THE SHADOW OF THE PALM

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the South Seas

By BEATRICE GRISHAM Illustrated by J. NORMAN LYND

"Patient?" queried the trader.

No. Own work." "Ichthyology your special job, isn't

Manaja's a healthy place." The doc- traders gave it to himtor looked at Lockhart Brothers' latest manager. There had been many of Lockhart's traders in the pearling Island of Manaia, in the 11 years of Glascott's stay, but no one of them had used such a word as "ichthyology." They spoke of the scientific work as "bug-hunting in the

"I might describe myself as a marine biologist on the whole," prof-

"Perfectly." assented the trader

Glascott glanced at him again. The idiom suggested a knowledge of French. Lockhart's traders do not sneak French as a rule. Nor do they on islands like Manaia, present them selves at the receipt of custom clothed

"Another of them." was his unspoken comment. "Hope it isn't drink." He watched the long, wellkept hands. They did not shake. The man's skin was clear, eyes bright; amber-gray in color, well set above

verdict. "I don't think he drinks. It will be something worse, then."

For he knew his islands, and he knew that men who talk about "ichthyology," use French idioms, and show a neat half-circle at the root of the nails, stay on civilization's outposts not because they will, but because they must. 'How do you think you're going to

like Manaia?" he asked. Lockhart's trader looked out from the cool dusk of the store to the blatantly blue sea. There was nothing in sight, from the store, that was not shricking blue, shricking green, furious white. The colors of Manaia screamed. So did its sounds. No small whisper of leaves, no lazy drone of surf on far away coral, caressed the ear. Such sounds there may have been, even as there may have been twittering of small birds and humming of flies on the beach, but they were one and all drowned in the wind-driven waves on loose coral Lockhart's trader learned some startgravel, and the long cry of the south- ling things. Dr. Glascott was trying east among the palms. Everyone on (so the traders said) to make pearls. Manala talked with the voice slightly Had been trying for 11 years. Of raised, as men do who work in boiler- course he would not find out how. kitchen, but thought is quick, and letter. The reference to himself,

"I think," said Lockhart's trader, ter (Jones, of course, had heard he that the business has been neglect- had one—the only white woman on but behind the house, to realize that the girl with his handsome gold-grey "Te Blascot accepted the courteous re

snswered the doctor, filling his pipe look the same side of the beach as girl.

slowly—why should anyone hurry, in Manaia, where every day had 48 all thought her bonzer, for all that. Chair, her head on one hand. She gave answer even before the man of the state of the same side of the beach as girl.

The girl was sitting on a kitchen reliable hand that took hold of hers, mans."

The tred-hot red-hot red years long?

"Do you see that?" asked the lised to be interesting. He felt that there might be a long, interesting trunk of the trader's doorway. It in front of the trader's doorway. It leve-story ahead of him. A young tle nose, and pinched sharply down told them to. He always hated—long te roof. Man he flight, he go." less shadows danced on the beach, father, wrapped up in science, but see fine details, but the largeness of everything in it. And it has—" like giant ostrich plumes shaken by "The shadow of the palm? What's mate worthily; secret meetings, per- pale hair, the clean egg-shape of the him," but her voice gave way.

"If you don't know," said Glascott, for there was not one secluded spot spelled the one word, "Beauty." "you are luckier than most of us who on the whole of Manaia's 50 miles of

live up under the Line." 'The shadow of the palm?" repeat. trader with a sad story in the pasted Lockhart's trader. "I don't quite a romantic girl who loved for love's

"Say it over to yourself a few thing in a book or on the stage. times, and you will. Goodbye." "Goodbye," came the answer.

Lockhart's trader sat finishing his -in his dreams-with a "Take-her pipe. He understood what Glascott and be happy" scene at the last, and had meant. But that point was too a stin-large size-of Swift and sharp to be pressed home without Arran's cake, groaning beneath the Even to himself he did not tin-opener. like acknowledging that the shadow Beneath the shadow all things are of the palm rested on him, as on leisurely, nor is anything of much acthe other traders, and on the white count-save one. That thing is swift, men of the shelling fleet, and the that thing counts, outwelghs all other nondescript few who wandered more things, turns rules into exceptions, or less aimlessly about the 50-mile and its own huge, dark exception to a rule. It is death. white beach that was Manaia.

