

succession of dances at the Public Hall. Even the King was galvanized into action, and to the surprise of every one gave a sort of At Home, where Satterlee was the guest of honour and received the second kava cup. A half-caste couple, who before had barely held up their heads, sprang into social prominence by getting married under the direct patronage of the popular captain, and thus rallying to their visiting list all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Apia.

It was a delicious month. There was an event for almost every night of it. The strain on the half-caste band was something awful. Miss Potter's millinery establishment worked night and day. Of a morning you couldn't find a lady on the front veranda who wasn't stitching and sewing and basting and cutting out. And the men! Why, in the social whirl few of them had time to sober up, and the sale of Leonard's soda-water was unprecedented.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco, Satterlee got restless and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great bargain day on board the "Southern Belle," where sandwiches and bottled beer were served to all comers, and goods changed hands at astonishing prices: coal-oil at one-seventy-five a case; hundred pound kegs of beef at four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six cents a yard; square-face at thirty cents a bottle; and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no Customs House in those days, and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. A matter of eighty tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade-room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the main-hold made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department store.

At any rate there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it—the change—in the form of jews-harps, screw-eyes, or anything small and handy that happened to be near by.

It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way as though it was the best joke in the world and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found the basking in the sunshine of woman's favour instead of on the four-inch deck! The pilot signalled the mail; Skiddy put forth in his consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass, and receiving (on his head) his own especial government bag. The proximity of the "Southern Belle" and the likelihood of Satterlee being at home caused Skiddy to board the ship, and open the bag on her quarter-deck. One stout, blue, and important-looking envelope at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue, and important-looking letter, and—

There were no white men in the crew of the "Southern Belle." They were all Rotumah boys with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. This amiable individual was singing over his pots and pans when he was suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the galley door. The little consul was deathly pale, and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"Come out of here," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with two hundred dollars in hard cash, together with a twenty dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry, and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had besides some dim conception of State's evidence. Skiddy made the conception clever, and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts, and confirmed the

stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Satterlee came off on a shore-boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy—not Skiddy the friend—but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy, the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Satterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you!"

It was a horrible thing to say—to be forced to say—and no sense of public duty could make it less than deplorable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Satterlee gave him a quick, blank, panicky look, and then, with a pitiful bravado, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to re-assert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a shaky, fawning voice, and wanting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little consul was adamant. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Satterlee preceded him into the boat. The consul followed and took the yoke lines. They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funeral pull, and it was a relief to every one when at last they grounded in the shingle off the consulate.

Skiddy had a busy day of it. Leaving

the captain at the consulate under guard, and sending off Asi, the chief of Vaiala, together with ten warriors armed with rifles and axes to take charge of the "Southern Belle" and her crew, he walked into Apia to make arrangements to meet the painful situation. Single-handed he had to rear the structure of a whole judicial system, including United States marshals, a clerk of court, four assessor judges, and a jail. His first steps were directed towards a little cottage on the Motootua Road, the residence of Mr. Noville Purdy, a goaty, elderly, unwashed individual who formed the more respectable half of the Samoan bar. Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government, and the papers of the case left in his hands. Skiddy next sought out Mr. Thatcher, the other half of the bar, and directed him to defend the prisoner. Then he bent his mind to the consideration of jails, of which Samoa boasted two.

The municipal jail was a two-roomed wooden shed, sparsely furnished with a couple of tin jails. Humanity forbidding the incarceration of Captain Satterlee in such a hovel, the little consul passed on to Muliauu, where the general Samoan Government held sway. The jail here was on a more pretentious scale. It consisted of a rectangular enclosure, perhaps sixty feet by forty, formed by four eight-foot walls of galvanised iron, and containing within five or six small huts of the kind that shipwrecked seamen might build on a desert island. In fact that was just about what they were, and as foul and repulsive as the real article. Owing to financial stringency the Samoan Government was unable to house or feed its prisoners, who, for both those reasons, might well be described as castaways.

These unfortunates were absent at the time of Skiddy's visit, employing a very languid leisure on the improvement of the roads; and the consul could not have penetrated the jail at all had it not been for the King, who, on being appealed to, was obliging enough to lead the diplomat his spare key. Skid-

*Pears' Soap*  
 beautifies the complexion,  
 keeps the hands white and  
 imparts a constant bloom  
 of freshness to the skin.  
 As it is the best and lasts  
 longest it is the cheapest.