THE OMAHAN DAILY BEE, SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6, 1891-SIXTEEN PAGES.

A Narrative of Life on the Gilbert Islands an Out of the Way Group of the South Pacific,

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

AT THE COURT OF A SOUTH SEA

Commight #91 BUTARITARI, Aug. 15 .- |Special to THE BEE. |-- At Honolulu we had said farewell to the Casco and to Captain Otis and our next adventure was made in changed conditions Passage was taken for myself, my wife, Mr. Osbourne, Mr. J. D. Strong, jr., and my China boy, Ah Foo, on a pigmy trading schooner, The Equator, Captain Dennis J. Reid, and on a certain bright June day in 1889, adorned in the Hawaiian fashion with the garlands of departure, we drew out of port and bore with a fair wind for Micron-

The whole extent of the South Seas is desert of ships, more especially that part where we were now to sail. No post runs in these islands; communication is by accident. Where you may have designed to go is one thing; where you shall be able to arrive is another. It was my hope, however, te have reached the Carolinos and to return to the light of day by way of Manita and the China ports; and it was in Samoa that we were destined to reappear and be once more refreshed with the sight of mountains. The sunset faded from the peaks of Oahu and for six months we saw no spot of earth so high as an ordinary cottage. Our path was still on the flat sea, our dwellings upon uncrected coral, our diet from the pickle tub or out of tins. I learned to welcome shark's flesh for a variety; and a mountain, an onion, an Irish potato or a beefsteak were long lost to sense and dear to aspiration.

The two chief places of our stay, Butaritari and Apemama, lie near the line; the latter within thirty miles. Both enjoy a superb ocean climate, days of blinding sun and bracing wind, nights of a heavenly brightness. Both are somewhat wider than Fakarava, measuring perhaps (at the widest) a quarter of a mile from beach to beach. In both, a coarse kind of taro thrives; its culture is a chief business of the natives, and the consequent mounds and ditches make miniature scenery and amuse the eye. In all else they show the customary features of an atoll; the low horizon, the expanse of the lagoon, the sedgelike rim of palm tops, the sameness and smallness of the land, the hugely superior size and interest of sea and sky. Life on such islands is in many points like life on shipboard. The atoll, like the ship, is soon taken for granted, and the islanders, like the ship's crew, become soon the center of atten-tion. The isles are populous, independent, seats of kinglets, recently civilized, little vis-ited. In the last dependent ited. In the last decade many changes bave crept in.

The Women Wear Clothes.

Women no longer go unclothed till marriage; the widow no longer sleeps at night and goes abroad by day with the sku'l of her dead husband, and, firearms being intro-duced, the spear and the shark-tooth sword are sold for curiosities. Ten years ago all these things and practices were to be seen in use, yet ten years more and the old society will have entirely vanished. We came in a happy moment to see its institutions still erect and (in Apemama) scarce decayed.

Populous and independent-warrens of men ruled over with some rustic pomp-such was the first and still the recurring impression of these tiny lands. As we stood across the lagoon for the town of Butaritari, a stretch of low shore was seen to be crowded with the brown roofs of houses; those of the palace and king's summer parlor (which are of corrugated iron) glittered near one end conspicuously bright; the royal colors flew hard by on a tall flagstaff; in front, on an artitello. Even upon this first and distant view the place had scarce the air of what it truly also, a pretty metropolis. a city metric it was his behoof in servitude. When to be the servitude when the servi

pands into an oblong peninsula in the lagoon, the breathing place and summer parlor of the king. The midst is occupied by an open house or permanent marquee-called here a moniapa, or as the word is now pronounced, a moniap-at the lowest estimation, forty feet by sixty. The iron, roof, lofty, but exceedingly low browed, so that a woman must stoop to enter, is supby a frame of wood. The floor is of broken coral, divided in sisles by the uprights of the frame; the house far enough from shore to catch the breeze, which enters freely and disperses the mosquitoes; and under the low eaves the sun is seen to glitter and the waves

o dance on the lagoon. It was now some while since we had met any but slumberers; and when we had wan-dered down the pier and stumbled at last into this bright shed we were surprised to find it occupied by a society of wakeful people, some twenty souls in all, the court and guardsmen of Butaritari. The court ladies were busy making mats; the guardsmen yawned and sprawled. Half a dozen rifles lay in a rack, and a cutlass was leaned against a pillar; the armory of these drowsy musketeers. At the far end a little closed house of wood displayed some tinsel decorations, and proved upon examination to be a privy on the European model.

