

# STRANGE ROMANCE of an ILLINOIS BOY WHO BECAME FIJI KING



ONE of the strangest stories that ever came out of the tropic seas is that of Edward Thompson, the only American who ever became a king in his own right. Nothing more romantic exists in poetry or legend than the tale of the lad from southern Illinois, who founded a kingdom in the far-off Isle of Nalkeva. For a quarter of a century he ruled in his savage realm, forgetful of the world that had forgotten him. While he sat in judgment over the affairs of his tribesmen or led his warriors to battle the map of the world was being changed.

Only the faintest echoes from civilization ever reached the island kingdom of Nalkeva, where ruled



its affairs. He came armed with letters of introduction that opened the most exclusive homes of the aristocratic English families to him. Among the many young girls that he met was the village belle, the affianced of the young Scotch-American. It was another variation of that old triangle, the woman and two men. From the first the friends of young Thompson could see that his cause was hopeless. His affianced wife and the young stranger spent more and more of their time together. Little rumors began to find their way about the village. The gossips, ever ready in a small town, were soon busy. Thompson, moody and hurt by her systematic neglect, was the last to hear and the last to countenance the whispered talk that was going the round of the village loafing places.

There was a great hue and cry along the quiet old streets one summer morning. Thompson's bride to be had disappeared. Her mother had gone to her room to awaken her and found her gone. She had gone with the young manager of Albion's latest business house, and from that day to this neither of them have been heard from.

Young Thompson changed in a day from a cheerful, happy lad to a grim-faced man. He became moody and silent. He neglected his work and never went near the home to which he had expected to lead his bride. Less than a month after the flight of the elopers there was more excitement in Albion. It was reported that Edward Thompson had disappeared. The strain and the shame of living in a town where every man, woman and child knew the story of his flitting had proven too much for his sensitive, high-strung nature.

While life flowed on in the same uneven current in the village of his nativity he was wandering here and there among the emerald islands, the lagoons and the coral reefs of the seas that behold the Southern Cross.

All the islands that lie off the familiar track of the steamers knew him first and last in the three or four years that he spent with the traders and copra buyers. The Philippines, the Ladrones, the Solomons and a dozen other island groups of the southern Pacific were visited by him in the epic years of his Odyssey. Finally he and his trading companions touched at the island of Nalkeva in the Fijis. One of the eternal civil wars that are always disrupting the peace of the little island kingdoms was brewing in Nalkeva when the tramp schooner dropped anchor inside the reef of coral that formed the harbor breakwater. A new claimant had risen for the throne and he and his followers were demanding the scepter and the head of the old king.

Thompson had left Illinois, had put the states behind him to escape the constant reminder of his lost love that he saw in every woman. The wandering life of three or four years had cleansed his heart of but little bitterness against woman-kind. He had put the old life behind him and dreamed only of adventure and never of bright eyes and loving lips. It was a mixed crew of Kanakas, Malaysians and half-castes aboard the little trading schooner. They cared but little for the kings and chieftains of the islands, but it was a part of their policy to be polite to the native rulers. An audience was arranged with the native sovereign and a part of the ship's company attended laden with calicoes, mirrors and brass rods as gifts. It was in the royal hut Thompson first saw the Princess Lakanita. She stood at the side of her father's throne when the white men entered the palm hut for their talk with the old king.

Some indefinite attraction seemed to draw the white adventurer and the brown-skinned princess to each other. They met many times while the schooner was taking on its load of native products. There was more than a little Spanish blood in the veins of the old king's daughter. Her mother was a half-caste Spanish woman and much of the languorous beauty of the maids of old Castile was the heritage of this barbaric princess of the remote Isle of Nalkeva. In the half twilight of the cocoanut groves he heard her

story of danger and distress. The rival claimant of the throne had demanded her hand in marriage, and had promised to spare the life of her father if she would consent to become his queen. It was but a matter of weeks, possibly of days, till his force would be strong enough to back his arrogant demands. In the end the white man knew that the island beauty had fallen in love with him. She pleaded with him to stay and help her escape from the clutches of the oppressor.

It is possible that Thompson would have lingered for a time if his companions had not been eager to get away from the island before the civil war began. They were traders, and as such they did not care to take sides in the dispute. It might hurt their business chances in case they ever made another trip to the island. The anchor was lifted, the brown sails spread and the ugly little schooner slipped out of the harbor of Nalkeva while Thompson stood on her deck and waved a farewell to the imperious little island beauty. At the very last she had reminded him of his promise to return to Nalkeva.