The shadows thrashed about on morning-as much as he, or anyone me sand, as the palm-fronds, 80 feet above, thrashed on the merciless was ever busy-shutting things up in southeast. On Manaia, as on many preparation for the holiday, when his hundred other "low" islands, you native cook boy paddled into the were never out of touch of the in store. evitable coconut. There was only a narrow strip of tidal beach, each side he remarked. of the long, belt-shaped island, over which the tenuous, restless shadows the envelope without looking at it. did not fall. The palm gives no true shade. No house-and-hearth association clings about its rocketing white thought: "Te wahine papa (the white stem and insubstantial gray-green woman) stop long kitsen." star of crown, as about the tamed letter. It was directed to him in a and humanized personalities of the fig-tree and the vine. Flag of the man's hand, clear though shaky, wanderer, of forgotten dwellers out back, of the man who was, and the about?" he mused aloud. man who will never be, the palmwith the air of one who has interest frond holds no sentiment of home.

ing gossip to relate, "dockita, he pin It may be that Lockhart's trader understood all this, or it may be that ish" (finish). "My soul! is the doctor dead?" his thoughts ran on slightly different Unconsciously, for many years of island wandering, he had felt the paim shadow rest upon his gether and unfolded the letter. life. It had been put into words for him; he felt it consciously now. So "I have no time for preliminaries.

much the more did it weigh, the sun go down upon the empty fish in their natural habitat. The had been crying herself half sick bewhere never-almost never-a snake is Pelamis Bicolor, excessively fore she came, sail went by, and never any funnel poisonous. I am alone in my house.

Not one of the biggest or the most home, and applied permanganate of with flery port. important of the pearling islands is potash. I have also taken strychnine black-lip and gold-lip shell of baroque, to write. As it is impossible to apply lapse, and glad to snatch at any kind lived like a poor man." long; the shell is easily got by native have no possible chance of recovery. close script as the first, but the lines finery of the native girls showed in in my lap." divers; it is almost inexhaustible. I shall no doubt be dead before my were more irregular. Like everything else on Manaia; it daughter returns. seems as if it had never begun, and "No use commenting on things, no time. You are a gentleman, the only

never would cease to be Jones; a name somewhat overworked something. I hope it's not very bad, have to be braver still today, Think hart's trader. He found the woman

hammock chair, yawned a little.—though it was not yet dusk—and a respectable native woman to stop and do it.

Yery tall. The stretch finished in a He had a mind to take a holiday next sleep with my Colt automatic under the neck, and can do nothing more.

Somewhere in her history; told her to take good care of the little chieftain-the neck, and can do nothing more.

shadow of the palm. So was sleeping very much, coma supervening."

caring, to read papers from home. Tonight he wanted talk as other "That and patching up anyone who men wanted drink. He had to have wants it. Hardly anyone ever does, it-and for the same reason. The

/ NORMAN LYND.

Through the flood of conversation,

sake only. It would be like some-

The man named Jones saw a year

Lockhart's trader was busy next

"One reva-reva (letter) I gettum,"

"Hand it here," said Jones, taking

"No savvy." Then, as an after-

"The what?" Jones snatched at the

"What can the doctor be writing

"Dockita," remarked the cooky,

"E! He go pinish. Altogether."

"Dear Jones," it began.

Lockhart's trader pulled himself to-

"Any answer?"

or two very pleasantly passed away

Then, faint, trailing off into

across the page:

reach up to the topmost shelf at the day; and in the out back islands, her pillow. She understands it. Keep I feel coma not far off. You will find "I'll come and see you soon," he store.

when you feel like holidaying, you the other men away as much as you a letter addressed to Lockhart's said, pressing the girl's cold fingers "Help yourself," he said, placing appeal to your brothers and rivals in can. I suppose you'll fall in love with trader. He is a gentleman, though in his own warm hand. "Send for Jones, and, very gently kissed her. a box of drugs on the counter. The trade to join you honorably, and holidector selected a packet here and day too. Jones was well aware that mother—treat her right. She will can trust him, and you must, as the I shan't go away, but I'll leave you ing, and said, "I have forgotten fatha bottle there, smoking the while. It this longing for unearned vacations have money. Get her away; the Isl- Mission people are all away; I have to yourself for a couple of days." seemed that there was no hurry. and for endless loafing was a shade, and and smust not have her. May asked him to find a native woman to heave here was, in Manaia.

"Little witch," said the trader to man called Jones was not dissatisfied sake."

