

BRAVE JANET KING.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER I.



When he sang of love.

Tradition has dealt somewhat roughly with the reputation of the Barnegat folk of half a century ago; but that is hardly to be wondered at. It is quite as much as a live man can do nowadays, even by giving a good deal of attention to it, to protect his good name, so what "show" can the necessarily silent dead be expected to have? The fact is that the "wreckers of Barnegat" were not by any means so black as they have been painted. That modest claim in their behalf scarcely seems sufficient, for the same thing is proverbially said of the devil, so we may in strict justice go farther and affirm that among them were not a few very excellent men and women who never lighted false beacon fires or swung a ship's lantern from a cow's horns.

Unhappily there were then many wrecks on that dangerous coast, for warning lights were not so numerous as they now are, and the loss of life in those disasters was great, since there was no such well organized and admirably equipped life saving corps as we at present have. When the wrecks occurred the dwellers on Barnegat beach assumed that all rights of boatsman and jettison were theirs, and perhaps piously viewed the casting ashore of a rich cargo as a special providence in their behalf. But the cruel treachery of luring a vessel to destruction by means of false lights was an infrequent crime—whatever sensational legend makers may say to the contrary—and there were numbers of brave strong men there who many a time heroically risked their lives to save shipwrecked persons from the terrible waves that in stormy weather thundered upon those sands.

David King and his stalwart sons, Donald and Andrew, were among the foremost of those who habitually distinguished themselves. No one was more daring and indefatigable in capturing valuables from a wreck than were the Kings, but they would at any moment abandon the most tempting piece of salvage to save a drowning sailor, and that could not be truthfully said of all their neighbors. There was those who averred that this eccentricity brought the family good luck, and this imagining had not a little good effect in encouraging others to emulate their humane example, so that in time it came to be noted that wrecks were much less fatal in their neighborhood than upon other parts of the beach.

Janet King, the only daughter of David, had almost as much strength, and dexterity with the oars as had either of her brothers, and was quite their equal in courage, which is equivalent to saying that in all the qualifications demanded for existence on Barnegat in those days she had no superiors in the community. And a consensus of the opinions of the young men in the vicinity would have unqualifiedly sustained the affirmation that in point of good looks she had no equals. Of course other young women saw defects in her style of beauty. They affirmed that her eyes were too big and black, her wavy raven black hair altogether too long and heavy, the voluptuous roundings of her finely developed form quite too pronounced. But that was to be expected. The girls of Barnegat were not radically different from other girls. Janet was not simply "pretty" or "good looking," but actually beautiful to a degree that awed the young fellows about her, caused them to feel awkward in her presence and made them shy of attempting advances to her, however wistfully they looked upon her from a respectful distance.

But one day there came a big, blue eyed, flaxen haired young hunter from the distant city of New York who was not so easily abashed, but rather inspired by beauty, and who very promptly made his admiration for her quite apparent.

Selden Rangely was, he said, his name. He had been duck shooting up about the mouth of Forked river until success became monotonous, and leaving his boat in the bay he had wandered along the coast aimlessly until he reached the hamlet where the Kings were leading citizens and found shelter in their house. There was in his mind a half formed purpose of strolling on as far as May's landing, or perhaps even farther, but it was quickly abandoned when he got one good look at Janet King. Where she was his journey, he felt, was ended. And why should he go farther and certainly fare worse? It was bitter, bad November weather, so inclement that hardly one day out of three was fit to go ducking in, and the roads—in the few places where any existed—were execrable. Only a fool would think of exploring the New Jersey coast at such a season when he had the alternative of settling down by a warm fireside and making love to Janet King.

With some initial difficulty he persuaded her father to accept him as a boarder, despite Mr. King's protests that

he knew nothing about navigating a hotel and did not wish to.

"But it is the eminently correct thing that you should," argued Selden Rangely. "I always live in a hotel, and would have to pay board somewhere else if not here. I want to stop here a few weeks anyway, and could not think of doing so at your expense. I would not be able to rid myself of the idea that I was trespassing on your hospitality. So I insist upon being allowed to pay you at the same rate I would pay at my hotel in New York."

So he had his way, and the sum thus fixed by himself was so liberal that it fairly took away the beach man's breath. Large as it was, David King accepted it at first with reluctance, but very soon began to find it quite pleasant to receive weekly the bright gold pieces that his guest drew from an evidently abundant stock in a heavy leathern money belt. Gold was at no time so abundant on Barnegat beach as to be viewed with indifference even by the Kings, who were "well to do folks" there. But, incredible as the fact was, the stranger did not seem to care for it. They concluded that "he must have slathers of money," and an estimation of that sort at least does not generally tend to render its subject unpopular.

