

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER III.

"Then you think," said the mate, looking about him with doubt, "that we shall do no business here?"

He was a young fellow of two-and-twenty or so, a frank and honest-looking sailor, though his business was that of a cunning kidnaper. He was armed with a revolver, ready to hand, and a cutlass hanging at his side. Behind him were four sailors, also armed, in readiness for an attack, for Polynesians are treacherous. But there were no islanders in sight, only two Europeans—one a tall man, dressed in fantastic imitation of the natives; and the other, apparently, an ordinary beachcomber, quite out of luck, ragged, dejected and haggard. A little way off the land lay the schooner. His business was to enlist, kidnap, procure or secure, by any means in the power of the captain and the crew, as many natives as the ship would hold, and to bring them to North Queensland, where they would be hired out to planters.

"It is an unlucky voyage," said the mate, gazing earnestly at the two men before him, whose appearance and the contrast between them puzzled him. "Two months out and five weeks becalmed; no business done. Say, how did you come here?"

"For my part," said the German, "I am a naturalist. I make butterflies my special study. I have, I believe, enriched science with so many rare and previously unknown specimens, if I succeed in getting them to Europe, that my name will be certainly remembered in scientific history as one of those who have advanced knowledge. Can any man ask more?"

"How did you get such a big man?"

"I am a linguist," the Baron Sergius von Holstein went on to explain, "as well as a naturalist. I therefore learned the language before landing here, having found a native or two of New Ireland in the mission of the Duke of York Island. It is a great thing to know how to talk with these black children. I am also a surgeon and a physician, so that I can heal their wounds and their diseases when they get any. You see, further, that I am bigger than most men. I am also thorough. I adopted their dress, at least some of it, and therefore being able to talk to them, I landed among them without fear. When they came round me with their spears I shouted to them down from the sun. And as I know a little prestidigitation and conjuring, and am a bit of a ventriloquist, I am from time to time able to work a few of the simpler miracles; so that they readily believe me."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I know not; New Ireland is rich in new species; but I shall have to stop as soon as my means of collection and description come to an end. When that day comes I shall be glad to see a ship. But it will not be yet."

"They may kill you."

"It is possible," the baron shrugged his tall shoulders.

"Have you no arms?"

"I have a revolver, and my reputation for magic and sorcery."

"And how do you live?"

"The people bring me food every day. If they did not, I should afflict them with horrible misfortunes, as they very well know. I should tell them that in three days such a one would be dead, and then it would be that man's duty to go away and die in fulfillment of prophecy. I suppose his friends would never speak to him again if he refused to fulfill the words of the prophet, so great is their faith. They bring me the urupe cocunut for its milk; there are fish of every kind in the sea, which they net and spear for me; there are kangaroo and cassowary on the hills, which they snare and trap for me; there are birds which they shoot for me; there are mangoes, bread-fruit, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes. I assure you we feed very well. Don't we, David?"

He laid his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"We have also tobacco. There is, however—when you respect, David, don't you?"

"Is your—your—chum also worshipped?"

asked the mate, regarding David with an obvious decrease of interest.

"No; David is recognized as inferior clay. This poor fellow was wrecked upon the island; he came ashore on a plank, the rest of the ship's crew and passengers having given indignation to the sharks. He is not happy here, and he would like you to take him off the island."

"Yes," said David, eagerly, but still in his slow way, "anywhere, so that I can only get on my way to England."

"He was just getting off his plank, and the people were preparing to receive him joyfully, warmly, and hospitably, after their fashion; that is to say, into their pots—they have a beautiful method of cooking, in a kind of sunken pot, which would greatly interest you if you were a captive and expecting your turn—when I fortunately arrived, and succeeded, by promising an eclipse if I was obeyed, in saving him. The eclipse came in good time; but I had forgiven the people for their momentary mutiny, and I averted its power for evil. So long as David sticks close to me now he is safe. If he leaves me, his end is certain. But he is no use to me, and for certain reasons I should very much prefer that he was gone. Will you take him?"

"The ship doesn't carry passengers," said the mate; "besides—"

"He is harmless, and you can trust him not to make mischief. I will pay for him if you like."

"What does he want to go home for?" asked the mate, doubtfully. Indeed, the appearance of the man did not warrant the belief that he would be welcomed by his friends.