There never was, in Manaia. "Tomorrow," it was agreed. And "Williamself." "I wish it was the day "Tomorrow," it was agreed. And "Williamself." can manage it, down to Sydney by after tomorrow. It's long to wait." after lunch. So was neglecting, not Then, clear, determined, drooping the first schooner. Tell Lockhart As things happened, it was not across the doorway of the bungalow "JAMES GLASCOTT." "There is a paper of the utmost care of Nadine was on his veranda. go south, and then take it with you, mouth. and give it to my old friend, Prof. "Yes," answered Lockhart's Mala, said. "Me t'ink," observed old Mala, said.

"I have been bitten by a snake in take good care of the little chieftain- and I don't see any other way. Do

importance in the little safe in the "You looking out along dis wahine sitting room. The key is round my papa?" (white woman) she asked, neck. Leave the paper there till you taking her black pipe out of her

trader's answer, "but I daresay

there'd be two words to that bargain.

I mean, Mala, that wahine papa

maybe him no want along me-fellow,"

"Las' night te wahine papa no

"Oh-you heard something?"

But Mala was speaking again.

about it.

he translated

marked Mala,

"Te wahine papa,

somewhere in her history; told her to your father left me in charge of you, sure. you, Nadine?"

"There isn't any other way." said you like it?"

Brothers when you arrive, and they long. By 7 o'clock next morning, the outside on the verandah. And no old woman whom he had sent to take footsteps came near the house. But in "It the morning he saw bootmarks on the sand below, and he silently cursed.

"Today," he said to himself. He breakfasted with Nadine, old "Yes," answered Lockhart's trader, tell you before you marry me,"

whole future—I have no time. Kaye's wife will take care—Goodbye, my darling. No burial. The boys to darling. No burial. The boys to hurry up." other way. However, it shall be as take me beyond the reef. Goodbye." "I shouldn't object," was the you like. Fifteen years ago, Nadine,

Nevertheless she followed the man Jones . . . her head held up and her

delicately shaped face unstained with tears. . . . Away on the further beach canoes were being launched. . . . All

face so pale?

"What do you mean?" asked Na. the house

changes everything." He went on, burning?" He made his tone quite despite the sudden clutch of the small your father got that secret before he angelical tool-no one ought to. are about the higgest heiress in all the world. You can't go on living to steady himself. in the islands. It would be madness."

"Father used to say," said the girl you done?" he cried.
"I—didn't want to be an heiress breathlessly, "that if he ever did complete the life history of the parasite, and produce it whenever he "Sorry?" said Lockhart's trader: chose, it would destroy the pearl industry, and smash prices."

The trader rose slowly from his Brown, and Johnson-shut the store new as soon as a schooner calls. Get telling you what to do, and be sure tive with a touch of white blood be exposed to-to-well, you know the safe and look inside. As well be Nadine was quite cool now, and "Why?" said Nadine, turning round

with the key in her hand-and now any longer?" she asked, The girl made no answer in words, she was alive and awake-"why don't

"Did I say I didn't?"

"My voice tells lies. I'm very glad indeed, if it turns out true-for your

ing into the safe. There was a small bottle inside, with five or six pearls in it large boutful are the richest girl in the—It's no use. I've made you cry again. Nadine!" in it, large, beautifully colored, and uniform in size. There was another Maia waiting. "I've something to bottle, full of lesser gems, almost all down the veranda. If she was crythe same size to a hair. Between the ing, he could not hear her. two lay a small parchment envelope,

eatch his breath. round to look at him. She was learn. palms. Mala had gone out; the place ing love's lessons quickly. Her man was very solitary. should not suffer pain that she could

Was it the sealight that made his the wind, and

"They are worth a good bit." he said. "One could easily hire a pearling lugger-and catche the steamer the Kariva islands. One could get off tomorrow-or today. I could see hart's trader; and made a rush for

understand."

"When it's known-Yes. But as hands, there's millions in it. Can't full of golden light. you understand, you're a sort of little princess, or going to be? And-I-no man-it wouldn't be right or decent

"Then you don't wish to marry me,

"You are not going to marry me?" "Nadine, how could I do it?" "I would stay."

"I'd be the lowest of curs if I let "You could come away-and not

mind-" she murmured, "Only to another place like this. I'm

"Let me turn the key for you; safe in the shadow-as your father saidkeys aren't managed like that—
there."

for life. He never wanted you to stay in it. If you married me, you'd

Jones took another turn up and

"Nadine!" he called. She made no sealed, the name of a well-known Aus. answer, but he could hear her stirtrallan man of science written on it. ring, somewhere about the back The girl heard Lockhart's trader veranda. The sounds stopped, It was quiet in the house, save for the eternal shrilling of the wind among the

Nothing to be heard. Nothing to see, but the dance of the blown sand along the beach, and hibiscus bells. He stood, staring at the lagoon. golden and ruby-hearted, flying before

Paper? Black paper in fragments. blowing round from the back of the house, Paper undoubtedly. Burned paper. And a smell of burning somewhere at the back.

