#### The Sunday Oregonian Selected Fiction

# At the Last of the Ebb Henry C. Rowland

(Copyright, McClure, Phillips & Co.) HEN the quick-rising tropic sun had cleft the velvet darkness into long, thin shadows, the Baronet and the Banker found the Counters and

rounded arm half hidden in a tangled mass of hair that matched the sunrise; the other was clinched in the cold, from grasp of Jordan Knapp, the mate, whose ward, his forehead resting on his other hand. Strewn along the beach were fragments of wreckage and the stove-up chaleboat, and all around was the soft, warm desolation of a South Sea isle.

The Baronet carried a thin plank whittied shovelwise, the blade of which was frayed and splintered from contact with the hard packed sand. The Bunker carried a large sallor's bandana, caught up at the corners, and bulging from the personal effects that he had taken from the drowned satiors whom they had just interred. When he saw the Countess, a corner of the kerchief slipped from his fingers and the pitiful little trinkets rolled unheeded across the shining sands.

They tried to pry the Mate's stiffened They tried to pry the Mate's stiffened fingers from their grip, and as they were doing so he suddenly gasped and awoke. The Baronet handed him a little flask, and the Banker took the woman by the shoulders and dragged her above highwater mark. When he laid her down an eyelid fluttered. The Banker with a beating heart filled the hollow of his hands with sea water. The Mate, leaning on his elbow, watched him sleepily—and divined elbow, watched him sleepily-and divined

try a little sunshine and whisky."
"We thought, of course, you were both

drowned," murmured the Baronet,
"Thought almost right," said the Mate;
"Might have been, so far as you were con-Why didn't you wait for her?" 'I don't know. I don't remember a great deal of what did happen. The boat was sinking as it was did sink, in fact, before we had taken a dozen strokes," replied the Baronet, holding the flask to the

"No, dearest; I am here safe and aund," said the Banker, soothingly, as he

you if he live?"
"Yes, Celeste, here he is—and none the worse for his ducking," said the Baronet.
"What happiness! Why I have the so great wish to sleep?" The long inshes drooped drowelly over the deep violet eyes, and a gentle little sigh was lost in the soft breast that fanned in from the see.

ese that fanned in from the sea. The Mate, watching her apathetically, roused himself from his lethargy. "Let her sleep right where she is, Give me your coat." The Banker slipped it off, and the Mate folded it and placed it under the Countess head. She smilled draily and reached out a fluttering little hand. "Ah! It is you-my preserver-mon cher

"There, there: you're all right now. Take a little nap; that's a good girl." He rose stiffly to his feet and stretched both

"Don't you think that you are a little proprietary in your manner, Knapp?"
asked the Banker in a sulky voice.
The Mate brought down his arms, threw
out his chest, and stared at him a moment. The deep lines on his face threw
darker shadows, and the heavy brows came together.

and emiled.

Who's got a better right?" he growled. "It seems to me that as I am her "You're a jim dandy fiance. What made

you leave her on the yacht?"
"Oh, well, we won't argue that point.
But inasmuch as I am the owner and

"Yes, I am not disputing that the your mate. But you've got no schooner

"But your pay goes on just the same," said the Banker."
"Oh, does it? Well, I'm no sea lawyer, on, does it? Well, I'm no see lawyer, and I dou't know whether I'm entitled to any more pay or not; but it seems to me that I am entitled to some salvage on this little craft that you abandoned in a sinking condition," and the Mate jerked his thumb at the Countess.

"Oh, you do, ch? Well, you'd better stick to your may young man; it's more reconstitution."

to your pay, young man; it's more nego-

The Mate studied the sand at his feet thoughtfully. "Got anything to eat?" he asked presently.
"One can of biscuits," said the Baro-

pet; "and there's a spring back from the beach a way."
"Good! That's worth more to us than

coln-or Countesses, just now."

The Mate took a survey of as much of the Island as he could see. Then his eyes inventoried the fragments of wreckage along the beach. "Uninhabited, of course. Wouldn't sup-

port a jackrabbit so far as chow goes. And just about enough flotsam to ferry one away!" "Aw; we have observed that already," frawled the Baronet. "The island goes about as far as you can see in each direc-

There is saved from the wreck of the yacht one lady, five men, one can of biscults, one boat compass, one hatchet, one dipper, a jar of marmalade, and about a dozen matches-besides such uninventoried articles as may be scattered along the beach. Have you—aw—anything to suggest?

finished his survey. "There's isn't enough material to work on." "Shall we carry the Countess to the

camp?" asked the Banker.
"Better carry the camp to the Count-ess." said the Baronet. "It's more port-able, and won't be disturbed by moving."

to sleep again."