"He has to pay a pilgrimage; he has to deliver a message before a magistrate, and to be subsequently elevated to a post of great distinction," said the baron.

"Humph!" said the mate. "He looks as if he'd done something. Better keep in these latitudes, stranger, where no one

asks and no one cares. But about his fare; who's to pay his passage and his grub, if we take him?"

"You will return some time to Queensland. Take or send this note." He took his note book, tore off half a leaf, and wrote a few words upon it. "Send this note to Messrs. Hengstenberg & Company, Sydney. Tell them where you got it, and they will give you £20 for it, and will thank you into the bargain for letting them know that, so far, the Baron Sergius von Holstein is safe. If there is any money left after paying for your passenger, give it to this poor fellow. He is not such a bad fellow, though he looks a miserable, unless he begins to confide in you. When he does that, lock him up in a cabin. Perhaps he has done something, as you say; what do we know? As for doing things," he said, regarding his humble companion with the utmost severity, "a man who is tempted to commit a crime ought always to remember that he will some day, in all probability, be wrecked on a desert island, an island of cannibals, in the company of one, and only one, other European, and that man greatly his superior; and he ought truly to resolve that under no temptations will he do anything which may make him a nuisance and a bore to that companion through the vehemence of his repentance." David Leighan groaned. "Man," added the baron, sententiously, "does not live for himself alone; and he who rashly commits a crime may hereafter seriously interfere with the comfort of his brother man." David hung his head. "I forgive you, David. I have protected you from the natives' spears and their pots and carving knives for six months, though it has cost me many foolish threats and valences. I have fed you and sheltered you. I have been rewarded by penitential groans and by outward tokens of fervent contrition. These have saddened my days, and have disturbed my slumbers. Groan, henceforth into other ears. I forgive you, however, only on one condition, that you return no more. If you do, you shall be speared and potted without remorse. As for the document in my notebook—"

"I shall get to England before you," said David; "and when I get there I shall go at once to Challacombe and make a statement just like the one you have in your notebook. By the time you come to England I shall be—"

"Exactly," said the baron, smiling sweetly. "You will have been a public character. Well, to each man comes somehow his chance of greatness. I hope you may enjoy your reputation, David, though it may be short-lived."

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David nodded his head gloomily. "Then," said the mate, "whatever happens to us, you'll get safe ashore. You won't be drowned, and you won't be starved."

Three weeks later there were only two survivors in that boat. The other men had all drunk sea water, and so gone mad one after the other, and leaped overboard in their delirium. Only David Leighan was left with the mate, and they were lying one in the bow and one in the stern, as far apart as the boat would allow, and they were black in the face, gaunt and hollow-eyed.

When they were picked up the signs of life were so faint in them that the skipper, a humane person, took counsel with his mate whether it would not save the poor men trouble to drop them into the water at once. But in the end he hoisted them aboard and laid them on the deck, with their heads propped up.

For the rest of the voyage the rescued mate kept aloof from the rescued passenger. He would not speak to him; he avoided that part of the ship where he happened to be. As for the latter he found a place about near the helm, where he could sit upon a coil of rope, his head upon his knees. And there he remained, gloomy and silent.

There was trouble, too. First, the ship sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be worked. Next, there was a bad storm, and the mizzen mast went by the board. Thirdly, a fire broke out, and was subdued with difficulty. However, the ship at last sighted land, and arrived, battered and shattered, at the port of Sydney. When they landed, and not till then, the rescued mate spoke his mind.

First he went to the house of Hengstenberg & Co., where he presented the baron's draft, gave news of his safety and touched the money. He then led his passenger to a tavern and entered into a serious conversation with him.

"As for this money," he said, "you weren't a passenger more than a few days, and I can't rightly charge you much. Take fifteen, and I'll take five. With fifteen pounds you can get home, which I take to be your desire, and give yourself up, which I take to be your duty. It will be understood that the unfortunate David, in the extremity of his starvation and remorse, had been talking."

"A Providence it is," said the mate, "that where so many honest fellows were took, I was spared, else you would never have had this money, and you wouldn't, therefore, have been able to give yourself up, and you would never have been here. A clear Providence it is, and you must regard it as such, and remember it when they take you out comfortably with the chaplain and the ropes."

David took the money, rolled it up in a rag and placed it in his pocket, but said nothing.

(To be continued.)

WITH A LITTLE DIPLOMACY.