"She-she can't--" said Lock-

dine in a low, startled voice. "I don't to the house in a high wind," he "I've got to make you. This proffered. "What have you been commonplace, because now he was

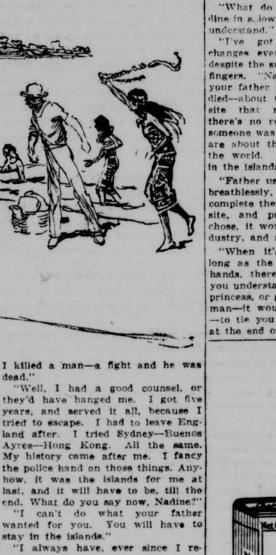
died—about the history of the para site that makes the pearls—and there's no reason why he shouldn't; someone was bound to some day—you

Jones took hold of the veranda rail "Oh, my girl, my girl, what have

"Sorry?" said Lockhart's trader; and took her in his arms.

They walked together down the long beach to the magistrate's under long as the secret is kept in right the palms; and the shadows were (Copyright, 1925.)

Since cold baths increase blood -to tie you to these outback places pressure, those who have high blood at the end of the world."



It was only a few yards to the The man named Jones read the sleep. Too much him cly."

land after. I tried Sydney—Buenos and letter. The reference to himself, "Yes, I suppose so," said the man Ayres—Hong Kong. All the same. tried to escape. I had to leave Eng-No one ever had. Glascott's daught the man called Jones had time, be which she had clearly overlooked, called Jones. Poor, pretty, lonely My history came after me. I fancy the police hand on those things. Any Manaia, except the missionary's his romance of a lazy dream had sudely eyes. Nadine, brought back to life together. By 'n 'by, him finish cly, last, and it will have to be, till the wife), was a pretty young girl, and denly and embarrassingly leaped to and ordinary consciousness by the him too much tired. No sleep, stop end. What do you say now, Nadine? off.

"How do you like it?" said the here since a little kid, the missionary ed—come to the end before fairly searching, pitiful glance of her own. talk, no him talk. By 'n-by, me wanted for you. You will have to stay in the islands."

"I always have, ever since I re "Eo. Me hearem one man. Two member." she said in a low tone. "Anything before that seems like a The trader was wide awake now. A dream."

red-hot word or two escaped his lips. "Eo," assented Mala, agreeing "it's not the big live world outside "Bad man. Come fightem along that's the dream; it's the islands door" (hitting the door). "Te wahine themselves We all live in a dream "I papa, hi mtakem gun, him soot up here."

"Then I'd rather go on dreaming," "Did they say anything?" asked she told him. Jones furiously. Only let him get a "Things will be as they must be,

clue to the name or names of the in- said the man named Jones, and went out to see the magistrate. He hardly knew it, but in that mo-The way to the but that passed

ment his resolution was taken. It for a residency was by the main road was very clear that some man would of the beach. Men were moving exhave the girl. The man should be citedly about the sand when Jones himself. He was incomparably the came up from the end where Glasmost worthy on Manaia. Nadine, in cott's bungalow stood. There was all honor, and most for her own sake loud talking and quarreling. -though not a little for his-should "They are drunk," thought Lock-

be his wife, and as soon as possible. hart's trader, inferring that yesterday's holiday had been too much for

on Manala who did not progress with out of earshot, when a single phase doctor have anything hearded away? caused him to turn round in his What did he mean by "valuable tracks. Pearl manufacture."

of the "beach" seemed to know all on the coral beach. How those fellows were shouting! He could hear The bungalow stood in the fierce almost all they said. light of the coral beach. Glascott had "I tell you, the boy swore it. Said

had it built right down on the sand, he had seen the pearls. In a bottle for the convenience of his work.

"Eleven years," thought the trader.

"Yes, all from the same small Eleven years wasted-nothing to place, where he'd planted the oysters

go away. He was so afraid, poor dev-"Whether she does or doesn't don' il, of that shadow of the palm" he matter. Some of us will-" "It's a million fortunes-" Now, as things had turned out, the The man named Jones was a quick

"Are you going to look for the pa

"Nadine-is it possible you don' Nadine was on the veranda. He sat know what people are saying?"

