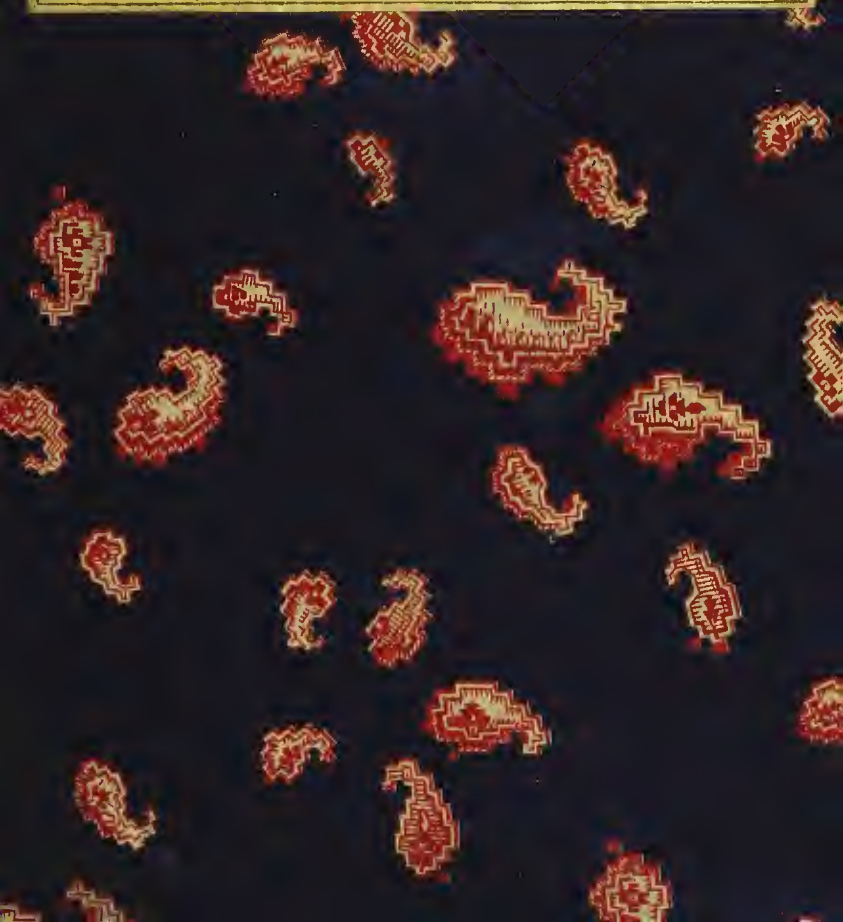


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BY · MRS · S · J · HIGGINSON



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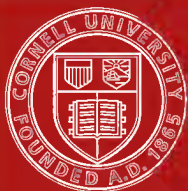


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# A PRINCESS OF JAVA

*A TALE OF THE FAR EAST*

BY

S. J. HIGGINSON



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**Dedicated**  
TO  
MY BELOVED DAUGHTER  
F. A. K.







# A PRINCESS OF JAVA.



## CHAPTER I.

THE Princess Mattah-Djarri was born in Kali Chandu, a kampong, or native village, situated high upon the side of one of the symmetrical cones which compose a volcanic range running through the southeastern portion of the Island of Java, called the Teng'gers. The word Teng'gers, an abbreviation of the Javanese word ung'eng'ger, expresses the wondering surprise and admiration excited by the loveliness and grandeur of the view spread before you. This particular cone is, perhaps, the most remarkable volcano in the East Indian Archipelago, attributable in part to the peculiar formation of its crater, and the smooth and gradual declivity of its sides, broken by horizontal ridges of jagged and naked rock which extend around it at regular intervals from base to summit. Between these bleak protuberances, rich plateaus and fertile slopes of vast dimensions support the most glowing and luxuriant vegetation, constantly refreshed and nourished by multitudes of pearly streams that spread their moisture through the porous earth as they gurgle down from the snows and rains above. Around and on the base, immense plantations of sugar, rice, cotton, and cinnamon alternate with extensive groves of cocoanut, banana, and palm. As we ascend into the cooler atmosphere, termed the second zone, the plains and more gentle descents are

covered with far-reaching estates of coffee, tea, nutmeg, pepper, and sugar-palm, dotted with the universal cocoa, and interspersed with teeming groups of the endless variety of tropical fruit-trees that mark the landscape everywhere. Colossal forests of jati (teak-wood), planted and cultivated by the government with especial care, cover large tracts, wherein the tall rasamala, or liquid amber, also shoots its straight trunks up to the height of one or two hundred feet.

Still ascending, we enter the third zone, where tobacco and European vegetables greet us. When we reach the fourth zone, we find ourselves walking upon beautiful mosses, or picking our way through exquisite ferns and stones covered with ivy, or winding around immense trunks of trees concealed by rare and precious lichens under the shade of a northern foliage. Above this, all is ice, snow, and desolation, except in some places where, in strange and peculiar contrast, a dense vegetation of jungle and wood grows up to the very brim of the crater.

On one side of a vast plateau in the second zone, a high bambu wall surrounded the kampong of Kali Chandi. This wall was intended to protect the inhabitants from the constant incursions of tigers and other ferocious animals inhabiting an adjacent jungle, which formed an impenetrable thicket on one side of the plain. Beyond the kampong, on the opposite side, the graceful groves and prolific plantations alluded to extended in every direction, rejoicing in all the wealth and beauty of tropical redundancy. The cottages and huts of the kampong, made of the plaited bambu, like the walls encircling it, and covered with the attap (thatch of the nipa and cocoa-palm), were entirely concealed by the heavy foliage of the fig, lime, lemon, orange, and banana, which crowded every little unoccupied space within the walls. Myriads of tower-

ing cocoas and palms reared their bunchy tops high above these lower growths, completely sheltering the kampong from the devastating mountain rains and scorching heat of the wet and dry monsoons, while they perpetually waved their long green arms and nodded and bowed their stately heads in welcome greeting towards the glinting waters of the Indian Ocean, which sent its ever-inrolling surf up in a white and foamy line that stretched far away to the east and west on the rocky beach in the distance below.

The palace of the Bopati, who was a Javanese prince and Mattah-Djarri's father, was a striking feature in the suburbs of Kali Chandi. The title of Bopati, equivalent to that of regent or governor of a province, at once proclaimed his high rank and authoritative position, and, although the exact letter of Javan law does not declare a Bopati must be a prince by blood, yet it would be difficult to find one unable to boast of this dignity.

The Princess Keomah was Mattah-Djarri's mother, and the first married, therefore principal, wife of the Bopati, who, according to the custom in Eastern countries, enjoyed the cheering ministrations of a number. However, to be the first one legally permitted to enjoy the honor of sharing her husband's joys and sorrows is a matter of serious importance in Java, where it is only the children of this first wife who inherit the name and property of the father. The subsequent or inferior wives, as they are designated, and their children, although acknowledged and in a degree respected, legally inherit nothing.

## CHAPTER II.

IN Java it is not the custom to give a child, especially a girl, a double name, but when Mattah-Djarri was christened she was honored by the presence of two ambitious and jealous grandmothers, whose rival claims to distinction had to be considered.

It had long been a custom established by tradition and practice in the family of the Bopati to give the first daughter of the Radan Itu the name of the grandmother who was lucky enough to make the infant the first visit. To omit this custom when Keomah's little daughter appeared would have been considered equal to inviting bad luck upon the future of the child. Accordingly, when notice of the little girl's birth was circulated in the families, and the respective grandmothers invited to make the accustomed visit at the expiration of the forty days which must intervene in Javanese etiquette between the birth and naming of a Mohammedan child, the two rival and anxious grandparents lost no time in repairing to the kampong Kali Chandi, each hoping to be the first to arrive and claim the privilege of bestowing the granddaughter's name. But, before proceeding further, it is proper to explain to the reader that in Java there is always in front of an umah tempang (dwelling of a noble) a great green square, inclosed by high walls, which is called the alun-alun. In the centre of the alun-alun two spreading waringin trees (Indian fig), which denote nobility, are kept growing, one on each side of the broad sweep leading from the entrance to the foot of the steps

mounting to the lawang seketing or first veranda, where a Javan noble receives his guests.

Now it happened when the kulis or servants bearing the palangki of Mattah, the mother of the Bopati, arrived at the entrance of the alun-alun, they met another palangki borne from the opposite direction, which was about to turn into the entrance also. Without halting, the bearers of both conveyances trotted up the white pebbled drive side by side, till they reached the shade of the waringin trees, where they stopped, and slipping their burdens from their shoulders deposited them both on the ground at the same moment. Mattah sat still, wondering who could be in the other palangki, and thought she would wait and see its occupant descend first, little dreaming it was Djarri, the mother of Keomah and her rival for the honors of the day.

When Djarri peeped through the red silk curtains of her palangki and recognized the green and gold colors, bespeaking the higher rank of Mattah, and, a moment later, saw the little green and gold embroidered toe-piece of one of the latter's spatius, or sandaled slippers, slowly protruding from under the fringe of the yet undrawn curtains, in, as she supposed, the preparatory effort of Mattah to descend, it was with great difficulty she could command herself sufficiently to sit longer, and watch the golden fringed border gently spread apart and a second toe-piece glide out and join the first, immediately followed by a full view of the lower half of the figure of Mattah, wriggling around in her seat to bring her body squarely into the opening, ready to half crawl, half slide, to the ground. At this stage of her exit Mattah delayed her descent, allowing her feet to dangle down over the sides of her palangki, in the wish to satisfy her curiosity as to who was behind the red silk curtains opposite, won-

dering why the individual did not appear. With this desire uppermost in her mind, she leaned forward and thrust her head out, pretending to be looking around for a servant to approach and attend her, but in reality to show her face, and thus inform the concealed occupant, whom she inferred must be a neighbor from the near vicinity, of the presence of the mother of the Bopati, and impress whosoever it might be with a proper sense of the respect due the exalted company they had chanced upon.

When Djarri observed this little play of Mattah's, whose weaknesses she understood, and remembered the occasion of their simultaneous visit, her excitement evolved itself into instant and exasperated action, hastily determining her to take advantage of her rival's hesitation.

Forgetting the deliberation and dignity that should at all times characterize the movements of a Javanese matron of rank, she suddenly threw back her head with an indignant sniff, and snatching the cord belonging to the curtains still carefully closed beside her, she jerked them asunder with a savage whiz, as she quickly wheeled around on the smooth klos beneath her, and brought both her little naked feet out of the palangki together in the hurried efforts of her sudden resolve to be upon the ground first, and possibly thus secure to herself the honor of bestowing her name upon Keomah's little daughter.

But Djarri, notwithstanding her unbecoming haste, was doomed to disappointment, beside bringing upon herself the mortification of being considered ungraceful and ill-bred. In her impatient struggles she neglected the care and caution required to keep her tiny spatus on her toes, and allowed one of them to slip off and fall upon the white pebbles, which Mattah, watching and curious, instantly perceived. Its color reminded her of Djarri. Quickly stooping down she peered into the other palangki

and recognized her rival. This unexpected sight put to flight all Mattah's previous designs of making an impression, as well as explained the unusual activity of her *vis-à-vis*. Although priding herself on her slow and stately bearing, Mattah involuntarily bestirred herself, and brought her feet down upon the pebbles in unison with those of Djarri, giving expression to her disgust in a derisive little titter, accompanied by a disdainful glance from her sharp black eyes towards the luckless slipper lying upside down upon the ground, to drop which was a sure sign of unaccustomed luxury in the estimation of a Javanese.

Mattah's spiteful mirth so enraged Djarri that she inwardly promised her palangki bearers a sound beating the very moment they set her down in her husband's kampong on the other side of the plain, imputing her present discomfiture to their want of vigilance in not recognizing Mattah's palangki at the entrance of the alun-alun, and hurrying forward to be the first to arrive in front of the steps of the dalam or palace of the Bopati.

The two grandmothers, finding themselves face to face on the ground in the shade of the waringin trees, were each too proud and wily — qualities in which a Javanese woman excels — to allow the other to perceive or even suspect her mortification or jealousy; both made a strong effort to appear tranquil and indifferent. Djarri smoothed the creases out of her handsome kaybaya with her hands, while she composedly slipped her brown toes into the pointed fronts of her red spatuk. Mattah, in the mean time, coolly straightened down her sarong, and shook out the fringes on the long ends of her sembong or sash. Their toilets completed, they calmly looked up and greeted each other with a surprised and pleased smile, bending their bodies forward and touching their

foreheads with their closed hands, in the respectful salutation called the *sembah*. All conversation was prevented by the appearance of a solemn, barefooted servant, who silently descended the steps to receive them, dressed in a *sarong* and *kalambi* — a sort of gay figured skirt and loose jacket — with his head tied up in a green and yellow figured handkerchief, called the *ikat*, and a *kris* (short dagger) stuck in one side of his *sabuk* (belt). Without daring to speak, he motioned the two self-suppressed grandmothers to follow him up the steps and wait on the *lawang seketing* while he went to announce their arrival.

The Bopati witnessed the joint arrival of the two *pa-langkis* through the lattice of a side veranda, where he rested on a divan in the half-reclining position so expressively illustrating the luxury of Eastern indolence. A multitude of pillows and cushions were propped around him, with which he could change his position and make himself comfortable with as little trouble as possible, while he lazily drew the cool, perfumed smoke through the many coils of a jeweled *chebung* placed on the floor a few yards distant.

The side glances and evident chagrin of the two elderly mothers brought a smile to his lips, but he forgot the christening till a servant came and reminded him of it, by informing him of the arrival of the grandmothers for that purpose. The curious embarrassment of the situation forced itself at once upon his mind, and caused him to reflect upon the prior rights to preference possessed by each visitor. He became very much troubled. How could he slight the mother of Keomah who was the *Radan Itu*, and had borne him seven sons before this little daughter arrived? It was equally impossible to pass over *Mattah*, his own mother, whose rank was higher



than that of Djarri, and give the preference to the latter, who was also the younger. Altogether, it was a serious matter. He felt he could not decide in favor of either and preserve pleasant relations with both families. He stopped smoking, got up, took a turn or two on the veranda, and stared hard at the empty palangkis, without being able to come to a conclusion.

His first thought was to depart from the ancient custom of his ancestors, and bestow upon the little yellow-skinned girl a name not belonging to either family. Next, he wondered if he could not give her his own mother's name, Mattah, and reconcile Djarri with the present of a handsome fan having a carved handle of rhinoceros horn, which he had recently purchased for one of his wives, and which is accredited with possessing great virtue against all kinds of charms and secret poisons, and therefore very desirable. This idea also was soon dismissed. Djarri was rich and could obtain as many fans made of the precious rhinoceros horn as she wished, and would, besides, scorn a present intended to recompense her for preference given to Mattah. At last, rather than allow his midday nap to be spoiled by this unpleasant crowd of perplexities, he determined to shift the solution of the difficulty on to Keomah and his other wives. He sent for them all, stated his distresses, and commanded them to discover some satisfactory adjustment, whereby the child could be named according to the custom so long observed in his family without giving offense to either side; and then he returned to his chebung and his cushions.

Etiquette required the Radan Itu to first exhaust her ability to meet the Bopati's request before the inferior wives could express an opinion. Keomah soon found the task beyond her powers and was in despair. She could

see no way to satisfy the equal demands of both grandmothers without wounding or offending one of them, and that she felt unwilling to do ; moreover, she was impressed with a vague fear that such a strange conflict of claims foreshadowed an unpropitious future for her little golden-faced girl. She remembered to have heard her mother tell about an unusual incident that had occurred at the christening of Sewa, her next oldest sister, with the ill-omened prophecy of the Dukun or priest made at the time. And when Sewa, in later years, fulfilled it by departing from the customs of her family, and made them all ashamed by marrying a white-faced infidel, her mother recalled the prediction of the Dukun with many tears, while her father's rage knew no bounds. All this passed through her mind as she turned with a gloomy face to her less distinguished sisters, and bade them, with a sigh, try what they could do, and left them.

The inferior wives, and there was a respectable number, laid hold of the problem with much giggling and silly talk, such as unoccupied women, in their position, have a great fondness for, while they made all kinds of impossible proposals and absurd suggestions, without arriving at any suitable or definite decision. At length Keomah reappeared to remind them that their master had finished his siesta, and that the two grandmothers on the lawang seketing were growing weary and impatient in the momentary expectation of the long-delayed summons of the Bopati.

To while away the time, and conceal their chagrin from each other, they had sent for their granddaughter, and pretended to be quite absorbed in admiring her bright yellow skin and well-formed limbs as she lay asleep before them in the sembong of her babu (nurse) naked, excepting a narrow strip of green silk wound around her

tender back and stomach to preserve her health and improve her figure.

It was not long before the mirth of the second wives began to die away, and their round, flat faces to assume a serious and troubled expression as they slowly perceived they would have to abandon the question with the same result as Keomah. The dreaded disapproval of the Bopati rose up before them. What would he say? And, worse than all, what would he do? His face, dark and lowering in threatened punishment, took on gigantic proportions as they fancied themselves called before him. They knew from well-remembered experiences that it was a dangerous business to displease or disobey him. They shrank closer together and looked helplessly towards a small gallery on one side of the court, where they could see Keomah bending over a table. Perhaps she would intercede for them! She was good, and had done so before. In vain they eagerly drank the delicious cups of fragrant tea she continually sent them in the hope that its inspiring effects might suggest a new thought or idea that would lead to some disentanglement of the dilemma. In doubt and fear they cast occasional furtive glances towards the shady veranda, where they knew, from the faint odor of smoke that reached them, their master still lay concealed. Finally, as doubt gradually became a certainty, they successively drew their small jeweled *chapuris* (*siri boxes*) first presents from the Bopati, from under their green *sembongs*, and filling their mouths with the soothing contents, they munched away till the blood-red juice stained their lips the same brilliant color.

But neither Keomah's tea, their increasing fears or perplexities, nor the sedative properties contained in their *siri boxes* were of any avail. They spitefully wished Keomah's girl in the bottom of the crater above them;

and what, they asked one another, did she have a daughter for, any way? They were about giving up their afflictive task in despair, when Paputti, a soft, round little dumpling of a girl, but the youngest and prettiest of all the Bopati's wives, suddenly jumped up as she saw Keomah approaching, and snapping down the lid of her chapuri thrust it under her sash, exclaiming: —

“Give it both names, O Keomah! Beg the Bopati to reflect upon the name of ‘Mattah-Djarri’ for your daughter.”

This novel proposal came upon all like a sudden clap of thunder. They stared at Paputti in anger and amazement; all but Keomah, who looked gratefully towards the inspired speaker. “The ugly fat thing,” said the others among themselves; “how could she think of anything, and now the Bopati will be more pleased with her than ever!” They looked cross and black at Paputti, and wondered what she would receive for a present. They were certain it would be something handsome. Shutting their chapuris with an extra snap, which told that they considered the business settled, they tucked them under their sashes, and rising, one by one, left the gallery, where they had been assembled, darting back angry glances at Paputti, as they disappeared.

The Bopati was highly delighted with what he regarded as Paputti's extreme ingenuity. He frankly declared that her suggestion was the only one that could meet the difficulty and maintain good will among all parties. Paputti not only received the handsome fan made of the prized rhinoceros horn, which the Bopati had thought of, for a moment, as purchase-money for the rich old Djarri, but two or three caressing little pats on her pretty shoulders besides, with a special word of praise from the Bopati's own lips, and her sisters in marriage hated her accordingly!

### CHAPTER III.

A WAY out of the Bopati's quandary having now presented itself, he proceeded to the inauguration of the ceremony of bestowing the name. Assembling his household around him, in the passadong or second salon, used in a Javan noble's house for grand family occasions, he took the young child from its babu, and, commanding the grandparents to step forward and separate themselves from the rest of the company, announced the arrival of the time for solemnizing the christening, after which the banschaki, festival in celebration of betrothals, marriages, births, christenings, and circumcisions, would commence.

The two grandmothers, with the respective grandfathers, who had followed close upon them, came forward as requested, and took their positions a little in advance of the others, their hearts, meanwhile, thumping loudly while they suppressed their breath in envious anxiety, each fearing yet dying to know which would be the favored one, and both aware they dare not remonstrate or give voice to a word in disapprobation of the publicly expressed will of the Bopati.

Djarri visibly trembled, while the long fringed ends of her sembong swung back and forth by her side as if stirred by a sudden breeze. She dared not move a muscle for fear that Mattah, whom she felt sure, being the eldest, would triumph over her, might observe it, and impute it to its proper cause. She saw in prospective the latter's satisfaction, accompanied by a second vision of

her disdainful glance at the hapless red slipper lying upside down on the pebbles beside the palangki. She thought she should surely die on the spot, if she heard the clear, strong tones of the Bopati pronounce the detested name of "Mattah" over Keomah's child. In her jealous agony she raised her eyes to her daughter's face, and saw it pleased, expectant, and apparently happy. This revelation of Keomah's indifference only increased the keen pangs she already endured. Pressing the long pointed nails of her withered fingers into the stained palms of her hands she straightened up her short figure, and defiantly held her head back higher than usual in a resolute attempt to brace herself for the supreme moment of her defeat. She thought, "Oh! if I had only arrived a few moments earlier! And those blind and stupid palangki bearers! Well! if they escape with their lives when they reach home, they will owe it to my husband's clemency and not mine."

Mattah, who remembered on reflection that her age would insure her precedence over Djarri on all ordinary occasions, did not suffer the almost unendurable anxiety and suspense of the latter; yet former experience told her she had greatly to fear the influence of Keomah over the Bopati in favor of her own mother.

She had little doubt, indeed, but that Keomah had already persuaded him to use his power of substituting the younger for the elder, as was his prerogative, should his judgment so advise, in all affairs not belonging to state. She was assured, moreover, that the Bopati, notwithstanding he had many wives younger and prettier than Keomah, liked the latter, and always respected her wishes. Surely, now it would be Keomah's wish to see her own mother honored, and the Bopati, she feared, would please her if he could do so without interfering with his own

selfish whims. Had she not upon all occasions seen Djarri placed high at the different feasts and festivals following the great family ceremonies? Whose fault was that but Keomah's?

Mattah felt she was going to be wronged, and as this idea gained ground in her mind she happened to look down and observe the green and gold ends of her sembong.

The colors reminded her that her own rank was a shade higher than that of Djarri; this reflection increased the shame of the humiliation she believed was about to be put upon her, causing her lips to tremble with suppressed indignation, and to feel as if her breath was about to leave her.

The Bopati, quite unconscious of the painful emotions agitating the bosoms of Mattah and Djarri, as well as unobservant of the black and menacing looks directed towards the little round Paputti joyfully waving her new fan, went on with the ceremonies of the baptism. First, he called the Dukun, who ordered a large brass bowl, kept for the purpose, to be brought and placed in the centre of a klosa Psantram (mat of much value from the latter place) spread on the floor in the middle of the room.

The bowl was then filled with fresh, pure water, into which every one present threw some sweet-scented grasses and some flowers; the Dukun casting in three pieces of sugar-cane, and the nearest relatives some padi (rice in the hull) and some nasi (boiled rice); after which the infant was carried by the mother three times slowly around the apartment, the father walking solemnly by her side, followed by the Dukun in his white turban and long white robes, which informed the spectators that he had made a journey to Mecca. As the Dukun walked behind the father, he carried in his hands the large brass bowl con-

taining the water, flowers, grass, and other articles, during which time all those present implored blessings on the future of the child, with earnest prayers that it might become the mother of powerful statesmen and brave warriors. Then the bowl was again placed in the centre of the kloso, and the company collected around it, while the Dukun strained the water, now sticky and fragrant from the soaking sugar-cane and flowers, into a broad open vessel of silver through a white cloth stained with bright red spots by drops of the scarlet liquid pressed from the roots of the wong-kudu. In the mean time the child was being washed on one side of the room in the milk of six green cocoanuts. All being now ready, the Dukun took the infant in his arms, and softly let it down into the water in the silver vessel, where it remained floating a moment, sustained by his hands, then was suddenly withdrawn and held high above the baptismal font, while the Bopati loudly pronounced the name selected. Great was the consternation of the terribly wrought up grandmothers when they heard the loud voice of the Bopati pronounce the combined name of "Mattah-Djarri" over the dripping child. At first they could not comprehend its meaning, and glared at each other in questioning anger, unwilling to believe that neither of them had triumphed. When at last they were brought to understand how it was, Keomah was grieved to hear them both whisperingly express their unmistakable disapprobation and disgust. Mattah declared it was an omen of evil, and Djarri assented, reminding Keomah of the history of Sewa; both joining at last in one common lamentation over the absurd weakness of the Bopati in listening to the suggestions of that silly chattering Paputti.



## CHAPTER IV.

THE childhood of Mattah-Djarri was passed in the kampong where she was born. When there were no visitors in the dalam she was allowed to play in the spacious garden court extending back between the long, low wings of the palace. This garden was an enchanting spot. Sparkling jets of water shot up from a huge basin bubbling in its centre, which softly descended again in showery mists of iridescent spray, moistening and invigorating the perpetually blooming rings of red, white, and pink oleander which grew around it. Great waxy-leafed magnolias encircled the gay oleanders, their dark glossy foliage dotted with gigantic white blossoms, whose fragrance made the air heavy with their powerful scent. Fig and orange trees interlaced their boughs, drooping under the weight of their luscious burdens, which mingled with the delicate buds and blossoms, and hung ripe and golden beside the green half-formed fruit. Beds of melati surrounded with borders of ever-renewing color blended their milder fragrance with the delicate orange blossoms and rich magnolia. Brilliant butterflies hovered above these gardens of eternal bloom, extracting their sweet essences, while myriads of insects concealed below made the air melodious with their faint song. Alluring hammocks were suspended in shady arbors and cool recesses, inviting the indolent resident to accept their indulgent embrace, where, lulled by the breeze and gentle motion, he could lazily enjoy the reckless waste of fruit and flowers around him, watching parrots and paroquets in gay-

est plumage, ambling all day long over the graceful limbs and branches, disputing with jealous blue monkeys the delicious fruit.

Occasionally, as a great treat, the child was permitted to walk sedately, with Djoolo, her babu, over the pebbled paths running through the green grass of the alun-alun, followed by Schagga, the old oppasser, who solemnly marched behind them with his head bent down and eyes apparently fixed upon the ground. To these promenades were added frequent excursions in the palangki about the lovely gardens in the suburbs of the kampong and into the beautiful groves and plantations beyond the bambu walls. These airings were the bright and refreshing oasis in the life of the Radan ajeng, furnishing the sunshine necessary to preserve her joyful health and buoyant vitality. She always returned overflowing with frolicsome spirits, which Schagga, the custodian of the moods and manners of the females of the dalam, severely condemned, and which Djoolo as highly encouraged. But the chirping little princess was not repressed by the grave oppasser's stern rebukes. When he scolded she laughed, and slyly pressed her nurse's hand. Schagga generally received a present of an ikat, a sarong, or sabuk on these exciting occasions intended to restore his good humor and insure all impossibility of complaint.

Sometimes these excursions were extended to the edge of the forest, when a shining piece of gold would tempt old Schagga to order his mistress to be set down a few yards beyond the line of sunshine that separated the brilliant day from the perpetual twilight caused by the close and intertwining foliage overhead. No present or persuasion could induce Schagga with all his greed to go farther, — the safety of the noble child confided to his care being more precious to him than anything else where

there was real danger. Here she gazed around in awe on the mysterious shade. Gigantic trunks were covered with the tender green of climbing vines, winding around them as they crept upwards, to descend from their branches to the earth again in leafy ladders, which were constantly traversed by multitudes of insects and small animals equally at home on ground or tree-top. Black caverns yawned in the distance, inhabited by green-eyed monsters that could at any moment spring forth determined upon a sumptuous feast. Thick serpents, agile and wary from long fasting, glided away from them into safe obscurity. Bright peacocks stepped about, with an air of dignity, folding their variegated tails of green and gold, while voiceless birds in gorgeous colors silently flitted from limb to limb, or sat motionless in the still gloom with their heads turned in a listening attitude towards the unwelcome intruders.