Janet was fascinated by the handsome stranger himself, quite independently of his wealth. He was really the first educated, gentlemanly man of the world she had ever met, and, by contrast with the young men she had known, seemed to her quite a superior sort of being. The wonders of the big, active world far outside the stagnant pool of Barnegat beach life, concerning which she had only vaguely dreamed, his conversation brought vividly before her, and she listened to him as if in an enchanted dream. Sometimes, in the solitude of her little room, the thought rushed upon and overwhelmed her that she knew so little and he so much that he must despise her for her ignorance, and she cried herself to sleep. So unsophisticated was she that she did not yet know beauty to be more than wisdom or strength or even wealth.

An old guitar hung upon the sitting room wall. It was a relic of some wreck and simply decorative, for nobody upon the beach could even tune it. But Selden Rangely's skillful fingers evoked from it the most entrancing melodies and wailing chords that, blending with his strong yet mellow voice, thrilled her strangely when he sang of love. Love! Not until now had any one ever sung or said aught about love to her. But he did both. He told her that he loved her with all his soul, and vowed to do so forever, and "a new heaven and a new earth" seemed to open before her. No question of his sincerity disturbed her happiness, for her love for him was as perfect as that which he professed.

Her parents looked dubiously upon the fine gentleman's attentions to their daughter, but he had captivated the brothers, and they with Janet made a majority in the family council, so there was hardly a shadow of opposition on the part of the old folks to the marriage of Selden and Janet, which took place in the month of February.

About the middle of April Selden Rangely announced that it would be necessary for him to go to New York on business, but his trip would be brief. His programme had been fully discussed with his wife. He would draw some money from the bank, buy some things he deemed his wife should have, replenish his wardrobe, order an agent to buy and furnish a house, and within a fortnight he would return with the great surprise for Janet's father.

David King's cherished dream of the unattainable, as he frankly admitted it, was the ownership of a big first class schooner, on which he should be the master and his two sons the mates. That dream Janet's husband vowed to her should be realized. Nothing would be easier for him. Had he not more than sufficient money for it lying idle in the bank for lack of opportunity for profitable investment? He would simply draw out the necessary sum, bring it home, and put it in the old man's hands as a great surprise.

Secretly Janet felt that she would have liked dearly well to accompany her husband and see the great city, but as he did not propose that she should do so she was too proud to seem to force her company upon him when he did not appear to want it. And her love readily found excuse for him. His business would demand his attention, she said to herself; naturally he would find it inconvenient to be bothered with a woman—one who knew nothing of the ways of city life, and would be wholly dependent upon him for direction and companionship. If he went alone he would come back all the sooner—within a fortnight, he said. So, assuming a cheerfulness that she was far from feeling, she kissed him good-by and he departed.

The fortnight passed, and more fortnights after it, yet he returned not. And no letter came from him. He certainly should have written. Even if none of the King family could read writing he might have known they could get some friend to tell them what was in his letter. That was what David King said. But Janet excused him.

"He would not," she said, "write a letter to me for somebody else to read, and so long as he might not write to his wife he would write to nobody."

But her heart was sore; she felt very lonely and an indefinable anxiety distressed her.

CHAPTER II.

In the latter part of May, during a violent and protracted northeast storm, the hermaphrodite brig Fannie B., of Liverpool, was cast upon the Barnegat sands, not an eighth of a mile from the home of the Kings. She had aboard a number of passengers, several of whom were drowned, but among the saved were two, a young mother and her child, who were rescued by Janet King, or, to give her the name that properly was hers, Mrs. Janet Rangely. The woman, with her little daughter clasped in her arms, essayed to reach the shore on a hatch, in company with a couple of sailors who launched it after both the brig's

boats had been swamped and lost. In the surf the great unwieldy hatch was tumbled over and over, whirled and tossed about like a feather in a cyclone, so that all who were upon it were swept off and engulfed in the roaring breakers. One of the sailors never reappeared, and the other was hurled ashore more dead than alive seemingly. As for the woman, the tiger of the surf seemed to play with her like a cat does with a mouse, one moment bearing her in as if to leave her on the sand, the next carrying her out again in a wild swirl of the white spume and froth of the angry sea. Courageous Janet, standing on the beach, saw her so being done to death, and without a moment's hesitation plunged into the waves after her, seized her by the hair and dragged her to land, unconscious but alive. In all her struggles with death the mother had not loosened her hold upon the child, a pretty little golden blonde maid of two years or thereabout. Both were resuscitated with little difficulty and sheltered in the house of David King.



