the truth was not in her. "Your god was angry with me to-day because I hurt his hand, and he clutched me by the throat, and almost choked me. He has a bad heart. See how he bit me and drew blood. Some of these days, I believe, he will kill and eat me."

The shadow glanced around him suspiciously with an uneasy air. Then he whispered low, in a voice half grudge, half terror, "If he does, he is a great god—he can search the world. I fear him much, but Toko's heart is warm. Let Tu-Kila-Kila look out for vengeance."

The woman glanced at him oueneyed, with her enticing look. "If the King of the Rain, who is Korong, knew all the secret," she murmured, slowly, "he would soon be Tu-Kila-Kila himself; and you and I could then meet together freely."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Honest Man at Last.

If Diogenes had set forth with his lamp last night in search of Buffalo's honest man he would have seen him in an out-bound Broadway car about 8:30 o'clock. He got on at Washington street and took a seat beside a man dressed in the uniform of a soldier. The latter had transferred from some other line, and by an oversight on the part of the first conductor had two transfers in place of one. When the second man got seated, the soldier, out of the kindness of his heart, whispered a word in his ear and put one of the transfers in his hand. The honest man took the paper and examined it carefully, and everybody in the car meanwhile appeared to take a lively interest in the transaction. For reasons best known to himself, probably from his inborn instinct of honest, and, perhaps, on the other hand, because he thought the conductor was on, the man to whom the transfer was tendered apparently preferred to pay his fare, but was in a sad perplexity of doubt what to do, conjecturing that the soldier would think him a poor sort of a fellow if he did not use the opportunity to get a free ride that was offered him. As the conductor came towards him however, he reached into his pocket and produced the necessary coin and paid it to the railway company's coffers, to the unconcealed disgust of the donor of the transfer, who made some remark about fools being still among the living.—Buffalo Express.

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That Yellow Jacket.

The story of the degredation of Li Hung Chang appears to be another lie hung up.—New York World.

There is a growing impression that Li Hung Chang really sent that yellow jacket of his to Tailor Dowe to be lined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Li Hung Chang lost his jacket because he was thought to have lost his head, and now it will surprise nobody if he loses his head because he lost his jacket.—New York Sun.

Telegraph Poles.

One of the latest uses to which paper has been turned is the making of telegraph poles. The paper pulp employed is saturated with a mixture of borax, tallow and other substances. The mass is cast in a mold, with a cone in the center, forming a hollow rod of any desired length, the cross pieces being being held by wooden keys driven in on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by the many weather influences which shorten the life of a wooden pole. It is doubtful, however, whether the paper pole will come to be anything like a rival to the iron pole, which is now high in favor for the carrying of all kinds of wire lines. The value of iron telegraph poles has been well tested under the most trying conditions on the line between Europe and India, and again across arid stretches of country in Australia. Insects that eat out the core of everything in the shape of wood, leaving the shell only, and bird borers that drill holes in the toughest trees, let the iron pole pass, and even wandering tribes can not chop it up for firewood, although down in Australia they have not yet quite gotten over their trick of making arrow heads of the insulators that it carries.

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Middle Aged Girls.

A bright, very fin de siecle young miss or 11 spoke of herself the other day as a "middle aged girl" and further testified that she and her kind were hard to please. Every mother of one of them realizes this. They are no longer little girls, although they ought to be, and their airs and assumptions of womanhood are funny to tell one's friend's of, but are often very trying to encounter. Some of them are very blase—all of them need the wisest and most loving care.

Safeguards Against Evil.

Be careful how you permit the gradual removal from your thinking and conduct of those safeguards against evil that were established by wise counselors in your early years. They are like fortress walls for your protection. It is estimated that about one million acres on the Atlantic and Baltic shores of Europe have become since the destruction of the forests a moving desert of sand dunes, rolling inland, burying the fertile soil and rendering the land barren by the sand showers sprinkled over it, while following the landward roll of the dunes came the restless march of the victorious sea. Like the removal of those forests is the removal, in both individual and national life, of loyalty to the precepts of the Bible and pious instruction. A way is opened for the incoming of a vast flood of evil.—Morning Star.

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