Little kampongs, occupied exclusively by the *Blandong* (people who take care of the timber) are dotted along the borders of these vast forests, whose inhabitants seldom ever leave the mountains, and spend all their time in cutting and dragging the hard teak and other timber from their almost inaccessible depths, and in peeling the bark off the *deluwang* (paper trees) which they plunge into immense wooden troughs, filled with clear water, on the spot, to prepare it for the succeeding beatings into the soft silky article used for paper in the *Archipelago*, and which, *Djoolo* explained to *Mattah-Djarri*, composed the dress of her squinting, shaven-headed Chinese doll, which was her darling companion by day and night.

From the forest they returned to the kampong by a different route, taking a path which led them through the coffee plantations, where the peasants were picking the

scarlet berries from the low pohon koppi (coffee-trees) growing under the high datap planted to shade them, and through the nutmeg groves where women and children were gathering up the spicy nuts as the pale green fruit fell to the ground bursting its thick shell, allowing the brown kernels to hop out in their envelopes of pink and fragrant mace; also the cinnamon gardens where the laborers were stripping the perfumed bark from the young branches and tender stems, to lay them out to dry for a foreign market.

After leaving the plantations, they came out on an elevated highway, from whence they could look, on the one side, over the waving tegal (rice fields cultivated on high ground) and on the other side, down upon the sawahs (rice plantations that can be inundated at will) which gradually descended in beautiful terraces till they were lost in the distance below, the diversified shades indicating their different stages of cultivation and maturity. Some were traversed by a clumsy krebo (buffalo) slowly dragging an antique wooden plow behind him, on which a lazy brown peasant balanced himself to make it sink deeper into the soft black soil. Some were ponds of thick watery mud, through which men and women laboriously waded, sticking in the tender babit (young rice shoots). Others were entirely covered with still glassy water, under which the future crop was gathering life and strength, and some presented a broad expanse of pale or deep green, yellow or dark gold, as the grain approached perfect ripeness.

In the terraces of deepest gold the harvesters were busily at work, cutting off separately each stalk a few inches below the bending heads with the ani'ani (a peculiar instrument, made for that purpose, and held between the thumb and finger), then tying them into small

bundles, which resembled huge bouquets, to carry home. Below and beyond the mountain base this interesting picture gradually faded away into the deep green of the far-stretching plains, spotted, here and there, with the gray attaps of numerous kampongs, and bordered by the spires and red-tiled roofs of the distant city, moored like a gigantic barge on the edge of the sea, whose restless waters glittered and shone, under the low afternoon sun, with all the brilliancy and variegated tints of a magnificent rainbow.

## CHAPTER V.

AT the age of fourteen Mattah-Djarri was full grown according to the criterion under the equator, where women are mothers of large families at the age of twenty, and are regarded as old and worn out at forty and set aside as having about finished their career.

Mattah-Djarri's gorgeous beauty now fully confirmed the promise of her childhood, to which was added the additional charm of an amiable and cheerful disposition, united with the quiet and gentle deportment that distinguishes all Javanese women, whether of high or low descent. These qualifications, combined with the soft beauty of the Javan women, sometimes render them very attractive to Europeans of the opposite sex,—their studied unobtrusiveness, ready willingness to please, and smiling acquiescence in the tastes and habits of those around them causing them to become desirable and pleasant companions.

To say the least we could of Mattah-Djarri's personal appearance at this time would be to call it remarkable. By those who commend female beauty of the oriental type, it would, doubtless, be described as unique and dazzling. Her complexion possessed the bright, golden tint so much admired as the standard of beauty in her race, and was brought out in richer and warmer contrast by the shining blackness of her hair and long almond-shaped eyes, which flashed and sparkled from under a pair of dainty, crescent-shaped eyebrows in alternate gleams of mirth and intelligence, or languished in

glances of tenderness or loving appeal. Her forehead was broad and full, bearing the required resemblance to the chandana stone, with the wide expanse between the eyes that must mark every true descendant of pure Javanese blood. She had a delicate and expressive nose; for there is much expression in a nose, notwithstanding many critics quite ignore this important member; and her mouth, filled with pearly teeth, was more than beautiful. It was tender, loving, amiable, sweet and passionate, all in one. When she laughed in a little silvery, rippling way peculiar to herself, the most indifferent and unappreciative person could not fail to be more or less impressed with the sweet and winning character of its charm.

Her hair, combed back from her forehead and arranged in the *conde* during the latter part of the day, fell long, black, and glossy around her figure in the morning, enveloping her in a soft and silky mass resembling a gleaming veil that floated back when she walked and swept the floor with its rich folds. This great length of hair is not uncommon, however, in women in the far East, and is ascribed, by many, to the unfailing habit of wetting the head twice daily in the bath, and then allowing the hair to hang loose and free down the back a great portion of the time for the double purpose of letting it dry and to enjoy the comfort of perfect abandonment in the hot climate.

In stature *Mattah-Djarri* was somewhat above the ordinary Javanese woman, who cannot be called tall; but in symmetry and delicacy of figure and grace of limb she had no compeer. Both were full and exquisitely rounded, as those of her country-women are in general, which is imputed to the supposed action of the water in bathing twice daily by pouring or throwing it on the top of the

head in the Eastern fashion, from whence it flows down in trickling streams all over the body, and, as the years go on, gradually causing the limbs and skin to become round, firm, smooth, and polished. In Mattah-Djarri's case this effect was doubtless aided in no small degree by long friction with delicate oils and the palms of Djoolo's hands. The faithful babu had bathed her every morning and evening since she was born in soft, perfumed water; after which, she anointed her body and limbs with the highly scented lang-a-chandana (oil of sandalwood), rubbing it into the pores of the skin till the latter was smooth and dry; then polishing it with the light and delicate bore kuning, a yellow perfumed rice-powder used by people of rank. Every motion of the beautiful girl was the expression of grace and harmony, to which was added a tranquil ease and dignity that impressed every one with a sense of her extreme loveliness of character and person, combined with the pure oriental beauty of her face, to gain for her, among her own people, the rare honor of being likened to the Widadaris (children of heaven).

In accordance with the ancient customs of the Javanese, Mattah-Djarri, when eight years old, should have had her teeth filed off short and straight across the front and a little concave in the middle, so that by the time she was grown they would have been stained — blackened by the daily use of siri, the juice of which is intended to enter the teeth where the enamel is filed away, and dye them a permanent brown or black, depending upon the length of time it has been used. Happily she escaped this hideous disfigurement through an intense dread of pain, which nearly threw her into convulsions of fear and terror when she saw the seria (dentist) arrive from time to time, and unwrap the formidable instruments with which



he intended to perform the operation. At these periods she would rush to Keomah and beg and plead so pitifully "that the seria might come another day," that she always succeeded in gaining her request, aided, as she was, by Keomah's indifference towards the performance of the ancient rite, as well as by her stealthy encouragement in neglecting to reprove the child's fears or reprimand her disobedience.

Now, it was well known, by every one excepting the Bopati, that Keomah indulged in some very strange notions for a Javanese princess. And while nearly all her friends commented upon it, coughed, cleared their throats, and turned away their faces when it was alluded to, and hinted to each other more or less about it, none of them dared tell the Bopati, or speak out boldly before any one whom they thought likely to inform him, of the Radan Itu's smuggled heresy. We will explain this apostasy of Keomah's by saying that her older sister Sewa, before referred to, was the wife of a rich European living in one of the cities on the sea-coast, whither the Bopati was sometimes called officially, Keomah not unfrequently accompanying him on these occasions to make a visit to her sister. It was in Sewa's house that she had been wicked enough to pick up a few treasonable opinions in reference to some of the old and established practices of her nation.

Sewa had a history that rendered her more or less conspicuous among the Javanese. She had formerly been famed for her great beauty, and when very young had disgraced her family, and brought reproach upon herself, by eloping one dark night with a fair-faced Christian foreigner while all the household supposed her to be asleep. There was a fearful time in the dalam of the proud old noble, also a Bopati, when he discovered his daughter's disgrace. Keomah trembled as she recalled

how he stormed and raged, and all the females of the establishment had to keep out of his sight for days. This stranger, who had so dreadfully upset the old Javan's well-regulated household, had been his accidental guest for a few weeks. At that time he was poor, by his own confession, and almost unknown, and, like many other young men of modern date, had wandered to the rich valleys and mines of the East to seek his fortune. When about to leave the hospitality of the Bopati, he discovered that he was hopelessly in love with the beautiful Sewa.

Being an honorable man, he tried to go away without her, and could not; attempted it a second time, and returned again with some frivolous excuse. He fretted for a day or two over his ardent passion, and knowing perfectly well that the old Bopati would never consent to give him his daughter, he determined to depart and take the lovely Sewa with him, without giving her father a chance for refusal. Sewa, like many maidens in other countries, was madly in love, and therefore not hard to persuade; besides, she was pledged in a fast-approaching marriage to a Javan noble, enjoying the rank of a Tumung'gung, whom she had seen but once, and cordially hated ever since she had known the handsome young stranger, whose pale beauty, delightful manners, and warmly expressed love found a ready response in her own ardent bosom, and made her feel herself as fortunate as she was happy when he asked her to go with him.

A few days after the secret departure of the lovers Mr. Bardwell, who had become Sewa's husband, sent a messenger to beg the offended father's forgiveness, also to present him with a copy of their certificate of marriage, performed by the Christian ceremony. This paper the old Mohammedan tore up, threw on the floor, and spat upon in his contempt. The messenger he ordered out of

his presence with a threat that caused him to lose no time in obeying. Sewa was never forgiven by the old Bopati; but, as time wore on, and her husband became rich and powerful, the female members of her family gradually forgot her error, and she and Keomah began to exchange little visits, which, by slow degrees, ran into an established intimacy; and Sewa, at last, indulged the habit of visiting her repressed Mohammedan sister in all the liberty, style, and elegance of a wealthy Christian lady. This liberty of Sewa's Keomah admired immensely, and she never missed an opportunity of returning her visits. To do Keomah full justice, every time she had any trouble or annoyance with the numerous wives belonging to her husband, she secretly approved of, even rejoiced, in the bitterness of her heart, over Sewa's former and present conduct.

To be sole mistress, as Sewa was, in her own household, with no suspicious and impertinent favorites always striving to supersede her, no jealousies, either in her own bosom or theirs, with which to contend or be tormented by, no quarrels of theirs to settle, complaints to hear, or griefs to soothe, and withal to be able to do as she pleased, was a state of bliss that poor Keomah could scarcely conceive of, surrounded as she was by two or three dozen wives, all younger than herself, and some of them very pretty, and each one desiring and seeking preference with her husband. All this could but make her regard Sewa's free and untrammelled life with commendation and satisfaction, despite all the precepts in the Koran and instructions of the Panghulu from the mosque, as well as the express commands of the Bopati and the customs of her ancestors. In addition to these discomforts, she had to undergo the unpleasant duty of recognizing the children of these wives, who were legion. Sometimes this seemed

the greatest trial of all. As the Radan Itu, she was expected to have a kind word and motherly caress for each one, although she was spared the unpleasantness of having them dwell in the interior of the Dalam with her own; and Keomah was a woman who tried to perform what she believed to be her duty. It is easy to conceive of her admiring approbation when she visited Sewa and witnessed the deference and respect with which the latter was surrounded in her own home, as the one mistress and only wife; besides, she could never cease to wonder at the many pretty personal habits and practices Sewa had learned from her husband's nation. In view of all this, is it strange that Keomah approved and almost envied Sewa's life, and was sincerely proud of her as her sister; being not only inclined to adopt the opinions and imitate the tastes of the beautiful and refined European ladies she met at her house, but often wishing she was one of them. Especially did she agree with them in regard to the horrid and repulsive practice of filing and then dyeing the teeth by the Javans' universal custom of chewing siri, which these ladies never failed to decry, and against which Sewa took every opportunity to express her aversion and disapprobation.

Therefore when it became a question of defacing the lovely white teeth that adorned the sweet mouth of her own daughter, Keomah was not sorry to find an excuse to defer the process, in the silent hope that it might not be done at all, and was more than ready and willing to espouse the cause of the frightened child, and join her voice to hers in pleading that it might be put off yet a little longer. The Bopati listened to Keomah's objections, warmly supported by Paputti, who always defended the child she had named, and was quite persuaded that he was right in agreeing that the operation could be just as

well performed after the little princess was older and more able to conquer her terrors and appreciate the importance of the intended embellishment. Moreover, he was a man of much taste in female beauty, and did not shut his eyes or turn his back if he happened to see a pretty, laughing European woman in the sea-coast cities, where he so frequently went, and was compelled to admit that Keomah was more than half right in declaring white teeth were vastly more to be admired than black ones. At length the matter was settled during one of the seria's visits, when the little girl's terrors and fears increased to such an extent, that she was threatened with convulsions; then the Bopati, in some apprehension, consented to permit the ceremony to remain unperformed until the princess was old enough to be provided with a husband, who might decide for himself the all-important question of how he desired his wife's teeth and mouth to be adorned and beautified.

## CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH Keomah had warmly advocated the omission of the ancient custom regarding Mattah-Djarri's dentistry, she insisted upon having her delicate little ears prepared for the reception of the costly jewels every daughter of a prince was expected to wear. And now the plain gold circlets befitting childhood were removed, to be replaced by sparkling settings of brilliant gems, more becoming to the rank and elegance of a full-grown princess. These were daily changed. Clear blue or green sapphires, pure white brilliants, dark carbuncles, topaz, and other costly stones alternately following each other, to match other parts and colors of her costume, so that she never appeared two days in the week in the same dress or ornaments. Corresponding jewels also covered her fingers, whose delicate nails were pointed, polished, and stained a deep pink. Curious bracelets, composed of precious stones set in gold filagree, were clasped around her small wrists, with armlets of the same rich character worn between the elbow and shoulder. Anklets of rare and antique workmanship were worn loosely above her high, arched instep, with tiny bells attached, that gave out a faint musical sound when she walked. Chains of pearls, both black and white, of almost priceless value, hung around her neck, reaching down to the sash of green and gold that wound many times around her slender waist to retain in place the gorgeous sarong, worked in the sacred patterns with gold and crimson thread on a heavy damask of dark

green. Her kaybaya, also of richest color and texture, fell in soft folds of graceful drapery nearly to her feet, and was fastened in front with great oval clusters of pure white diamonds that sparkled on her bosom like miniature suns. On her little bare feet she wore the usual spatus, with the whole toe-piece one blaze of the same precious stones. The brilliancy and costliness of her dress and ornaments did not appear exaggerated in one so young, as the reader may suppose, but seemed to be in perfect keeping with her glowing youth and resplendent beauty, simply producing the effect of harmonious and befitting decoration.

Mattah-Djarri's apartments and attendants also underwent a decided change at this time. The former were fitted up in a style of oriental magnificence and luxury that accorded with the splendor of her personal appearance. The finest klosos were laid upon her bed, and richest Persian damask was used for its canopy. Gorgeous rugs from Smyrna were spread upon the marble floor, and brilliant tapestries and draperies from China and Japan decorated the walls and composed the portieres. Fine, soft cashmere shawls, that cost years of patient toil, were brought from Persia and spread over her couches and divans and piled among their cushions; while delicate vases of rare shapes, and pieces of china like transparent crystals were distributed about the rooms for her own private use.

Jeweled fans, little gold worked sandals in various patterns, and costly, inlaid chapuris, which she never used, were strewn around on tables, divans, and floor in careless profusion, giving the chamber more the air of a superb boudoir belonging to some favorite and powerful sultana, than the simple apartment of a timid princess in the island of Java.

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To her attendants was added, among several others, a young girl a little older than herself, whose duty it was to entertain and amuse the Radan ajeng by reciting and inventing, if necessary, tales of love, war, and fiction, sparsely interlarded with adventure, in case her imagination carried her so far. This girl's name was Wagari. Another woman, whose name was Chatra, of middle age and much experience, was also allotted to her. Chatra's duties were of a character quite different from those of Wagari. It was her task to give the young Radan, Mattah-Djarri, good advice; to instruct her in her religious duties; to accompany her to prayer; to teach her the different passages and precepts laid down in the Sastra (sacred Hindu book containing the doctrines of their religion, and still revered by the Javanese), with which a Javanese female of rank ought to be familiar, and to make her acquainted with the leading motives and events influencing the lives of celebrated Javanese women, whose histories were renowned in Javan poetry and literature, especially that of Jowar Manikam, who was a princess of great beauty and virtue, celebrated in a romance bearing her name. Chatra had also to give careful attention to Mattah-Djarri's deportment, and detect all or any defects that might have been overlooked in her girlhood. In short, Chatra's duties were not the most pleasant. Her beautiful charge, although perfectly obedient and gentle, soon convinced her she had a way of thinking that was entirely her own, and which gave unmistakable evidences of coloring from her aunt Sewa. Chatra could not reconcile her mind to this; neither could she quite comprehend it. She knew Mattah-Djarri had never visited her aunt. That was a risk the Bopati would not permit. He intended his daughter to marry a nobleman of her own race. He had great wealth, and he



would enrich his own people, not strangers ; and Chatra had had her instructions.

Yet she saw with pain the young girl fully believed in Sewa, greatly admiring her foreign ideas and ways. She felt as if she wanted to scream, which is generally the first and utmost expression of a Javanese woman's outraged feelings, when she heard Mattah-Djarri assert her opinions with an air of independence and self-assurance that she considered quite ill-bred in a well-born Javanese maiden, and attributable entirely, she decided, to Sewa, who was hopelessly ruined, as she confidently remarked one day to Wagari, "by her milky-faced husband." But Chatra could say little and do less against it, for she soon detected Keomah's tendencies in that direction, and wisely concluded not to notice them in the latter's daughter, whom she quickly perceived had received them from her mother, arranging it in her own mind as a legitimate, and perhaps necessary, accompaniment to her pearly white teeth, which latter she could only regard as a great reproach to a princess. On this serious subject, however, she felt she might and ought to speak without fear, so she approached it cautiously by saying one day to her pupil, —

"Most noble princess ! How famous will be your beauty when your teeth are shaped and colored according to the customs of our people. Are you not impatient to have it done before you are given in marriage ?"

Mattah-Djarri on hearing this looked up with a slight start and visibly increasing color, while she hesitated a moment before laughing a little disdainfully for a reply, in which Wagari joined with a smile of appreciative sympathy that irritated Chatra dreadfully. Perceiving, however, she was not to be favored with further answer, she continued the subject by remarking in a tone of re-

gret, how much less painful she supposed the operation would have been had it been performed when the princess was younger, insinuatingly adding perhaps it would be wisest if she permitted her to speak to Keomah about it directly.

"No, Chatra, speak not to any one. I shall not conform to the ancient custom," responded Mattah-Djarri, this time in accents clear, firm, and decided, for she greatly feared to have the question brought up in any shape.

"I fear you are forgetting what is due to your rank, noble princess," persisted Chatra, quite swept out of her depth by the independence and decision ringing in the tone of the young girl's reply, yet conforming to her habit of addressing her pupil as a superior being, with whom she had to use respectful command, remonstrances, or reproof as the case might require. But you see, my exalted pupil, it is my duty to call the Bopati's attention to this unavoidable oversight" — she dared not put it in any other way — "in what is befitting your station, and I would prefer speaking first to Keomah," further remonstrated Chatra, determined to do her best.

"No, no, my good Chatra. I forbid you," said Mattah-Djarri.

"But reflect," persisted the former, "on your wonderful beauty spoiled by this one defect of white teeth," — for the Javans consider white teeth a disgrace, as too much resembling those of an animal, — "your magnificent dress and ornaments tarnished, as it were, by such a hideous blemish, the splendor of your chambers made ashamed by such a lack of taste in their mistress. I counsel you, my matchless mistress," urgently continued Chatra, "to change your mind, and follow the practices of the noble princesses that have preceded you."

Mattah-Djarri looked Chatra a moment full in the face, shook her head, arose without speaking, and moving calmly to one side of the chamber drew apart the tapestried hangings that concealed the entrance to another apartment, and passed through, leaving Chatra to understand by this act that the subject was dismissed, not to be renewed again. Mattah-Djarri had a mortal fear of having it recalled in any shape, not feeling sure the Bopati might not repent of his decision, if reminded of it, and order the seria's return at any moment.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Chatra saw the curtains close behind the princess and the important question left thus unsettled, and to be hereafter excluded, for she dared not renew it after this marked repulse, her eyes shot forth sparks of anger, as it were, against the unoffending tapestries, while she savagely ground her teeth, and gave other unmistakable signs of an internal longing to soundly box her "matchless mistress's" ears. Suddenly recollecting, however, that Wagari was still in the room, and no doubt delightedly observing her discomfiture, she hastily cast her eyes in the direction of the latter, and caught her gaze fixed upon her with a keen and curiously amused expression, which instantly brought Chatra's countenance into a semblance of satisfied indifference. Thinking it would be more in accord with the dignity of her position to appear quite unconscious of any cause for Wagari's amusement, she observed with affected concern, —

"I hope the Radan, Mattah-Djarri, will soon recover from the annoyance she feels about this long-neglected dentistry. I am sure I wish, as much as she, that it was over," pretending to believe Mattah-Djarri had accepted her counsel.

Wagari received Chatra's remark with a noise that sounded as much like a roar of laughter as ever a Javanese girl was known to indulge in. This loud demonstration of mirth caused the elderly preceptress to turn and stare at her more youthful companion in profound surprise, which was intended to convey to Wagari her

entire ignorance of the cause of her boisterous mirth. Wagari respectfully responded to this pretension of Chatra's by indulging in a second and longer burst of merriment.

"How can you be so like a silly monkey, Wagari?" now angrily demanded Chatra, forgetting her caution and losing all patience. She felt it was enough to be repulsed by the princess, without being detected and laughed at by the appreciative wit of one younger than herself, and that one her kinswoman, as was Wagari.

"Don't compare me to a monkey, you cawing old crow," dutifully returned Wagari, her temper rising at the implied likeness to an animal she despised.

"Why not, I'd like to know, when you behave like one?" asked Chatra in a high voice, now thoroughly aroused.

"Because I am not like one, hateful catamount," cried Wagari in increasing wrath, adhering to the favorite Javanese practice of mortifying an opponent by comparing them to some obnoxious animal.

"O Gunung Brama!" ejaculated Chatra, appealing to the name of the smoking volcano looming up to the clouds above them, as she clasped her hands and rolled up her eyes in entreaty towards its fiery summit. "This is a double insult. I cannot bear it."

"Yes, but you shall bear it, and you are a nest of crows and catamounts combined," pursued Wagari, "and I am glad to tell you I"—

"Be silent, spiteful idiot," interrupted Chatra. "Do you wish to drive me out of the room?" bouncing up from her seat like an india-rubber ball, clapping her hands over her ears at the same moment to shut out Wagari's voice, while she stood still a second and glared down upon her, white with rage. Then relieving her anger

by two or three little pet screams, expressive of the deep disgust and indignation with which her relative inspired her, she grasped her chapuri with one hand and her sarong with the other and rushed out of the room, continuing to utter short, low, barking howls, till after she had darted under the half-raised curtains, which gave admission to the corridor on the side opposite those through which Mattah-Djarri had disappeared a few moments before.

This habit of expressing intense and high-wrought excitement, by throwing it off in short and rapid screams, is an ordinary custom among Javanese women, and simply means their disgust is too great for words. Had Chatra belonged to the lower and more illiterate classes, she probably would have accompanied her screeches with a series of sudden jumps and springs half a foot or more high, straight up and down from the ground. As it was, she contented herself by running off to seek some dark and silent retreat, where she could thump her head against a yielding bambu partition in indignant complaint, and thus bemoan her wrongs.

As Chatra rushed under the long, fringed curtains, in her hasty escape from Wagari's tongue, the latter threw herself back on the cushions behind her and laughed long and heartily, in the satisfaction she experienced in having won the field. When this amusement was exhausted, she arose, smoothed down her sarong and kaybaya and walked across the room to the table where Chatra had been seated, and taking up a little piece of embroidery the latter had been working upon, she carefully examined it, pulling up the stitches with her long finger-nails, till she spoiled it completely. After which, she disdainfully cast it on the floor, saying aloud to herself, "Like a monkey, indeed! Let her take that," sending the un-

fortunate embroidery across the room with the toe of her spatu.

After Wagari had thus insulted the poor little piece of embroidery, she sauntered up and down the chamber several times, bending her head forward to hear if the princess was doing anything in the adjoining apartment or making any movement that sounded like returning. Discovering no such signs or sounds, she stopped and stretched her arms above her head, yawning in a lazy, sleep-suggesting fashion, then ran her fingers down over her earrings and amber necklace with a sort of contemplative and affectionate touch. Assuring herself all was in proper place, she paused before a broad divan, arranged the pillows in the most comfortable manner possible, and sank down upon them, to sleep and doze away the time in the cool room till summoned by her mistress, and enjoy meanwhile the pleasing reflections caused by her late triumph over Chatra.

Wagari felt no compunctions in this exultation over Chatra's defeat. She considered she had only repaid a debt that she had long owed the latter for unmerited rebukes, and this pleased her, and convinced Chatra at the same time, that she dared ridicule her if she felt like it. She wanted Chatra to understand she was entirely independent of her opinions and patronage and intended to have convictions of her own, and more, intended to express them. This had not been the first breezy exchange of friendly sentiments that had marked the intercourse between the two relatives, neither was it to be the last. It was a cyclonish habit of theirs inherited, no doubt, by both, from one common ancestor in whose veins coursed the fiery blood of Arabia, some of which had doubtless descended to Chatra and Wagari. It was seen in Wagari's stately step, her tall figure, vivacious manner and

love of the marvelous, with her wonderfully inventive imagination and facility for weaving romances; all of which had procured for her her present position. In Chatra, it appeared in the form of much learning, for a Javanese woman, and a great regard for the proprieties, with a strong sense of religious duty; and had also caused her to be chosen for the important post, which she now filled, of preceptress to the young princess, whose blood, beauty, and great wealth set her upon one of the highest pedestals in the Javan nation.

The ancestor of Chatra and Wagari, of whom we have spoken, was an Arab priest, who by some means found himself on the island of Java at an important epoch in his life and considered it greatly to his safety and advantage to remain there. In time he became the father of a large family, by a Javanese wife, who remained on the island of their birth, laying the corner-stone for a congregation of dukuns and savants from whom Chatra and Wagari had descended. The father of each had been a priest, from whom they had received superior advantages of education, travel, and association.