It was weeks after the departure of the ship from Nalkeva that Thompson was dramatically reminded of his promise to the Princess Lakanita. The sun had just set one night and Thompson was lying on deck smoking and watching the swift tropic dark come up out of the east. A native canoe scraped against the schooner's side and a native was heard calling for "the white man with the blue eyes." He was brought aboard and proved to be the faithful messenger of the distressed princess. He had followed the schooner across leagues of unknown seas in his open canoe searching for the only man upon whom she could rely for aid.

The end was at hand in Nalkeva, and Lakanita and her father were about to be put to death. Help must come quickly, and it was more than possible that it was now too late. That night the stanch little trading vessel pointed her prow toward Nalkeva. In the final melee along the sands of the old king and his rival were both slain and Thompson was stunned by a blow from a war club in the hands of a savage fighting man. When he revived he and his men began a hunt of extermination for all the revolters. They were wiped out and their villages fired before the party returned to the king's village, where the schooner lay anchored. Then the white hero was stricken by one of the malignant island fevers, brought on by his injury on the beach.

It was many days before he was able to recognize his free-trading companions. The princess had been his devoted nurse through his dangerous attack of tropical fever. Now that he was about to leave the island forever she grew sorrowful and listless. She drooped like a dying flower as the ship's preparations for sailing were being made. All his promises to return brought on fits of passionate weeping on the part of the little princess. She wanted him to stay.

"I fought that fever when it tried to take you away from me, and it was all for nothing," was her constant reply, "and now that you are well the white men are taking you away where Lakanita can never hope to see you again."

In the end her pleadings won. After all there was nothing in the outer world to which he cared to go back.

The good news spread quickly over the little kingdom. "The Child of the Sun" was to wed their princess and rule them in the wise ways of the white man.

After twenty-five years of idyllic happiness, Thompson, the love-lorn youth who fled from the covert jeers of the town of his birth, died a king in far-off Nalkeva. The princess still lives and his two sons will reign in his place. The silence of twenty-five years has been broken by the news of his passing away surrounded to the last by his dusky retainers.

## TEMPERANCE LESSON

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 13, 1910  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

Lesson Text—Matthew 24:35-41. Memory Verse 44.  
Golden Text—"Watch and Pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—Matt. 26:41.

The disciples had accepted Jesus as the Messiah and chosen the way which led to the establishment of the kingdom of God. But they were in the meantime to endure great temptations and difficulties; wars, famines, tribulations, hatred, prisons, death, disasters, earthquakes, pestilences, discipled waxing cold, false prophets arising, stars falling, the sun darkened, the moon turned into blood, the powers of heaven shaken, "such as had not been from the beginning of the world"—then, Christ says to his disciples, "when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh; it is near even at the doors." And he also adds, Watch therefore. Be ye also ready. For ye know not on what day your Lord cometh.

The parable of the fig tree is a beautiful illustration showing us that while we cannot know when Christ is coming, we have warnings so as to be on guard, as the first signs of spring bid us prepare for the summer. This generation, that is while some who were listening to him should still be alive, as he himself said.

The time to watch is at the beginning of the course that leads to these results. The day of judgment is the end of the course; the choice lies at the beginning.

Those really watched who so foresaw the future and the true ideal of their lives, that from the beginning they went on toward it by the only path that led to it. They were faithful in every duty. They served their Lord by obedience. They resisted every temptation. They were on their guard against every wile of the devil. They were wide awake, with eyes open to every opportunity, to the signs of the times, to new ways and means, and possibilities.

"Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, That he shall make him ruler over all his goods." To those who so watched was entrusted the kingdom of heaven, for themselves and for the world.

Those failed to watch who were so absorbed in their own selfish pleasures and gains that they neglected their duties, forgot their Master's interests, were eye-servants. This folly was intensified by beginning "to eat and drink with the drunken." They took the road that led to destruction.

Rev. S. W. Hanks, a second or third cousin of Abraham Lincoln, years ago devised a most vivid temperance lecture called "The Black Valley Railroad," which he illustrated by a large chart. It is given in a book called "The Crystal River."

