

SPECIAL NOTICES. IN THE BEACHCOMBER A TIDE OF WAR.

BY J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

The corpa house was down on the rock-bound beach, some fifty yards from the shore, a stretch of uneven stony soil, with grass patches here and there and great black rocks showing out from the surface, separating the two places where the trader did his business.

The water, and it was easy enough to spear maului with long three-pronged native spears. I soon found it was my interest to keep in with old Jack. He got twice as much oil as I could for the same amount of trade, and though he was always abusing and ill-treating the Samoans, he was always giving them little presents.

"So it happened that Jack became a sort of sub-trader or assistant and would buy the natives' oil, giving them in return orders on me for so much trade. I paid him a good commission, and I could afford to do it, for long as Jack was sober he was the best hand at bargaining with the Samoans I ever saw.

"It was this fall that had got the beachcomber into trouble at Tanua, a village about twenty miles along the coast, where he had lived before coming to my place. The natives there had put up with him for a long time, but at last they got sick of the business, and the chiefs of the town turned dead against him, and he was obliged to leave.

"I was in the bush, hunting wild cattle, when the Scagull arrived, and that saved Jack. That and his own cunning, which happened to be in Asia at the time, down to arrest him. It was a bad lookout for Jack, for there were a couple of men charged against him to hang a dozen men.

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"I had the place to myself for three years, and you may be sure made a pretty good thing out of it. With I had some of the money left now. Then old Jack Wilkinson came along, and he was a pretty good fellow, but who was Jack Wilkinson, I asked. 'Never heard of Jack Wilkinson, old Jack, as he was always called? Why I thought everybody in Samoa knew of him. But he was getting to be an old man then, and he's been dead long since, and I suppose you young people have forgotten all about the old fogies.

always fighting, and Wilkinson would probably stir them up to attack the landing party, and prevent his arrest. The outfit would go ashore with a strong armed force, and, if possible, a field gun or two.

"The advice sounded reasonable enough to the captain, and, of course, the officers and men were delighted at the prospect of a serenade.

"The rascally interpreter explained to the lieutenant that the natives wished to pay homage to the queen, and that they would take steps at once to find out where Wilkinson was hiding.

"On the other hand he told the chiefs that he had interceded for them, and that the officer had promised to spare their lives if they brought, next morning, a whole boat load of pigs and yams and taro and bananas, all the food they could raise.

"After some more talk, just to cover up his deceit, Jack informed the lieutenant that the man they were after had gone to a place a few miles off in the bush, but that the natives would send after him, and bring him back in the morning.

"The land to the westward of Salua jutted out a long point, and a vessel coming from that direction, if she kept well offshore, could not be seen until she was right off the bay. The man-of-war lay to the other side of this point, and Jack, who had a handy boat, passed through the reef, was put on shore in the afternoon he walked into my house and found me wondering where he had got to, as I wanted a man to sail down a fine cove I had shot.

"Never mind the blanked beef, he shouted, let the gin quick, or else I shall die of laughing."

"I could not help laughing, too, though I did not half like being persecuted by such an old scoundrel. The man who had been in might get into trouble when the captain found out the trick. He might think I had been helping Jack to deceive them, and perhaps arrest me instead.

Current Literature

A very expressive estimate, "Concerning Her of the Nile," is furnished the October number of the Clack Book, by Ella W. Peattie. The article is written in the best style of the writer and sums up the character of her subject in these words: "Hamlet is embodied discontent; Faust, embodied ambition; Cleopatra, embodied restlessness."

Not only very readable but exceedingly pertinent are the remarks made by Judge William J. Gaynor in an article, entitled "Citizenship," appearing in the current American Magazine of Civics. In the same number John A. Reebing, C. E., discusses the "Economic Aspects of Immigration," while James Deane Haines discusses the second part of his series on "The Evolution of Money."

The Cornhill Magazine, The International News Company, New York. The Strand, The International News Company, New York. The Underwriters' Review, Durham Hopkins & Co., Den Moines, Ia.

The Journal of Practical Metaphysics, 19 Blagden street, Copley Square, Boston. Book News, John Wannamaker, Philadelphia. The Lotus, Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.

There is nothing so fascinating to the young as real and true stories of great men, of their events, and great achievements. In "The Story of Greece," by H. A. Guerber are told a series of stories which will give children a clear idea of the most important events that have taken place in the ancient world.

Richard P. Rothwell's "Universal Bimetallism and an International Monetary Clearing House," dealing mainly with the adoption of a universal monetary standard, together with measures for securing the use of gold and silver on such a flexible ratio as will effect the clearest and most advantageous results.

"The Tariff in the Days of McKinley," by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; 16 to 17-What Does It Mean? by Uncle Ben. Cloth; 75 cents. "The Log of a Privateer," by Harry Collingwood. Cloth; \$1.50. "Through the South," by G. B. Munroe. Cloth; \$1.25. "One of the Visconti," by Eva W. Brodhead. Cloth; 75 cents.

Contributory Negligence. Contributory negligence does not seem an acceptable plea in French courts. A man dining in a Nanbonne restaurant drew a 100-franc note from his pocketbook to pay for his dinner, which his soup was cooling.



THE BEACHCOMBER DECEIVES THE LIEUTENANT.

would never have summoned up courage to behave as they did. There was a taupo, a village virgin, mixed up in the business, a nice, fine looking girl. She stuck to him like glue, and came away with him to Salua, where I was.

"For a long time Jack had been playing off an old beachcomber's bounce on the natives at Tanua. Whenever they would turn a bit nasty he would threaten to bring a British man-of-war down on them, and have them well punished. This used to scare the people, for men-of-war did actually fire on the rebels, sitting round smoking quite comfortably in the bush behind, while the shot were dropping into their village, and doing no harm at all, except perhaps setting fire to a house or two.

"The Tannu people only laughed at him, but as it turned out, strangely enough, Jack kept his word. He had been at Salua about six months, when a man-of-war actually did come, not after the natives, but after Jack himself. The consul had at last, for news having already been heard of his pranks at Tanua and had sent the Scagull, which happened to be in Asia at the time, down to arrest him. It was a bad lookout for Jack, for there were a couple of men charged against him to hang a dozen men.

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ONE OF TIMES' CHANGES. Cheers Instead of a Hope for a Man Who Stole a Horse. An excited crowd had gathered around the young man, and there were cries of "Lynch him!" "String him up!" etc., relates the Chicago Record.

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