Chatra had made two pilgrimages to Mecca to bow before the shrine of the prophet at the Hadji or yearly pilgrimage, and Wagari had started to accompany her father as near to the Holy City as an unmarried woman was permitted by Mohammedan law to approach, been shipwrecked and turned back, and had afterwards traveled as interpreter and half attendant with a lady explorer from the West, to every inhabitable part of the Indian Archipelago. From this traveler Wagari had learned very much, and she regarded her experience as quite equal to Chatra's pilgrimages. She had picked up several East Indian dialects in the course of her wanderings, besides speaking French and Dutch tolerably well, and had thor-



oughly learned to understand the habits, opinions, and general mode of thought, as practised and expressed by Western people. All of this was of great advantage to Wagari, causing her to appear much older and wiser than she really was, and invested her with an air of knowledge and superior wisdom that caused Mattah-Djarri to lean upon her and look up to her, at times, with childlike simplicity and respect. This, with Wagari's ready and graceful way of saying and doing everything, combined with her wonderful talent for narration, marvelous invention, and vivid description in picturing the scenes and characters in which her oriental imagination reveled, not only rendered her an attractive and entertaining companion but caused the princess to regard her with a degree of friendliness and equality quite unusual between persons of rank and their inferiors in the East, where rank means finer and better clay than that of which the ordinary mortal is composed. Wagari, on her side, unconsciously adored beauty, splendor, and noble birth, and longed for notice and appreciation from her superiors. She found all this united in her superb young mistress. In Mattah-Djarri her love, pride, and ambition were at once gratified, and she became the Radan ajeng's devoted friend and willing slave. There was no sacrifice or hazard she would have withheld to aid or please the latter had occasion demanded it. She experienced a real pleasure in looking at her. Mattah-Djarri's unique beauty, rich dress with the penetrating colors of the gems she wore, and the fascinating sweetness of her manners, converted her presence into a magnet of the strongest attractive power for the romantic Wagari, who would sit for hours and wait her appearance with a yearning that was almost painful. To attend upon her, hover around her person, loiter in her apartments, or recline upon a divan

with her eyes fixed upon her mistress's face and figure, lying quiet and expectant upon a couch opposite to her, while she related her stirring fictions, afforded Wagari a positive delight. At such times she seemed to forget everything around her, and gave full flight to her imagination in unrolling tales and wonders that made the Arabian Nights seem tame in comparison. Meanwhile, her listener's bosom would heave, her breath grow short, her eyes dilate, her face grow red and pale by turns, just as Wagari ordered it, till at length they would both fall back, wearied and exhausted from the exciting emotions the vivid romancer had called up.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER Mattah-Djarri passed into the adjoining apartment, she went immediately up to a mirror to examine the offending purity and beauty of her mouth. Standing before the reflecting surface, she laughed at herself to further the inspection. She saw nothing but two rows of beautifully shaped pearly teeth in a mouth of exquisite sweetness. "Chatra is mistaken," she said to herself, "my teeth are not a blemish and they remind me of Sewa; but Chatra don't like Sewa, therefore she don't like anything that resembles her. However, all our people say Sewa was a wonderful beauty in her youth."

From such reflections as these, Mattah-Djarri came to the conclusion that her mouth and teeth were just as she liked to have them, and determined to put Chatra properly down if she ever referred to the subject again. Turning away from the mirror, her glance happened to fall on a beautiful chapuri, or siri box, lying on a table near by. Taking it up, she admired its rich inlaid lid, flashing with precious stones in the sunlight, and drawing a shell pin from her hair turned over its contents of betel-nut, cardamom, cloves, and the other ingredients that compose the mixture contained in a siri box belonging to a person of good condition, while an expression of disgust spread over her face, proving clearly the inspection did not agree with her taste. Going to a window, she held the chapuri upside down outside and watched the precious contents fall on the ground below; after which, she motioned to a servant crossing the court at that

moment, and handing him the chapuri, bid him seek Chatra and tell her it was a present from her mistress. She hoped this little attention would please Chatra and perhaps make amends for the rebuff she had just given her. The jewels would render the present valuable, and its emptiness convey a gentle hint to Chatra that the subject of siri was definitely settled, and put to flight all lurking ideas she might have to the contrary.

Chatra was still in the dark corner, whither she had flown to indulge her grief after her stormy altercation with Wagari, when the servant approached and gave her the chapuri with the accompanying message from the princess. Perceiving the value of the gift, as she turned it over in her hand, Chatra was more than delighted with this mark of her mistress's favor. Its lack of contents conveyed to her the insinuation that Mattah-Djarri intended it should, and she understood that the work of the dentist and the subsequent dyeing were irrevocably rejected by her noble pupil.

When the servant had disappeared with the chapuri, Mattah-Djarri sat down and gave herself up to what appeared to be a profound meditation. Her thoughts turned to a young Pateh (noble holding position below a Bopati) whose name was Sarjio and whom she had seen once or twice, not long before, crossing the alun-alun to the Bopati's official bureau. She wondered what his opinion would be about the color and shape of her teeth and the horrid use of siri. Then she thought it not impossible that the Bopati might choose him for her husband; and again, wondered if Sarjio would be willing to be chosen. She had no means of ascertaining what his state of mind was on this point, and thought she would give anything to know, as well as what were the Bopati's intentions in regard to her future. She was very sure he

had intentions. Chatra had told her as much. This brought her mind back to the Pateh, the dentist, and the siri. Mattah-Djarri felt she would be very sorry to displease him. She wished he could hear the opinion of Sewa, as expressed by Keomah, on this absurd Javanese custom. Could he do so, she believed he must agree with her. Chatra and her suggestions came again before her mind, and she began to fear that no one but Sewa and Keomah would say she was right in repulsing the well-meaning intentions of her preceptress. Perhaps even Sarjio would take part with Chatra, if he knew of it, and that would be a dreadful calamity.

From these unsettled and trivial reasonings, Mattah-Djarri's thoughts would invariably return to fix themselves upon the young Pateh. How noble he looked! How grave and handsome his face! How magnificent his dress! And would he demand her in marriage from her father? She supposed some one would do so, perhaps had done so. Why should it not be he, as well as another? Perhaps the Bopati would offer her. That was often done too.

Such were some of Mattah-Djarri's reflections and the questions she asked herself — a not uncommon practice with very young girls. Then she went on still further. If the Pateh married her, where would he take her to live? Would it be down on the plain near the sea, or into the, to her, mysterious and unknown city on the edge of its foaming waves, whose clusters of red-tiled attaps she could see gleaming in the distance, every time she was carried beyond the walls of the kampong. This latter possibility seemed the most pleasing of all. She smiled as her thoughts followed it up and recalled Sewa's description of her life in her city home. But perhaps, after all, if the Pateh became a married man, he might not remain on the low flats on the coast, but would

select a home in his father's kampong, which was the nearest one to the smoking top of the Brama, where she could feel the earth tremble and grow hot beneath her feet, and see the jungle in some places growing up close to the fiery crater's brim, and hear the wild hogs, wild cats, wild dogs, and tigers snarling and howling as they skulked all day long in its tangled recesses, waiting for the darkness of night to steal forth and make a meal on the first living creature their stealthy step might surprise. In the possibility of these conjectures, there was a fascinating danger and excitement that made the young girl love to linger upon them; pleasingly suggestive as they were, however, they soon led up to another thought that chased them entirely out of her mind, and caused her pure and devoted nature to shrink back in apprehension and alarm.

What if the Pateh were to fill his house with other wives, as her father did, and as nearly all the nobles of her race approved of? Would she be willing to share him, she asked herself, with a score or more of other women, perhaps fat and ugly as Paputti had become with her disagreeable children always going and coming. The very thought made her shudder. She had often seen Keomah weep when the Bopati visited the apartments of the younger wives, and she remembered once in particular, when a beautiful girl, a mere child she thought at the time like herself, with whom she wanted to play, was brought to live in the dalam, how Keomah had wept and gone to bed ill for a week. Then Djarri, Keomah's mother, came, and the Bopati was sent for, and they had a dreadful time talking loudly in Keomah's apartments, and afterwards the Bopati came out laughing derisively, and Keomah became more ill than ever, and the young girl remained in the dalam and was given a suite of

rooms more elegant than those of any one else. How vividly it all came back to her mind. If she had been in Keomah's place and Sarjio in the Bopati's! — Her agitation increased so much at this point, she could not remain quiet in her seat. Moving her body backwards and forwards, she bent her head down and covered her face with both her hands and sobbed aloud. Recovering in a few moments from the distressing effects of this exciting picture which her mind had conjured up, she withdrew her hands and dried her eyes, while a fierce and threatening look lurked under their half-closed lids. "If he did that to me," she murmured, "I would not answer for my gentle behavior," pulling open a drawer and taking therefrom a small silver *patram* (woman's dagger), which she looked at a moment, then replaced with a smile, and turned with a sigh to reënter the chamber where Wagari was still waiting.

As *Mattah-Djarri* drew aside the heavy tapestries to pass between them, she saw Keomah enter the apartment from the opposite side, under the curtains through which *Chatra* had rushed some time before. *Mattah-Djarri* went forward quickly to meet her mother, and being the taller of the two, leaned down and kissed her on the forehead with a sigh accompanied by a warmth and tenderness that caused Keomah to gaze keenly into her face to detect a reason for this unusually sad and touching exhibition of feeling. *Mattah-Djarri* was always loving and considerate towards her mother, but now Keomah felt there was a depth and feeling in her caress she had never observed before. She did not know it was the first time her daughter had ever had a conception of what might have been the sufferings of a woman with a polygamous husband. Taking *Mattah-Djarri's* little hands between her own, Keomah scarcely knew how to break

the subject of her visit, and looked helplessly for assistance to Wagari, who had instantly arisen when the mother and daughter entered the room ; but Wagari, not knowing what was in Keomah's mind, stood motionless, comprehending she had something important to communicate and wondering what it could be. Requesting the two girls to sit down beside her, Keomah commenced her unhappy errand by saying in the stately manner of the East, —

“ You are aware, O Mattah-Djarri, princess of the ancient house of Rajah Datapp Putah, that it is the duty of all women, when fate gives them the opportunity, to marry, love, and obey their husbands, bear children to perpetuate his name and increase the number of brave and loyal subjects for their sovereign. To this end, your father, our most gracious Bopati, desires you to prepare yourself for the worthy discharge of the duties that will devolve upon you, as the wife of a noble husband who will soon claim you in marriage. He bids you reflect upon your high position and your good fortune in being provided with a husband that is worthy of his daughter, and will, in truth, reflect honor upon you in every way.”

Having proceeded thus far in her task, Keomah's fortitude failed her, and suddenly stopping, she burst into tears and could say no more. Seizing her daughter, she drew her on to her lap and passionately pressed her, again and again, to her swelling bosom, while she tried to regain her voice and overcome her choking emotion. Astonishment was at first depicted on the face of Mattah-Djarri, which, on witnessing Keomah's grief, soon gave place to distress, and she began to weep in unison with her mother. Wagari, not knowing what else to do in the presence of the two princesses locked in each other's arms in a deluge of tears, arose and stood leaning sympatheti-



cally half over them both. Curiosity, however, began to assert itself gradually in Wagari's mind, particularly as she reflected that there was no cause here for real anguish beyond the natural grief a mother and daughter must feel over the prospect of a permanent separation. This reminded her of the extent of her own loss, in case of the marriage and departure of the princess, but she was too generous and unselfish to dwell upon her own interests while her beloved mistress was unhappy, as well as too much awed and bewildered at first, to know just what to do to comfort the two weeping women before her. Reflecting for a moment, she concluded to adopt the little device of asking an important question and perhaps draw their minds into another channel.

"May I ask, O Keomah," she respectfully inquired, as soon as she could obtain a chance of being heard between Keomah's sobs, beside running the risk of being reproved for impertinence, "what is the name of the fortunate prince" — for prince she supposed it was — "who is to become the noble Radan ajeng's husband?"

Hearing Wagari's voice, Keomah raised her head and looked into her face an instant, then buried her own again on her daughter's shoulder and commenced to shake and sob more violently than ever.

"It is some one she don't like," thought Wagari, her own eyes growing moist with sympathy. "The Pateh is very handsome," she continued somewhat suggestively, catching Mattah-Djarri's eye after a pause, as the latter lifted her head from Keomah's bosom and began to wipe away her tears and try to soothe and calm her mother.

At the mention of the name of the Pateh Mattah-Djarri's face brightened, and affectionately pressing her lips to her mother's cheeks, she begged her not to weep, declaring if she continued, she would disobey the Bopati's commands by refusing to leave her.

“But,” she continued, thinking of Wagari’s insinuation, “who is to be my husband, O Keomah? That is a grave matter with me,” she added argumentatively, perceiving with some surprise that Keomah seemed disinclined to reply.

As the latter continued to sob, Mattah-Djarri gently extricated herself from her arms, and bidding Wagari bring a wet sponge from an adjoining chamber, bathed her mother’s face and otherwise tried to restore her to composure. When Keomah at length gained her usual self-control, Mattah-Djarri returned to her former inquiry, pressing her mother to inform her who it was that the Bopati had chosen for her husband.

“It is useless, O Mattah-Djarri,” replied Keomah, “to urge me further. I am not permitted to tell at present. You are going to leave me, and the Bopati considers the marriage in every way most suitable.” Saying this, Keomah rose and left the room, and as soon as she had gone the two girls began to speculate about the identity of the intended bridegroom. Wagari felt sure in her own mind that it could not be the Pateh, or Keomah would have said so. She did not express this opinion to the princess, wisely considering it best, under these conditions, that the latter should suppose that she herself had quite forgotten her late allusion to him. In truth, Wagari had no cause to assume anything about the Pateh in connection with her mistress, beyond the facts that he was young, handsome, and noble, a distant cousin of Keomah’s, and that he came occasionally to the dalam to see the Bopati, and appeared an eligible and proper prince to choose for a husband for a beautiful princess. But now, Keomah’s evident reluctance to name the husband in prospect filled Wagari with surmises, causing her to more than half suspect it was an ugly old Tu-

mung'gung — a noble of high rank and fortune governing a neighboring province, whom she had seen in earnest, and, she thought, delighted conversation with the Bopati, on the latter's private veranda the Sunday previous. It was the incongruity of this marriage, she feared, that prevented Keomah from naming him.

## CHAPTER IX.

AFTER various conjectures had been exchanged between Mattah-Djarri and her attendant, and many hitherto unobserved signs and allusions analyzed, in the hope of gleaning every possible item of information upon the subject, all of which led to nothing, Mattah-Djarri asked, taking up the possibility of the Tumung'gung, —

“Are you quite sure, Wagari, you saw the — the — noble kiai Tumung'gung (venerable prince) of the province of Narawadi, on the veranda of the Bopati last Sunday?” A vague sense of pride and duty prompted her to support the dignity of, perhaps, her own possible future, by speaking of the disagreeable old man as his rank demanded.

“Quite sure, most exalted princess,” replied Wagari, with a gentle sigh, adding, after a contemplative pause, during which her heavy eyebrows drew closer together and her gaze rested upon the ground with a severe and indignant expression. “Yes, I know his dark, dried face and crooked nose well” — Then recollecting herself she looked up in dismay into the princess' face, and instantly falling upon her knees before her, begged her pardon for her hasty and inadvertent remark, declaring she was no doubt prejudiced against the kiai Tumung'gung, and that her love for her mistress had quite carried her away, but she had no doubt he was a most worthy noble.

“Arise, Wagari, and sit down,” said Mattah-Djarri. “I give you liberty to express your opinions freely, in this case, and you need not apologize afterwards.”

“Permit me to offer you a million thanks, beloved mistress,” exclaimed Wagari, as she rose to her feet, impulsively stooping again to imprint a graceful kiss upon the former’s little hand which lay firm but passive in her lap.

“I am greatly disturbed by the thought of that old Tumung’gung for your husband. He must be a monster of selfishness,” — her eyes alternately expressing the compassion she felt for the lovely girl before her and her disgust for the selfish old man, whom she thought wished to appropriate her. “He divorced himself from his two first Radan Itus, noble princesses as they both were, and has now four or five score of inferior wives in his dalam. You will lead a frightful life with them, dear Radan ajeng,” and Wagari looked at her mistress as if her heart was going to break.

“How do you,” emphasizing the you, “know so much about the affairs in the household of the Tumung’gung?” demanded Mattah-Djarri, bending a keen and searching glance upon her attendant’s face, without showing any signs of emotion over the latter’s foreboding disclosures.

“I have heard it from my cousin, who is the Tumung’gung’s jaksa (law officer),” answered Wagari, looking earnestly at her mistress, “and he always speaks the truth. He has often told me and my sister about the Tumung’gung’s doings and the jealousies and excitements of his many wives; also, described the gentleness and goodness of the last Radan Itu, who was so overcome with gladness when the jaksa informed her that the old prince intended to send her back to her father that she wept like a child.”

“Truly, Wagari, that sounds badly for the Tumung’gung,” said Mattah-Djarri; “but what had the princess done to anger him to such a step?”

“Done, my blessed mistress,” ejaculated Wagari, throwing her head back in impressive protest, “why, she had done nothing. She was always quiet and obedient and studied how to please him, but he became tired of so much consideration and wished to make another alliance. Barabatah, a very young princess of a house as noble as his own, had the misfortune to attract his notice, and being his equal, he could not demand her as an inferior wife, so there was no choice left but to be divorced from the second Radan Itu to make way for the third.”

“Well, what was the end of that arrangement? Did Barabatah die?”

“Not at all, noble princess,” replied Wagari; “but she would not consent. She was in love with the young Radan Adawara, who was absent on a journey to the Timor Islands. They were almost unknown to each other and he had never thought of asking for her in marriage, but she had seen him, and loved him with all her life. This ardent affection caused her to reject the Tumung’gung’s proposals with scorn and hatred, although she knew her father, the old Radan, had long before arranged the marriage with him. At length, Barabatah, in her despair, confessed her passion for Adawara, and said she would die if they gave her to any one else and especially to the Tumung’gung of Narawadi.

“Her father became deeply incensed with her conduct, but her mother begged earnestly for her forgiveness, affirming it was Barabatah’s ill health that caused her to be so perverse and ungrateful, and assured him that if he would defer the marriage for a couple of months, till her daughter’s health recovered from the sudden shock of this proposed alliance, she was quite sure Barabatah would be more reasonable. Hearing this account of his intended victim, the Tumung’gung said he did not want

an ailing bride and expressed his willingness to wait. Thus the marriage was deferred for two months. That was a sorrowful time for the poor young princess, who became thinner and weaker as the days rolled away. She refused to eat and sat up all night on the balcony, weeping and gazing at the moon. Her father's wives were quite upset, some with interest and some with curiosity, during this period. Not a few of them pitied the distress of the princess and some laughed at her opposition, but they all agreed she would have to yield at last, and they waited with impatience to see the end. There was one of them, however, who truly sympathized with the unhappy girl. Her name was Bumeda and she had always been remarked for being sad and living much alone."

"May the Holy Prophet bless and protect Bumeda," interrupted Mattah-Djarri; "but how could she aid the unhappy Barabatah?"

"Well, it lacked just three days of the time for the wedding day to be fixed," continued Wagari, "when Bumeda heard, through some member of her family living in one of the kampongs belonging to the estates of Adawara, that the brave prince had returned the day before. She thought it such a shame that he should not know of the sweet girl's love for him, and give him the opportunity to rescue her, if he wished to do so, that she made an excuse to visit her family. Whilst there, she managed to send a trusty messenger to the prince, with an account of the sad condition of Barabatah, in consequence of her devoted love for him, and her approaching marriage with the old Tumung'gung of Narawadi."

At this part of her narrative, Wagari stopped and gazed at her mistress as if she was considering what she should say next. In truth, a sudden thought of what the young Pateh might do in her mistress's case had just

occurred to her, and she was hesitating a moment to decide if she should give expression to it.

"Go on, Wagari, go on," impatiently exclaimed Mat-tah-Djarri, leaning towards her in breathless suspense, "what happened when the prince was informed?"

"What happened?" repeated Wagari, lying back against her pillows, and laughing in a low chuckling way peculiar to herself when pleased, forgetting her mistress was waiting with suspended breath to catch her reply.

"Yes, what happened then; tell me quickly," commanded the princess in an imperious tone. "Did Adawara receive the messenger unmoved and leave Barabatah to die or be sacrificed?" cried she, clasping her hands, and pressing them till the ends of her fingers below her rings became purple.

"No, indeed! not he!" responded Wagari triumphantly, "he was too splendid and handsome for that," she added, after a short pause, as if a man's handsome or splendid appearance was an indication of the generosity of his heart, or in any way prompted a noble action. But Wagari was given to unweighed and careless expression, taken over, she once explained, from the Nonyah Blanda (European lady) with whom she had wandered so long over the Archipelago.

"But what did Adawara do, Wagari?" cried Mat-tah-Djarri, becoming indignant and impatient with her attendant's dangling. "But stop," she hastily added, in apprehensive contradiction, — "don't tell me he did not immediately seek the Radan Mayung's palace and demand the hand of Barabatah. I could not endure that," said she, putting her hands up before her eyes, as if trying to shut out Barabatah's pain and misery, in case he had not done so.

"But the prince did not go," said Wagari, now fixing



her clear eyes, brimful of fun, on her mistress's distressed face.

"Oh! oh! Wagari!" exclaimed the latter in a tone of deep grief, "why did you tell me about Barabatah's misfortunes?" her face growing pale and her lips trembling with sympathetic pity. "You said she did not die after she was married, but she died of grief before, poor thing, and so should I," she added, rising and walking nervously backwards and forwards and beginning to sob. "It makes me ill to think of it."

In answer to this emotion of her mistress, Wagari laughed gayly and quickly replied,—

"The young Radan sent his father to the Radan Mayung, and before Bumeda returned home the day for the marriage of Barabatah and the Radan Adawara was named."

"Indeed! indeed! The Holy Prophet be praised!" cried Mattah-Djarri, her face breaking into smiles and beaming with pleasure. "I am so glad," giving vent to a long sigh of relief as she resumed her seat. "But Wagari, why did you not say that in the beginning?" suddenly frowning; "don't try my patience like that another time," reprovingly, "I won't accept it;" and she looked warningly at her daring attendant, who smiled with an easy and satisfied air, remembering her mistress's unflinching indulgence, but at the same moment knelt again before her, to entreat her pardon for her second offense, declaring she had not given her the opportunity before of telling how it really did end.

"Well, let it go now, Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri, "I forgive you since Barabatah is married to the brave young Radan. How much she loved him," admiringly, while a thoughtful look gathered on her face. Arousing herself in a moment, she asked, —

“How did the kiai Tumung’gung accept his disappointment, Wagari? for of course he was disappointed?” an indistinct vision of her own fate and its possible termination rising before her mind.

“Oh, yes, the lover was disappointed,” answered Wagari in a scornful tone, using the permission given her a short time before to express herself as she felt concerning the old noble. “The Radan Adawara holding the higher rank, the aged Tumung’gung had to give up without complaint, consoling himself no doubt, by transferring his choice to you, my honored mistress,” ended Wagari, an expression of overwhelming pity filling her eyes, as she turned fully around and allowed her gaze to run over her mistress from head to foot. “Pardon me, dear Radan ajeng, but you are many times more beautiful than Barabatah, and a million times too good and gentle to live with the selfish old Tumung’gung of Narawadi. If he should prove to be the Bopati’s selection, I beseech you,” she continued, clasping her hands entreatingly, “to persist in declaring you will never consent. That might cause the marriage to be delayed, and in the mean time something might happen to deliver you as Barabatah was delivered,” and Wagari unconsciously leaned forward in her earnest persuasion and took both her mistress’s hands in her own, while she looked encouragingly and sympathetically on the beautiful young face turned towards her, trying to gather hope and courage from her devoted attendant’s last suggestions.

“I will think of what you say, Wagari, if I am destined to be the wife of the old Tumung’gung of Narawadi,” returned Mattah-Djarri. “Yes, I’ll remember Barabatah,” she added, her thoughts going out to the young Patch, wondering if it was possible he would rescue her as Adawara had delivered Barabatah, should it

become necessary. "But," after a few moments, during which she and Wagari were both silent, "we have no proof that the Bopati has chosen the Tumung'gung for my husband. It might be, and perhaps is, another," she argued, urging herself to think so. She wished to suggest the name of the Pateh, but felt ashamed to allow Wagari to suspect the direction in which her thoughts ran.

Mattah-Djarri was not yet sufficiently under the influence of the all-powerful passion to lose sight of the proprieties, and openly speak of one, in the light of a possible lover, who had never given any token, that she knew of, of his preference for her. Besides, she possessed a tranquil and self-contained character that could reason and wait. As she mused upon the subject, it seemed probable that it was some such distasteful selection as that of the Tumung'gung must be, that had caused Keomah to withhold the name of the Bopati's choice. She thought Keomah's great distress appeared to confirm this view, or why should she have refused to give the name of her future husband. That was not like Keomah; and she remembered the latter had said, "The Bopati considers the marriage in every way a most suitable one," and had avoided giving her own opinion. She could fancy that Keomah too might consider the rank, wealth, and powerful position of the Tumung'gung desirable, but as a husband for herself, she believed the prospect would grieve her mother. Still these terms would apply in a certain way to either the rich old Tumung'gung of Narawadi or the handsome young Pateh from the plains below. Altogether she was perplexed and mystified, and hoped Chatra would know and let drop a word or two that would throw some light upon the subject.

Nearly the same thoughts were running through the

mind of Wagari. She could not come to any conclusion and also determined to look to Chatra for information. This reminded her of their late quarrel, which threw a momentary chill on her expectations in that direction. But Wagari was not often at a loss for an expedient to help her over a difficulty, consequently she decided to seek Chatra immediately and apologize for her recent rudeness. When dismissed by the princess, she proceeded at once to put this resolve into practice, and a few moments later she was approaching Chatra, who was seated under the shade of a mango tree in the rear court, watching the absurd antics of two or three monkeys that were trying to strip some fig-trees near by of their fruit. Hearing footsteps behind her, Chatra looked around over her shoulder, and observing Wagari near her, said carelessly, —

“Watching your friends, you see,” revengefully attempting to support her late accusations by reference to the busy animals among the foliage.

Wagari, perceiving Chatra was still bitter and ready to renew their late encounter, resolved to conciliate her relative if possible ; so she replied by affectionately placing her hand on the latter’s shoulder and saying deprecatingly, —

“Please don’t, Chatra ; I come to confess that I have been extremely rude and insulting, and beg you to forgive me. You know it is in the blood of our family to be hasty and impatient.”

Chatra scarcely believed her ears when she heard Wagari’s humble confession, and was no less surprised than delighted, but felt too deeply wounded to allow the latter to see her satisfaction, therefore made no reply whatever to her overtures. Waiting a moment without receiving an answer, Wagari continued, —

“Come, Chatra, suppose we be friends again.”

“What do you want, Wagari?” said Chatra snappishly, after being thus solicited. “Speak out; don’t fumble about in that hypocritical way,” keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the animals.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Wagari with affected indifference, struggling to keep down her rising temper. “Only I thought it was disagreeable to be bad friends; but it don’t matter if you like it,” and moving away from Chatra she began slowly to ascend a flight of steps leading to a veranda, turning her head half-way round and looking carelessly down on Chatra as she mounted, till she reached the gallery which gave admission to that side of the dalam. Chatra let her go without saying or doing anything further to repel or encourage her proffered friendship, but as soon as she had entirely disappeared a smile of complacency played about her face, for she really was a good woman at heart, and it pleased her to see her relative show what she regarded becoming deference in a young person.

“After all,” she murmured to herself, “Wagari means well, and I, too, think it is better and more politic to be friends.” Relapsing into silence, she appeared to reflect more profoundly, then presently resuming her soliloquy, she repeated in the same abstracted tone, “Wagari is a good child. I wonder if she knows what caused Keomah to weep when she came out of the apartments of the Radan ajeng †” Throwing some rice that she had in her lap on the ground, which instantly brought the monkeys down from the branches above, Chatra arose, saying to herself again, “I will try to discover if Wagari knows anything;” and then ascended the steps of the veranda and soon passed out of sight beyond the door through which Wagari had disappeared a few moments before.

## CHAPTER X.

THE following day Keomah surprised Chatra beyond all belief by announcing her intention of setting out immediately with the princess on a visit to Sewa, whither she had never before gone without the Bopati, and had never taken Mattah-Djarri. Chatra's mental comment on hearing this was, "Surely Keomah is going crazy!" In Chatra's mind this was the only way to account for this unnecessary exposure of the beauty of the young princess, and Sewa, she thought, would be only too happy to aid the young and inexperienced Radan ajeng in the commission of some such disgraceful act as she herself had been guilty of.