Behold, the King!

In front of this, upon some mats, loiled Tebureimos, the king; behind him, on the panels of the house, two crossed rifles represented fasces. He wore pyjamas, which sor-rowfully misbecame his bulk; his nose was hooked and cruci, his body overcome with sodden corpulence, his eye timorous and dull; he seemed at once oppressed with drowsiness he seemed at once oppressed with drowsiness and held awake by apprehension: a pepper rajah, muddled with opium and listening for the march of a Dutch army, looks perhaps not otherwise. We were to grow better ac-quainted, and first and last I had the same impression; he seemed always drowsy, yet always to harken and start; and whether from remorse or fear, there is no doubt ne seeks a refuge in the abuse of drugs. The rajah displayed no sign of interest in our coming. But the queen, who sat beside him in a purple sacque, was more accessible. him in a purple sacque, was more accessible. And there was present an interpreter so will-ing that his volubility became at last the cause of our departure. He had greeted us upon our entrance. "That is the honorable sing and I am his interpreter," he had said, with more stateliness than truth For he

could in the least abash him; and when the scene closed the darky was left talking. The town still slumbered, or had but just

begun to turn and stretch itself; it was still plunged in heat and silence. So much the

nore vivid was the impression that we car ried away of the house upon the islet, the Micronesian Saul wakeful amid his guards, and his unmelodious David, Mr. Williams,

Butaritari: The Four Brothers. The kingdom of Tebureimoa lacludes two

thousand subjects pay him tribute and two

Great and Little Makin. Som

chattering through the drowsy hours.

dents.

love Of the dude from the Hub could be; with more stateliness than truth. For he held no appointment in the court, seemed ex-tremely ill-acquainted with the island language, and was present, like ourselves, upon a visit of civility. Mr. Williams was his Which made him afraid of me; name: an American darky, runaway ship's cook, and barkeeper at The Land We Live In Tavern, Butaritari. I never knew a man wao had more words in his command or less

MONARCHS OF THE HEARTH. truth to communicate; neither the gloom of the monarch nor my own efforts to be distant

First Lessons in Religion.

semi-independent chieftains do him qualified homage. The importance of the office is measured by the man; he may be nobody, he may be absolute, and both extremes have been exemplified within the memory of resimama On the death of King Tetimarora, Teburei-moa's father, Nakama, the oldest son, suc-ceeded. He was a fellow of huge physical you know how older people are punished f" She answered, "Oh, yes, I know! The hus strength, masterful, violent, with a certain barbaric thrift, and some intelligence of men bands scold the wives and the wives scold

the husbands." The Baby. R. J. Burdette The little tottering baby feet,

Into my heart they go:

The ink stand foul to see:

They pound the mirror with a cane,

Widespread destruction they ordain, In wasteful jubilee.

CLOSE AND lasses; but the man who was to do the roof-ing durst not begin till they had finished, lest by chance he should look down and see them. Fall of the Harem.

It was perhaps the last appearance of the har m gang. For some time already Haw-alian missionaries had been seated at Butaritari-Maka and Kanoa, two ebrave, childlike men. Nakasia and Kanoa, two orave, conditione men. Nakasia would none of their doctrine. He was, perhaps, jealous of their presence; but, being human, he had some affection for their persons. In the house and before the eyes of Kanoa he slew with his own hand ECONOMICAL three saliors of Oahu, crouching on their backs to knife them, and menacing the missionary if he interfered; yet he not only spared him at the moment but recalled him afterward (when he had fied) with some ex-Clothing buyers casting about for the most depressions of respect. Nanteitel, the weaker man, feil more completely in the spell. Maka - the light hearted, the lovable, yet in his sirable place in which to supply their wants -the light hearted, the lovable, yet in bis own trade the very rigorous-gained and improved an influence on the king which soon grew para-mount. Nanteitel, with the royal house, was publicly converted, and with a severity which liberal missionaries disavow, the harem was at once reduced. It was a com-pendious act. The throne was thus impov-crished its influence shaken the queen's for Fall and Winter use, should keep it well in mind that OUR HOUSE MANUFACTURES erished, its influence shaken, the queen's relatives mortified, and sixteen chief women, some of great possessions, cast in a body on the market. I have been shipmate with a Hawaiian sailor who was successively married to two of these impromptu widows, and successively divorced by both for misconduct. That two great and rich ladies (for both of these were rich) should have married "a man from another island," marks the dissolution of society. The laws besides were wholy emodelled, not always for the better. I love Maka as a man. As a legislator he has two defects: weak in the punishment of crime,

stern to repress innocent pleasures. TO BE CONTINUED.