Janet seized her by the hair.

That evening the woman, fully recovered but snugly ensconced in warm blankets, told her story to Janet, who sat by the bed to keep her company.

"I came from Manchester, England, to join my husband, who has been living in Philadelphia for a year past, and is now expecting our arrival, little imagining how near a thing it has been to his never seeing either of us again. He had to flee from England; but for nothing that he need be ashamed of. A man with whom he was associated in business robbed him outrageously, and they fought about it. In self defense against a murderous knife he cracked the rascal's skull with a bar of iron and thought he had killed him. He would have been justified in doing so, but they were alone; he knew that he could not prove the deed done in self defense, and in fear of arrest he fled that same night to Liverpool, without waiting even to say farewell to me.

"From Liverpool he managed to escape to this country. Until last October he deemed himself a murderer, and was haunted always by the fear of the gallows, but in that month he met face to face the man he thought he had murdered. The wretch's skull had healed up as good as new, and, having a wholesome fear of the consequences of inviting the police to make any inquiries into his affairs, he had never even complained of having been assaulted. When my husband learned that, and not until then, he ventured to write to me, telling me the story and directing me to come over with Edith as soon this spring as ocean travel should be safe and pleasant."

"Well," replied Janet smilingly, "you did not find it either safe or pleasant, but you are all right now, and in a few days will be with your husband again."

"Yes, thanks to you, brave noble girl that you are. And you shall see that he will be grateful to you for saving his wife and child. He is no poor chap, able for nothing more than a 'thank you, ma'am.' He has done right well in this country. His firm is well known. No doubt you have heard of him."

"What is his name?"

"Selden Rangely."

Janet stared at her in horrified amazement, speechless, feeling a strange wild whirl in her brain, vaguely wondering if she were really awake and had indeed heard that name or if a nightmare possessed her. The light in the room was dim, and the woman failed to see the deadly pallor that spread over the girl's face, did not notice her silence and unnerved sinking back in her low rocking chair, but just prattled on heedlessly and unsuspectingly about her husband, her baby and herself, the narrow confines of her world.

At length Janet spoke. Her throat seemed dry, her white lips hard and stiff, and she shivered as if with cold, but she forced her voice to ask: "Does your little girl look much like her father?"

"Oh! she is the very image of him. The same blue eyes and light hair—lighter than his, of course, because she is only a baby yet, you know—but as much like him as—well, you will see for yourself when he comes in person to thank you for saving his little Edith's life."

his sleeve at her foolish faith and fondness. And when the time had come for him to go and receive his wife he had gone, lightly leaving her to her blighted life of loneliness, sorrow and shame! How was it possible that one who looked so noble could be so base? How could his lying lips promise a lifelong love to her when in his heart he knew that his wife, the woman he really loved, was coming across the sea to him? And what a mocking fate it was that it must needs be she, herself, and no other, who should drag that woman out of the waves, back to life—for him! Oh, had she but known—no, no! Not that. She would do it over again. But, O God! how hard it was to think of and to bear!

She did not take any heed to where she was going until she walked into an arm that the rising tide had flung across the beach, and was almost carried off her feet by a strong and stealthy wave. Then she turned and went home, treading more firmly, as if her agonized and turbulent thoughts had settled themselves in a formulated purpose of action. Outside the door, standing in the dark with his tarpaulins on, she encountered her father.

"I got sort of anxious about you and started out to look for you," he said. "Where have you been?"

"Taking a walk. My head was hot and I wanted to cool it."

"Woman and her baby all right, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Has she told you yet who she is?"

"Yes."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Selden Rangely."

"What's not?"

"Yes, his wife; from England."

She spoke in a hoarse whisper, and passing him entered the house without another word. Mr. David King remained outside a long time, freeing his mind in phrases that doubtless made the recording angel sigh.

The next day Mrs. Rangely and her child started in a beach wagon for Tom's river, where they would be enabled to take the regular stage for Philadelphia. Not only did Janet suppress the hideous discovery she had made and nerve herself to reply smilingly to the woman's untrusting iterations of effusive gratitude, and bid her "good-by and godspeed" when she took her leave, but the poor girl even found arguments to restrain her father from executing a design that he had formed the night before. He wished to accompany the woman on her journey that she might unconsciously lead him to his vengeance upon the betrayer of his child. But Janet said to him:

"You shall not do so. Leave him to his conscience and to God. I have the right to demand this, to say what shall be done to him. I am the one most deeply wronged, and I forbid your seeking to avenge me upon him."