Chatra wondered if the Bopati had lost his senses also. She had never before heard of such a thing as a Javanese princess visiting out of her own immediate family before marriage, and, worse than all, she now began to suspect that Keomah would not be sorry if her daughter should follow the example of her audacious aunt. She was so disturbed by these reflections that she determined to become reconciled with Wagari, and went in search of her to inform her of the intended departure, and ascertain if she knew anything about it. She found the latter busy directing Djoolo in the packing, and in high glee because she was to accompany her mistress.

After administering what she considered a suitable reproof for Wagari's levity in the face of the dangers which she was about to encounter, she inquired if she knew what was the object of the visit. Wagari said she be-

lieved it was to give the Radan ajeng an opportunity of seeing something of the world, and also to become acquainted with her cousin, the Nonah Bardwell, Sewa's only child, whom Mattah-Djarri had never yet seen.

This cousin was supposed to be quite a European, highly accomplished, and very fashionable, according to the western standard. When very young her father had sent her to Europe to be educated and brought up among his own people. Being now grown and her education completed, she had returned a few months before to her parents, without any recollection or knowledge whatever of any of the members of her mother's family, whom indeed she had never seen ; for the visiting between Sewa and Keomah had not yet commenced when she was sent away. It was to gratify her curiosity in regard to her mother's people, that Keomah had been pressingly invited, at this time, to come with her daughter and make them a lengthy visit. This invitation seemed to Keomah to come just in time to meet her urgent need.

The Bopati, having fully arranged the princess's marriage to his entire satisfaction, made little objection when Keomah informed him of Sewa's proffered hospitality and timidly begged that she might be permitted to accept it.

The very strangeness of the request gave her courage, and she was as much surprised as Chatra, when after a few moments' hesitation the Bopati gave his consent, accompanied with many commands as to what she should do and how she should act in relation to her going and coming, and whilst in Sewa's house ; impressing upon her mind, above all things, the necessity of preserving a becoming dignity and proper degree of seclusion, particularly in not permitting the young Radan, Mattah-Djarri, to be gazed upon by impertinent strangers or any casual visitors they might meet.

Then he summoned one of his most reliable oppassers and commanded him to accompany them and carefully guard the Radan ajeng from all publicity or exposure, and keep him informed, at the same time, of anything unusual that might occur. The Bopati, in fact, was not averse to giving his daughter, before she was married, the advantage of some experience of a more mixed society than she had hitherto had. He was proud of her great beauty and anxious she should acquit herself well and do him honor, when her husband should take her into the presence of their great Susuhunan (sultan), as he knew he must do as soon as possible after marriage; and this he thought would be a good opportunity for her to accustom herself to meeting strangers.

In due time the party arrived at the palatial residence of Sewa's husband and were received by its inmates with every demonstration of affectionate respect. It was the first time Sewa had ever seen her niece beyond the grounds belonging to the dalam of the Bopati, and she was highly gratified with this especial mark of favor towards herself; for somehow the Bopati had always managed to make her feel that he rather despised her for the indiscretion of her youth.

Her daughter Josephine had been properly impressed with the rank of her noble relatives, and made to understand the rare compliment the Bopati extended to them in permitting this visit, her mother fully explaining to her the habits and opinions of the Javans in regard to the seclusion of their females, especially those that were yet unmarried and possessed of high rank and extraordinary beauty.

Mattah-Djarri was quite bewildered with the oddity of all around her, and above all delighted with the gay and pleasant manners, pretty and tasteful European dress, and altogether magnificent appearance of her cousin



Josephine. Even her name excited a sort of wondering and pleasing difficulty in her mind. Although she had often heard it, it never seemed so strange before, because she had never attempted to pronounce it in addressing any one. "Josephine, Josephine," she repeated over and again to herself, trying to familiarize her ear with the unaccustomed sound, while she thought it was such a pity it was not soft and musical like her own tongue.

Josephine entered at once into what she considered a becoming intimacy with her cousin, who was some two years younger than herself, by bestowing upon the princess the short name of "Mattie," sounding, as she said, more like fashion and civilization. When Keomah first heard her daughter addressed in this new and unceremonious way she was somewhat taken aback, but considered it best, however, to say nothing. Later on, when she heard Sewa summon her beautiful daughter by calling "Josie, Josie," and the young friends of the latter use a pet epithet, she wished she could do likewise, and was glad she had made no remark, and concluded it was just as well to let down a little on their own stilted and solemn manner of addressing each other.

There was nothing about Mattah-Djarri that could be construed into a likeness to her cousin. Indeed, no two persons could have looked more unlike, yet contrasted more harmoniously. Mattah-Djarri's black hair brought out in striking contrast the amber hue of her cousin's shining braids, and the latter's clear pink and white complexion made a pleasing relief for the more brilliant and golden tint of that of Mattah-Djarri; reminding one of that voluptuous rose called the "Virgin's Blush," when arrayed beside its still more intoxicating sister the "Cloth of Gold," which was in truth a perfect representation of Mattah-Djarri's rich oriental coloring.

Josephine inherited nothing from her mother's appearance except her small hands and feet, otherwise she was a graceful, delicate counterpart of her father. A full blonde of the fairest, brightest type, with great blue eyes, commanding figure, and the presence and carriage of an empress; but in character, despite the rigid discipline of her careful education, the warm and passionate blood of Sewa asserted itself, making her, perhaps, by its unexpected freaks of ardor and impulse, more interesting and attractive than she would otherwise have been, had her veins been filled only with the more sluggish element of her father's race. Soft and lovely, as applied to Mattah-Djarri, never would have been an appropriate term for the majestic Josephine, who, although but recently arrived in the gorgeous and slumbering Eastern city, had already obtained the reputation of being an unmistakable belle. Her father exulted in her European beauty and accomplishments, and her mother regarded her as the most remarkable being she had ever seen, frequently asking herself if she indeed could be the mother of such a superb, fair-haired woman.

To Mattah-Djarri, Josephine appeared unique and beautiful beyond her expectations, and worthy of all the admiration and love she could bestow upon her. She had never had any conception of a woman like Josephine, and during the greater part of the first few days after her arrival sat and gazed upon her cousin in admiring surprise. Her gay conversation and lively descriptions of things, people, and lands she had seen, completely fascinated Mattah-Djarri and caused her to experience the greatest delight in possessing such a relative.

Josephine, on her side, looked upon Mattah-Djarri as the loveliest creature she had ever beheld. From the moment that her eyes rested upon her as she descended

from the high traveling carriage, which the Bopati had secured for them at great trouble and expense from the seacoast, and turned shyly and timidly around to greet her, she had, as she expressed it, loved her with her whole heart. Her sweetness and gentleness of manner, and great beauty, of which she appeared entirely unconscious, with the singular splendor of her costume, thoroughly captivated the warm imagination and loving heart of Josephine, whose ideas of manner, beauty, and grace in woman were founded altogether upon the models she had seen in Europe. Here was beauty and attraction of an altogether different type.

Josephine, however, could not at this period be regarded as a proper or impartial judge. She had just then especial reasons for being warmly and favorably impressed with everything belonging to her mother's race, and had she not met her cousin at the present moment she would have been equally prepared to declare they were all wonderfully handsome and interesting.

It was necessary for Mattah-Djarri, whilst visiting her aunt, to appear at the table and take her meals with the family. In doing this she ate for the first time in her life with the opposite sex. In the beginning she felt almost unable to conform to such a novel custom, but being pressed and persuaded by Josephine, she determined to overcome her diffidence and repugnance, and learn to practice, as soon as possible, what Sewa declared were the more appropriate and polished habits of Europeans.

At first the singularity of this proceeding destroyed her appetite; her whole attention was given to the graceful management of her knife and fork; the adjustment of her napkin; keeping her elbows in position; and holding herself erect and easy, at the same time observing all the other little accompaniments that mark the table manners

of the well-bred man and woman. She was so engrossed with these minor matters that she would pass through a whole meal scarcely tasting food.

It was a serious mystery to Mattah-Djarri how Josephine could ever have learned to laugh and converse with gentlemen sitting opposite her at the dinner-table, with the ease and grace that distinguished her. At such times she listened in wonder, feeling herself overwhelmed with confusion and embarrassment if any one addressed to her a single remark; vainly wishing she could slide down from her chair, like an ill-trained child, and hide under the table cover. Wagari, whose affection for her mistress prompted her, especially at this time, to notice everything the latter said or did, began to grow uneasy about her evident loss of appetite, imagining she was growing pale and meagre in consequence.

She was anxious that her darling mistress should appear in the full glory of all her beauty among these curious strangers, who, she observed with much pride, would often turn more than once to gaze in surprise upon her dazzling appearance as she passed.

“Ah, they never saw anything like the Radan ajeng in Europe,” Wagari would mentally observe. “No wonder they are astonished;” then turn and complain to the oppasser that it was a shame Keomah did not notice her mistress was looking pale, and urge him to find an excuse to draw the latter’s attention to it. At length Mr. Bardwell relieved Wagari’s fears, by giving expression one day to her own apprehensions, declaring he should feel it his duty hereafter to look after his niece himself at meal times, furthermore remarking that her timidity and loss of appetite carried him back to the days of his youth, by reminding him of Sewa and her manifold confusions and embarrassments when she first became his wife.

“But I enjoyed it,” he said, looking kindly at the latter, who sat calmly and serenely at the lower end of the table, doing her duty as hostess in the most self-possessed manner. “Yes,” he continued, “it really was an odd and refreshing experience, after the set forms and hackneyed terms that mark European manners and make one almost feel that in knowing one woman in civilized society he knows all.”

“You give us strong encouragement to follow your example, Bardwell,” said a puffy old fellow somewhat near fifty, who was dining with them; at the same time fixing his eyes, with a most tender expression, on the blushing and shrinking Mattah-Djarri.

“Well, not in that direction, Laning,” answered Mr. Bardwell in English, which language neither Mattah-Djarri nor her mother understood, following the speaker’s gaze with a half derisive smile on his face. “I would not give much for you if you did.”

“Oh, never fear for me,” returned the one addressed rather testily, his face growing redder, and giving his whole attention to his dinner-plate, while he thought to himself, “Bardwell is becoming entirely too personal. I should n’t wonder if he considered himself the only man in Java that could safely run away with a woman,” and he fell to work on the food before him with redoubled vigor, believing he was greatly undervalued, and determining to maintain a strict silence during the rest of the meal.

## CHAPTER XI.

THERE was one evening, in particular, that Mattah-Djarri long remembered with blushes of mortification, — an evening when she had hoped to have more courage than usual and found she had less. Mr. Bardwell had invited a number of guests to dinner, and after all had arrived and were seated on the veranda, he looked around, and observing Mattah-Djarri was not present, immediately guessed the cause and arose to fetch her.

She explained her absence by saying she had twice made the attempt to join them, once with Sewa and afterwards with Josephine, and each time when about to step out on the veranda, her courage had failed her and she had abruptly retreated and hurried back to her room, hoping she would not be missed. She begged he would excuse her, assuring him she was unable to face, with any degree of dignity, so many strangers whose ways and manners were so different from her own, and feared both Sewa and Josephine would have great cause to regret her presence. Hearing all this, Mr. Bardwell smiled and jestingly reproved her, and drawing her arm within his own, led her back to the veranda, taking the precaution to hold her arm so tightly that she could not unexpectedly slip away from him.

The guests were engaged in an animated conversation, waiting for the reappearance of their host, when two or three of the loudest talkers suddenly lowered their voices, and the eyes of the others, following their gaze, rested upon Mr. Bardwell, who was moving slowly towards

them under the brilliant lights, with such a vision of singular beauty and loveliness upon his arm as few of them had ever seen before. Astonished admiration was depicted upon the countenance of each stranger present.

Their host saw it, and inwardly congratulated himself. "How pleased and proud Josephine will feel," he thought, as he approached them and saw the gentlemen rise to do his companion honor and be presented, and then observed the little flutter of admiration that went round as they reseated themselves.

Poor Mattah-Djarri had no idea of the sensation her unwilling presence was creating, and sank into a chair beside Keomah almost overwhelmed with confusion. All those formidable Europeans to rise up and look down upon her in that manner! She, who had never before this visit been in the presence of a foreigner! it seemed incredible.

A picture of Chatra's disgust and consternation flashed before her mind and she unconsciously smiled, and, raising her great luminous eyes, saw Josephine seated not far from her and near Sewa, with the Pateh beside her.

"The Pateh!" she inwardly exclaimed; "can it be he indeed?" She looked again. Yes, sure enough, it was Sarjio, sedate and dignified, in a magnificent Javanese costume and actually talking in quite a matter of fact way with Josephine! This was about all she could remember of that memorable evening, she afterwards declared to her cousin, excepting the laughing face and blue eyes of a young European who sat opposite to her at the dinner-table and politely addressed to her a remark or two on some subject which she said she could not understand, and did not answer.

"About the weather, I expect," said Josephine laughingly. "He wanted to inform you it was warm."

"I don't know," said Mattah-Djarri innocently, "but you know, dear Josie, it was my first attempt at a dinner-party, and I prayed I should not make you feel ashamed."

"Ashamed, little goosie," responded Josephine, using one of her school-girl phrases, "why you got on splendidly. No one would have supposed it was your first dinner."

"I hope you are not mistaken," replied Mattah-Djarri, "but teda ka-ting al (it did not appear), I fear. No doubt those gentlemen who sat near me would tell a different story. Indeed, I tried to eat and appear indifferent, but ewuh — I was so lost and confused it was no use."

"But you saw the Pateh?" eagerly interrupted Josephine, her color deepening to a bright crimson. "Don't you think he is very handsome?" she continued, without giving her cousin time to reply to her first question.

"He is more than handsome," replied Mattah-Djarri warmly; "he looks like a true satria (nobleman), and his dress is always gorgeous. '*Très distingué*,' Wagari calls it, which is the only French word I know," she added, with a confused little laugh.

"Well, Wagari has taste, at any rate," rejoined Josephine, "but, tell me, where did she see Sarjio — the Pateh, I mean?" looking inquiringly at her companion.

"We have seen him several times crossing the alun-alun at Kali Chandi, when he was going to the Bopati. My veranda commands a view of the front. I can see everything that goes or comes to the dalam, through the lattice, without being seen," said Mattah-Djarri explainingly.

"Indeed," said Josephine, looking somewhat suspiciously at her cousin; "perhaps you know him very well, then?" thinking what a dangerous rival Mattah-Djarri would make.



“No, I don’t know him in the way you mean, that is, to speak to ; such familiarities are not permitted between young people belonging to the better classes among the Javanese.”

“That is a pity, for you ought to hear his voice,” said Josephine. “It is just like music and full of power, as I heard Mr. Laning say. Edward Tracy calls it magnetism ; but did n’t you notice it last night ? And his eyes, Mattie, did n’t you observe his eyes ?”

“I think I caught the sound of the Pateh’s voice once,” replied Mattah-Djarri, recalling its deep tones, “and I did observe his eyes too,” remembering their dark splendor when she looked up and detected his gaze directed towards her end of the table.

“Sarjio is not like the rest of them,” proceeded Josephine, musingly, and with pride in her tones. “It is plain to be seen he was educated in Europe,” then relapsed into a short silence, during which she appeared to be quite unconscious of her cousin’s presence. “Of course you observed young Tracy,” she presently remarked in a brighter tone. “That is the name of the European who sat opposite you, and we call him young, because he has an uncle bearing the same name. Mr. Tracy is the Pateh’s great friend ; they were educated together in the same colleges in Europe.”

“I recollect him,” said Mattah-Djarri, “but I would not recognize him again. I remember I thought his head and face were light and bright, and his eyes large and blue like yours. I fancied he was laughing at me,” she added, blushing, as she remembered his vain attempts to open a conversation, and she repeated to Josephine, as nearly as she could recall, every word he had said to her in her own language ; confessing her mortification in regard to the fruitless result and deploring her

want of self-possession on such a trying occasion; also declaring she despaired of ever attaining the ease and self-reliance of her cousin.

"What nonsense, Mattie," cried Josephine in reply. "I have no doubt Mr. Tracy thought your timidity and modesty were lovely in the extreme. So unlike, as papa says, 'the gay and self-asserting manners of European beauties;' and your beauty is not to be disputed, dear cousin. I heard the gentlemen whispering about it all around the veranda, and papa told Keomah this morning he was delighted with your *début*. You have no occasion to feel mortified, I assure you."

"You are partial, I fear, Josie," said Mattah-Djarri, feeling her confusion return as she thought of the dinner scene the evening before. "I know I have earned the reputation of being *bodo bodo* (foolish and stupid)."

But Josephine was telling the simple truth. Edward Tracy assured one of his friends the next day that he could not half eat his dinner for looking at that wonderfully beautiful Javanese princess opposite him.

"But she can't converse, and that's a pity," he concluded.

"I am not so sure of that," was the response of his friend, a Dutchman, who having lived many years in Java was supposed to speak from experience. "These Javanese girls," continued he, "are painfully shy and timid at first, like the natives generally, with few exceptions, all over the East; particularly when they first begin to frequent European society, which, you must remember, is a most novel experience to them. Females, among the better classes, are never permitted to speak to a stranger of the opposite sex, as perhaps you know, until after the betrothal, and more frequently not until after the ceremony of marriage has been performed.

But when association makes them familiar with the strange and unusual experience, and one gets actual possession of them, so to speak, they can and do sustain themselves with much ease and dignity, and can converse intelligently on very many subjects. There is Sewa, the wife of Bardwell, for instance. She is a pure blooded oriental, and no man would have occasion to feel abashed for her in any society; yet I have heard Bardwell say, when he first knew her she could scarcely be persuaded to open her lips."

"I hope your observations have been correct, van Delder," said Tracy with a pleased and thoughtful air, resuming again after a short silence, "I exerted my utmost last night to inspire that beautiful niece of Sewa's with some confidence, and tried to look as agreeable and as indulgent as possible, to encourage her. My good intentions were wasted, however; she either could not or would not speak, and appeared so overwhelmed with confusion by my innocent remarks that I was impelled, from pure kindness, to remain silent."

"I am not surprised," said van Delder; "it is most unusual for a Javanese girl of rank to come into the presence of strangers in that way. No doubt it was the first time in her life she ever sat at table with a number of people. I suppose it was brought about by Sewa, who is a sister of Keomah."

"Was Keomah that pale, delicate woman with the soft black eyes, that sat next to the Pateh?" asked Tracy.

"Yes, that was she," answered van Delder; "and I'll wager the Bopati knows precious little about this dinner party. Here comes Markham," continued he, looking around; "let's hear what he has to say."

"Discussing the beautiful princess?" cried the new comer, a comfortable looking bachelor of middle age,

carrying about him a decided air of conceit and self-complacency, who having caught the word "Bopati," as he approached, rightly inferred from it the subject of the conversation.

"Well," continued he, without waiting for a reply, "she is the most extraordinary beauty I ever saw. I wonder how much those superb gems she wore are worth! Have you any idea, van Delder?" he inquired taking off his hat and using its broad brim for a fan, as he slid uninvited into the capacious arms of an easy-chair. "It is awfully hot to-day, it seems to me," he added, talking on without giving any one else time to speak, while he drew forth a fragrant handkerchief, which he tenderly pressed against his damp forehead.

"Yes, it's pretty warm," answered van Delder: "I wish these confounded trade winds would shift a little and give us a change."

"I should like to go up on the mountains and wait there for the mangsa rendang (wet monsoon)," said Tracy, looking in the faces of his companions to discover a corresponding desire.

"I fully agree with your taste, Tracy," returned Markham, "and am ready at any moment to join the caravan. If this intense heat continues much longer I shall be baked to a good brown."

"It is too soon to go to the mountains, if you intend to wait for the rains before returning," interposed van Delder. "They are at least three months distant; we are now in the kasa dasa (middle of the dry monsoon)."

"Well, never mind the monsoons now," cried Markham; "go on about the princess. Did you notice how proudly Bardwell pranced down the hall last night with her on his arm? I saw him slyly peeping from under his eyelids to observe the effect. He has somewhat over-

come the transports in which he indulged for a while after the arrival of his own daughter."

"That young princess is certainly very striking," said van Delder, taking no notice of this last remark.

"Well, rather," said Markham, using a slang phrase that was quite the fashion just then. "By George! I'd like to run away with her!" continued he, looking around on his two companions with a most benignant and generous expression, which plainly said, "There gentlemen, that settles her worth, I tell you!"

"I have no doubt several young gentlemen might be found to-day who would be quite willing to do the same," said van Delder, looking sharply at Tracy. "She is said to be enormously wealthy too, in her own right, if that would be an attraction for a poor European toiling and sweating under the equator to make a fortune."

"Indeed," quickly replied Markham, "then it would n't be such a bad speculation after all. But I suppose that old Mohammedan curmudgeon upon the Teng'gers, whom you call the Bopati, would find a way to change one's spiritual abode rather suddenly, if one attempted it, especially a disreputable Christian like myself, for instance."

"He probably would," answered van Delder, laughing, "on the score that your aspirations were too soaring."

"Humph!" ejaculated Markham, somewhat disdainfully; "there might be a difference of opinion on that point. But money and beauty both suit me, and I am willing to bear with him," he pursued, so engrossed with himself that he failed to notice that Tracy did not join in the conversation, but now arose and taking up his hat shook hands with van Delder and said he must be going.

"Oh! going, are you?" said Markham, observing Tracy's movement. "Well, good-by," extending his

hand while he still kept his seat. "But you have not told me what you thought of the princess," suddenly recollecting he had not heard the latter's opinion. "However, it don't make any difference now," perceiving Tracy did not answer; "only don't forget I am ready for the mountains at any moment; and Tracy," calling after the latter as he walked rapidly towards his carriage, "I think we ought to go."

"I think so too," shouted back Tracy, without turning his head.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Markham, shrugging his shoulders and looking after him, "I wonder what's up now?"

"The princess, I'll wager a rupee!" said van Delder, in the tone of a man who had just arrived at a conviction.

"What! the princess?" questioned Markham surprisedly. "You don't mean it, I'm sure."

"Why not?" asked van Delder. "It is natural at his age, and she is surprisingly lovely. A little high-colored, perhaps, but these extreme blondes admire that style immensely."

"Fudge! how you talk, van Delder," said Markham pettishly. "What have blondes or brunettes to do with a young simpleton's fancy?"

"Well, Tracy is not a simpleton to begin with," said van Delder warmly, "and it is a law of nature that man and woman should admire their opposites, and here we see the opposites or two extremes, one might say, and the result can easily be guessed at."

"I did n't think that of Tracy," said Markham, with a wounded, imposed-upon air. "Really, the fellow is trespassing upon my domains. I had thought of throwing a card in that direction myself."

"Take my advice, then, and stand aside," replied van

Delder. "You can't compete with Tracy in that sort of thing, old man," laughing in sly derision at what he considered the insufferable conceit and selfishness of his blasé companion.

"I think it is confoundedly mean in Tracy, anyhow," answered Markham. "Laugh as much as you like. This pretty princess would just suit me. She has good Javan blood, beauty, and a fortune, and as to the rest, I'm not particular. But if Tracy turns up as a rival, I suppose I must resign," continued Markham, thinking it politic to make a show of honorable generosity, instead of permitting himself to fall under the suspicion of unwilling compulsion, should the momentous question, which should have the princess, ever be disputed between himself and the dashing Tracy.

"That is very good of you, Markham," answered van Delder ironically, and laughing more heartily than ever.

"Humph," shrugged Markham, moodily relapsing into silence, trying to believe himself ill-treated, while van Delder lit a cigar, after offering him one, and began to smoke, without pressing the subject farther, resolving to assist Tracy in carrying off the princess bodily, rather than allow Markham to be indulged in his ridiculous self-conceit.

## CHAPTER XII.

MATTAH-DJARRI, who, notwithstanding the confusion and embarrassment that continually attended her, in this her first experience of life beyond the narrow limits of her father's *dalam* in Kali Chandi, found it all delightfully novel and pleasant, and thought she much preferred it to the monotony of the latter. It is true, she missed the pure and exhilarating mountain air, which seems to infuse new life into the blood, especially in the early mornings, when it was her habit to leave the confined air of the bed-chamber to drink coffee on some veranda or pavilion which affords a clear and unobstructed view of the glorious panorama ever unrolled from the heights of the Teng'gers. But these were small considerations to her at this time, for which she felt more than compensated by her delight and pleasure in the constant surprises by which she was surrounded.

The varied gayeties which she saw Josephine daily enter upon in company with agreeable companions of her own age and of both sexes, without either comment or restriction from any one, and their unquestioned manner of coming and going, saying and doing, and otherwise following whatever appeared to please them best, filled Mattah-Djarri with wonder and admiration. She had exchanged opinions with Wagari on the subject, and they both agreed that Josephine's mode of enjoying life was not only proper, but vastly preferable to the tiresome and everlasting seclusion imposed upon the women in the *dalam* of the Bopati, with all its gorgeous grandeur and



legions of obsequious servants. Occasionally, something would occur that would thrust a thought of her own future upon her attention, causing her to fall into frequent fits of sad abstraction, which would last until supplanted by the interest again inspired by new faces, new scenes, and new pleasures.

In her more sanguine moments, *Mattah-Djarri's* future rose before her clothed in the pleasing form and seductive coloring that marked the handsome *Pateh*. Then, all was bright and beautiful. In less favored periods the old *Tumung'gung* and his multiplicity of bickering wives presented themselves in the lonely apartments of some isolated *dalam*, garnished with side-pictures of her weeping mother and her own helpless misery. From these latter visions she turned suddenly away, unable with all the exaggeration of her Eastern imagination to throw a halo of mysterious attraction over or around the repulsive prospect.

Neither *Mattah-Djarri* or *Wagari* had learned anything further from *Keomah* in reference to the identity of the former's proposed husband, although *Wagari* had been constantly on the alert for the slightest hint that could lead to a correct suspicion. The only reward of the latter's vigilance was that she had observed *Sewa* and *Keomah* frequently engaged in what appeared to her an ominously earnest and serious conversation, during which *Keomah* always appeared distressed and *Sewa* indignant.

She further remarked that if the princess or *Josephine* approached at such times, *Sewa* and *Keomah* abruptly changed or dropped the conversation and fell back to their usual placid and indifferent manner.

The dried old *Tumung'gung* at once introduced himself to *Wagari's* fancy, and she was sure he was the sub-

ject of these portentous interviews. She communicated these observations and inferences to her mistress, as she felt in duty bound to do, and found the latter agreed with her in her opinion, and they both declared it was the only drop of bitterness in their present experience.

But even this had for Mattah-Djarri its panacea, which grew more sweet and palatable the longer she quaffed it. The dark shadows encircling these suspicions were succeeded as before by the bright sunshine enveloping the handsome Patch, with comparative remembrances of Barabatah's grief and despair and her joyful rescue by the gallant Adawara.

Thus the time passed, during Mattah-Djarri's visit, in alternate periods of gloom and vivacity, which depressed or elated the watchful Wagari accordingly, and also excited the anxious concern of Josephine, who adopted many innocent ruses to induce her cousin to confide the cause of her occasional depression to her.

"Do tell me, dearest Mattie," Josephine would urge, when she saw the clouds settling on her cousin's bright face, "what is it that troubles you? My European governess used to tell us, it relieved the conscience and lightened the heart to disclose their griefs. Come, tell me, then," she would continue laughing, "is it the burden of heart or conscience that weighs you down?"