queens, who toiled and waded there like fisher

SALLY MCGEE. Bradford Era.

It was only a few short years ago, At a hotel by the sea. That a maiden I met whom you may know By the name of Sally McGee. I fell in love and she fell in love, At this hotel by the sea, And we bathed every day in the salt sea

J and my Sally McGee.

That Saliy was just as sweet as a peach 'Most any blind man could see; And this was the reason that all and each Were gazing at Sally McGee; So that a cude from Boston came

And took her away from me. I was in love and she was in love, At this hotel by the sea; Sally was struck on the Boston duck, And I on Sally McGee.

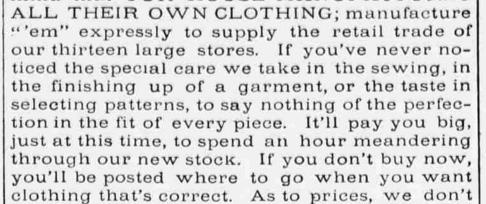
But my love was stronger by far than the

And neither the angels in heaven above Nor the dandies down there by the sea Could ever dissever my soul from the soul Of my sweet little Sally McGee. So I hit him a spat with a base ball cat, And he never bothered me after that At the hotel by the sea.

New York Tribune: Little Florence, 2 years rld-her mamma was trying to explain to her infant mind, in reply to her question, "Who is God?"-listened very attentively to the explanation, and, with a sigh of satisfaction,

explanation, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, said: "I love God, don't you, mamma! He's a good old man." And after listening to the story of Jesus, she said: "Wasn't he nice when he was a little baby! Were you his mamma!" Another time, after being naughty, she was told she would have to be punished. She ran to a large chair, climbed hastly into it, seated berself firmly, grasped each arm of

seated herself firmly, grasped each arm of the chair, and with a look of mingled de l-ance and mischief, said, "Now you can't, In the infant class one Sunday, the lesson was about disobedience and its punishment. "Little children have to mind, or they are not nice," said the teacher. "Older people have to obey laws or be punished. Do any of



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How plain to my mind are the scenes of

my childhood,

15

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a pretty metropons, a city rustic ye royal

The largon is a shoal. The tide being out. we waded for some quarter of a mile in tepid shallows, and stepped ashore at last into a flagrant stagnancy of sun and heat. The lee fagrant stagnancy of sun and heat. The lee side of a line island afternoon is, indeed, a breathless place; on the ocean beach the trade will be still blowing, boisterous and cool; out in the lagoon it will be blowing also, speeding the canoes; but the screen of bush completely intercepts it from the shore, and sleep, and silence, and companies of mosquitoes brood upon the towns.

They Sleep All Day.

We may thus be said to have taken Butaritari by surprise. A few inhabitants were still abroad in the north end, at which we landed. As we advanced, we were soon done with encounter, and seemed to explore a city of the dead. Only, between the posts of open houses, we could see the townsfolk stretched in the siesta sometimes a family together veiled in a mosquito net, sometimes a single sleeper on a platform, like a corpse on a bier.