"Do you mean to tell me you forgive him?" hotly demanded the old man, with the fierce fire of his Scotch blood blazing in his eyes.

"No, I cannot say that," she replied huskily; "that is too much, but I bide my time. I will not have your dead brute my shame abroad to the world."

"There's something in that," assented her father grimly, "so we'll bide a bit. Waiting is not forgetting. He'll be main glad to greet his wife, no doubt."

It was a keen thrust, and she felt it as he meant she should, but she answered with stony calm:

"She is innocent. She has harmed me not. For why should I break her heart with the knowledge that he is as false to her as to me?"

To be continued

A PORTABLE SAWING MACHINE.

A Handmade Affair Illustrated and Described.

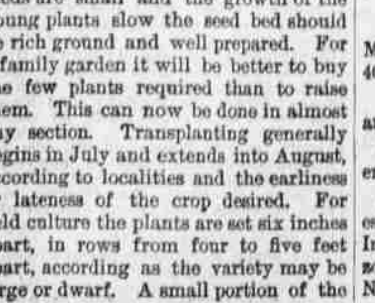
The homemade sawing machine shown in the accompanying illustration was originally described in Farm and Fireside, and provides an excellent portable sawing machine.

Four posts, 4 inches square by 2 feet long, are braced together by fence boards as shown; to one of the posts is fastened a piece of 2x4, 8 feet long, to which the

saw is hung. A lever is attached by one end to this upright piece, the lever having a block near one end to help hold the wood against the pin, which is seen projecting from the board which is framed across the top of the frame. The rack or frame should be strongly made, and may have runners like a sled so it may be more easily moved. The saw is a common crosscut saw with one handle taken off, and fastened as shown in the cut.

Celery Culture.

Celery in most sections is a second crop after early peas, beets, onions, cabbage, etc. Under the new system of level culture the seed is sown in the open ground some time in April, and as the seeds are small and the growth of the young plants slow the seed bed should be rich ground and well prepared. For a family garden it will be better to buy the few plants required than to raise them. This can now be done in almost any section. Transplanting generally begins in July and extends into August, according to localities and the earliness or lateness of the crop desired. For field culture the plants are set six inches apart, in rows from four to five feet apart, according as the variety may be large or dwarf. A small portion of the



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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 9, 1891, viz: August Lange.

Pre. D. S. No. 7529 for the n w 1/4 of sec 13 T. 2, R. 3 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Martin Dyer, James Fitzpatrick and Joseph W. Kemp, of Sandy, Clackamas county, Oregon; and Jurgon H. Peters, of East Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon. 10-30-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 8, 1891, viz: Charles T. Stokes.

Homestead Entry, No. 3722, for the s w 1/4 of sec 20 T. 2, R. 3 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: E. S. Bramhall, Gus Klauer and W. A. Johnston, of Ames P. O., and Charles Chase, of Sandy P. O., all of Clackamas county, Oregon. 10-30-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, November 4, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 23, 1891, viz: Daniel Clifford.

Homestead Entry No. 3625, for lots 4 (or s w 1/4 of s w 1/4) sec 30, T. 5 N., R. 3 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George W. Hunsage, John K. Dickey, Lars G. Larson, S. M. Ramsby, all of Molalla, Clackamas county, Oregon. 11-6-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 15, 1891, viz: James A. Shibley.

Homestead Entry No. 5916 for the s 1/2 of n w 1/4 and n 1/2 of s w 1/4 of sec 6, T. 4 N., R. 4 E. He names the following witness to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: S. H. Haney, Edwin Bates, William Kandle and James Money, all of Springfield, Clackamas county, Oregon. 10-30-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 16, 1891, viz: John T. Evans.

Homestead Entry No. 3625, for the e 1/2 of n w 1/4 and n 1/2 of s w 1/4 of sec 10, T. 4 N., R. 2 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. R. Lewis and E. W. Griffiths, of Molalla, J. Green, of Oregon City and B. Buckner, of Mink, all of Clackamas county, Oregon. 10-30-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 16, 1891, viz: Edward D. McGee.

Pre. D. S. No. 7441, for the n w 1/4 of sec 34, T. 5 N., R. 3 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Martin Shulstad, Andrew Samlinger, Albert Engle and Franz Erikson, all of Molalla, Clackamas county, Oregon. Jacob G. Schrodt, who made homestead entry No. 3625 is especially requested to appear and offer whatever objections he may have to said proof. 10-30-12-4 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

10-30-12-4