To all Josephine's anxious solicitations or tender railery Mattah-Djarri would only answer by impulsively throwing her arms around her cousin's neck, hiding her face on her bosom, and not unfrequently giving way to a succession of distressing sobs that appeared to almost break her heart, and which made Josephine very unhappy for the time. Beyond these demonstrations, which revealed so much, yet said so little, Mattah-Djarri would not commit herself. In truth, when tempted, as she

sometimes was, to confide in Josephine, she felt she had nothing but surmises and presentiments to communicate. Restrained by this fact, she decided to keep her own counsel until she knew positively what the Bopati had determined her future to be. Her pride and sensitiveness rendered her unwilling to speak to Josephine of the Tumung'gung or the Pateh as a husband; especially of the latter, whom Josephine knew personally, and to whom she herself had never spoken, and of whose sentiments, besides, she was entirely ignorant. If she had to become the Radan Itu of the old Tumung'gung, she feared Josephine might laugh at her high hopes and her disappointment in reference to the Pateh, who was so infinitely above the older noble, in her estimation, that she was ashamed to speak of him as a possible candidate for a position the latter might be destined to fill. And if the wife of the Pateh, as she hoped, she felt it would be best to let him or her parents be the first to say so. Therefore, to all Josephine's overtures, in insinuating that she herself had a grief she was willing to impart in return for Mattah-Djarri's confidence, the latter remained silent.

"Perhaps you are in love, dear Mattie," suggested Josephine, a day or two before her cousin was to depart for Kali Chandi, indulging the school-girl's belief that all the sorrows and sadness of women must rest on that agreeable basis. Perceiving that Mattah-Djarri only smiled and shook her head without making further reply, Josephine continued, "If you are in love, dear, I can fully sympathize with you, for I also have my anxieties," then paused and waited for Mattah-Djarri to ask the usual eager questions of what, whom, and where, which generally pass between young girls on such momentous occasions.

“What a queer girl she is!” thought Josephine, after waiting a few moments and finding that her companion said nothing, although she looked at her with eyes full of anxious sympathy.

Mattah-Djarri, though cherishing the warmest appreciation of her cousin and consequently deeply interested in everything the latter said or did, thought it would be dishonorable to inquire into Josephine’s secret troubles, unless she intended to divulge her own. This conviction impelled her to repress her curiosity and refrain from asking Josephine questions, although she perceived she was invited to do so.

“You have not much curiosity, Mattie, and you don’t care if I am unhappy,” reproachfully continued Josephine, drawing a long sigh.

“Oh! Josie, how can you say so?” ejaculated Mattah-Djarri, throwing up her hands in denial, and quite shocked at the idea of such a thought entering into the mind of her cousin, whom she adored.

Josephine said no more at the moment and dropped into silent musing, during which time Mattah-Djarri’s awakening suspicions recalled many little incidents she now began to clothe with a serious meaning.

She had often observed her cousin receive letters brought to her by a *gandek* (messenger), though without any appearance of secrecy. These letters Josephine would hastily press to her bosom before eagerly tearing them open to read with increasing color and excited manner; after which, she would walk up and down the room, her face and eyes glowing and burning with a new fire, and her whole presence seeming to rise and expand into a fuller and grander woman, under the influence of some mysterious and powerful emotion.

When Mattah-Djarri witnessed these unexpected whirl-

winds of passion thus take possession of the self-possessed Josephine, she was always half-frightened and awed into wondering and deferential silence. Their possible and, perhaps, probable explanation never before presented itself to her mind; even now it only assumed a vague and indefinite shape, which she felt it was wrong to allow her rising suspicions to interpret as she found she was doing. Nevertheless, a new idea had suddenly fixed itself in her imagination, and she unconsciously began to regard Josephine as quite another person. A new being, indeed! dominated and carried along by the force of some unknown and all-conquering power, such as Wagari had described to her in her romances.

Mattah-Djarri gazed upon her cousin in meditative amazement, reproaching herself for not having accredited her with all the superiority she now considered she possessed. To her mind, Josephine suddenly became an exalted creature. A woman with a secret, and that secret was perhaps concealed love.

As these unusual and interesting speculations flitted through Mattah-Djarri's brain and her eyes rested upon the subject of them, sitting dreamily inside the low window, apparently lost in her own reflections, a messenger covered with dust suddenly stood on the outside before the open casement, bearing something in his hand which was evidently intended for Josephine.

Mattah-Djarri was about to direct the latter's attention to the boy, when Josephine looked up and saw him herself. Instantly her whole appearance changed. Her face flushed a bright pink, and impatience and delight replaced her former inactivity and absorption.

"What do you bring?" she demanded, rising from her seat. The boy dropped upon his heels and drew a small package from a box which he extended towards Josephine, who received it with unmistakable joy.

It was but the work of a moment to unwrap the silky paper enveloping the parcel, which revealed a little box of exquisite workmanship, its sides and lid set with precious stones, that sparkled and flashed in the strong light from the window, greatly enhancing its beauty. Josephine examined it for a few moments, while her face depicted the pleasure it gave her. Then turning it over she touched a hidden spring, and the lid suddenly flew up, disclosing a paper neatly folded within.

Taking it out with a smile, she pressed it to her lips, then unfolding it, began to read without either apology or explanation to her cousin, who sat looking at her in surprise, silently wondering who could be the sender.

As Mattah-Djarri again watched the color rising in Josephine's face and saw her eyes dilate in the intensity of her emotion, as she eagerly traced the boldly written characters on the page before her, her breath beginning to go and come in short swelling gasps, as she read and reread her letter, pausing occasionally to scrutinize attentively every dot and meaningless scratch upon the sheets, and otherwise expressing the excitement that was taking possession of her, she felt like invoking the curse of the Prophet upon whatever or whoever was the cruel instigator of it all.

After the perusal of the letter, Josephine refolded it and returned it to the casket without speaking to her companion and rose to her feet to pace the floor in her former excited manner, appearing to be utterly unconscious of the continued presence of another. Mattah-Djarri was still sitting in mute wonder, vainly trying to analyze or understand the depth and nature of the sentiment that could so rapidly transform her self-possessed and splendid cousin into the anxious, trembling, forgetful woman now walking rapidly up and down the room, with her

hands clasped and her eyes fixed and set in a reflecting, far-away gaze, while her whole external appearance was wrought up and so changed, in some unaccountable way, as to make her scarcely recognizable.

After Josephine had continued her walk for some time, her eyes suddenly fell upon Mattah-Djarri. Stopping before her she interlaced her slender fingers and extending her two hands, thus locked together, imploringly towards her, exclaimed in tones of anguish, —

“What will I, what shall I do, dear Mattie, in this crushing perplexity that comes upon me?” while great, transparent tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, dropping one at a time on the marble floor, leaving big round splashes on its polished surface, resembling the warning and scattered drops that herald the first approach of the coming storm.

“You don’t speak, you don’t answer,” she continued in a low, mournful tone, observing Mattah-Djarri open her lips to speak, then hesitate and remain silent, while she looked pityingly and helplessly up at her face, her moist eyes expressing the pain she felt; for she knew not what to say, or how to offer comfort or advice, in the presence of such an imperious, overwhelming passion as this, which now evidently swept her companion out of herself.

“But you don’t know, you don’t understand,” pursued Josephine, raising her voice as she recollected Mattah-Djarri was in ignorance of the existence of the devouring sentiment that filled her heart and seemed to her to be her life itself, all the life for which she cared to live.

“No, I don’t, dear Josie,” now returned Mattah-Djarri in a solemn, awe-struck whisper, rising and taking Josephine’s two hands and covering them with her own, “but what is it? Tell me, what is this dreadful grief that dis-

turbs and distresses you?" adding after a little pause in a trembling voice, "indeed, you frighten me," a sudden vague fear of some secret crime flashing across her brain, as she recalled the bloody thrusts and frequent amok among her own race, where life was held as nothing when it obstructed the smooth flow of their passionate love, incurred their hate, aroused their jealousy, or incited their revenge. Mattah-Djarri's mind was ready at this moment to grasp at any possible solution of Josephine's trouble, however improbable it might have appeared to another. She had not yet experienced the magical potency of a genuine first love, and but poorly understood the transforming power of that strange, mysterious force that will suddenly arise in the breast of the young and sweep everything before it. She was not permitted to indulge her preposterous reflections very long, however, for Josephine immediately took up her question by answering in a clear and emphatic voice, —

"This dreadful grief that disturbs and distresses me, as you term it," with a proud smile, "is a joy. A joy that punishes, consoles, depresses, then inspires and makes everything glorious. It is to feel" — reflecting a moment — "in short, Mattie, it is to cherish a sentiment that brings with it exquisite joy and exquisite pain. A passion that controls you, consumes you, possesses you wholly and entirely, leading you whither it will." Pausing a moment during which her companion gazed at her in wondering silence she resumed, raising her voice more impressively and continuing her promenade, "I am happy, happier than I ever was before, yet, contradictory as it may appear, I am miserable, oh, so miserable!" she cried, wringing her hands and sinking down, pale and wretched-looking, against the cushions on a seat opposite her cousin, covering her face with her hands and bursting into tears.



“Don’t weep, dear Josie,” said Mattah-Djarri, springing up and going to her and slipping her arm lovingly around her neck; “you are excited now. You will” —

“I am not excited,” said Josephine interrupting her quickly, “but I love him, I love him! I cannot tell you how my very life depends on — on his — and papa won’t believe it; he won’t listen to me when I tell him it must be,” wiping her eyes and looking up pathetically into the face of her companion.

“I wish, indeed I wish I could help you,” cried Mattah-Djarri, drawing the beautiful head closer to her bosom and the tears filling her eyes; “but I don’t know how to give advice,” wishing she knew who was the object of this intense devotion, yet hesitating to ask.

“I don’t really mean to ask you for advice,” returned Josephine; “I know I will do what I can’t help, what I don’t want to help, but,” complainingly, “it is papa’s fault that I suffer these dark spells. He will have it to answer for,” she concluded a little revengefully, feeling it most unkind and inconsistent that he, who had never refused her anything in all her life, should refuse her now.

“Does he know?” questioned Mattah-Djarri, in some apprehension, the habitual reverence and obedience with which she had been taught to regard her father’s wishes, causing a sensation of doubtful fear to rise in her mind.

“Of course papa knows,” replied Josephine, surprised that any one could ask her a question that implied ignorance of the familiar confidence that had always existed between her and her father, and which also hinted that she could be deceiving him. “Papa knows all about it,” she repeated after a pause. “I am real unhappy for him. But he is the one who is wrong. He ought to understand, for he must have felt as I do, when he fled with my

mother, and now he should sympathize with me instead of making me miserable. It seems to me this is his duty. Don't you think so too, Mattie?" she asked, looking pleadingly into the face of the latter, hoping she would say she agreed with her and strengthen her wavering convictions on this point. It was a sore trial to the indulged Josephine to think her father could not be brought to approve of her overwhelming passion, and to participate in her dearest wish. It made her fear that there might be a semblance of right on his side.

"I have been taught to think the Bopati's will is not to be disputed, and must be right and best for me," answered Mattah-Djarri, a painful sense of the impossibility of contending against it crossing her mind.

"Yes, I am aware of the perfect subjection of a Javanese woman," said Josephine, impatiently; "but I have been brought up in a different school, you know, and can't feel as you do about these things. I know papa is wrong. I must choose my own happiness," she added, half indignant that he should wish to interfere,—her frank and intimate companionship with him unconsciously causing her to regard all restraint and interference on his part with her desires and plans as little less than a presumption he had no right to assume.

"The Sastras commands women to be silent and cheerfully submissive when the Petri (father or head of a family) speaks," said Mattah-Djarri, attempting to feel dutiful and obedient towards her own fate, whatever it might be, and not knowing what else to say, yet feeling she must say something.

"I am not so crazy about that kind of duty as you are, dear Mattie, I am sure," said Josephine; "yet I would like to please papa, if he would be reasonable, but now that seems impossible," and letting herself slip farther

down between the pillows and cushions piled up behind her, she relapsed into silence.

Mattah-Djarri, glad to escape the necessity of discussing a philosophy she did not comprehend, made no further effort to arouse her companion or prolong the conversation, while she pondered about who the mysterious "him" could be and wondered if she had seen him; thinking he must be one of Josephine's many European acquaintances, and hoping she herself would never be absorbed to such forgetfulness of others as Josephine betrayed at times, in her professed love and admiration for this unknown. Perceiving the latter remained silent and motionless and to all appearances asleep, Mattah-Djarri arose softly and stood regarding her a moment with a face full of pity and love, then quietly left the room, to seek the retirement of her chamber, to reflect upon her affairs and bring her mind to the cheerful confidence and submission she had recommended to her cousin.

When the time arrived for Keomah and her daughter to return to Kali Chandi, it was arranged that Sewa and Josephine should follow them within a fortnight and pass some weeks at the dalam of the Bopati, for the purpose of benefiting by the cool and bracing air of the Teng'gers during the intense heat of the Mangsa trang (dry monsoon, or dry and clear season), whose scorching heats appeared to be unfavorable to Josephine. The Bopati had invited them himself, generously offering them the hospitality of his palace, and, in fact, of the whole kampong, he said, if they chose to appropriate it; therefore the two princesses took leave of Sewa and Josephine in the expectation of welcoming them very soon among the mountains in their own home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE week following the return of Keomah to Kali Chandi, a small group of foreigners passed through the principal streets of the kampong on their way to the dalam or palace of the Bopati.

These strangers were dressed in costumes that only a few of the more adventurous inhabitants — those who had visited the coast — had ever seen before. The narrow brimmed hats they wore, affording so little protection from the sun, particularly attracted their attention, causing them to smile when they compared them with their own broad and shady chapungs of plaited bambu, in shape and duty resembling an umbrella.

Their close fitting garments they also considered very absurd. "How silly to be so smothered up," they said among themselves, looking down on their own half-naked bodies, and cool, breezy sarongs, wondering the clever Europeans had not a better idea of what was necessary.

Arriving in front of the alun-alun of the dalam, the strangers halted to look around, until two barefooted, half-clad, military looking individuals, with gay handkerchiefs tied upon their heads and several ugly-looking crises (short daggers) stuck in their belts, appeared before them and with the accustomed sembah begged permission to conduct them into the presence of their master. Reaching the waringen trees they dismounted and consigned their kudas (horses) to a number of servants who seemed to spring up out of the ground, so silently and suddenly did they appear.

The military-looking individuals led them up a broad flight of white, stone steps to the lawang seketing, where they were met by the Bopati, an elderly, dignified-looking man in rich native dress, with two glittering jeweled-handled krises in his belt. They informed him they were a party of tourists going to the summits of the Teng'gers, begged to pay him their respects and present an introduction kindly accorded one of their number by Sarjio the Pateh, who was coming from another direction and would join them later. The Bopati with true oriental hospitality assured them they were welcome, politely offered them the accommodations of his palace, and urging them to make themselves at home, bowed and retired.

They were immediately surrounded again by a number of attendants, each of whom singled out a guest, and bending before him almost to the ground, requested him to enter the passadong (second salon where guests are entertained) and partake of tea, coffee, and tombaku (tobacco). From the passadong they were shown into cool and spacious, shaded chambers, where soft India rugs were spread before each article of furniture. Here the servants brought them brightly painted sarongs and kalambis, to replace their warmer garments, in which to sleep away the noon-day heat, which is very oppressive during the two or three hours of perfect stillness between the falling of the land breeze and the rising of the sea breeze. The wearied guests needed no second invitation to rest and refresh themselves after their long and exhausting ride up through the groves and gardens on the mountain-side.

At four o'clock the servants reappeared, bearing again to each guest the fragrant tea, coffee, and tombaku, indicating it was time to rise and prepare for the after-

noon bath. Aroused and brightened by the stimulating beverages, they were conducted through a long colonnaded passage, paved with yellow and black squares of tile, to the umah mandi or bathroom, an immense chamber lighted and ventilated by horizontal apertures in the walls, close up under the eaves of the overhanging attap. The floor was paved with polished tiles like the passage leading to it, and gently depressed on one side to carry off the water. On the highest side a row of little bambu apartments were ranged against the wall, furnished with large, red earthen tuns always filled with pure, clear mountain water, the latter called hadi, and made soft and pearly by slow filtering through gigantic vessels of porous stone which stood around the larger apartment, their contents continually dropping from their pointed bottoms into huge flat basins set below, giving out a splashy, pleasant sound which impressed the ear with a refreshing sense of coolness and enjoyment. Coconut gajungs, black and polished from long use, hung on pegs from the walls, and fresh, dry sarongs, covered with the brilliant figures of sprawling animals, were laid on the shelves ready for use.

Towels and rasping flesh brushes were not to be seen, these adjuncts of civilization not deemed necessary in a climate where the heated atmosphere immediately absorbs all moisture without additional aid.

Large wooden boxes were arranged above the open tops of the small apartments and supplied with water by servants who carried it up slender bambu ladders in vessels on their heads. A mechanical contrivance was attached to these small reservoirs to be kept in motion by a huli on the outside of the building and directed by the bather inside, whereby the latter could receive gently falling showers on the top of his head ; or be pelted by

sudden and savage gusts of rain ; or fired upon by rushing jets and heavy streams ; or dashed all over in one grand swoop ; or wrapped and enveloped in a soft caressing spray, which mildly stole upon him like the evening breeze and was the greatest luxury of all.

The noise made by the Europeans brought several enormous gekkos (species of house lizard from twelve to twenty inches long) from the corners under the eaves, where they had slumbered undisturbed for years, to see what was the occasion of the unusual uproar. Cautiously peeping over the edge of the wall, they hesitated a moment to collect their frightened wits, then scuttled across the ceiling with their huge green and red spotted backs downwards, like a fly on a similar expedition. Multitudes of little brown lizards (scincoidian), down below followed the example of their gigantic cousins overhead, by darting out from under the water basins and rattan seats, whisking their long tails around in returning again for a moment's reflection, preparatory to making a bold and final dash over the slippery floor to less exciting quarters on the other side of the room.

Some half dozen cockatoos and parrots, hung in the shade of the bathroom during the noon-day heat, joined the general complaint, — the former by raising their regal crests of pink and sulphur and screeching as loud as they could ; — the latter by turning their heads to one side, moving uneasily from one foot to the other, rattling the delicate chains that attached their legs to the short lengths of bambu whereon they stood and calling out " *Siapa ini* " in notes so loud that they attracted the curiosity of a number of pet wou'wous or gibbons romping and swinging in the trees near by. Leaping up to the horizontal openings near the top of the walls, there they remained, sitting, hanging, and embracing one another ;

listening, watching, and staring down on the strangers with inquisitive eyes, trying their best to comprehend the meaning of it all. Such noisy laughing and talking had never before been heard in that bathroom. For the Javanese come and go, dress, bathe, work, and wait in serious silence. A loud or boisterous individual among them is considered a disgrace to his family and his religion.

From the bathroom the Europeans, directed by their solemn attendants, proceeded to a broad side-veranda usually called in Java a gallery. It was lavishly furnished in the fashion of the country and cooled and perfumed by the shaded and fragrant air wafted over it through the flowers and foliage of a blossoming nutmeg grove, which filled up the space between that side of the dalam and the prickly edge of an adjacent jungle. Here they stretched themselves on luxurious lounges, covered with rich Eastern stuffs, reclined on seductive easy-chairs, or propped themselves up in fanciful positions on springy divans covered with pillows of the silky kapok, to smoke, rest, or idly dream away the still more dreamy time till the hour to dress arrived for the mangan wengi (evening meal), the second most important in the Javanese day. In the distance below they could see the changing ocean and occasionally inhale a whiff of the salty vapor carried by the evening breeze up the mountain-side, while they listened to the melancholy call of the ring-dove, here a common forest bird, softly chiding its absent mate in the surrounding groves. As the evening drew on, the air was made strangely musical by the suppressed hum of millions of insects that spring into life and motion in tropical climes as the still heat of the day dies away; to which was added the faint echo of the savage and half famished beasts disputing over their evening repast in the neighboring jungles.



When the sun had entirely disappeared in its brilliant watery bed, a close observer might have seen poisonous scorpions and hideous lizards descend from the lovely foliage, and hissing serpents untwine their long bodies and glide down the graceful trees to disappear in the thick grass ; while the songs of strange nocturnal birds rang out upon the dreamy air, and constellations never seen in temperate zones took their places in the deep blue above, and all nature rejoiced in the silent splendor of an equatorial night.

## CHAPTER XIV.

AN hour after darkness had set in, the Bopati with his guests, the latter refreshed and clad in white linen suits, were assembled around the table in the umah makan (dining pavilion) of the dalam.

The room was large, open on all sides with a projecting roof supported by rows of white columns contrasting pleasantly with the red-tile floor. Numberless uncovered bowl-shaped lamps, in which the white pith of the aren floated and burned in the clear green kalapa (cocoa-nut) oil, sprang out from the walls and hung in clusters from the ceiling, throwing out a soft radiance that filled the room with a mellow light. Incense lamps filled with burning dupa were placed on the floor around the sides of the room, perfuming the air with their agreeable odor. Small boys in gay kalambis stood here and there about the apartment, like bright spots on the dark floor, holding lighted coils of talli api in waiting response to the demands of cigar and chebung. In a far-off corner two servants stood pulling a red silk cord which kept in motion a swinging punkah suspended from the ceiling over the table, causing a current of cool air to circulate throughout the room.

The table was abundantly supplied with the cookery of the country, consisting chiefly of the diversified preparations of nasi (boiled rice) which might appear to be a scanty and meagre diet in a cold climate, but is palatable, nutritious, and thoroughly desirable in a warm one, owing no doubt to the manner in which it is prepared and served,

— each grain of rice being soft, dry, and separated. It is then eaten with some one of the innumerable varieties of curries, which are always used to give it zest, to which are added selections from the endless assortment of sambels that compose one of the most important aids to food in the Indian Archipelago.

These sambels consist of a highly seasoned condiment prepared from fish, flesh, and vegetables and are always eaten with rice; also, a preparation of shrimps called blachang, and another, composed of a mixture of fruits, called rijac, in which green mangoes, capsicum, and pungent spices form a prominent feature. The smoked and dried flesh of the deer, known by the name of dinding, and the salted, hard-boiled eggs of the Muscovy duck, which are a peculiarly Indian preparation, are used to mix with the rice, which latter forms the general foundation of an Indian repast.

Fish, flesh, and fowl were well represented, but in such small proportions compared to the alternate pyramids of rice, some colored yellow and some brown, that they became entrées instead of the principal dishes.

Candied fruits and pastry called ketan were served last, with the luscious fruits unknown beyond the torrid zone. The pesang rajah and pesang susu (king and milk bananas), which quite take the place of bread with the native inhabitants; the delicious durian with its intolerable odor; the deep purple manggistan covering the white, pearly, juicy pulp inside its hard rind, and the fragrant menona or custard apple; the pumblemoos, the blimbing, the jack-fruit, with many other kinds, were heaped in broad platters upon the table, to be eaten with or after the meal. Tamak, the palm-wine of the country, made from the sap of the sugar-palm, and differing in strength and flavor with its age, constituted

the principal beverage, and was followed by coffee, tea, chocolate, and some fine wines from Europe, which finished the abundant collation.

The Bopati considered it his duty to honor his guests by sitting at the head of his table, in direct opposition to the customs of the Javanese. Opposite him, at the foot of the table, sat Sarjio, the Pateh, and beside him on the right, young Tracy, his European friend. The others arranged themselves according to their taste. Markham and van Delder, who were of the party, sat beside each other; the former thinking about the princess and her ample fortune, and the unique grandeur of her father's palace, and wondering in what part of it she, herself, was stowed away.

"Do you think she will appear?" whispered he to van Delder, pursuing his thoughts and keeping one eye on the Bopati, towards whom he felt he was playing a deceitful part, in daring to raise his eyes to his beautiful daughter.

"Who are you talking about?" demanded van Delder shortly, pretending not to understand him, and afraid the Bopati, whom he knew understood both English and Dutch, might hear.

"Why, his daughter, to be sure," replied Markham, nodding his head towards the master of the house. "Do you think we'll see her?"

"Hush, he will understand you," softly replied van Delder, who had no notion of being turned out of his pleasant quarters in the middle of the night, to look for lodgings among the wild beasts of the Teng'gers.

"What would he do if he heard me?" again whispered Markham, his fears coming to the surface.

"I suspect some fine, fat tiger from the jungle would breakfast on your dainty carcass," answered van Del-

der, running his eye over the sleek limbs and well-fed body of his friend.

“Then I guess I’ll subside for the present,” said Markham, feeling a little shudder run down his spine and staring hard at the Bopati, as he thought what a pity he should lose the chance of a fortune for such an old heathen. “I declare,” continued he, after a pause, “I wish I’d gone to the piting’gi,” — the village chief, whose duty it was to receive strangers, render them assistance, make bargains, and receive payments.

“For what purpose?” asked van Delder, in some surprise, thinking, “Well, the fellow’s gone crazy at last.”

“Oh! then, if I had had an opportunity, I might have improved it,” he replied; “but, when one is a man’s guest, you know” —

“Yes, I know,” interrupted van Delder warningly, “if you are not careful you’ll get us all in trouble. I see the Bopati is wondering what we are whispering about, and you have stared at him so, he is no doubt suspicious. These people are always on the alert for treachery, and this man is celebrated for his vigor and cruelty when once aroused. If we are all murdered to-night, your imprudence will be the cause.”

“Great Jupiter!” exclaimed the giddy and selfish Markham, forgetting his caution and speaking loud enough to be heard all around the table. “I’ll eat no more of his rice!” laying down his knife, spoon, and fork.

“Be quiet — do,” said van Delder, impatiently, noticing that they were attracting the attention of their companions, especially that of the Patch, whose gleaming eyes were bent upon them in marked disapprobation, whether of their subject or their bad manners, van Delder was unable to decide.

"You look frightened, Markham," cried Tracy at this moment. "Pooh, man, that is nothing but the salutation of a Royal Bengal," — alluding to the deep roar of a tiger which was prowling around outside the bambu walls of the kampong. Tracy, who had overheard part of the conversation, instantly comprehended it all, and his quick intuition detecting the Patch's unspoken reproof, as well as the slight ripple of curiosity around the table, he immediately presented the ominous sounds as an explanation.

"It is really bloodthirsty," replied Markham, looking gratefully at Tracy for covering his indiscretion. "It spoils my appetite, but I'll get used to it, no doubt."

Markham had not been very long in the East, and had no idea of the danger to which he exposed himself and his friends if he aroused any suspicion of deceit or treachery on their part, in the mind of their host; and, although frightened by the warning words of van Delder, he took up his fork and spoon again and began to mix his rice and curry, whispering back that he had not liked "the looks of those two barbarians," — meaning the two Javan nobles, — "with their belts stuck full of krisés, from the very first," and thought they had better leave the *dalam* in the morning.

Behind the chair of each guest stood an attentive servant, whose dress indicated that he was the personal attendant of his master. It was this servant's duty to be always on the alert and in all circumstances near his master's person, to anticipate his desires, detect his wants, watch his interests, receive his commands and transmit his messages, and also wait on him at table if required. In the present case the servants of the Bopati served the food. Behind the latter's chair three men were stationed in a row: the same number, in the same attitude, stood

at the back of the Pateh. The last mentioned were Malays from the coast, and, though generally termed Javanese, their shorter stature and brighter color proclaimed the difference between the two races to those familiar with the population. The host and his guests spoke to the servants in the Malay tongue, which is so much like the Javanese that it is usually understood by both races ; but when they addressed each other, it was in Dutch, French, or English, all of these languages being more or less spoken by the white population in Java.

Both of the Javanese nobles felt somewhat embarrassed, especially the Bopati, sitting bolt upright before the table on straight-backed seats, conveying the food to their mouths with the, to them, awkward knife and fork, for it is the custom of the Javanese to be served singly on wooden, brass, or silver waiters, while they recline upon a couch or divan and eat with thumb and fingers. They made a polite effort, however, to conceal their discomfort, which was very much less to the young Pateh, who, having been educated in Europe, was familiar with Western habits, than to the old Bopati, who had never passed beyond the confines of the Indian Archipelago, and therefore knew little about the customs of other nations, beyond what he had picked up in his association with foreigners on the coast of his own island. This fact, however, gave him very little concern. As a host he entertained his guests with a liberal hospitality and the rigid etiquette of Javanese politeness, and cared nothing for their opinion of him or his manners. He was the "Bopati," or governor of that province, and as such he respected himself ; moreover, he considered it degrading in a Mohammedan to be influenced by the opinion of Christians.