The Countess made no reply, but gazed out over the still, moonlit sea.

The Banke awoke with a gusp. "Are you awake, Knapp?" he asked queru-lously. "I'm as cold as death. Can't you build up that fire?" He raised himself on his elbow and saw the Coun-

Celeste, do you mind if I take your piece of canvas? Who'd ever think that it could be so cold down here in the tropics?" he grumbled. "You know my

tropics?" he grumbled. "You know my lungs aren't very strong, Celeste, and the first thing you know I'll be having pneumonia?"

He tugged the scrap of sall partly off the Baronet. "I say, Knapp, just that thing around my feet, will you? I believe I'm going to have a chill! Heat up the rest of that chowder for me, Celeste. Dann the luck anyway! You best that the next time I hire any officers for a yacht I'll get men with the propor licenses, and who know their business. It's all your right to go right back this never would have bappened. Why don't you heat up something, Celeste? Do you want me to have a "Bhut up!" grewled the Mate.

To know the summer of the first who been and the lock and the first place of the first who have a special to the first who have a chill. He was been and a wake, up on one knee, and the same a forestay.

Three Princes of the Imperial house and very list and gardening."

Three Princes of the first was a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived in the education of its present teach you want me to whole the vening to end you know I'll be lave and like the sale in prince from the saw, and the child to over whole the case of the Imperial house and the child to over whole the case of the Imperial house and the choice, Prince Higashi Fushmi is a Commander on whole the saw, by a series of searching questions, arrived in the education of its prince of the Imperial house and the case and a clear understa

The Banker giared across the near space, then grumbled off to sleep again. The Countess gazed pensively at the moon, and then turned to the Mate. He rose suddenly, picked up the Countess's poor Hitle canvas coverlet and held it to the blaze, then wrapped it gently around her and drew her up

turn your back to the fire—so."

The fire was belief her, and the broad chest of the Mate sheltered her from the night breeze.
"But you-Jordin Knapp-you cannot sleep so!"

Shut yer mouth, d'ye hear? The

untess's got enough to bother her

The Banker glared across the firelit

without your drool!"

"Never fear, child; go to sleep." His voice was kind but imperative.

"Ah, mon ami, nevair was I so comfortable." She gave a little sigh, and the cyclids futtered down. The flames

grew brighter. Soon she slept, and after a little the

Mate's chin sank on his chest, and he, too, slept. So until the morning, when the Baronet awoke. He looked at them keenly in the early dawn, and the smile that parted his patrician lips was not altogether

A week passed, and no errant sail clove the distant sky-line. The supply of turtles' eggs was gone, and the fish caught by the Jap seemed a very lonescantily. The lnes under the Countess's eyes deepened, and new ones appeared in the rugged face of the Mate. He made a bold pretense of eating, and only two of the party saw the deception, but as he grew daily more cadaver-ous his energy seemed to increase. With infinite toil he chipped some of the broad seashells into the semblance of tools—a saw, a chisel and an adre. Nails were drawn or dug from box and cask, the smashed ends of the boat neatly spliced and caulked with cotton

Artist was missing. The Countess was the first to find his writing in the

chared her hands.

"Oh, you! I do not mean you. I mean that gran' man who plunge after me as I applogize for leaving you so abruptly. But I've lost my nerve. Knapp safs the boat can only safely carry four—possibly five. The grub is getting low and I'm sick of chowder; besides, my demand is greater than my supply. Love to all. May God bless you and wafely out of the mess! Auyou get safely out of the mess! Au-revoir."

The "su revoir" was no sarcasm Late in the afternoon the Artist re-turned—from the sea—and they found him with his black hair full of sand and a sengull on his chest.

The next day the Mate, with a smile at the Countess, pronounced the boat to be "sea-deserving." Then they spent three days in catching fish, which they dried in the sun. It was easier to catch the fish, now that they had a Several bottles that had washed ashore and the biscuit tin were filled with water from the spring, which day by day was dwindling as the dry seaadvanced. Another day was spent in waiting for a fair breeze and re-caulking the boat.

Knapp picked up the cover of the biscuit-tin, and going to the water's edge, filled it carefully, and placed it in the sun.

"What's that for?" asked the Artist.

chances of being taken off, Knapp?

"Darn silm. Accidental you might say Everything passing gives this island a wide berth on account of the others on either side of us. Now, if we could manage to get to the next island-but I don't quite see how we can." He wandered off down

the beach.