"The men on the beach are saving

"Oh, I like you, I think I would her eyes growing big. "He-he only didn't listen as I should have.

> stand his not telling you. He thought you were safer without such a piece



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"Ay, I know! Well, I can under

and his wife educating-with help reaching the beginning. It was stag. "Can I trust you? Can I trust you?" hearem sometings."

from Glascott himself. Wouldn't sering, And he hadn't even seen the she seemed to be saying. And the

"Miss Glascott-how can I say-

Lockhart's trader name of Jones, white and had blue marks under her

doubtless resolved to see his daughter har dimly-dark eyes, the masses of

haps (imagination jibbed a little here, face, were visible at a glance; and all

glaring sand and palms), a handsome he began. The girl scarcely looked at

"Las' night, te wahine papa no sleep. Too much him cly."

He sat and smoked, and watched the neck while investigating lagoon catarrhal sound of her voice, that she tears.

"Nadine, My Daughter," it began. "You will suffer terribly when you All Manaia was bound on holiday. come home and find me here, and I Lockhart's trader-his name was one here, and I believe you to be a can't soften the blow to you. You her today or tomorrow, and she can down on the books of the firm as decent man. Of course you have done were always brave, my girl; you will have all her cry out," thought Lock- said Nadine confusedly.

called Jones out into the flaring sun. he had the right to do so every hour want to miss-"I think you'd better see it," she light, her head held up, and her of the twenty-four. I have been bitten by a sea-snake in said; and Jones knew, by the hoarse, delicately shaped face unstained by

"I know the woman for you,

She meant to say "It has killed

She took it eagerly. Jones judged crossed his mind. "It can't be much,"

down beside her. He saw how very "She is game," thought the man to fair she was. And the girl, looking on himself. A thrill of admiration ran the trader's splendid height and hand "Yon want this: take it," he said, through him. "How could a man do some face, said to herself, as many I scarified the bite after reaching setting beside her a tumbier half filled better?" was his thought. Glascott's a woman in the world, who would die things." sentence, "She will have money," rather than acknowledge it, has said: Manala, but it turns out its tale of hypodermic, which will give me time that she was o nthe verge of a col he thought indifferently. "The doctor marry you tomorrow if you asked said-I remember, lately, he used to

vivid splashes of color, the khaki

figures of white men moved about, trader slid her little hand gently into things like that."
All Manaia was bound on holiday, his own and said, "Nadine, what do "Ay, I know! "There will be nothing to disturb you think about marrying me?"

"I-I-I haven't thought about it."

"Don't you think you could? You be for you. But the boys have given among the islands, like Smith, and You will have to see her safe to Syd- that dad is with you, though allent he had been looking for, an old na want to be taken care of. You can't it away. I think you'd better oper

he had a fund of hard common sense ting-room, and was standing before that forbade him to sentimentalize the steel safe that Glasscot had im over the inevitable. With drunken ported from Sydney, only a month or beach combers battering at the girl's two earlier. In her hand was a key shutters in the middle of the nightthere was only one course possible, pers?" he asked her. "Do you know and that course must be taken at what they are?" once. No schooner was due for months. He could not protect the girl thought-I thought-there might be him, drew another letter from her Nevertheless she followed the man for a week among that crowd-unless another letter for me, and I didn't

talked about. And now-"

"Man him talk, yes." she observed. Him sing out along te wahine papa, He passed them by with a swinging step-he was the one white man "Open the safe!" A recollection darted through the trader's mind. the "Pacific slouch"—and was almost She will have money." Could the

papers?" Probably bonds of some He stood still. The wind crashed kind. Whatever it was, the riffraff in the palms overhead, the sea burst

show for it all, and the girl buried himself. I swear, he got it before away up here. He meant she should he-"

shadow was to lie on little Nadine's thinker. He turned off through the life forever. No one knew better than palms, and went back to the bunga 'Jones" why an existence linked to low unseen. his could not be lived elsewhere than Nadine was not on the verandah among the "legions of the lost." But she had gone into the hot little sit

"No," answered the girl. "But I

"What?" your father found the secret before he died-it seems his boys say "He never told me," said Nading

me." But she thought this as one be always telling me that I should blister, button, and fine pearl, year a ligature, and as some time was of help. He ran an eye rapidly over by year. The lagoon is 50 miles consumed in reaching the house, I the second letter. It was in the same were being launched; the cotton string them, if the sky were to fall would take a trip to Paris. But I Then the sky fell. For Lockhart's know, everyone in the Islands says