Sarjio he liked and admired ; he was a member of

Keomah's family, and the son of a noble whose ancient blood was equal to his own. It was in consequence of his regard for the Pateh that he had thus thrown open his *dalam* to strangers with such unusual freedom. He looked upon the friends of the Pateh as fair representatives of a class of Europeans generally found in the East, — intelligent, self-reliant, energetic men ; active, independent, and rich from their own efforts ; enjoying an opinion of themselves and of each other that was more or less exalted, according to the degree of success that had attained the various enterprises and speculations in which they had embarked. Sarjio and Tracy, as we have before observed, were warm friends. Their familiar intimacy had occasioned no little comment from their friends on both sides ; for it was quite uncommon to see anything like exchange of friendship or confidence between a son of Islam and a believer of the Christian creed ; or between a fair-skinned European and a tawny descendant of Mongolia. Both young men were strikingly handsome and of a type entirely different, exhibiting so unmistakably the effects of numberless centuries of diet and climate that it was hard to believe they had sprung, in the beginning, from one common parent.

Some such thought as this must have run through the mind of the Bopati, who was a philosopher in his own way, for he sat and watched, with unwonted interest, the two young men opposite, — the one possessing the most attraction for him dark and sedate, with a golden tint suffusing his light-brown face, his eyes long, almond-shaped, and piercing black ; his manners distinguished by a grave and deliberate dignity that repelled all undue familiarity, yet was winningly agreeable ; his dress brilliant and costly in its half-savage splendor, but in perfect accord with the oriental face and bearing of its



wearer. The other, although about the same age, with his fair face, bright manners, and sparkling wit, appeared much younger. His eyes were of the clearest blue ; his hair, light and curly, covered a head of finest contour ; and his dress, of the purest white linen, tightly fitted a figure of which the gods might have been proud. The Bopati gazed at them both long and contemplatively. He instinctively felt this brilliant young foreigner was no common character, and he was also impressed with the same sentiment in regard to the young Pateh.

The high-bred European, who sat so perfectly at his ease while he carelessly and gracefully handled his knife and fork, — a performance which the Bopati considered a feat to be proud of, — conversing and laughing in a way that proved he was at home with himself and all around him, as indeed Tracy was everywhere, inspired the old Javan noble with sincere admiration. He studied him as one would have studied a curious picture.

The Pateh, although he betrayed no signs of timidity or awkwardness in his manners, seemed to sit in a sort of waiting attitude, handling his table implements in a visibly careful way, which proclaimed at once his want of constant practice. His face wore an expression of quiet and thoughtful seriousness cultivated by all the Javanese.

He replied to the lively sallies of his neighbors with a self-contained smile, accompanied sometimes by a courteous inclination of the head and upper half of the body. But to all noisy hilarity he looked superlatively aloof. Glances of the keenest intelligence shot from under his half-closed lids and danced in his long, black eyes, as they sometimes glittered and swam with a mirthful appreciation of the fun around him, to which his training and religion would not allow him to give further expression, though he listened in full enjoyment of it all.

His well-knit figure, more slender than that of the European, was firm, supple, and equally athletic, and as graceful and symmetrical as that of a girl. His face, bearing the characteristics of his race, was entirely beardless, with broad, full forehead; nose rather short and straight, with thin, beautifully curved nostrils; and short upper lip disclosing a mouth full of character and goodwill. The chin was well marked, denoting firmness and steady purpose. One felt here was a man who would perform whatsoever he undertook, that it would be no vain thing that would turn him aside.

The richness and magnificence of the Pateh's dress presented a dazzling contrast to the simple harmony of that of his friend, and was similar to that of the Bopati, only more brilliant and youthful. His head was covered with the ikat (folded handkerchief) of the batik sarak pattern, the peculiar design of which denoted the rank of the wearer. It completely concealed his long, straight black hair, which the Javans never cut, but twist up in the glung, a round knot at the back of the head, and tie the corners of the ikat under it, with ends arranged to hang down against the shoulders.

A short jacket called the sikapan, reaching below his waist, was made of heavy blue silk, over which figures of crimson elephants walked with trunks raised in the air, and peacocks with gold and green spreading tails strutted, while little ringed snakes wriggled uneasily under their feet. The sikapan rolling back off his chest in front exposed a fine, white Indian serge kotan (garment like a waistcoat) buttoned up high and close under the chin, with oval buttons in gold filigree.

A jarit of dark, rich brocaded silk, with border and figures to correspond with the sikapan, was wound closely around his hips and waist and allowed to descend over

the limbs like a skirt, one corner falling on the right side to the floor in graceful drapery, while the left was tucked up under his sabuk till it only reached the knee. This sabuk was of gold and crimson lace, and was wound many times around the waist, securing the jarit in place, and firmly tied at the left side in a bow, the long fringed ends reaching to the feet, which were bare and thrust into a pair of spatus, with toes richly embroidered and set with brilliants.

A kris with a sheath of the white and black variegated tomako-wood, inlaid with squares of gold and ivory, was stuck under the sabuk on the left side behind. And a shining we'dung — a cleaver-shaped hatchet, used to remove obstructions in traveling through the forests — was worn on the left, with a small delicate kris beside it, its handle blazing with diamonds and precious stones. Altogether the Pateh made a remarkable and brilliant figure at that dinner-table among the plain, white-skinned, white-dressed Europeans. Even the Bopati, in all his splendor, looked somewhat dim and ordinary beside him. The presence of the younger Javan seemed to emit a glow of dazzling radiance that one felt but could not easily describe.

A psychologist might have attributed it to his peculiar qualities of mind; a physiologist would have ascribed it, perhaps, to the contagious vitality thrown off by the redundant vigor of his health and youth, and the living, breathing beauty of his face and form, and called it probably the personal magnetism that surrounds every individual and makes itself more or less felt by all who approach them. The reader can decide it as he understands it; we only know that a halo of brightness and mentally perceptible splendor seemed to accompany the presence of the Pateh, in striking contrast with the

serious dignity of his deportment, which this evening made him a better listener than conversationalist.

The table-talk, however, was light and trivial, and not such as would draw out the interest or character of a man of any depth of thought. It referred principally to the coming expedition, in which the Pateh was expected to join, with anecdotes and experience of former excursions. Speculations were exchanged regarding the possibility and safety of descending to the sandy plain forming the bottom of the crater on the top of the mountain. Three gigantic cones rise from the centre of this crater, of which the largest and highest is the perpetually burning Brama.

The prospects for a wild boar hunt on the slopes and between the rocky ridges before they reached the summit, with the risks and excitements of a tiger hunt in the jungles, were brought forward, each in their turn.

Then came opinions about the most effective weapons to choose for defense and destruction, and the number of men required from the piting'gi for protection and assistance; computations of distances; and the extra wraps needed for protection from the increasing cold as they neared the distant peaks. At length the proposals were all heard, discussed, and dismissed, and an oppasser behind the Bopati motioned the small boys to come forward and present the talli api always offered to each guest when the meal is finished.

Small silver trays bearing cigars, pipes, and tambaku were passed around, the incense lamps replenished, and the huge punkah was swung more vigorously, while the guests leaned back in their seats to watch the curling smoke ascend till caught by the breeze from the punkah, which whirled it away in little fantastic clouds to settle in the distant corners of the room.

An hour or two later we find the guests again on the deep side-veranda, sitting in social groups, but talking very little. Several still held their cigars in their fingers, drawing an occasional whiff, and knocking off the ashes from the smouldering ends.

They all appeared to be occupied in contemplating the beauty of the superb night and the unrivaled prospect unrolled before them under the glorious brilliancy of the tropical full moon. High against the heavens they could see the lurid smoke of the Guning Brama rolling steadily upwards, twisting itself around, between, and above the patches of fleecy clouds which were settling down upon the rearing summits. Far below in the dreamy distance the glassy waters of the Indian Ocean flashed and stretched away off under the white moonlight like a gleaming mirror, till they met the studded blue of the arched horizon.

Right and left, and descending immediately in front of them, the black, heavy foliage of the groves, forests, and plantations were clearly outlined in the transparent radiance. The moon and stars appeared double and triple the size they present in temperate zones, their shimmering brilliancy increasing accordingly in the pure atmosphere.

The wonderful beauty was in perfect harmony with the strange calm that crept over everything around them as the night wore on. From time to time, the soft and saddening tones of a flute floated faintly through the air, expressing the anxious wish or unhappy love of some native swain who thus hoped to soften the hard heart of his mistress. At intervals harsher sounds rang out on the stillness of the air. The sudden scream of a hungry panther made them shudder over the possible fate of his victim, while they wondered if it was man or beast; and

the answering roar of two or three dissatisfied tigers from the swarming jungle caused several of them to draw nearer together in instinctive protection. Once they sprang to their feet in startled apprehension as their ears were assailed by the cacophonous cry of roving bands of monkeys and wou'wous, as they swept down through the forests, from the heights above, in search of food or in playful pursuit of one another, its half human intonation giving rise to the momentary suspicion that they were about to be attacked by a body of treacherous natives, who, being assured of their helplessness, had cast aside their usual caution and shouted in exultant prospective over their certain destruction.

But soon they smiled at their fears and resumed their seats, as their eyes met the surprised looks of the Bopati, who had also hastily arisen when he perceived the sudden alarm of his guests, and now laughingly explained the harmless character of the portentous noise. Not long after the scare of the wou'wous, their attention was attracted by that curious animal or bird known as the kulong, or flying fox, circling slowly around in the clear moonlight above the clustering tops of the cocoas and palms below them, watching for an opportunity to secure an evening meal on the tender sprouts and young fruit, whilst a wary and indignant native concealed in the shade below was also waiting for an opportunity to wreak a long-cherished vengeance on the depredators of his young groves.

The kulong bears a resemblance to an immense bat, which in truth it appears to be, except the head, which looks like the European fox. They live principally upon fruit and the delicate young shoots of the palm and cocoa trees. During the day they conceal themselves in the dark depths of the forest, where they hang from the

trees in great black patches, asleep and motionless. As soon as darkness appears, they arouse themselves and hurry forth to seek their food, generally in some choice cocoa-nut or palm grove : hence the anxious cultivator's malignity.

The kubin, or flying cat, next excited the astonishment of the Europeans, as they watched it suddenly dart up from the top of one tree and as suddenly fall down again upon the top of another. It, too, had been waiting for the shades of night to find a playground. The kubin is accredited by the ignorant natives with possessing dangerous powers of fascination, and is consequently regarded by them with feelings of superstitious awe and carefully avoided. Many calamities and misfortunes are ascribed by the Javanese montagnard to the malicious influence and interference of the kubin.

Indeed, a succession of surprises broke the monotony of the placid hours as they rolled on towards midnight, the usual hour for retiring, during which time the sea breeze that prevails during the day imperceptibly dies away and is succeeded, like the land breeze in the morning, by two or three hours of perfect calm. Thus the two currents perpetually alternate with each other, always preserving the hours of absolute tranquillity between. At night these hours form the most delightful period of the twenty-four. The intense stillness of midday prevails without its excessive heat ; and if there is moonlight, its untold glory in that climate diffuses itself over everything. Hill and vale are robed in new beauty. Abrupt lines are obliterated ; steep declivities become gentle undulations ; sharp peaks are rounded into graceful eminences, and certain familiar localities and well-defined distances become unknown, mysterious spaces, where imaginary angels, demons, and hobgoblins disport them-

selves. All nature is dreamy, languid, poetic, and vigorous; soothing, enervating, inspiring, and exulting, according to the receptive mood and condition of the mind to receive and interpret it. The predominant feeling, however, is a longing for absolute repose, for perfect inactivity of mind and body, with an irresistible desire to be left undisturbed and in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the wonderful calm that rests on everything around you; while, in the midst of scenes and landscapes glowing and teeming with robust life, you breathe in, as it were, with each inspiration, the delightful indescribable luxury of perfect stillness and quiet, without the oppression or dissatisfaction of solitude.



## CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE Keomah had recovered from the excitement of her recent visit, which for length and liberty had never been equaled in her life, and could compose her mind sufficiently to enter again calmly and intelligently upon the petty and monotonous routine of the dalam, she was sent for by the Bopati, and informed that he had now fully decided on fixing the day for the laki rabi (marriage ceremony) of the Radan Mattah-Djarri. Without asking her opinion or approval, which indeed he could never have understood as a part of a husband's duty, he desired her to make known his decision to their daughter, and to see that she was properly prepared for the occasion and the banschaki which was to follow it, as soon as the allotted forty days composing the period called the lamar, which was now to commence, had expired, during which time she was to observe the usual custom of not leaving the house.

This news, although expected sooner or later, was a terrible blow to the poor mother. At first she felt impelled to speak up and beg for delay, but, not feeling able to offer anything like a sensible reason for such a demand, nor daring to express or explain her objections, or even hint that she had any, or that the old Tumung'gung might be distasteful as a husband to a young and beautiful girl like Mattah-Djarri, she repressed her maternal instincts, and felt she could do nothing but make a respectful sembah and retire, in the conviction that her daughter's future was decided beyond all influence or control that she could, by any means, bring to bear upon it.

With a slow step and heavy heart she sought the apartments of the princess, repeating to herself, as she went, short snatches of instruction and encouragement from the Sastras, to enable her to communicate the dreadful news with the dignity and firmness it was her duty to assume in the discharge of all of the Bopati's commands. Her late short experience of unrestrained liberty and independence, added to the example of Sewa, had not tended to increase the perfect and cheerful submission to the Bopati's will in either her breast or that of her daughter, especially in a matter so serious and important as that of marriage. But how to make known these new sentiments, or obtain sufficient courage to express or define them intelligently, was something Keomah could not imagine. As she crossed the garden court, she stopped a moment under the oleander trees by the fountain, and pictured to herself Sewa's scorn and indignation when she should tell her that she had not dared to open her mouth in objection or disapproval when the Bopati had brought the final moment before her. Oh, what a weak, poor, cowardly mother she was for all, she thought! As she reflected upon it, her anger began to rise and she determined to go back to the Bopati and say something at least, to let him know that she deemed the marriage extremely unsuitable.

Yes, she said to herself, she would do that much and bear his anger for Mattah-Djarri's sake. Perhaps some good might come of it. Looking up, she saw the Bopati crossing the veranda, and decided that now was her opportunity. She started toward him, but as he approached he looked at her so sternly and with such an evident intention of not being spoken to, that her heart failed her, and she merely bowed her head and passed on as if not intending to address him at all.

As she sorrowfully pursued her way across the verandas and through the corridors, her indignation subsided, and she felt glad she had not accosted the Bopati ; she was more assured than ever that she would only have made matters worse. She thought how could she have named to him, above all others, her new ideas of independence, or have explained her strange and undefined longings for a fuller and higher life, if not for herself, at least for Mattah-Djarri, who was so young and so fully capable of entering upon and enjoying it, as her late intercourse with Josephine and the latter's companions had proved. How make the Bopati understand all this as she felt it, or convince him that the old Tumung'gung, with all his wealth and rank, could but make a wretched and repugnant husband for a girl in the full flush of youth, health, and beauty ?

The Bopati, like all Javanese nobles, never thought of these personal tastes in women. Keomah knew perfectly he had no conception of such female individuality, and would be not only amazed but no doubt furious with her for daring to aspire to such a degree of bold thought.

Keomah faltered and hesitated a moment outside the entrance of her daughter's apartments, to arrange in her mind some form of speech in which to make known to the latter the unattractive future that awaited her. She tried to find words in which to clothe the disagreeable message that would make it appear less forbidding than it was. Vain attempt, however : the longer she waited the more difficult it became, till at last, in despair, she passed under the curtains, with her mind in a state of hopeless confusion, trusting to chance or intuition to assist and guide her. She found Mattah-Djarri in the inner chamber, half sitting, half lying on a divan, with Wagari beside her, reading aloud from some book of travel or adventure.

“Pray be seated, O Keomah!” said Mattah-Djarri, looking up with a warm welcome in her eyes when she heard her mother’s footsteps, “and listen to this account of the actual customs practised by the inhabitants of the Timor Islands, where Wagari has been, and knows it to be the truth.”

Keomah, glad of an excuse to defer as long as possible her unpleasant duty, dropped into the nearest seat without speaking, and motioned to Wagari to proceed, who, turning back to the chapter she had just commenced, read in a low, clear voice —

#### THE STORY OF MASHBA.

“Mashba was a beautiful maiden beloved by all her family and admired by their friends. Her complexion was a golden brown, and her eyes shone like the stars. Love and goodness beamed from her face. Her hair was long and wavy and fell down and covered her feet. Her teeth were black and curved in the centre, and her lips were red like the juice of the wong kuda. Her cheeks were rounded like the pumblemus, with a rosy tint diffusing the lower half. Her neck and arms were slender and graceful as a willow bow, and her fingers long and tapering. Her feet were small, with pink soles, and her figure was pliable and majestic. She walked like a princess and looked like an angel. She wore a dress covered with purple flowers embroidered with her own fingers, and scented with the perfume of the melati blossom, and when she came into the room it was as if the sun had risen.

“Mashba had two brothers, one older and one younger than herself. They all lived together in a dwelling built of bambu, covered with attap made of the nipa and green vines, and situated on the side of a stream running through the great valley of the Timor.

“One morning a young traveler stopped at the door and begged a cup of water, which the gentle Mashba gave him and wished him a safe journey. When the sun set that evening, Mashba’s brothers were surprised to see the same traveler return and ask for a night’s lodging. In the morning when he was ready to depart he called Abakir, the eldest brother, aside, told him his name was Paraski, showed him a certificate of the wealth he possessed in sheep and horses, and asked for Mashba to wife. Abakir was loath to give the lovely Mashba to a stranger, but seeing her eyes full of tearful entreaty, he consented, and the young stranger henceforth became one of their family.

“As time passed, Mashba learned to love her husband more and more every day, till at length she never was happy out of his presence.

“They fished in the stream together; rode the wild ponies side by side over the mountains; tended the sheep and cattle together; planted the babit in rows that were just alike; wore sarongs of the same pattern; and counted the moons on the same stick.

“The elder brother saw it and was glad, but Namel, the younger brother, was jealous. He loved Mashba, and could not endure to see her forget him for a stranger.

“One night Paraski sickened and died. Mashba dressed herself in pure white, and kneeling beside his dead body refused to leave it. On the second morning the corpse had to be burned, as was the custom among the Timor people, and Abakir was horrified to hear Mashba declare she would be burned on the pyre with it. Namel fell into convulsions when he heard of Mashba’s decision. According to the custom of those islanders, Mashba could do as she pleased, and although it was considered a great honor in a family for a woman to die with her husband,

all her friends were sorry and tried to dissuade her. She was firm, however, and began to prepare herself for death. She had the same vein of jealousy in her blood that had so tormented Namel. She thought of Paraski sitting by the side of shady fountains in Paradise and being waited upon by lovely maidens. She saw them smile upon him and heard the disputes about who should be the first recipient of his favors, and resolved to go and wait upon him herself.

“When the hour came for the disposal of the body, it was brought out and placed upon a bier in an open space, with the feet pointing towards the rising sun, and Mashba, in pure white, stood at the head, and all the people formed themselves in a circle around them. Her friends came one by one to take leave of her. Meanwhile the most inspiring music was played and gay songs were sung; for all rejoiced in Paraski’s good fortune, and the adulation he was receiving in Paradise.

“Custom made it the duty of Mashba’s nearest relations to plunge a knife into her bosom before she ascended the funeral pyre; therefore Abakir, as her eldest brother, had to be the first to commit the bloody deed. Suppressing his tears he went up to her,—while all the people looked on and applauded,—embraced her, kissed her, and asked her again to retract her vows and stay with him and Namel. She shook her head and kept her eyes fixed on Paraski’s face. He then kissed her again, pressed her to his bosom with his left arm, and stabbing her at the same moment with a kris held in his right hand, fainted. He was borne away, and now it was Namel’s turn. He came forward twice, and each time retreated, unable to embrace Mashba and give her the fatal blow which was expected to take her life. She stood faint and trembling with pain, and begged him to do it quickly, while the

music played faster and louder and Namel was urged forward. At last in desperation he rushed up behind her and plunged his kris into her neck, then, dashing it upon the ground, fled to the mountains.

“In a few moments Mashba was laid, dying from loss of blood, on the pyre beside the dead body of Paraski; and before the fire was in full blaze she had breathed her last.

“That night Abakir put aside his grief and went in search of Namel. He found him sitting beside a jungle swamp, with mud heaped on the top of his head. Abakir was amazed and grieved to hear Namel confess he had put poison in an orange and given it to Paraski to eat, the day before he died. Abakir’s sorrow was now increased threefold. He mourned over Namel’s wickedness as much as for the death of Mashba and Paraski.

“‘What wilt thou do now, O Namel?’ inquired Abakir when the latter refused to return with him. ‘Thou canst not live here in this desert place beside the jungle.’

“‘I will die here,’ said Namel. ‘Paraski ever stands before my eyes and Mashba turns her face away from me. I cannot look upon the scenes where they have dwelt. I am punished for my wickedness in having had to deal the blow that took her life. It was just.’

“In much sadness Abakir lay down under a bush beside Namel that night and often was he wakened by his brother’s groans of remorseful anguish. When it was dawn he arose and remembered he had dreamed that two white doves came and sat upon the branches above his head, sang to each other, fed out of each other’s mouths, and called to him ‘O Abakir! we are Mashba and Paraski,’ then soared away towards the clouds and disappeared; while a black raven was chained fast to the torn trunk of a tree below them and croaked and begged

for food, water, and liberty, and hoarsely groaned, 'O Abakir! I am Namel.' In fright Abakir turned to his brother and shook him. He was dead. 'Ah!' said Abakir, sitting down upon a stone to weep, 'I have heard from each of them.'

When the chapter was finished, Mattah-Djarri's eyes were filled with tears; she desired Wagari to read no more at present, and arose to give her attention to her mother. Keomah had tried to follow Wagari's story, but the truth was she was making a gigantic effort to master her emotion and could not have repeated for her life a word that the reader had said. Without waiting longer she immediately made known the object of her visit, repeating, with all the tact and tenderness she could command, the exact words of the Bopati. She was greatly surprised to find Mattah-Djarri receive the communication with a calmness and resignation which, for a moment, gave rise to the suspicion in her mind that she had made a mistake in her estimate of the young girl's taste, and that, after all, the horrid old man was not so disagreeable to her as she had supposed.

In these latter reflections Keomah was mistaken. She did not know Mattah-Djarri was almost waiting for the intelligence she had brought, and that in her love for her mother she had determined to conceal as far as possible all evidences of her own disgust and despair, and thus save the former all the distress and regret she knew she would otherwise suffer upon her account.

When Wagari had returned with her mistress from her visit to Sewa in the city, she had at once sought Schagga and learned from him that the old Tumung'gung had made several visits to the dalam during their absence, and at each visit he and the Bopati had held long



conversations on the latter's private veranda, after which they drank coffee together and smoked the pipe of friendship, seeming mutually pleased.

This information Wagari, who was all anxiety and curiosity about the disposition of her mistress's future, communicated to her, and they both drew their own conclusions therefrom. Mattah-Djarri, who never before remembered to have seen or heard of such frequent visits or intimacy between the Bopati and the Tumung'gung of Narawadi, interpreted them to mean that he was the noble referred to by Keomah, in the beginning, as having been selected for her future husband. Knowing implicit obedience was her only choice, she decided to do her best to conceal her aversion from Keomah, hence her composure and apparent acquiescence, when the latter came to her, heart-broken, with the Bopati's dreadful commands.

As Keomah was about to leave Mattah-Djarri's apartment with a much lighter heart than when she entered, she observed her daughter's face assume an ashy paleness, and a few moments later she saw her sink down in a dead faint, while Wagari leaned over her, weeping and deploring the cruel sacrifice of her beloved mistress, in bestowing her upon a husband, whose rank and wealth, it was true, were superior to her own, but who was in himself so perfectly odious that they could prove no compensation for what she must suffer under his dominion.

It was some time before calmness and composure were restored. Afterwards when Chatra came in and knelt before her mistress, according to the custom among dependents on such occasions, and offered her congratulations, wishing her great happiness, long life, and the honor of being the mother of many sons, she was greatly amazed to see the young girl burst into a fit of weeping and lamen-

tation so truly pitiable that it brought tears of sympathy to her own eyes, though she could not, for her life, see any cause for such sorrow, unless there was a previous attachment which her pupil had not confessed and she had had no reason to suspect. Chatra thought there was much room indeed for rejoicing, instead of weeping, for the marriage was in her eyes most desirable; — a husband of exalted rank, rich and influential; with thousands of slaves at his feet, and admittance to the presence of their great Susuhunan — what more could a fond parent bestow or well-instructed maiden desire? Giving expression to some such opinions as these, Chatra was again highly indignant with Wagari, who replied to her by exclaiming, —

“Why, look at the man’s face and remember his age. Does that go for nothing?”

“I should say it went for nothing in marriage,” replied Chatra; “but you were always silly, Wagari, as I have told you many times.”

Keomah here interrupted the two attendants by commanding Chatra to retire, and desiring Wagari to give all her attention to her mistress, whose sobs from time to time shook her from head to foot.

The unhappy mother, having finished her painful task, and understanding by this time how matters really stood, could think of little she could say to console or encourage Mattah-Djarri and arose to leave the room and give her miserable child an opportunity for composure and reflection, which she hoped might bring sleep, trying to assure her she would no doubt be glad when all was over and she had had time to become accustomed to the honors of her new position. In saying this Keomah was false to her own convictions, for she had no idea that Mattah-Djarri ever could or would be reconciled to the Tumung’gung,

and she, moreover, feared the young Pateh had made a warm impression upon her daughter's heart. She considered it highly probable, and the very thought of him, young, handsome, and attractive, in contrast with the ugly, withered, wrinkled old man, made her turn away quite sick. She could see no prospect of anything but misery for her beautiful child. Not even the unhappy satisfaction that sometimes will still exist in an affection that is torn and goaded to wretchedness by well-founded jealousy. No one, she thought with regret, could ever be jealous of the Tumung'gung. She knew from report the selfish and brutal character of the old noble, and she had little doubt but that Mattah-Djarri would be merely a new toy to amuse him till the novelty was worn away ; then thrown aside for another, and consigned to her own apartments, to live in solitude and seclusion the remainder of the prince's life, bearing his title, upholding his rank, while he never gave her a thought and continued to take under his protection as many more wives as his dotting fancy might dictate, all of whom her gentle and sensitive daughter would be compelled to accept and recognize and always treat with respect. She knew from sad experience what all this meant, and she had been considered a most fortunate exception, in having much less of this kind of trouble and heartache to contend with than the generality of Javanese matrons.