When he returned an hour later the Countess and the Banker had joined the group around the fire. There were dark shadows under the eyes of the Countess, but her face was almost childlen in its

"Nevair have I taste a dejeuner so good!" she cried, as she set down the shell which contained the last of her "chowder." "Ah! here is my preserver. Chowder. An aero is my preserver. Bonjour, m'sieu Before I am so fatigue I cannot express my thanks." She rose to her feet and dropped a courtesy, while the vivacity of her features softened for an instant. "And what is it that you have in the panuela?" She gathered her skirts in both hands, and thrust out her pretty head troutsitively.

head inquisitively.
"Something to bring back your strength aguin. Countess-fresh-laid from our farm," said the Mate. He set down the bundle, out of which rolled several large round eggsl

"Right you are—turtles" eggs, by Jove," xclaimed the Baronet. When the eggs were cooked and caten, a

better feeling seemed to pervade the cast-aways. In their hunger none but the eco-nomical Jap observed that the Mate ate but one egg. The Countess dropped off into a doze,

and the others soon followed—all but the Mate, who arose and searched the horizon with a cold, gray, anxious eye. Soon he stole away from the others and prowled the beach, dragging fragments of wreck age away from the reach of the tide, searching shell heap and riffle for ob-jects of use. His hard face lightened, as, wading waist deep, he dragged from the water the sail of one of the boats and spread it out to dry. Three oars and a bucket were the next treasures. Later, he almost howled with joy as his eye fell upon a mass of cordage and a hatch tar-

when the others awoke, he set them all to search for turtles' eggs and anything mished his survey. "There's isn't enough naterial to work on."
"Shall we carry the Countess to the amp?" asked the Banker.
"Better carry the camp to the Countess," said the Baronet. "It's more portages," said the Baronet. "It's more portages, "said the Baronet." It's more portages, "sa aside and won't be disturbed by moving."

"How much of a camp have you got?"

asked the Mate.
"An artist, a Jap mess boy, and the articles before mentioned," replied the Baronet.

"I do not worky when you are near account of hundred for hundred f

"I do not worry when you are near,
J-Jordin Knapp," she added softly.

"That's a brave girl," said the Mate,
patting her hand. "Now you must go
to slean again." warmth had long since left. The fire was almost dead, and beside the smoldering ashes by Jordan Knapp, face downward, and sleeping heavily. His great shoulders were outlined against the moonlit sky, and as he breathed deeply and silently she could see them rise and fall against the white horizon. As she watched, too coid to move, a shudder shook the great frame: he turned partly on his side, and drew in

his limbs to warm his lody.

The Countess crept softly out and threw a few sticks on the fire. As she slipped from beneath the edge of her poverlet a dark object across it caught her eye

What pity I arouse you, che ami! But you | for me when his blood run shiver in your sleep, and you have put | when his life is low he give me "Shut up, or I'll come over there and shiver in your sleep, and you have put twist your neck! Savvy?"

"What do you mean? Is that the proachfully.

"I don't mind the cold," said the Mate almost roughly; "and I ought to have kept almost roughly; "and I ought to have kept the fire up, but I was sort of eleepy, I guess." He was building the feeble finames as he spoke. "I'll make you a comfortable bed tomorrow, Countess, built up off the ground and thatehed out with palm leaves. Seems like I might have thought of it before, but I was busy saving junk that we may need."

"How long you think we must remain in this islan "I" asked the Countess holding her palms to the growing blaze.

"Not long, I reckon," he answered reassuringly, "We'll start to knock the pieces of the boat together tomorrow, and then

suringly, "We'll start to knock the pleces of the boat together tomorrow, and ther we'll work our passage along this chain of islands until we strike an inhabited one. Maue can't be more than 300 miles to the eastward, and the natives there are friendly."

"But the boat-how without tools may you make him sea-deserving?"
"Seaworthy? Oh, there are nails in the wreckage, and I can chip these shells into tools; and I have my knife."

"It will be a task like The Tollers of the Sea." You have read that book!"
"Yes, but there are several of us, and we have a sall and can wait for a fair

wind. It will be easy enough. Don't worry, Countess, you'll be in 'Frisco in a couple of months."

They towed her to the leeward side of the island, and there the Countess, the Banker, the Baronet and the Jap em-barked. The Baronet kept his face avert-ed, and when he tried to answer a quention of the Counters' his voice choked

"Is it that you have grown fond of this beautiful iskan?" she demanded, half jokingly, half in surprise. "J-Jordin, what do you make? Get in the boat!" "No." said the Mate, "I'm going to stop here until you send a schooner for me. It won't be very long. This tub wouldn't be safe with my extra weight in her when it breezes up this afternoon." He was wading behind the boat, shoving her through the shallows ahead of him. The Countess could not see his face, as he was leaning over, the better to throw his weight against the stern.

