

scently out to sea. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar, and forthwith departed.

The President was kind, the Chief Justice urbane. The income of the Kingdom barely sufficed for their two salaries, and they judged it incumbent (as they could do nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American Consul. But jails? Oh, no, they couldn't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it wasn't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a long pen. The President retorted that the King's allowance was eight months in arrears, and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails lost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage, and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life?

They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The Chief Justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Satterlee in the stockade, and force him to mix with the dregs of the native population. Surely Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment? Mr. Skiddy wanted to know, then, what the deuce he was to do? The Chief Justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The President murmured suavely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut-tax, and the suppression of the rebellion, the Government might see its way to—

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I'm to do NOW!"

The two high officials gazed at him sadly. It was a great pity, they observed (with an air of gentle complaint), that Mr. Skiddy should have embarrassed the Government at a time when its whole position was precarious. Had he not better refer the matter to Washington? Doubtless Washington, recognizing the fact that—Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail, and liked it even less than before. Enough, it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Satterlee into it. He returned to the consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Satterlee the best room in their cottage, and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre coconut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to forty dollars a month for custodianship and fifteen dollars for the room and the transport of Satterlee's food from the International Hotel—fifty-five dollars in all. Thirty dollars a month for the hotel raised the grand total to eighty-five dollars. Skiddy wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever indorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he couldn't see that he had any other choice. He would simply make Washington indorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the Captain's departure from a corner of his bedroom window, and felt that, for the moment at least, he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

He put a captain and crew on board the James H. Peabody, and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the State Department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Satterlee's imprisonment, and the expense it

had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due. The consular salary was two hundred dollars a month, and if the eighty-five dollars for Satterlee was disallowed, the sum was indubitably bound to sink to one hundred and fifteen dollars. Deducting a further fifty, which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the Department's reply!

In the course of weeks it came. Skiddy U. S. consul apia samon satterlee case the department authorises charge for food, but none for custody or lodging. Bronson assistant secretary.

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at ninety-five dollars! He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the Department, inclosing snapshot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts, and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply, in which he was hidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the despatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Satterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the Department insisted that it should be at his, Skiddy's, expense. The Department itself advocated the jail. If the situation was as disgraceful as he had described it, ought not the onus be put on the Samoan Government, "and thus place the Department in a position to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Satterlee?" returned the consul in official language across six thousand miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous despatch," retorted the Department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Satterlee should become ill, you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there isn't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The Department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in despatch No. 214 B."

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut down his cigars, sold his riding horse, and generally economised. A regret stole over him that he hadn't sentenced Satterlee to a shorter term, and he looked up the Consular Instructions to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the Department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "that by so doing you could stultify your previous action and impugn the finding of the consular court. The Department would view with grave displeasure, etc.—!"

Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch, and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These unfettered souls had no proper conception of barter. They couldn't see any crime in running away with a schooner. They pitied the Captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty—and the hand is never empty of a gift. Bananas, pineapples, taro, sugar-cane, pulisam, sucking-pigs, chickens, eggs, yams—all descended on Satterlee in wholesale lots. Girls brought him leis of flowers to wear round his neck; anonymous friends stole milk for his refreshment; pigeon-hunters, returning singing from the mountains, deferentially laid their best at his feet. He was consulted, and his advice taken on intricate and perplexing subjects, medical, legal, nautical, and military. No one could pass his door without a chat.

On Sundays Skiddy paid the Captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers if there were any—or a novel or two from his scanty stock.

Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually arisen on the ashes of the old. Skiddy had no more illusions in respect to this romantic-minded humberg and semi-pirate; but the man was likable, tremendously likable—and in spite of himself, the little consul could not forbear suffering some of the pangs of remorse. The world was so big, so wide, with such a sufficiency of room for all (even romantic-minded humbergs and semi-pirates), and it was hard that Providence should have singled him out to clip this eagle's wings! There was something, too, very pathetic in Satterlee's contentment. He confided to Skiddy that he had never been so happy. With glistering eyes he would discourse on "these simple people"—"these good hearts"—"this lovely and unaccounted-for paradise where evil seems never to have set its hand"—and expatiate generally on the beauty, charm, and tranquillity of Samoan life. He dreaded the time, he said, when a ruthless civilization would sweep it all away.

Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Satterlee was a convict and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance besides (which they might otherwise have presented) of two friends spending a happy day together in the country! A Scanlon brother stood for the United States Government and the majesty of law, and propriety demanded his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing coconut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little consul, represented an unavoidable monthly outlay of fifty-five dollars. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets something used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his by-gone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a consular income, and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the Department? No! But from Satterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, deprecatingly coughed his way into the bedroom, and handed the consul a letter. It was written on pale pink note paper, of the kind Samoans liked best, with two lavender love-birds embossed in the corner. It was from Satterlee.

