

RASTUS' PHILOSOPHY.

De sunflower ain't de daisy,
An' de melon ain't de rose;
Why is dey all so crazy
To be sunnin' else dat grows?

Jes stick to de place you're planted,
An' do de bes' you know;
Be de sunflower or de daisy,
De melon or de rose.

BLACK PEARLS

The moment I saw the man I
wanted to know him. Erect and
bareheaded, a pipe between his teeth,

Here and there barges were being
laboriously propelled by crews of
Chinamen with gigantic wooden

I looked at the man again. He
was about forty; lean and hard and
deeply sunburned.

I was starting on a trip through
the romantic islands of the Dutch
East Indies, places I had read about

The passengers, stout Dutchmen for
the most part, lolled full length in
deck chairs, and their equally stout

A tall Armenian paraded the deck
animatedly talking with a bright-eyed
Frenchman and waving a new meers-

Soon we passed the last of the big
red channel bouys, and Singapore,
now a streak against the sky line

A steward offered tea to the man
who had challenged my interest,
which he accepted with an engaging

But making his acquaintance turned
out to be no easy matter. He took
his meals alone at a side table,

Although Astley pointedly discour-
aged our advances, he was extraor-
dinary cordial towards the Malay

We put up at a quaint hotel, a
rambling affair with vast, airy rooms
and a jizzant garden.

We roamed about together most of
that day and the spell of the place
fairly drugged me. That evening

I thanked him and repeated the old
story about the Scotchman who con-
fessed that he hated to borrow to

Then we talked of fly-fishing and
sailing and dogs; he bred wire-
haired terriers. We yarned for an

Bridge tables were soon filled on
all sides of us, and, as only often
happens, partner began upbraiding

Suddenly he said, "Let's drink up
and go for'ard. I can't stand this."

When we were alone he said. "That
silly squabbling gets on my nerves.
They're none too good, anyhow.

I felt that this was said in a fit
of peevishness and let it pass. Just
the same, it stuck in my mind be-

Between Astley and myself a real
friendship soon developed. We spent
a lot of time together and, at his

He plotted me about wherever we
went ashore—Samarang, Surabaya,
Bali, Macassar and so on—all of

Soon we were steaming through
the passage, and ahead I could see a
white beach, white houses dotted

"Rather good, isn't it?"
I turned at the sound of Astley's
crisp voice. "Superb!" I agreed.

I shook my head.
They're famous for their beauty.
Always have seen. They say the

I had no serious intention of
breaking my trip when I went ashore,
but Banda intrigued me and Astley's

Once it had supplied the world
with nutmegs and mace—the busi-
ness was a monopoly then and jeal-

Remains of the old houses are
still standing, their marble floors
and stairways cracked their bones

Those ladies were indeed lovely,
from all accounts, for adventure
like these could and did content

Needless to say, the blood of Ban-
da was badly mixed. The present
inhabitants, predominantly Malay,

If I cared to hear a story about
the women of Banda, my friend
promised to tell me one. Her name

When I assured him that I was in-
terested, he asked if I'd mind get-
ting up early the next morning and

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the port of Batavia. I had pulled out
a pipe and was patting my pockets

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grown up with, and very much in
love with her. We got married just
before I left for France towards the

Rather foolish of me, as it turned
out. Just before the armistice I got
a letter from her—a brutally frank

Women told that way during the
war. It shattered them as badly as
it did us. Possibly her seeming

Anyway, you can imagine how it
hit me. To be let down by the two
people I thought I could stake my

I managed to get demobilized soon
after peace was declared, but what
with nerves pretty shaky from

From there I drifted up to Calcutta,
then across to Rangoon and
down through Siam to the Straits

I was in Surabaya at the time, and
belonged to speak either Dutch
or Malay I was in a fix. Finally I

He and I were having whisky and
soda one night in what he called his
office, a magnificent room filled with

He said, oddly enough, seemed to
regret having spoken and it was
some time before I could get out of

Several years before, it seemed,
Jafr's father while on a trip along
the west coast of Dutch New Guinea

More concerned about clearing up
the disappearance of the old man
than in solving the mystery of those

We discussed the matter for an
hour and it fascinated me, but actu-
ally I had come to the point where

I didn't sleep much that night. It
galled me to play the weakling be-
fore my host. I felt sure I'd fallen

The night before I was to sail we
went for an after-dinner stroll. I
with her. The moon was full as it

At the far end of the beach we
sat down. My Malay was passable
by then—it's an easy language, you

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He asked me how I felt and told
me his name was Abdul Buraala and
that he had the honor of being my

But there was no longer a hospi-
tal in Banda, so he, Buraala, had in-
sisted upon taking me into his

Presently the local doctor—a little
Eurasian—arrived. He went over
me and decided that I was all right

That was a wonderful conva-
lescence. I discovered that I was in
a smallish palace surrounded by acres

A remarkable old boy the Said.
Enormously rich and powerful, this
was only one of several places he

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tired. I was really making an hon-
est fight, old man. She was a spoilt,
wilful little animal, however.

She was like a fish. With pound-
ing heart I watched her sporting
about. I don't know how long she

The Said behaved much better
than I had expected. He's a philo-
sopher. I was glad I'd told him

I told him that I intended to get
a divorce and marry Jafr's soon
as possible and that if he was still

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and carrying the anchor shoreward
a yard or two at a time. It was
weird.

"Cannibals," Jafr whispered.
"Quick! Before we're on the beach.
Fire and keep firing, while I rouse

She was off like a streak and I
began blazing away at those devils.
But I couldn't see the sights of my

With the first roar from my gun,
an uproar broke out; the most blood-
curdling shrieks of rage I ever

Next morning we came in and be-
gan prospecting near the shore—no
diver could have gone down in the

Every day at sundown we sailed
away from the shore, the tender and
I taking turn about to skipper the

Conditions were ideal for pearl-
fishing: clear water and light winds.
We were working our way north,

My disappointment was terrific.
It took me some time to get over
expecting to find a handful of gems

At last I found my first pearl.
It was a big moment. Then I
came across others. A couple of

One evening we found ourselves in
water too deep to anchor in. We
could have pulled close inshore, but

It had been a long day and I
dropped off to sleep like a log. Ja-
fr was a queer, restless little thing.

It was glassy calm; a thin haze
lay on the water. What attracted
my attention was the fact that in

Yes, and we were moving toward
it precisely as if those black, scow-
ling hills of mystery were magnets

I thought my eyes were play-
ing tricks, but Jafr was whispering
excitedly. She thrust a rifle into

There was no doubt about it, as I
saw when we reached the deck.
That jungle was scarcely a stone's

From somewhere in the gloom
there was a stir; a stealthy move-
ment, a faint extraordinary stirring

I could see no sign of habitation,
but as we made our way back over
the clean sand and pebbles I caught

Where the beach ended and the
dense jungle began we went through
a narrow gap and along a moss-

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