You're all right now. There's nothing more that I can do. Sir Henry under-stands about the courses, and as soon as you get clear of the island you can holst your sall and get a fine fair wind. When you get to Maue you can send a schoon

You'll upset the boat if you don't look out!" 'We've arranged it all, and it's

the best way-Spinsh! The Countess had leaped nimbly the water and was wading, waist back to the beach before the mate uld intercept her.

At the edge of the water she turned. "And you would leave J-J-Jordin Knapp so-alone, desolate—even as you left me on the vessel? Mais non! He have stay this terrible islan' at night, with the moaning of the sea!" She burst into a storm of tears.

The Mate turned to her fiercely.

Celeste, do as I tell you! Get in that hoat; do you want to make me— Oh go, for Heaven's sake! Can't you see that you're only making it worse? The Banker said nothing.
"I say, do be reasonable; why do you want to make it so hard for us, Coleste?"

orled the Baronet, with a queer vibration drooping head came proudly up. The bare, gleaming arms flashed down and outward. She turned and faced them deflantly, her back to the man she would

The Japanese Spirit in War Patriotism That Moves Both Ruler and People.

APANESE patriotism and courage, and deep, and when one of those calami and the love of the people for the ties occurs which unfortunately visit Emperor are set forth in the Russo- Japan so frequently, he is always the Japanese War, issued in magazine form first to send condolences and make inat Tokto by the Kinkodo Company. One quiries, and his private purse is always of the objects of this publication is to demonstrate how just and honorable are the principles for which Japan is fightthe principles for which Japan is fightward has been a wholehearted devoti ing against Russian perfidy and faiththat has been almost without a parallel in history.
"During the war with China His Ma-

Major Wasuke Jikemura, retired, is the editor-in-chief. No biography of him is jesty's self-denying solicitude for the wel-furnished, but that his militant spirit has fare of his people, and 'painstaking care not been quenched by the age which his retirement presupposes is shown in the retirement presupposes is shown in the following paragraphs from his introductory article:

"Japan has no reason to fear the size "Japan has no reason to fear the size of the Russian army. She can put \$50,000 well-trained soldiers in the field to meet her signantic foe, and when danger calls every Japanese is a soldier. Love of Emperor and country unites us all as one man, and the chivalrous traditions of bygone ages have left indelible traces on the national character. We prefer death to dishoner are always ready to die for our dishonor, are always ready to die for our fatherland, and do not know when we have been beaten.

"Russia is, in truth, a great fee of humanity, and antagonistic to all true civil-ization, and as such is the enemy, not of Japan only, but of the whole world. In the eyes of our people, we are fighting for great principles, and this war represents a conflict between justice, simple and un-adorned, and injustice decked out in sham jewels, such as the Czar's Peace Confer-

ence at The Hague."

The love of the Emperor is shown throughout the pages of the first num-

ber. For instance "The Emperor of Japan, the 122d sov-ereign from the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, is the real ruler of the nation, Tenno, is the real ruler of the nation, and his mere declaration of war has sufficed to kindle in the hearts of the people a fierce glow of ardent patriotism. Let us think for a moment of all that His Majesty has accomplished for his country's welfare, and we shall understand some part at least of the spirit of Japanese loyalty in the present crisis. It is just 37 years since he came to the throne, and since that time his wisdom has enabled Japan to revolutionize the whole of her social and economical system and enher social and economical system and entirely to change the face of the nation." Some interesting details of the life of

the Emperor are related. "Even in times of peace the Emperor is at his desk at 8 A. M., ready to attend to affairs of state, and he will cometimes continue at work until midnight without

continue at work until midnight without showing signs of weariness. He is always ready in the evening to receive any of his ministers in audience to consider matters of importance.

"His decisions are never given until he has, by a series of searching questions, arrived at a clear understanding of the whole case. His work goes on without interruption throughout the year; in Summer, as in Winter, he is at his post.

"His style of living is remarkably frugal and free from estentation; his ward-Arthur. His family consists of his wife.

when his life is low he give me his blood, drop by drop. Day by day he starve himzelf—an' he think I do not see. Ver' many times he bring me food an' say he have eat plenty, but I know it is only his dinner which he save. When I am cold he cover me with his coat an' shiver; when I am triste he tell me the droll story, an' say how soon I will be home. An' now he have put everything of food an' shelter in the bateau an'—an' you ask me that I leave him—"
Her voice choked and she covered her face with her hands.