How a Real Virginia Colored Woman Gets What She Wants.

There is a certain young married woman in Washington who has a charming fat in one of the uptown apartment houses. She was born and reared in Virginia, and, consequently, sets great store by the colored race from her own particular State, says the Washington Star. She maintains that they make the most reliable as well as the most efficient help, and her servants are always from the Old Dominion.

A chum of hers felt privileged to often admire her exquisite taste in dress, especially some of the pretty negligees—which are always particularly dainty when worn by a pretty woman. While calling on her the other day this chum asked to see a flimsy pink thing which she had seen her friend occasionally wear and which she wished to have copied. What was her astonishment when her friend said that she had given it to the cook, who had such a cute way of getting around one that it was simply impossible to refuse the poor thing even one's prettiest negligee.

Being from the North, it was utterly impossible for the visitor to comprehend how a colored maid servant could perform a feat of diplomatic strategy so complete as to fairly wrest away a pretty woman's dearest treasure—a pink silk kimono, all folds of billowy lace. However, her ears were soon to be opened and her eyes made to see, for just then the mother of the friend's laundress came into the room and asked for the weekly wash. She was a beaming old black "mammy" and sat down familiarly on a low seat while Mrs. X. proceeded to count and check off from her list the clothes the woman had brought. Then began the conversation which was to illustrate the diplomacy of the Virginia colored race.

"I declare, Miss Mildred, I surely is glad to see you so sprightly this mornin'." I never seed you look prettier, with the roses all bloomin' in your cheeks an' your face mos' fat again. I guess you's wonderin' why Lil didn't come for the wash this mornin'. Now, maybe you don't know it, Miss Mildred, but that there gal o' mine surely does love you. This mornin' she came downstairs and says to me: 'Ma, I dreamt las' night that Miss Mildred was took to the hospital and was cut all up, and I's scared to go after the clo's this mornin', 'cause I's feared I'll see crape hangin' on the door.'

"So I tol' her I'd come for them clo's and I lef' that gal so worried she wain't able to do a mite o' work. De Lord knows, chile, I surely is glad to see you lookin' so much weller than I 'spected, an' I mus' say ag'in that I never did see you lookin' so down-right pretty. Miss Mildred, honey, you ain't got no kind o' drink around here to heat a body up with this col' mornin', is you, honey?"

The brain of the caller was suddenly illumined, and "mammy" went on her way, warmed and rejoicing.

Masculine View.

Mrs. Shopp—I see Cutt & Slasher are advertising some lovely house gowns at a bargain.

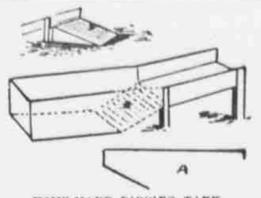
Shopp—Well, our house doesn't need a gown, but it ought to have a coat of paint.



Tank for Dipping Sheep.

There are several plans for making a tank in which to dip sheep, and if one has a flock of considerable size it is wise to obtain some of the plans that are offered by manufacturers. If, however, the flock is not large, a homemade affair is easily built and at comparatively small cost. A tank of this kind is made as follows: A convenient size is ten feet long, four feet wide and two and one-half feet deep. It should be made so that the tank containing the dip is reached by a slatted walkway leading down to it, and another slatted walk leading up to the landing from which they go down into the tank.

There should be sufficient of the dip mixture placed in the tank to cover the back of the animal, which should be immersed for about one minute, then allowed to come up on the land-



HOME-MADE DIPPING TANK.

ing, where the dip is squeezed out of the wool and the animal allowed to stand to drain. The illustration shows how this tank is built. B indicates the slatted walkway and A shows the exact shape of the side portion of the box; the little drawing above the tank shows a walk down from the end of the drainage box which will prevent the sheep from injuring their legs, which they would be likely to do in jumping.

A Fighting Cow.

No fewer than six persons are at present suffering from injuries inflicted by a cow, evidently of Texas fighting stock, which broke loose in the streets of an English town, a few days ago, creating extraordinary scenes. The animal was being led by a halter, but when near the slaughter house it suddenly rushed at the man under whose charge it was, and tossed him high in the air. Extraordinary excitement at once arose, as the animal bolted from street to street, attacking or frightening all it saw. A little girl, aged seven, was wounded in the thigh with its horns, and a man knocked down. Leaving the town the animal directed its course towards the village, whence it had been brought. A farmer who attempted to capture it was gored in the thigh, and finally the "casualty list" was brought to a close by a man in Jordan yard, which it had left two hours previously, having one of his hands run through by a horn.—New England Homestead.