The houses were of all dimensions, from The houses were of all dimensions, from those of toys to those of churches. Some might hold a battalion; some were so min-ute they could scarce receive a pair of lovers. Only in the playroom, when the toys are mingled, do we meet such incongruities of scale. Many were open sheds: some took the form of a roofod stage; others were walled, and the walls pierced with little windows. A few were perched on piles in the incon: the lagoon; the rest stood at random on a green, through which the roadway made ribbon of sand, or along the embankments of a sheet of water like a shallow dock. One and all were the creatures of a single tree; One palm tree wood and palm tree leaf their materials. No nail had been driven, no hammer sounded, in their building, and they were held in one by lashings of paim tree sinnet. In the midst of the thorough fare the church stands like an island, a lofty and dim house with rows of windows; a rich tracery of framing sustains the roof, and through the door at either end of the street shows in a wista. The proportions of the place, in such surroundings and built of such materials, ap-peared august, and we threaded the nave with a scatiment befitting visitors in a ca-thedral. Benches run along either side. In the midst, on a crazy dais, two chairs stand ready for the king and queen when they shall choose to worship; over their heads a boop, apparently from a bogshead, acpends by a strip of red cotton; and the boop (which hangs askew) is dressed with streamers of the same material, red and white,

The Royal Palace.

This was our first advertisement of the royal dignity; and presently we stood before its seat and center. The palace is built of imported wood upon a European plan; the roof of corrugated iron, the yard enclosed with walls, the gate surmounted by a sort of lych house. It cannot be called spacious; a laborer in the states is sometimes more com-modiously lodged; but when we had the chance to see it within, we found it was enriched (beyond all island expectation) with colored advertisements and cuts from the illustrated papers. Even before the gate some of the treasures of the crown stand public; a bell of good magnitude, two pieces of cannon, and a single shell. The bell cannot be rung nor the guns fired; they are curiosities, proofs of wealth, a part of the parade of royalty; and stand to be ad-mired like statutes in a square. A straight gut of water like a canni runs almost to the lych house. It cannot be called spacious; a

palace door, the containg quay walls excellently built of coral; over against the mouth, by which seems an effect of landscape art, by which seems an effect of landscape art, the marteilo-like islet of the goal breaks the lagoon. Vasai chiefs with tribute, neigh-bor monarchs come courting might here sail in, view with surprise these extensive pub-lic works, and be awed by these mouths of silent cannon. It was impossible to see the place and not to fancy it designed for pagen-try. But the elaborate theatre then stood empty; the royal house deserted, its doors and windows gaping; the whole quarter of the town immersed in silence. On the oppo-site bank of the canal, on a roofed stage, an ancient gentieman slept publicly, sole visible inhabitant; and beyond on the lagoon a cance spread a striped lateen, the sole thing mov-

his behoof in servitude. V wrought long and well their clared a holiday, and supplied and shared a With faltering steps and slow, With pattering echoes soft and sweet general debauch. The scale of his providing was at times magnificent; \$600 worth of gin and brandy was set forth at once; the nar-They also go, in grimy plays, row land resounded with the noise of revelry and it was a common thing thing to see the In muddy pools and dusty ways, Then through the house in trackful maze They wander to and fro. and it was a common time time to see the subjects (staggering themselves) parade their drunken sovereign on the forehatch of a wrecked vessel, king and commous howing and singing as they went. At a word from Nakaena's mouth the revel ended; Makin oe-The baby hands that clasp my neck With touches dear to me Are the same hands that smash and wreck came once more an isle of slaves and of tee-totalers, and on the morrow all the popula-tion must be on the roads or in the toro patches tolling under his bloodshot eye. They read the manuscript in twain

The King the Executioner.

A Harem Scandal.

though still in vain; and the paims, access-ories to that fact, were ruthlessly cut down. Such was the ideal of wifely purity in an isle

policy, and warned him he was too weak to

for death, as she well knew.

and the queens

wiped out with blood.

The dreamy, murmuring baby voice That cool its little tune. The fear of Nakaela filled the land. No regularit* of justice was affected; there was regularity of justice was affected; there was no trial, U ere were no officers of the law; it seems there was but one penaity, the capi-tal; and daylight assault and midnight mur-der were the forms of process. The king himself would play the executioner; and his That makes my listening heart rejoice Like birds in leafy June, Can wake at midnight dark and still, And all the air with howling fill That splits the ear with echoes shrill, blows were dealt by stealth, and with the help and countenance of none but his own wives. These were his oarswomen; one that Like cornets out of tune.

Faith in Prayer.