The possibility of divorce flashed through Keomah's mind for an instant and the thought gave her comfort ; it seemed to be a loop-hole through which Mattah-Djarri might escape the capricious will of the Tumung'gung, when he grew tired of her, as he was sure to do. A little reflection dismissed this idea as quickly as it came. The princess's rank forbade this alternative unless there was some grave accusation brought against her, and Keo-

mah could not indulge a hope or wish that her innocent child would be deemed guilty of a deliberate wrong. In short, turn which way she might in her mind, there seemed nothing to do but to submit and endure it. She had discussed the whole affair with Sewa: it was in truth the object of her late visit. Sewa could suggest nothing but open defiance, and that was not to be dreamed of: and if this, she thought, was Sewa's opinion, who had become so wise and intelligent, so far beyond her own people in practical knowledge, so independent and self-reliant, so quick with a remedy for every dilemma, she felt her daughter's case was indeed hopeless. Sewa had said repeatedly, "You can do nothing but tell Mattah-Djarri to refuse to obey, and send her to me, and my husband will protect her." This Keomah knew would be rank rebellion towards the will of the Bopati, which was extremely dangerous and might cost Mr. Bardwell and his family their lives. It was true, Mr. Bardwell was a European and supposed to live under the protection of his government, but it was equally true that the Bopati was a powerful prince whose will controlled thousands of the native population, and if he, in anger or revenge, desired the complete extinction of a family, it was not long before they disappeared, one at a time, by seemingly natural causes. Keomah could not permit her sister to run the risk of such a calamity, neither did she believe that Mr. Bardwell would consent to it, if asked. Naturally, the Tumung'gung would join in the resentment of the Bopati, and there would be no chance of safety for the Bardwells. Clearly there was no hope there, and Keomah could only return to her first starting-point, absolute obedience, no complaints, and bear the misfortune as best they could.

## CHAPTER XVI.

As soon as Keomah had left the room Mattah-Djarri forbade Wagari to admit any one to her presence and desired her to seat herself in a distant corner and not disturb her. Then lying down upon a divan, she propped herself up with pillows and remained motionless for hours. The only sign of consciousness she gave was the restless roving of her eyes as they ceaselessly followed the rich and intricate designs traced in the figures and flowers worked in the tapestries and rugs about her room, the untiring movement of the wandering pupils giving outward expression to the excited activity of the mind within.

Wagari's mind was also busy, while she sat mute and silent in her corner watching and trying to define the gradual change that was creeping over the face and form of her mistress. The timid, delicate, uncertain girl seemed to have been suddenly supplanted by a firm, stern, resolute woman, whose beauty was enhanced by the deathly pallor of her face, out of which her brilliant black eyes flashed with a splendor more marvelous than ever; and her loose, uncoiled hair spread over the pillows in a mass of glossy richness it had never seemed to possess before. It was a mystery to Wagari what could be the subject of this intense absorption. Was it her future with the Tumung'gung or was it something else? She knew from many little signs with which she was familiar that her mistress was thinking, but thinking

about what, the faithful romancer continued to ask herself in vain. At length, Djoolo appeared with some food which was rejected by a shake of the head. The old nurse gently insisted, but it was useless, her precious child could not eat. Djoolo put down the tray, and falling upon her knees beside the couch hid her face in the folds of her mistress's sarong, and wept as if her heart was also breaking. Her distress aroused Mattah-Djarri, who laid her little hand on her nurse's head and whispered, —

“My good Djoolo, you must not; you pain me. I shall be stronger to-morrow,” assuming the latter imputed her feebleness to sudden illness. The nurse's reply was to weep more violently and cling closer to her darling. Wagari now came forward, glad of an excuse to leave her distant corner, and begged to be allowed to repeat some tales of fiction or romance, that she hoped would give a new turn to the young princess's thoughts; but the latter refused again with a peremptory shake of her head and said she could not listen, it wearied her. Wagari, determined not to return to her corner, and in despair, took up a fan and seating herself beside her mistress moved it gently to and fro, hoping the monotonous motion and softly stirring air would induce a sensation of drowsiness and finally bring sleep.

Observing, at the expiration of an hour or two, that there were no signs of languor creeping over the wide-open lids, or of arresting the gaze of the wandering pupils, she leaned forward and whispered to Djoolo to call Chatra, thinking that perhaps her presence might make a diversion. Chatra entered with deep concern depicted upon her face, but being at a loss to know exactly what was proper to do in such an emergency, she advised a submissive cheerfulness, followed by quoting

her favorite precepts from the Koran on the duty of woman.

Mattah-Djarri received the kind offices of Chatra with a spiritless ghost of a laugh so unlike her own natural merry ring that it caused her three attendants to start and look searchingly in her face. Catching Chatra's inquiring half frightened look, she laughed again, this time in a tone of compassionate derision, at herself as well as at their useless efforts to comfort her, and desired Chatra to withdraw and not return till she asked her to do so. Chatra left the chamber at once, her compassion taking a much lighter character and her wonder increasing. "I declare," she said to herself, as she whisked, half-offended, along the corridor, "the silly child will make herself ill. One might suppose she was ordered to go to her own funeral, instead of her wedding, and such a wedding, too, as it will be!" Chatra thought if Wagari was in her situation and was taking on so, she would not be so much surprised, but the Radan Mattah-Djarri, — well she could not explain it, but she felt certain Sewa was at the bottom of it, for she was sure no good could come of that visit. Cogitating and grumbling to herself, Chatra directed her steps towards the wing of the dalam occupied by the inferior wives, hoping one of them, particularly Paputti, might call her in to indulge in a little gossip. She felt it would do her much good to give expression to her convictions just now.

Djoolo followed Chatra when she left the chamber of their mistress to beg her opinion of the latter's singular condition, asking her if she did not think the Dukun, who acted in the capacity of priest and doctor, had better be sent for?

Chatra thought it would be best to wait till morning and first consult Keomah, and Djoolo returned to assist

her mistress in her evening toilet. She found her unwilling to rise and too much agitated to say or do anything. The bath was omitted for the first time in her life that she could remember; the accustomed oils and perfumes were also rejected as too troublesome. The lamps were lighted and turned down low, the transparent curtains drawn around the couch and across the windows, and Djoolo curled herself upon a rug near her mistress's feet to pass the night as she had done when the latter was a child. Wagari settled herself comfortably on an opposite divan for the same purpose, keeping her eyes upon her mistress till she fell asleep. No one moved or made a sound in the apartment; thus the evening passed into midnight, which in time gave place to the gray dawn of another day, and almost immediately the brilliant light of the medal-suria (rising of the sun) flooded the rooms.

The golden splendor had little effect upon Mattah-Djarri, who had not once closed her eyes in sleep during the long hours, in truth seemed quite unconscious of the passing time, and despite all the suggestions and persuasions of Djoolo and Wagari, she refused to leave her couch. Wagari unconsciously dropping into the familiar intimacy of a loved companion and friend, urged her again and again to rise and go out in the morning air, in her palangki, or for a walk in the seclusion of the tamarind compound.

"You forget, Wagari," answered Mattah-Djarri bitterly, "I must not go out; I must observe the lamar."

"Oh! the lamar," said Wagari, feeling ready to suffocate in sympathetic repulsion. "The lamar for the old Tumung'gung indeed! that is too much to bear, with the rest of it," alluding to the forty days of absolute seclusion and the portentous ceremonies that closed it.



“Sudah,” said Mattah-Djarri relapsing into her former silence and deep thought.

Wagari said no more, but felt she would give much to know upon what the Radan Mattah-Djarri was reflecting with such serious interest. She felt that if it had been her case, she would have to talk, if it was only to hear the sound of her own voice and try to relieve her heart by making a noise of some kind.

Keomah was not ignorant of the state into which her daughter had fallen, and, after passing a wretched night, arose with the sun, intending to go to the Bopati, throw herself at his feet, and implore him to recall his commands. She knew that by so doing she would bring upon herself his anger and perhaps his suspicions, but she ceased to care. She determined to brave it. He could lock her up and order her to be beaten if he chose. With this purpose in her mind Keomah went first to the chamber of Mattah-Djarri, who arose and stood upon her feet, when she saw her mother enter, still resolved to conceal her grief from her as much as possible.

When Keomah looked at her, she was struck with alarm and astonishment at the change that had been wrought in her appearance since the day before. She could not define it, but there it was, transforming her face, which was the same, yet not the same. Keomah took her in her arms and drawing her regal head upon her bosom sat down and nursed her in her lap like a small child, commencing after a few moments to croon a soft lullaby over her that she had sung to her when she was a baby. As the sad and monotonous tones fell upon her ear, Mattah-Djarri wept for the first time since her grief had come upon her. Keomah paused from time to time, to kiss the fair face, and offer soft and soothing words of endearment, as she smoothed the glossy hair with her

hand, and caressed the polished shoulders pressed against her bosom.

That poor half-enlightened mother ! How her heart swelled with unutterable anguish, regret, and indignation over the fate of her resplendent daughter, lying in her arms crushed and broken like a superb flower the morning following a tempest. Her mind involuntarily reverted to Sewa and Josephine, dwelling upon the respectful love and tenderness with which they were surrounded. She remembered how Sewa's husband consulted her and was influenced by her wish, and in her heart she cursed the Javanese and all their arbitrary and ancient customs. For the moment she hated the Bopati, and would have flown at him like a tigress from the jungle and torn him into shreds. The instincts of the wild and savage mother that were stirred in her bosom destroyed all fear and restraint. Her whole nature went out in one strong current of protecting love towards the child in her arms.

Gently disengaging herself, she placed Mattah-Djarri on the divan and started for the apartments of the Bopati. It was early yet and she was forbidden to enter there before ten o'clock in the morning, unless sent for. This was a precaution adopted to prevent an embarrassed meeting between any of the wives. Keomah forgot it and hurried on, mentally blind in her despair and rage. Entering the first chamber, she saw no one ; passing on into the second, it was also empty ; she glided through it into the third and private sleeping-room of her husband and there on the bed fast asleep he lay, with the latest and youngest wife lying wide awake by his side, afraid to stir lest she might disturb him ; on a bed at the other side of the room a second woman and an old favorite, was also lying asleep. What passions raged and stormed in Keomah's breast ! jealousy, anger, and disgust. She could not tell which was the strongest.

“O Allah! Allah!” she groaned, “is this to be Mattah-Djarri’s portion also, with the hideous, grinning, toothless old Tumung’gung?” She would prefer to see her die. Strange how the scene affected her now, when she had been used to it ever since her marriage; yet it came upon her like a new and revolting revelation, because it was associated with Mattah-Djarri, whom she loved better than herself.

The girl beside the Bopati shrank closer to his side, when she saw Keomah, and looked at her in silent fear. “What if she should jerk a petram (woman’s dagger) from her sash, and stab me,” thought she, “I should be dead before the Bopati was awake,” and she gave him a sharp thrust with her elbow, thinking it was safer to incur his displeasure than to die by Keomah’s dagger.

The Bopati, not accustomed to such ungentle caresses, awoke with an indignant stare in Keomah’s face. He was not sure he was not dreaming, and was about to spring up and thrust her out of the room, when her voice arrested him.

“You are a cruel beast,” she screamed, “and Mattah-Djarri shall not be given to the Tumung’gung. She shall not! she shall not! she shall not!” she repeated, every time louder and louder, till her voice reached an incoherent shriek.

The Bopati was motionless a few moments from pure amazement. Recovering himself he rapidly concluded Keomah had a fit of jealousy, and springing up he seized her and pushed her into a closet and shut and locked the door, his first care being to smother the sound of her voice; for although he was supreme master and cared for no one’s opinion, he did not enjoy either scandal or amusement at his expense among his servants or his secretaries. His two companions also sprang to the floor

at the same moment and rushed out of the apartment, making their way as quickly as possible to their own rooms, where they shook themselves out and laughed and enjoyed the Radan Itu's jealousy immensely. To incur the jealousy of the Radan Itu was considered an honor among the wives.

Keomah, whose grief and indignant temper had carried her beyond all sense of propriety and control, soon exhausted herself with ineffectual shrieks and sank gasping and half fainting upon the floor of the closed closet, where she remained slowly recovering herself, expecting every moment that the door would open, and she would see the frowning face of the Bopati ordering her off to be beaten ; but she had arrived at that point where she felt indifferent as to what befell her, and in the excitement of her overwrought feelings she even ceased to think of Mattah-Djarri. The Bopati still remained in the apartment, walking up and down, listening with a certain degree of satisfaction to the tumultuous and muffled sounds issuing from the hot and stifling closet. After his companions had run away in such unceremonious haste, he laughed to himself. He could appreciate the ludicrous as well as any one, and what he considered Keomah's positive jealousy pleased and flattered him. It had been years since she had shown anything but tranquil indifference towards his many favorites. He was but man and it had often piqued him. Here was a storm at last ! And as long as it was not too terrific and not spread too much abroad, he liked it. The idea of Mattah-Djarri's troubles being the cause of it never entered his head.

Leaving Keomah to suffocate or compose herself in the closet at her leisure, the Bopati went out on the side veranda, to take his coffee and enjoy the fresh air of the morning, experiencing a grateful sense of peace and

repose after his early excitement. After the coffee, he went to the bath and from thence back to the veranda for another season of rest, chuckling to himself occasionally over the discomforts of Keomah sweltering and panting in the closet. At length, as the heat of midday approached, he thought he would be generous and release her from confinement. Going to the closet, he put his hand on the key and called her name, adding that if she promised to behave in future, he would graciously pardon her late outburst and say no more about it.

Keomah, expecting to be punished, disgraced, and banished forever from the *dalam*, had grown sullen and defiant and would not answer. The Bopati repeated his liberal intention, with the request for the desired promise, and still no answer. He unlocked the door quickly, startled by the suspicion that his wife had smothered to death indeed. When the door opened, Keomah, though weak and faint, managed to step out boldly and confront him, but uttered not a word. Looking at her sternly from head to foot for a moment, the Bopati said, —

“Keomah, your jealousy deserves severe reproof, but you may go this time; only beware how you repeat the conduct of this morning. You will not find me again so forbearing.”

Keomah immediately perceiving his mistake, cunningly decided to take advantage of it, and bending her head, she thanked him and turning quickly left the room, scarcely knowing whether to believe in her good luck or not. She did not go, as might be expected, to *Mattah-Djarri*, to ascertain how she felt or what was her condition by this time, but went instead to her own rooms, where she ordered coffee and food and reflected long and bitterly over her fruitless attempt with the Bopati, both glad and sorry it had turned out as it did. She felt it

was better so than to have been rightly understood. In calmer moments she saw no good could have come from the latter event, but much harm to herself, and perhaps to her daughter, upon whom the Bopati, doubtless, would have visited his wrath; for nothing enraged him so much as contradiction or opposition to his will.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE wretchedness and despair that had taken possession of Mattah-Djarri was indescribable. It affected every nerve in her body. A dull passiveness pervaded her whole physical being, producing an overpowering disinclination to move, yet her mind had never been so active. A multitude of new ideas, thoughts, and plans flashed through her brain in disconnected confusion, but as the hours passed they assumed a more tangible shape and began to arrange themselves in regular order. A new force had arisen within her, of which she had never before been conscious.

Nature began to speak with a voice that would be heard. Her own individuality asserted itself. She began to understand what Sewa meant when she had said one day, "Our own innate consciousness will always direct us in what is right for us, if we will allow it to do so." This faint glimmer of a new dawn in her mental existence agitated her, surprised her, and introduced into her mind forbidden resolves and suggestions which frightened her. She seemed to have stepped out of the darkness into light; from internal oppressive bondage into expansive liberty which branched off in forbidden paths in all directions. She felt she belonged to herself; her instincts pointed out in a dim and misty way the path which was holiness, purity, and truth for every woman. It elevated her and she encouraged it and rejoiced in it, believing she was beginning to think and feel like Josephine. She determined to encourage this belief and fol-

low it, but there was so much darkness and inexperience about it, through which she had to grope her way without a guide, that it quite bewildered her.

One point, however, she had fixed in her mind. She would be true to the instincts of her own soul, and pray and trust to Allah. So she began to arrange her plan of action around this one central pivot. She felt it was an anchor that would float her bark till clearer skies beckoned her onward. But alas! these new lights and new resolutions, born of the truth and purity of her own being, could not bring back the bright and pleasant anticipations that had so largely occupied her mind in regard to the probabilities and possibilities of her own future; in which she had dreamed her dreams and built her castles up to the very day before she had first seen Josephine, the day on which Keomah had come to tell her that her future was disposed of and then hurried her off to make the visit to Sewa and her cousin, — since which brief and delightful intercourse with the latter she had seemed to see everything differently. She remembered Josephine's determination to disobey her father and not discard the lover, whoever he was, whom her heart had chosen; and although she shuddered under the fear of the Bopati's anger, she determined, also, she would not accept the man against whom her heart revolted. She recalled her high-flown advice to Josephine regarding the obedience and respect due to the Petri or the head of the family, and laughed in bitter scorn of her own inconsistency, sighing for her former hopeful uncertainty, comparing it with the dread and despair of the present detestable reality by which it had been replaced.

The Tumung'gung, his wrinkles, his crooked nose, his little, sharp blinking eyes, his claw-like hands and squat figure, shaky and shrunken with sensuous indulgence and



age, stood out before her in such strong and repulsive coloring, that it encouraged this decision and made her inwardly determined to die rather than permit him to lay his hands upon her in the right of proprietorship. She decided, however, to keep her convictions and resolves to herself for the present: not to Keomah, or even to Wagari, to whom she could trust everything, would she reveal the depth and intensity of her dislike. She was impelled to this by two reasons: first, she would not add to Keomah's distress; second, she would not make a confidant of Wagari in regard to her new views and resolutions until she had decided upon some definite plan for herself. Strange course of reasoning for a Javanese girl! Unheard-of possibilities of escape presented themselves to her mind, but as yet she would not discuss them.

Pictures of the Pateh in his glowing youth and beauty constantly passed before her vision, increasing her repugnance for the Tumung'gung to positive hatred, and bringing again the pleasing hope that the former might rescue her before it was too late. She thought surely he had heard of the Princess Barabatah and the Radap Adawara; and if he remembered her with anything like admiration or regard, a similar course must suggest itself to him. The vague supposition brought a blush to her face, and caused her to close her eyes in silent pleasure, while she wondered how she could make known to him the fate that awaited her.

Another question came up for answer. The Pateh's rank was below that of both the Bopati and the Tumung'gung. She knew his father lived and held the higher title. Would the young Pateh dare come forward to her relief and thus defy the two older nobles and their superior power? From these conjectures Mattah-Djarri's mind drifted again to the hideous Tumung'gung, and she

began to calculate how long he would be likely to live, and felt a joy in the thought, that if she became his wife nature must set her free before many years. Then how many wives did he really possess, and were they nearly all fat and ugly like those of the Bopati, eating, sleeping, tittering, and bickering all the time over their jealousies and their children? Would she have to worry about the latter, and treat them with kindness as Keomah did, because her husband was their father? Oh! how she began to detest life in a *dalam*, and the Tumung'gung of Narawadi, his wives, and their children worse than all. How willingly they might have him and keep him forever, if she was the Radan Itu! She determined not to be kind and gentle, like Keomah. Then she laughed a bitter, mocking laugh, as she remembered she had determined not to be the Radan Itu at all, and clinched her small, firm hand in angry defiance, resolving never to look at the *paning'sat* (presents of the bridegroom and his friends to the bride), the cordial reception of which is supposed to indicate the delight of the bride-elect in her new prospects.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

SUCH was the state of affairs with Keomah and Mattah-Djarri the day on which the party of Europeans arrived at the dalam. An occasion of so much importance at any previous time in Mattah-Djarri's life would have aroused in her bosom the most lively feelings of interest and curiosity. As it was, when Wagari in much excitement informed her of the great event, she did not even reply; and the next morning when the former came hastily and begged her to go with her out on the veranda to look through the lattice at the guests walking and talking together in the alun-alun, she declined, and refused even to move sufficiently to see them through her own window. Wagari went without her to the veranda, devoutly wishing something would happen to bring her mistress back to life.

After watching the strangers for some time, and trying to understand a word or two of the various remarks that occasionally reached her ears, Wagari noticed the striking form of the young Pateh descend the steps from the lawang seketing and join a group of two or three of the guests standing under the waringin trees, one of whom she recognized as the young European who had shown such a desire to look at her mistress when they went for a drive during their late visit.

"Ah! this is quite providential," she murmured, flying back to Mattah-Djarri to acquaint her with these new additions, and this time with success. She was gratified to see her mistress rise with a faint glow of interest on

her face, go with her to the veranda, and carefully survey the whole party, especially the Pateh.

"They are all handsome," remarked Wagari in a sort of explanatory answer to her scrutiny, "but the Pateh and that young European with the blue eyes and light waving hair are superbly so. Look at them, most noble princess, as they walk towards the front together."

"I see them," answered Mattah-Djarri with a sigh. "Sarjio, the Pateh, is most noble and dignified looking." And she asked herself, "Why, oh! why had not the Bopati chosen him for her husband?" How happily she would then have received the paning'sat, cherished it, rejoiced over it, had it come from him or his!

"Think you not, my exalted mistress, that the Pateh is the most distinguished looking among all those strangers?" asked Wagari, trying to draw her mistress into conversation.

"He is truly that, Wagari," replied Mattah-Djarri.

"And his rich costume," pursued Wagari; "it glitters in the sun as if it were all gold and precious stones. Do you notice it, my mistress?"

"I admire it vastly," answered the princess. "But, Wagari, do you notice that stranger with the fair, sunny face, coming back to the waringin trees with the Pateh?"

"Yes, dear princess," answered Wagari, with pity in her tones, as she remembered she had just called her mistress's attention to him, which she had evidently not heard; and she continued, "He is a very handsome man, too, but so different from the Pateh. Look what an air he has. I should think Miss Bardwell would admire him, and they must know much in common; they have both been educated in Europe."

Mattah-Djarri made no further response to Wagari's comments for some time, but gazed in silence at the ani-

mated groups before her, who were excitedly discussing their intentions for the disposal of the day.

In the mean time Wagari continued to make all kinds of comments on the guests, going from one to another, trying in vain to interest her mistress's thoughts in matters which her own experience informed her generally possessed the greatest attraction for young girls. Wagari's thoughtful efforts were fruitless. Mattah-Djarri could think of little else than the great trouble that beset her, and the presence of the Pateh increased the pain. She failed to notice Wagari's involuntary insistence and familiarity. In truth the two girls had forgotten their relative positions and were no longer mistress and maid, but friends and companions. Wagari was so engrossed in Mattah-Djarri's grief and so indignant towards the Tumung'gung that she was willing to run any risk to defeat him, independent of her ardent desire to help and save her beautiful mistress from a marriage that could only bring her the deepest wretchedness.

Wagari, receiving no encouragement to talk, gradually relapsed into silence as she stood beside the princess gazing on the party without. Mattah-Djarri seemed lost in reflection, while her eyes dwelt abstractedly, first on the European, then on the Pateh, and back to the European, each time her interest increasing. At last they rested steadily on the latter till he passed with the others beyond the entrance of the alun-alun and out of sight. Then she turned thoughtfully from the lattice and walked back to her couch, lying down again in the same listless mechanical position as before. Wagari followed close behind her, hoping and waiting for her to speak and express an opinion of the scene they had just witnessed. Mattah-Djarri, however, maintained a profound silence throughout the day, appearing quite unconscious of all

around her, except when Keomah came to ask how she felt, which question she merely answered and said no more.

Keomah passed her hand caressingly over her forehead several times, but as there was no responsive return from her apparently half-stunned daughter, beyond looking wearily up at her face, she understood the latter wished to be alone and undisturbed, and left her, knowing there are times when the lightest touch, word, or whisper falls on the overstrung or unhinged nerves of human nature with a crushing and almost insupportable force, and the greatest boon that can be bestowed is to leave the unhappy sufferer alone.

Wagari loitered still in the room and about her mistress after Keomah went out, tormenting her mind in conjectures as to the direction in which her thoughts were traveling. She hoped she was making up her mind to refuse to be married to the Tumung'gung, and she inwardly resolved that if such were the case she would cling to her and aid her to the very death. Her scorn for the licentious old reprobate increased every hour, and she longed to indulge in some flagrant act against him. She gave no thought to consequences, although she knew that the old noble could sweep her out of existence by a word. She longed for the time when Sewa and her daughter must arrive. She felt sure they could suggest something that would assist or relieve them. These cogitations inspired her with a hopeful courage, and she declared to Mattah-Djarri that she had an impression or presentiment that her troubles would yet turn out well; like all Javanese, she believed fully in that strange intuition or intelligence which often comes upon us, we cannot tell whence or from whom, and seems to give us silent and mysterious warning of what we may expect.

Perceiving her mistress wished to be alone and that her presence was unnecessary, Wagari went out on one of the verandas, to get a change of air, where she met Chatra.

"Don't you think the Radan Mattah-Djarri is in a very critical state and that she may die?" she asked of her.

"It could be possible," replied Chatra; "does she eat anything?"

"Nothing," said Wagari. "She appears to think all the time. I wonder what about!"

"I hope she is not meditating mischief," replied Chatra, "or revolving new ideas from that Sewa. All this trouble comes from listening to her."

"Listening to Sewa," repeated Wagari in surprise. "Why, what do you mean, Chatra? Sewa can have nothing to do with her marriage to the Tumung'gung."

"No, certainly not," replied Chatra; "but she has no doubt picked up heathen notions about young girls marrying whom they like best, and especially about marrying young girls to young men. I heard old Mattah say so. What objection could a reasonable princess have to becoming the Radan Itu of the rich Tumung'gung of Narawadi? Humph!" and Chatra looked disdainfully around to be sure no one was likely to hear her. "That is what she can learn from Sewa."

"If that is all," returned Wagari, "I hope with all my life she may profit by the lesson, and I will do all I can to assist her."

"You, Wagari," said Chatra, looking at her contemptuously; "I advise you not to ruin yourself. You would find it difficult to escape the wrath of the Bopati or Tumung'gung, and you know what follows," looking at her younger relative significantly.

"I know what you mean," said Wagari, replying to

Chatra's suggestive glance; "but I will take the risk, if my assistance is needed," and she looked so calm and determined about it that Chatra thought no doubt she would.

At this juncture their conversation was cut short by an exclamation from Wagari, who looked suddenly up and saw a procession of some kind entering the alun-alun, and hastily rushed off again to beg her mistress to come out and see it, as well as to ascertain herself who or what it was.

"No doubt it is some Pandita (learned or holy man) or a distinguished Pang'gawa (minister of state) with his retinue," concluded Wagari, after describing to Mattah-Djarri as much as she had seen of the approaching cortege. At first Mattah-Djarri refused, as before, to leave her couch, but under the pressure of Wagari's persuasions she at last consented, and arose, saying, —

"Since you so earnestly desire it, my good Wagari, I will go to the lawang wadon (women's veranda) and look upon this wonderful cavalcade. For myself, I have no curiosity. Indeed I feel as if I could not walk or see either, for that matter, and you must support me."

Wagari instantly threw her arm around the slight figure and almost carried her along in her delight that she had consented to go at all. By the time that they were both seated behind the lattice where they could see without being seen, according to the habit of well-born women, the procession had reached the waringin trees and was about to halt. First came a black and white spotted kuda basar (horse of the largest size) on which some one sat, both horse and rider covered with brilliant tapestries and hangings of green and gold embroidered cloth, with two men in similar colors walking on one side of the horse, holding high above the head of the rider an enor-



mous green payung (umbrella) with a border of deep gold fringe which quite concealed the head and shoulders of the great personage it protected. On the other side of the horse were two other attendants who carefully watched the face of the rider. A dozen or more horsemen, attired in green, followed on the jaran jaran (the ponies of the country), each attended by a servant who walked beside his horse. Behind these a number of men walked slowly and sedately three abreast, each carrying a spear in one hand and a broad chapung in the other; their heads were covered with the bright ikat which is always worn. "It is some one of exalted rank," said Wagari, noticing the abundance of green color.

The first rider very slowly approached the flight of steps leading up to the lawang seketing, where his attendants checked his horse, at which moment the followers on foot instantly dropped on their heels or sat down on the back of their feet, — a position called the dadok and similar to squatting. The horsemen dismounted at the same instant and stood motionless beside their beasts, waiting for their master to signify his intention of alighting, which he did by an upward motion of the hand. Observing this, they gravely walked forward and arranged themselves around his horse, while the two attendants not occupied by the care of the payung assisted him to the ground, the payung bearers carefully keeping him in the shade. The other attendants watched, in the mean time, for his feet to touch the pebbles, at which instant they all bowed their heads, and those in the dadok reverently bent forward and touched the ground with their foreheads.