Shade for Poultry.

It is easy to give the poultry the needed shade when the range is fairly well covered with trees or even small brush, but where it is entirely open poultry suffer so much from the heat of the sun that the freedom does them little good; indeed, it would be better for them to be confined in large yards, where they might have shade



SHADE-COOP FOR POULTRY.

during the day and a run on the grass after the sun goes down. However, it is not an expensive plan to arrange a number of tents on the open range by erecting a frame of light strips of wood and covering this frame with unbleached muslin. By sharpening the ends of the posts the frame may be secured to the ground, yet easily lifted and removed to another portion of the range when desired. The plan is worth the attention of all poultrymen.

Rich Milk Gave Lower Cost Butter.

The results obtained with 172 dairy herds in Denmark, aggregating 3,723 cows, were recently studied. The cows were arranged in eight classes according to the average per cent of fat in their milk, each class having about the same number of cows. In the case of Class 1 (richest milk), 70.8 food units were required for the production of one hundred pounds of milk, against 65.0 units in the case of Class 8 (poorest milk). One pound of butter required 16.83 food units in Class 1, and 19.52 in Class 8. The skim milk obtained per pound of butter was 22.3 and 28.4 pounds respectively for the two classes. At ordinary prices of feeds and products it was found that a pound of butter was produced 2.8 cents cheaper by the cows producing rich milk than by those yielding milk low in butter fat.—American Cultivator.

Barn and Pasture.

Put the idle mare on the pasture. Wide tires save much horse power.

A sandy or muddy road doubles the work.

Axle grease pays 1,000 per cent profit.

The best drivers talk much to their animals.

Aluminum horseshoes have been thoroughly tested by the Russian army. They have proved quite satisfactory, saving the horses' feet more than iron shoes do.

Good ventilation, clean bedding and plenty of light and comfortable stalls are also necessary in the cow stables. Dusty bedding and any feed that is dusty will seed it with millions of germs and these will develop taints and defects that are not desirable.

Prizes for Trade.

Merchants in some towns are trying the prize system to induce trade and are making it pay. They give

prizes to the farmer's wife bringing the most eggs, etc., and recently the plan was introduced of giving a prize to the farmer who brought the most women to town. When the women come in business picks up at all the stores. The plan worked, one farmer putting cushions on a hay rack and bringing over a hundred in the course of a day.—Denver Field and Farm.

Investigating the Soils.

For the sake of supplying definite and absolutely reliable information in regard to every square mile of land in the 3,622,333 which compose the area of the United States of America, Uncle Sam, through the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture, will spend eighteen years and at least \$6,000,000. When the work of the Bureau of soils has been completed, it will be possible for a man intending to purchase a farm to write to the Department of Agriculture, and secure from that department a detailed map of the section in which his farm is located, together with a description of the section. Then by looking up his intended purchase on the map and consulting the descriptive booklet, he can determine to a nicety its value. The map will show by different colors the nature of the soil, while the descriptive booklet will tell its value which has been determined by examination of the soil, study of the railroad facilities, and the examination of the markets and other qualifying conditions. The soil maps and booklets will enable many farmers, who have been only partially successful, to learn wherein they have failed by trying to raise crops unadapted to the nature of their lands, and will instruct them as to what crops are best suited to their farms. It will instruct them also as to the best methods of cultivating soils of different kinds.

While the examination of soils has been carried on for perhaps a hundred years by laboratory methods, the present investigation is along entirely different and far more practicable lines. The soils division was established as a separate bureau of the Department of Agriculture on July 1, 1901, and since that time its force has been increased more than twofold. Up to December 31, 1904, the bureau has mapped 88,855 square miles, in small patches scattered over the whole United States, and it is estimated that eighteen years more will be required to complete the work.

Flavor of Butter.

To a very large extent the flavor of butter depends on the kind of bacteria working in the cream. It is desired to have all of these of the species that produce lactic acid ferment, for then the flavor will be both clean and pleasant. But in too many cases the bacteria belong to the putrefactive order and set up putrefaction in the casein. There is generally a little casein left in the butter