A little Detroit girl of 4 years of age, says the Free Press, has been taught to pray for all kinds of blessings and help. The other day she was guilty of some act of disobedi-ence for which her mother took her up stairs caught a crab, he slow with the tiller; thus disciplined, they pulled him by night to the scene of his vengeance, which he would then execute alone and return well pleased with his connubial crew. The inmates of the harem held a station hard for us to conceive. to punish her with considerable severity Beasts of draught and driven by the fear of death, they were yet implicitly trusted with The little girl had been there before and knew what was coming. On the way uptheir sovereign's life; they were still wives and queens, and it was supposed that no man should behold their faces. They killed by the sight like basilisks; a change view of one of those boatwomen was a crime to be stairs with her mother she knelt down, put her little hands together and lifted them in supplication. "O, Lord," she said, "I'm going to catch it. If you ever do anything for little girls, please, Lord, now's the time."

Then she arose and followed her mother, who, in order to increase her little daughter's In the days of Nakaeia the palace wasbefaith in th efficacy of prayer, let her off that

set with some tall cocca palms which com-manded the enclosure. It chanced one eve-ning, while Nakaela sat below at supper with time. Easy to Guess. his wives, that the owner of the grove was "And how old are you, my little man?" "Six years old," he promptly replied, "Any brothers or sisters?" in a treetop drawing palm-tree wine; it chanced that he looked down, and the king encountered. Instant flight preserved the involuntary criminal. But during the involuntary criminal. But during the hind by friends in remote parts of the isle; Nagaeia hunted him without remission, ai-though still in vain. and the nume recease "Yep, a sister." "How old is she?" "She's 6." "Then you must be twins." "Course we is. Didn't think we was trip-

ots, did ve?" Trial Before Taking. "Johnny," said the humorous gentleman, "give me your little brother. You don't want him any longer, and I'll make a man of holder.

where nubile virgins went naked as in Para-dise. And yet scandal found its way into Nakaeia's well-guarded harem. He was at that time the owner of a schooner, which he used for a pleasure house, lodging ou board as she lay anchored; and thither one day he summoned a new wife. She was one that had been scaled to him; that is to say (I presume) that he was married to her sister, for the humberd of an older sitter has the "Can you do that, mister!" "Indeed I can." "Well, let's see you make one out of me, nick, before ma comes; then I'll fool her

. * she's gone after a stout switch, and'll be back in a minute." A sad Excuse.

for the husband of an older sister has the call of the cadets. She would be arrayed for the occasion; she would come scented, gar-landed, decked with fine mats and family jewels, for marriage, as her friends supposed : Baltimore American: A small boy in one of our colored schools came to his teacher to apologize for a continued fraternal absence. "My mudder says, Miss, won't yo' please skuse my brudder for stayin' home; my "Tell me the man's name and I will spare you," said Nakaela. But the girl was staunch; she held her peace, saved her lover, brudder can't come to school, kase my brudder he's dead.'

Juvenile Giblets. Strangled Her Between the Masts.

Little Bessie's father had just engaged a new gardner, and Bessie had been told his Nakaeia was feared; it does not appear that he was hated. Deeds that smell to us of name was Auguste. The next morning the little girl waiked up to the new arrival and said very sweetly, "Good morning. April" murder wore to his subjects the reverend face of justice; his orgies made him popular; natives to this day recall with respect the framess of his government, and even the whites, whom he long opposed and kept at arm's length, give him the name (in the canonical South Sea phrase) of "a perfect gentleman when sober." "Eddie, I wisht I wuz as fat as you, an' I'd be happy." "You only think so. Us fat folks has our sorrers, too, but they don't show, an' we don't get no symferty !"

Au Indiana baby has eleven living grand-When he came to lie without issue on the bed of death he summoned his next brother, Nanteitei, made him a discourse on royal parents. This beats the proudest triumphs of European genealogy.

George Washington Lincoln Grant Rich-ardson, a Jersey City youth, somnambulates, as it were, and it is thus proven whatever else may or may not be in a name, it is as useless as bailast.

George Rohrbach, a Reading youngster of 7 years, weighs 130 pounds, and is forty inches around the chest-onch inch more than his father. George, at birth, weighed sixteen pounds, and a year and a half later tipped the acales at sixty pounds.

Jimmy-What did yer get on yer birthday! Jakey-Nothin'! Never got anything since the first one, an' then I only got born.

Tommy-Want to shoot off my pistol, Mr Sisi Mr. Sis-I'd wather not, Tommy. Tommy-Millicent was right; she said was Tommy-Millicent wuz afraid to pop.