The Land of the Crystal River is the land which all children enter when they come into this world.

To live in the Land of the Crystal River, the land of temperance, of self-control, of good character, of highest usefulness, of prosperity, of religion, of heaven, should be the hope and the aim of everyone.

The Black Valley country is situated in an extensive lowland, lying between an elevated, and extremely fertile and beautiful region, called the Land of the Crystal River, bounding it upon its upper limits and a vast and unexplored desert forming its lower boundary. Vice and crime abound. Innumerable drunkards and criminals are found there. Prisons and poor houses take the place of churches and school houses.

The man in the conning tower at the junction of the Black Valley railroad with the railroad to temperance, would guide all youthful travelers to the better way. He urges all to seek the highest and best life.

We are building a house for ourselves, a body in which we must live, and a character in which our soul must abide. God would have us possess a perfect body, and to put away everything which injures health, which brings weakness or disease. He would have us form a noble character of which we will not be ashamed, which will fit us for heaven and usefulness, and the company of the good. We cannot cheat God, but we can cheat ourselves. By using strong drink in any quantity whatever we are skipping, degrading, making poor and weak the house we have got to live in.

Every drunkard was once an innocent child. Every one was first a moderate drinker. No one ever yet became a drunkard who refused to touch intoxicating drink. Not all who drink moderately do become drunkards, but no one ever became a drunkard who did not first drink moderately.

It is terrible to let a habit begin in youth which will impel us to go on doing wrong against reason, against the power to help others, against love of God, of man, and of country.

"The story is told of a rich young man who sat at a dinner table with a number of friends, and babbled drunken foolishness all the long evening. One of his friends was a court stenographer. Seized by an idea for the help of his friend, he stenographically reported every word that the latter uttered. The next day he had these notes transcribed and sent to the man himself. The latter, shocked, could scarcely believe that he himself had descended to such a level of imbecility. 'If this the way a man talks when he is drunk, I mean to keep sober hereafter.'"—William T. Ellis.

## DOCTORS ADVISED OPERATION— DECIDED TO TRY GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

I want to tell you in a few words what your Swamp-Root did for me, believing that my testimony may do some other suffering person a great deal of good.

About six years ago, I was dangerously ill, consulted three doctors, all of whom said I had kidney trouble. One of the doctors analyzed my urine and reported that I had gravel, and further said that in order to regain my health and life, an operation would be necessary. I did not want to be operated on as I was afraid that I would not recover. Someone told me of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and said it was a reliable medicine for kidney trouble, so I decided to try it and went to Mr. Rose, the druggist, at 303 Central Ave., Minneapolis, and bought a bottle, took it, noticed results and continued taking it until I was entirely cured.

Having been free from any kidney trouble for over six years, I consider that I am absolutely cured and know that Swamp-Root has the credit.

I never fail to tell my friends about your remedy, as I believe it is the best of its kind. Your U & O Ointment is also very good. We are never without a jar in our house.

Yours very truly,  
MRS. MARGARET E. ANDERSON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota ) ss.  
County of Hennepin )

Personally appeared before me this 23rd day of Sept., 1909, Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson of the City of Minneapolis of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above, and on oath says that the same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE,  
Notary Public.  
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

Letter to  
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.



### NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness,

soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warnings—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.

Ira Clark, North Main St., Savannah, Ill., says: "I was confined to bed with kidney trouble and never expected to be up again. A doctor said I had acute inflammation of the bladder, but he could not help me. How grateful was I for the prompt relief Doan's Kidney Pills gave me! Continued use removed every sign of kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's.  
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Getting a Reputation.

There is a desk in the senate particularly convenient as a place from which to make speeches. It is next to the aisle and almost in the center of the chamber, and affords an opportunity for the speaker to make everybody hear.

At least a dozen senators, according to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Star, have borrowed this desk when they had special utterances to deliver to the senate. This led, not long ago, to a mild protest from its legitimate occupant.

"I am perfectly willing to give up my desk," said he, "but I am afraid people will think that the same man is talking all the time. I don't want to get the reputation of constantly filling the senate with words."—Youth's Companion.

### TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

### His Luck.

"I know a man who is always up against it."

"Who is he?"

"The paper hanger when he has to fix a 'new wall.'"

### Natural Query.

Mrs. Thynn—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Thynn—Yes. Did you have it made at an upholsterer's?