The Mate dug his foot in the sand and gnawed the end of his new, bristiling mustache.

"Is there any other reason, Celeste?" he asked in a voice like the echo of the She raised her head, and the sunlight shone on her face. The little hands were

tightly clasped.
"Ah, yes; there is more. I have known many men in many country, many who have the wit, the resource, the courage, the heart of gold. But never have I known a man who have them all, as this gran' man; and he has, beside"-she turned and covered her face with her ands-"mon coeur!" She sobbed softly.
"Oh, heil!" growled the Banker; "let's

"Good-by, children," called the Baronet. "We'll have a schooner here for you in a fortnight!" He dug his our blade in the hard-

packed sand, when suddenly a feeble spark of decency flared up from deep in the Banker's sordid soul. "If Celeste's not coming we might leave her a ration," he muttered.
"I say, by Jove! that's so-What?"
"There's some hope for you yet, old man," said the Mate genially to the

Banker "Who's going to chaperon you two un-til the schooner comes?" asked the Baro-

net jocosely. "This." said the mate, in a deep-toned voice. He snapped a cord about his neck and drew forth a heavy golden ring. The

din Knapp."

The busy little Jap, who had been swab-bing the boat dry, leaped to his feet so quickly that he almost had a capsize. "E-e-e-e-yahl" he squealed, pointing seaward.

mate's keen eye was the first to folow the boy's.
"Sail-O!" he roared, in a voice that

The Banker started out to sea as is incertain of his part of the play.

Close to the shore the placid waters lay pearly gray, still unawakened in the shadow of the paims. Beyond, the spark-ling waves danced sun-kissed and joyous with the life of the growing day. Far on the low horizon a widening band of ultramarine marked the advent of the trade wind, and over the sky-line a pink puff rose steadily over the ocean's brim. Larger it grew, coursing in the wake of the breeze, and soon the darker speck that marked the hull appeared. On she came, her topsails shot with the fiaming crimson of the sunrise, and soon a snowy streak beneath her forefoot showed each onward rush. neur brawno

onward rush.

Close grouped, as if to concentrate their sight, they feasted their eyes until the Countess' grew so dim she could not see. A little sob struggled to escape, and at the sound the Mate and the Banker turned to her. The eyes of the two men met in a look different from that thrown

and outward. She turned and faced them defiantly, her back to the man she would not desert, her bosom rising and falling. Before her stretched salvation and the sea; behind, the green walls of her prison. Her thin, tattered gown hung in rags, while at her feet the glowing sands pressed hot kisses where the frail satin slippers had worn away. The rising trade wind blew her tawny hair about her face. "You ask me why I remain? I tell you. It is because that if I go I am the base ingrate. This man have risked his life she added softly, turning to the Mate.

#### "Don't, I must go back to fight." Those were his last words. At one of the garrison towns, where choice was being made of those who were to go to the front in the first detachment blue eyes of the Countess opened wide. "It was my mother's, Celeste. Will you wear it for me-always". She put her hand in his. "Yes, J-J-Jorand those who were to remain, a private appeared before the corporal, dragging a "I am a bachelor," he explained, "and can go without any anxiety, while my friend has a wife and three children de-pendent on him. Let me go in his stead." The other protested. "It is true that Nakao is a bachelor," he said, "but he is an only son, and his parents have no one but him to care for them. I will go rather than have him leave his parents." "Sall-U" he roared, in a voice that sounded like a cry of pain. Suddenly he threw his hands above his head. "They've come for us. The other boat's been picked up! What?" He did a beach dance that would shame a canni-

The corporal, forced to decide, chose the married man to go.

A striking tale of a mother's desire that her son should do his duty is told from the Hono district of Tales. the Honjo district of Tokio. The young man was an ittiterant vendor of medicine, and was away from home when the sum-mons to the colors was issued. The mother went to the district office

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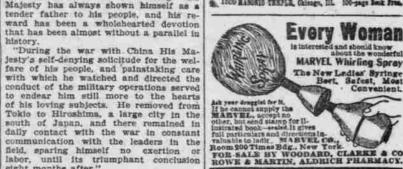
secured a few hours' grace for her son, raised a little money by selling some kitchen utensils and started out to search in one direction for her son, sending s younger boy in another direction. She finally found the young man in a remote village and brought him back to Tokio in time to march with his regiment to the front, though she knows there is lit-

was brought before the Governor a few hours before the time fixed for his death with which he might buy what he wanted for his inst meal. The condemned man had heard that

war was declared. He wanted to do some-thing for his country before his disgrace-ful death and asked that the money be turned over to the patriotic fund or to the family of some man who had gone to the

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