"Dear friend," it ran, "when this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, nor that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our pleasant relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heartfelt friendship. I loved the simple people amongst whom my lot was cast, and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully amongst them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows, I have never seen but its ugliest side, and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and if you would do me a last favour, buy a little rocking-horse that there is at Edward's store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant god-daughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my warmest and sincerest gratitude; and for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting.

"Ever yours,
"JOHN SATTERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg barque that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him until that great, hulking creature shook like jelly and his round black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there;

swore him on the consular Bible; and made him dictate a statement which was signed in the presence of the cook. This, accomplished, Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the consul went out on the back veranda, and sat there in his pajamas, to think the matter over.

It seemed a pity to rouse the Department. The Department's interest in Satterlee could at no time have been called brisk, and it had now ebbed to a negligible quantity. But it would be just like the Department to get suddenly galvanised and hysterically head Satterlee off at Hamburg. This would mean his ultimate return to Samoa, and a perpetual further outlay of fifty-five dollars from a hard earned salary! No, he wouldn't worry the Department. . . . Let sleeping dogs lie. There were better ways of spending fifty-five dollars a month than—

"That night the consul had champagne at dinner, and drank a silent toast. "Good luck to him, poor old devil!"—From Met lure's Magazine.

The Laundress' Lament.

"Bless my heart! Why was I ever born! Telling and mending from morning till night, and never a rest! If man was made to mourn, what was a laundress made for— certainly not to sing. My hands are nearly chafed off working in fifty suds, washing other people's clothes, and other people's floors. Well, well, I suppose what cannot be cured must be endured. "Hello, Margaret! What's the matter, you seem out of sorts?"

"Out of sorts, Margaret, I should think I am. Life is a burden."

"Oh, nonsense, Mary, you have a fit of the blues. It will soon pass off."

"The blues might pass off, Margaret, if that were all; but my poor sore hands and aching back remain."

"Why, sakes alive, Mary, what has put your hands in that state? What hard task knobbies you've got, and how ragged your nails are, too!"

"Hard knobbies and ragged nails! Bah! What is that to me, I wish you heard the grumbling I had about all that hard benches and ragged clothes after I have washed them. Hard knobbies and ragged nails are not my only troubles."

"Yes, but my should the flannels or your knobbies be hot on your nails or skin he cut on in that way?"

"Why, surely, you know, Margaret, you do washing as well as I."

"Yes, but I hear no grumbling, and see my hands—they are as soft and fresh as any lady's."

"Why, so they are, Margaret; now, how is that?"

"I tell you what, Mary, you want to have a doctor's advice."

"Oh, the doctor may cure my hands, but he won't mend the clothes or soften the flannels."

"Oh, yes, he will."

"A doctor mends clothes and softens flannels; you always have your little joke, Margaret."

"Seriously, Mary, I am not joking, and I will tell you a secret. Have you ever heard of Sir Charles Cameron? Well, he was one of the highest authorities in England. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and has a whole string of letters at the end of his name. Well, I read a simple statement he made one day, and it cured my sore hands, my hard knobbies, aching back, softened the flannels, and prevented the clothes going so soon to rags."

"What a funny doctor, and what was it you read?"

"He said there was something he used himself, and he recommended it to women when washing clothes; and I said to myself, I will try that. I found out that the soap that Sir Charles Cameron used the same in his washes in England, and that further convinced me. You know, Mary, these people have a means of knowing things that we poor people take years to find out."

"Well, what did Sir Charles Cameron say?"

"Well, it was simply this: 'I have carefully analysed specimens of the Sunlight Soap. . . . The points in the composition of this soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its manufacture. . . . The Soap, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.'

"I have myself found from experience—and it seems to reason that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands, and destroy the clothes. I found there was no sense in burning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hands or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soap into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well, that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could scarcely do worse."

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"Oh, Margaret, I wish I had known of this before. My hands might have been like yours to-day. I will try it in my next washing."

"Do, Mary, and be sure it is Sunlight Soap."

"Sure. This is absolutely a fact, and it means in everyday language that the skin cannot be hurt, even if the hands are immersed for hours in the suds of Sunlight Soap, because the soap is made from oils and fats pure enough to eat; and there is no harm in that. . . . It is not that is caused by alkaline poisons."

Bensedorp's
Royal Dutch
Cocoa
Pure soluble delicious
Comparison prove superiority
TRY IT.