

THE EBB-TIDE.

A Trio and Quartet.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Authors of "The Wreckers," "The Wrong Box," etc.

"There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men."

CHAPTER I.

SHORT OF THE BEACH.

Throughout the island world of the Pacific, scattered men of European race and from almost every grade of society carry activity and disseminate disease. Some prosper, some vegetate. Some have mounted the steps of thrones and owned islands and navies. Others again marry for a livelihood, and, strapping, merry, chocolate-colored dame supporters in their idleness; and dressed like natives, but still retaining some foreign element of gait or attitude, still, perhaps, with some relic (such as a single earring) of the officer and gentleman, they sprawl in the parks and entertain an island audience with memoirs of the music hall. And there are others, less plebeian, less capable, less fortunate, perhaps less base, who continue even in these islands of plenty to lack bread.

At the far end of the town of Papete three men were seated on the beach under a papaya tree.

It was late. Long ago the band had broken up and marched musically home, a motley troop of men and women, merchant clerks and navy officers, dancing in its wake, arms about waist and crowned with garlands. The music had ebbed from the house to the street lamps above, making a glow-worm halo in the umbrageous alleys or drawing a tremulous flame on the waters of the port. A sound of snoring ran among the piles of lumber by the government wharf, and a faint shadow from the graceful, clipper-bottomed schooner, where they lay moored close in like dingies, and their crews were stretched upon the deck under the open sky or huddled in a rude tent amid the disorder of merchandise.

But the men under the papaya tree were not snoring. They were talking. They were talking in a low, earnest tone, and their faces were lit up with a glow that was not of the street lamps, but of the fire of their own minds. They were talking of the future of the island, of the rights of the natives, of the duties of the foreigners. They were talking with a freedom and a passion that was rare in those islands.

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MOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A Castaway Ship's Boy Finds a Treasure. Copyright, 1893, by Charles E. Lewis.

There was a sailor to be asked the question, "What is an ocean?" he might truthfully answer, "A large body of salt water over which a sailor's life is a menace." We were holding up the mast-head and the Straits of Malacca in the bark Briton, and the Bay of Bengal was without a whitecap when, at 5 o'clock one afternoon in the year 1832, I was ordered over the bows by the mate to clear the flying jib down, which had become jammed in a fair breeze. I had been on board a year of my own command, and an order to clear the Captain on deck would seemingly have involved no more peril. I scrambled out, and was working away with both hands when the breeze suddenly rose to a roller which came over the bows from the north, with a crest as smooth as a billiard table, and there was an angry flit of her head as she came down which broke my hold and flung me far out on her starboard bow. I was under water only a few seconds, but yet when I came to the surface the ship seemed half a mile away, while I lay on my back, with my arms and legs out, doing nothing after me. It had come out of the east and out of a sky as clear as a bell but a moment before, and it had come with the swiftness of a bullet. I was seen to fall, and as I shot was raised the man at the wheel flung a life preserver over the board and called out, "This article was simply a block of work covered with canvas and a stout strap made fast at either end. Two of them always hung within reach of the man at the wheel."

The life preserver must have fallen close to me, for when I got the water out of my eyes I saw it lying on the deck. I picked it up as one of those sudden puffs rightly named "Benevolent terror." They fly like an arrow discharged from a mighty bow, and as their approach is unson and unheralded many a good ship has been wrecked aloft while sailing peacefully over a placid sea. Fully expecting to be washed about down to the Golden Cross at midday, at first I was dazzled and covered my eyes, and there didn't see anything but a row of white sails. I saw the mast and the rigging of the vessel, and the roar of the reef was like the same. I saw that I was not a bit worried, as I got the life preserver under my chest and made the straps fast. The squall did not last three minutes, but it had no sooner passed than the wind, which had come from the north, whirled round and round, and I saw that the sun was obscured. The sea got up wonderfully quick, and the last I saw of the bark everything was confusion aboard, and both topmasts were gone. Five minutes after she was out of sight I realized that I was doomed. I had seen her bow and her stern, but I never saw her again.

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KINGS IN EXILE.

Three European Rulers Whom Exile Has Ruined. By the Rev. Wm. W. Phelps.

At Naples, Nov. 1.—When Daudet wrote his "Notre Exil," he only recorded the trials, sufferings, humiliations, and banishment of European princes. There is yet another book to write on the vicissitudes of the unhappy monarchs. It is a story of the lives of three European rulers who have experienced the same misfortunes and who have been compelled by superior powers to exchange the barbaric splendor of their native courts for a life of more or less glided captivity as the compulsory guests of alien countries.

Prince Duong Char, the little Cambodian ruler, has been banished, and is to use the euphonious term of diplomacy, in Algeria by the will of the French Government, adding one more name to the list of the rulers once omnipotent, but now condemned to obscure mediocrity and passive inactivity, passing from a throne to the banishment of a furnished European flat.

Some, like Duong Char's father, Norodom, may be allowed a palace in Africa, where they live on in the straight waistcoat of European politics. But the young are doomed; they are to live in the lowly, squalid hovels of their ancestors; they must renounce forever the absolute liberty that was their birthright, their mysterious orgies, their reckless expenditure and voluptuous cruelty. They will use their Eastern craft and wiles in squabbling over the fragments of the heavy crown of their fathers. Government and finance, under the outward semblance of a pacific bourgeois, indulge in dreams of retaliation. After them their children must choose between annihilation or complete denationalization.

At Delhi, the last Algerian city half way between the East and the West, the young will lead the sleepy, monotonous existence which will rarely be relieved by the scanty distractions offered by the Khar, or fortress of Boghari, which he is permitted to visit on his way to his ultimate destination.

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GASTRONOMY IN EUROPE.

English Simplicity of Taste Has Lowered the European Cuisine—Favorite Dishes of Royalty. By the Rev. Wm. W. Phelps.

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