"Can you see who it is, Wagari?" asked Mattah-Djarri, who could not see the face of the head of the pro-

cession, on account of the intervening payung. "He appears to dismount with difficulty."

"I cannot distinguish him yet," answered Wagari; "but there comes the Bopati on the lawang seketing. The stranger will turn around now and ascend the steps."

As the visitor mounted the steps, he threw off the brilliant scarf that hung down over his head and shoulders, disclosing a hideous old brown, dried-up face and toothless mouth, in his attempt to smilingly greet his host. Mattah-Djarri started as if stung by a viper and uttered a little scream, and Wagari simultaneously ejaculated, "Gusti ngulati kiai Tumung'gung!" (God, or the Lord, behold the old Tumung'gung!)

For a few moments the two girls, who had both risen to their feet, stood transfixed. Then Wagari turned to her mistress, who had grasped the lattice to support herself, and continued, her face deadly pale, staring at the old man now slowly seating himself on the lawang seketing, while the officers and attendants belonging to the dalam were hurriedly coming forward to do him honor.

"Assist me, Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri, turning her ghastly face towards the latter and reaching out her hands; "I will return." Wagari sprang forward and quite took her mistress in her arms this time, and carried her back to her divan, saying, —

"Forgive me, my dear mistress. I thought it might be a Ratu (king) or perhaps a Bramana (holy man from the opposite coast), at least, and that the sight would divert your mind."

Wagari wrung her hands in regret over the mistake she had made, and in her heart wished all manner of accident and misfortune might befall the venerable noble on his way back to his own province.

It was not long before Keomah entered the princess's

apartments, her face wearing an unhappy, troubled expression. She looked anxiously at her daughter, before speaking or seating herself, and then hesitated as if in doubt whether to proceed or not. Wagari, who was looking at her, felt her heart beat faster. She was certain something very disagreeable to her mistress was coming; but Mattah-Djarri, observing her mother's disturbed manner, did not wait for her to speak, and simply said, looking at her, "Yes, I know, I will go," and began to rise.

"Can you sustain yourself through it, my child?" asked Keomah in sorrowful tones, while an expression of great relief came over her face.

"I will try to do so," said Mattah-Djarri in a resolute way, standing up and shaking down her long hair, and suddenly appearing taller and more determined to the eyes of Keomah and Wagari than ever before. They both regarded her with surprise as she desired Wagari, in a firm and composed manner, to summon Djoolo to aid her in arranging her costume.

"You will go with me, O Keomah?" she added, looking at her mother and addressing her by name, in the style of the East, which she had not done for a long time.

In a short time Mattah-Djarri was arrayed in a magnificent dress, and preceded by an attendant walked beside Keomah, with Chatra and Wagari behind them, into the presence of the Bopati and the Tumung'gung, who were both reclining on divans in the former's private veranda. When Keomah paused before the Bopati, he arose and with much ceremony presented her and her daughter to the grinning old man beside him.

The Tumung'gung's puerile love and impatience had impelled him to come at the commencement of the lamar, as was sometimes the custom among the nobility, to see

and speak with his bride elect once before marriage, and make this an excuse for an opportunity to feast his eyes upon her extreme youth and beauty; and then return to fortify himself with a long rest, by the observance of the *lamar*, for the important ceremonies of marriage and festival afterwards. During the *lamar*, custom requires the bride and bridegroom to maintain a strict seclusion within their dwellings, till the period is closed by the ceremony of marriage. This observance, however, is only practiced in marriage with the *Radan Itu*: the succeeding wives are taken without ceremony and dismissed at will, by simply obtaining a written permission from the priest, which is never refused.

When the *Bopati* presented *Mattah-Djarri* to the *Tumung'gung* he affected the agility of youth and sprang to his feet in delighted astonishment, stretching out both his hands towards the vision of freshness and rare beauty that stood pale and trembling before him; for according to Javanese etiquette he was not permitted to touch her in any other form of greeting before she was his wife.

Once she raised her eyes and looked at him with an expression of loathing and contempt so strongly depicted in her glance, that the old man dropped his hands and gazed on her an instant in amazement. Such an experience had never been his before. Such contempt and hate as he saw in that glance and from a young thing like this! He thought he must surely be mistaken, and rubbed his little, red, half-blind eyes, and looked again. But this time the heavy lids drooped, and the long fringes concealed the brilliant orbs from view.

“What a hideous skeleton he is, to be sure,” was *Wagari's* mental comment, as she cast a furtive glance in his direction, “and how disagreeably he looks at the *Radan ajeng*,” she thought as she stole another look and saw

him nodding and grinning to himself, in pleased satisfaction, while he ran his eyes in a deliberate, estimating way over the figure of her mistress, muttering, "She'll do, she'll do;" and with one nod, more emphatic than the rest, closed the inspection by abruptly demanding of the Bopati why it was that the teeth of the young Radan Mattah-Djarri were not curved and blackened by this time by the usual process of file and siri. The Bopati explained it, as before described, in a few words, and looked darkly at Keomah.

At this the old Tumung'gung bristled up somewhat indignantly, and declared it must be done as soon as possible, "For," said he, appealing to the Bopati's sense of propriety, "how could I conduct my wife into the presence of our sublime Susuhunan with white teeth, proving that one of our ancient and important rites had been neglected?"

"How could you indeed, O Tumung'gung!" echoed the Bopati, seeing the impossibility, and, for the first time, the great mistake on his part; "and it must be done yet, and shall be done immediately," he added, fixing a stern look on the two women standing mute and motionless.

When Mattah-Djarri heard the Bopati's last remark, the blood rushed into her face, staining it a deep crimson, and as suddenly receding, left it the hue of death. Both the old men noticed it, but neither of them considered these evidences of fear or emotion of any importance. The Tumung'gung grunted out his approbation of the Bopati's remark and the four women were dismissed.

Wagari drew a long breath as they turned to depart, and involuntarily placed herself, as well as she could, between her mistress and the amorous gaze of her old lover as they moved away, instinctively feeling she must protect her, without knowing why.

Chatra was not unobservant of Wagari's manœuvre and felt thoroughly disgusted with her boldness, which she expressed by giving sundry sly but rough jerks and pokes to the back drapery of the latter's kaybaya, intending to convey both warning and reproof, and inform her that it was her place to fall a little in the rear. Wagari understood the admonition but gave no heed to it till they had gotten entirely clear of the Bopati's apartments and out of sight of both him and the Tumung'gung, when she dropped quickly back beside Chatra, and seizing the flesh on the upper part of the latter's arm with her thumb and finger, pinched it as they walked, till Chatra writhed with pain, though she did not dare utter a sound. After an instant or two of this affectionate demonstration on Wagari's part, she suddenly loosed her pincer-like grip and resumed her place beside her mistress, while Chatra covered the wound with her other hand and looked death and vengeance at the back of her daring assaulter.

## CHAPTER XIX.

LATE in the afternoon of the same day Wagari made another attempt to draw the princess from her abstracted state of mind, by asking permission to relate some tales of fiction, or read to her stories of travel or romance, as had been her custom till within the last few days. Her mistress objected, as before, to being disturbed, but when Wagari gently insisted, respectfully reminding her that her health must soon give way under this continual absorption of mind and inactivity of body, and mentioned some interesting experiences of her own adventures, when accompanying the Nonyah blanda (European lady) who had formerly employed her, Mattah-Djarri half rose and looked at her with a face full of a new interest and asked her if the foreign lady had visited the Guwa Upas (valley of poison), and if she had accompanied her. Wagari, greatly pleased with these favorable signs, eagerly replied in the affirmative, adding that the Tuan blanda, the husband of the lady, accompanied them and made what he termed "most valuable scientific investigations," discovering the true source and nature of the poison that rendered the valley so fatal to all life; and that he had also examined the ruins of the ancient Hindu temples scattered over the chain of hills and mountains encircling it, and had collected many small specimens of the antique architecture to carry away with him, as well as important data in reference to the period in which they were constructed and by whom.

"You interest me greatly, Wagari," replied her mistress, "and now tell me all you know about the Guwa Upas ; but remember you must tell me the exact truth this time, no romancing," and she looked impressively at her attendant.

"I will be careful to relate only what I have actually seen myself and heard from the Tuan, noble princess," said Wagari, wondering what could induce her mistress to wish to hear nothing but solemn facts about the ordinary Guwa Upas, and particularly at such a crisis as the present, when one would naturally suppose a few flights of the imagination would be much more engrossing.

With such thoughts in her mind she rearranged her mistress's cushions and otherwise made her as comfortable as possible, before pushing a footstool forward for her own feet, preparatory to settling herself in the easy, indolent attitude she always assumed when about to commence one of her narratives. With one hand lying carelessly clasping the other in her lap, Wagari fixed her eyes on her mistress and waited, while she watched her with pleasure readjust her pillows with her own hand, to raise her head a trifle higher, then turn her face toward her and slip one little pink palm under her cheek, and say, as she looked at her with the interested expression of former days, "Now, Wagari, commence. What said the strange travelers about the valley of poison? But first of all, tell me exactly where it is."

"The Guwa Upas," replied Wagari, "is a broad, flat, sandy plain, situated among the many peaks and elevations of different heights, composing the groups in the range of mountains near the southwest coast, known as the Guning Deing (Deing Mountains). It is nothing but a desolate, deserted waste of sand, proved by investigation to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and cannot



lay just claim to the title of valley. A chain of low hills covered with bright, green grass, rising abruptly from the sand, surrounds the plain. We walked over the sides or tops of these hills, and looked all over the dreary waste, which is said to be about twenty miles in length and from one half to two thirds that distance in width."

"And there is nothing growing upon this waste, I suppose," remarked Mattah-Djarri.

"Nothing," said Wagari. "Nothing that belongs to animal or vegetable life can exist on the plain, but for a very short time. Its whole surface is dotted with the bones and carcasses of birds and animals in every stage of decomposition. The animals from the surrounding mountains and hills rush down the slopes and start across the plain, where they soon begin to stagger, and not knowing life and safety lie behind them, make every effort to go forward, till they fall and die. The birds sail over from the surrounding heights and keep on their way to the opposite side, and unless they fly unusually high, they also drop upon the well-covered sand and rise no more. Therefore the struggling, the dying, the dead, and the white bleached and crumbling bones are strewn side by side, over the fatal plain, in the utmost confusion."

"How wonderful and dreadful," said Mattah-Djarri with a shudder and looking a little frightened; "but what causes the terrible fatality?" she asked, her eyes growing more grave and thoughtful as they rested anxiously on her attendant's face.

"The Tuan *blanda* was deeply interested in what he called this phenomenon," answered Wagari, "and insisted on remaining several days on the hills to investigate it. During this time we lived in a cell of the ancient Chandi Hindu (Hindu temples) which had been occu-

ped for many years by a recluse, who had gone away not long before, leaving his small conveniencies behind him. The Tuan engaged a man from one of the many kampongs in the neighborhood to bring us our food. The Nonyah was delighted with this novel life, although dreadfully afraid of serpents. But to return to the Tuan. When his experiments were concluded he said the porous plain or bottom of the old crater exhaled large quantities of carbonic acid; hence the complete extinction of every living thing that absorbs or inhales the poisonous atmosphere above it. He thought these exhalations or emanations were in some way connected with the gas fountains or holy fires of Melati Derwat. The yellow brown hue of the Guwa Upas strewn with the ghastly remains of its victims, and the oppressive silence that pervades it, with the hot air quivering under the fierce glare of the burning sun, strike one with forbidding terror and make a gloomy contrast with the green and vigorous foliage covering the encircling hills."

"Chatra read me a fable not long ago," said Mattah-Djarri, "which was once circulated by an imaginative traveler, wherein he describes the Guwa Upas, and attributes the deadly vapor to the exhalations of the upas tree growing by a stream of water in its centre. Criminals sentenced to death were given the choice of immediate execution or of making a journey to the poison upas growing by the stream, to procure some of its bark and leaves and a certain quantity of its sap. If they were fortunate enough to secure these testimonials and return, they were declared to have been especially protected by Heaven, and ever after lived at the expense of our great Susuhunan. Hundreds, said he, were sent on this perilous expedition every year, but few returned."

"I have also read that romantic story, but there was

more," returned Wagari; "shall I repeat it, most noble princess?"

Mattah-Djarri having signified her desire to hear the remainder, Wagari described the house of a dukun or priest, who lived on the highest summit among the hills surrounding the vale of poison, to which, she said, the criminal was accompanied by his relatives the night before the fatal journey, and where he remained till morning, receiving the offices of the holy man, who remained close by his side till sunrise. Then he furnished the doomed traveler with a pair of leather gloves with which to take hold of the deadly foliage, a cup to receive the milky fluid of the upas, and a leathern mask to cover his head and neck having a strip of glass in front to see through; after which a solemn blessing was pronounced over him, the last embraces of friends and relatives received, and the criminal descended the hill and struck out upon the plain. They watched him out of sight, and it was very seldom that he was ever seen again.

"A thrilling picture," said Mattah-Djarri; "I had forgotten that part of it. But it has been proved, has it not, Wagari, that the upas is not poisonous to anything surrounding it?"

"Most assuredly, beloved princess," said Wagari. "It grows in our forests often covered with vines and other forms of vegetable life, which receive nothing detrimental from it; but the milk, if swallowed or introduced into the blood, is allowed to be certain death. That reminds me that I saw Schagga yesterday, dipping the points of a number of knives, spears, and kris in its gummy sap. He told me they were for the use of the European guests, who had lately arrived, and accepted the Bopati's hospitality. He said they would remain a week, perhaps, in

the dalam, during which time they intended to make some hunting excursions in the neighborhood."

When Wagari ceased speaking, she was disappointed to find her mistress showed no signs of interest in her mention of the guests, which she had adroitly brought in on purpose, and was greatly surprised to see her suddenly sit up and ask her how far the Guwa Upas was from the kampong Kali Chandi.

"Not very far," replied Wagari; "I think a tukang pos (letter carrier) could reach it in less than a day."

"What direction would you take to go to it from Kali Chandi?" said Mattah-Djarri, fixing a keen look on Wagari, whom she supposed knew everything.

"There is the Guning Deing," replied Wagari, pointing through the window towards the coast to a lengthened and bristling chain of peaks, that stretched away in the west, and in general outline resembled the shape of a prahu (boat), and therefore often received the name of the Guning Prahu.

"Ah! yes," said Mattah-Djarri, her eyes following the direction indicated by Wagari, "I have often looked at those five highest cones standing out so sharp and clear against the brilliant sunset, from the bottom of the orange grove, and wondered what was beyond their misty heights. Are the inhabitants of the kampongs around about the Guwa Upas bright and intelligent?" asked Mattah-Djarri, returning to the subject, "or are they stupid and wondering as the Guning people sometimes are?"

"They resemble the inhabitants of the Teng'gers, I think," answered Wagari, her astonishment increasing every minute. "In some cases indifferent, in others, bright, alert, and comprehending."

"I should think the wind sweeping over the plain would carry the noxious gases among them and become

exceedingly dangerous. How is that, Wagari?" said Mattah-Djarri.

"I don't know how that is," replied Wagari, "but I believe there are no kampongs or huts on the hillsides that slope toward the plain. They generally commence near the top on the opposite side and spreading downward are therefore protected."

Wagari was still further amazed to see her mistress relapse into silence and again sink back on her cushions, from which she had partly risen, remaining motionless for a time; then arousing herself, once more ask her about the ruins of the old Hindu temples that are still scattered over the Guning Deing, resembling crumbling villages of broken columns, reclining idols, and half-buried monuments, furnishing abundant evidence of the stupendous temples that once covered their heights.

"I regret, dear princess, that I know but very little about these wonderful antiquities," said Wagari in answer to the princess's question, "beyond what I saw, and the fact that they abound in every direction in those localities, and certainly prove that there was a period of grandeur and magnificence in art enjoyed by a far remote and ancient people, which seems incredulous at the present time. The Tuan blanda was lost in amazement when he saw them. He said, the boldness and delicacy of their conception and execution, with the symmetry and regularity of their design and proportion, and the number and beauty of their statues and bas-reliefs was too astonishing and wonderful to be believed by those who had not seen them. They appeared to me to be quite like those we had visited at Brambanan, though he considered them much more curious."

"Where is Brambanan, Wagari?" asked Mattah-Djarri, interrupting her. "I believe I never heard of it."

“Brambanan is a village on the great highway between Sura-karta and Yug’ga-karta,” replied Wagari, “near which stands the Chandi Kubin Dalam, an ancient and celebrated temple palace, visited by nearly all travelers, with many others around it in the near vicinity. They are supposed to be relics of the Brahmins or the Hindus. Not far from Brambanan are the ruins of the famous temple of Loro Jongrang and the Chandi Sewu (Thousand Temples). This latter is a marvelous ruin. It is round and cone-like in shape, covered with green leaves and small vines, and surrounded by multitudes of smaller temples, which are guarded by huge kneeling stone figures (rechas) and other threatening forms with clubs raised ready to strike in their hands, mouths wide open and filled with the teeth of animals; enormous mustaches, prominent noses, and great round eyes set in round full faces, which seem ready to burst out laughing when you look at them. They were said to represent the guardians of the sanctuary, and their formidable appearance seemed to confirm it.

“The Tuan and the Nonyah visited dozens of other temples, equally extensive and magnificent, but none interested the Tuan like those on the Guning Deing. The scenes and characters described in the ‘Brata Yudha’ (an epic poem highly esteemed by the Javanese) are laid there. There is a vast plateau on the top of one of the elevations of the Guning Deing,” continued Wagari, “which is quite covered with the crumbling remains of temples that once stood upon its surface. This high plain is reached by climbing a flight of one thousand or more broken stone steps that ascend to it, one on each of the four sides of the mountain. The dilapidated state of this wonderful work is said to give indisputable proof of its great antiquity. There are also evidences of a violent

eruption of the mountain having taken place since the steps were built. In the neighborhood there are still standing parts of the walls measuring from ten to twelve feet thick and thirty to forty in height, which were rent from top to bottom by some great concussion of nature, such as an earthquake. Such, at least, was the opinion of the Tuan blanda, and as he was what the Nonyah called a great 'scientist,' I suppose he knew. There are many specimens of delicate tracery on the walls, and portions of fine sculpture half buried in the ground, and many partly effaced inscriptions written in characters so ancient that it requires one deeply learned in the meaning of hieroglyphics to decipher them. To me they appeared like unmeaning scratches, but the Tuan declared they were exceedingly valuable and made impressions of them all, which he carefully preserved in his 'Book of Wonders,' as the Nonyah called an immense volume which he had to hire a boy to carry for him. This Tuan was a singular person indeed. He would often walk up and down at night under the moonlight and sigh and repeat aloud to himself, 'wonderful, wonderful!' and once he quite angered the Nonyah by declaring he would be willing to give all his future life to be able to go back a score or two of siècles."

"Did it displease the Nonyah, because he only said he would like to go back a score or two of siècles?" asked Mattah-Djarri.

"It did, most noble princess," answered Wagari. "She was quite angry, and said he had too much curiosity, and that he ought to be content and thankful to live in the present with her."

"How different the Christian women are from the Mohammedan," said Mattah-Djarri, musingly. "I noticed it with Josephine. A Javanese woman would have

taken no notice of such a remark ; yet they can become violently jealous and destroy a life in their passion. Proceed with the ancient temples, Wagari," commanded Mattah-Djarri after a short pause, during which time Wagari had risen and gone to a table, pulled apart an already broken, unripe cocanut, and emptied the clear, sparkling water (*wari*) contained therein into a glass and drank it.

"In one of the temples we found the ashes of a fire recently burning. This was very strange. The Tuan made inquiries and learned that the neighborhood had just suffered from a heavy misfortune, and that the inhabitants had revisited the ancient sanctuaries, built fires, and offered incense on the old altars, in the hope of mitigating it. It seemed to be their custom, in cases of general calamity, though I never heard of it before ; but in many of those parts the inhabitants are still half Hindu. The Tuan said he saw much that reminded him of the sculptural designs and customs of the ancient Egyptians, of which the Nonyah said he had made a long study. But I have forgotten to tell you about the singular casts in copper, brass, and even gold, that were found in the *Guning Deing*," said Wagari, apologetically, "also about the gas fountains, or holy fires of *Melati Derwat*, and the mud volcanoes and boiling streams pouring therefrom. These are much more interesting than the delapsed ruins."

"I will hear of them another time, Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri ; "I am weary now," passing her hands slowly across her brow. "You may go and send *Djoolo* to me."

"I am glad indeed, dear princess, that I have been happy enough to interest you," said Wagari rising, and then pausing to deliberate within herself whether it was



not her duty to insist upon remaining with her mistress through the night, as well as profoundly astonished at the unexplained change that expressed itself in her air and manner, and which seemed to prove that her mind was made up to some decided course and therefore greatly relieved.

“Send Djoolo immediately,” said her mistress, looking indulgently at Wagari as she stood hesitatingly before her, rightly suspecting the latter did not wish to leave her. “I will call you later, perhaps.”

Wagari left the apartment with her mind in a muddle of amazed perplexity. Going to her own room she threw herself on a couch to try to think it all out clearly before being sent for. She asked herself what was the cause of this new composure and recently displayed interest of her mistress. Had she decided to accept the Tumung’gung without objection and thus found tranquillity and relief in submission? Wagari could not believe it, and thinking and pondering over it she fell asleep, where we will leave her while we return to look after the guests whom we left enjoying the matchless prospect from the side veranda of the dalam on the Teng’gers.

## CHAPTER XX.

EDWARD TRACY and Sarjio the Pateh sat together on one end of the veranda at some distance from their friends. No one gave them any attention, because it was the general habit of Tracy to sit apart and alone with the Javanese when they happened to be in other society. The Pateh disliked indiscriminate associations with Europeans, who frequently assumed a tone of arrogance and condescension, as members of a superior race, that more or less irritated the proud spirit of the Javan. Moreover, in natural ability, education, and culture there were very few men who were his equals and whose conversation he enjoyed; and although he was uniformly polite to every one, he looked upon the white merchant, lawyer, sugar-planter, coffee-grower, and the poor government functionary, who comprised the greater part of the European society in the Indian Archipelago, with a certain degree of contempt that would have surprised them had they been aware of it. The Pateh had no idea of placing himself on a level with common blood, and had he been brought into the presence of a European prince, he certainly would have considered it an absurdity not to have borne himself towards him as an equal. If it had been a reigning sovereign, he would have fallen on his knees before him, with all the deference and humility he would have offered his own exalted Susuhunan; therefore it will be very easy to understand the nature of his feelings when a man whom he considered half-educated, with plebeian blood, but plenty of money, and a white face upon which

he presumed, attempted to patronize him. In Tracy he only saw the college chum and the man of congenial mind. Many times he had wished his friend had a few drops of noble blood to boast of, a title, however trifling, to show his descent from a patrician tree.

While sitting together this evening they had scarcely exchanged more than a word or two up to the present moment; but the careless and familiar freedom of their attitude and manner towards each other proclaimed the confident understanding of long friendship, in which each one follows his own inclination and feels he is sure to please. They were both unusually silent and self-absorbed. A slight frown sat upon the brow of the Pateh, which sometimes deepened into a fierce and determined scowl, while the fingers of his right hand would glide around his belt and close over the glittering handle of his kris, remain a moment, then relax their hold, and slide down again beside the other in his lap. At such moments a sound resembling something between a moan and a sigh would escape his lips. This unusual emotion of the calm and self-contained young Javanese did not escape the observant eye of his companion, who was several times on the point of addressing him, yet for some reason desisted and turned again to the contemplation of the wonderful scene spread out before them.

His thoughts, however, were not so disagreeable and disturbing as those of the Pateh. Instead of a frown, a smile of peculiar softness would often flit like a bright gleam across his face, giving unconscious expression to the pleasing recollections within, although more than once followed by the varying shades of doubt and perplexity that explained an occasional gesture of dissatisfaction.

This evening these signs passed unnoticed by the Pa-

teh, but had he been less engrossed with his own perplexities he would doubtless have expressed his concern by saying, "My dear Tracy, what extraordinary anxiety preys upon your mind?" although it was a rare case when the high-bred Javanese asked questions; he generally waited to be told.

To all appearances Tracy possessed everything to render him happy and contented, satisfied, we might say, with himself and with others. He had just been admitted as a partner in an old and prosperous firm, in which his bachelor uncle had been the senior for years, and had now installed his nephew in his place, and had, besides, recently made a will, whereby this same nephew was made heir to all his immense wealth, accumulated by many long years of travail in the East. Added to this, he was loved and respected by his numerous friends for his real merit and was, without his knowledge, a general favorite in the small community of Europeans to which he belonged. Notwithstanding all these advantages he was at this moment tormented by a sentiment of uneasiness that rendered him more or less uncomfortable, and at times almost amounted to a positive pain. He could not indulge it, yet he would not dismiss it. He had revolved it in his mind till he grew nervous, and viewed it from every side with the same result, dissatisfaction and disapproval; many times he had thrown it from him and returned to it eagerly; shut it out of his heart, then opened wide the doors and invited it to enter.

How many among us practice this same wise plan, in our journey through life? then whine and whimper over it and dignify our weakness by the name of a fate we cannot conquer. Tracy's regard for the Pateh led him this evening to forget his own lighter grievances in an attempt to comfort his friend who was suffering under a

distress and an annoyance which had evidently been explained to him before. Leaning towards the Pateh and laying his hand upon his arm he said, in allusion to the cause of the latter's emotion, —

“Don't mind it so much, Sarjio ; I would not permit myself to become agitated, if I were you, as long as I had a hope, particularly such a hope as you have.”

“That is very easy in theory, Tracy,” replied the Pateh, “and I wish I could follow it in practice ; but I cannot, and I doubt if you could either. I have reasoned with myself in the same strain a score of times, but it is of no use. When I think of Josephine, I am calmed and soothed, but reflections on her father will follow and they exasperate me beyond all control.” As the Pateh ceased speaking his brows again contracted, while he ground his teeth in anger, and his hand again sought the glittering handle of his kris.

“Pooh !” answered Tracy, making an attempt to treat the matter lightly for the Pateh's sake. “Why do you care for the father when you are sure of the daughter and also the mother ? Forget the unreasonable parent in the happy triumph you must experience in the knowledge that you possess Miss Bardwell's affections, and — and be patient, as I advised before. Yes, wait,” he continued in a blundering attempt to reconcile the Javan. “It will come right. Sewa's family is powerful and Miss Bardwell determined. I predict the father will come around, if you quietly persevere and do nothing rash or dreadful,” feeling it was necessary to caution the Pateh against any sudden outbreak. “Naturally,” he pursued, “Bardwell wishes his daughter to marry a European like himself. You should not blame him for that.”

“I don't,” said the Pateh. “The desire is proper ; but when he is assured that she will not and her happi-

ness and mine depend upon his acquiescence, it is cruel to her and insulting to me, to withhold it. He, indeed!" cried the Pateh, excitedly; "he possesses neither name nor lineage; he has no ancestry. He ran away one dark night with Josephine's mother. That was his greatest honor. And I!—my blood comes down through centuries of men and women celebrated for their heroic deeds and princely titles. Truly, I make him a great compliment which he affects to scorn. I have made up my mind, however; I will not take my wife by stealth, as he did her mother. I shall tell him so; but I will take her for all that, in the very face of the noonday sun. Josephine shall be my wife, my only wife, as I have assured him. For her sake I will depart from the customs of my nation and never, while she lives, will I take another wife."

"That was very wise in you," said Tracy. "As a Christian he would certainly object to a plurality of wives, among whom his beautiful daughter would count only as one," and Tracy turned away his head to conceal a smile, as a picture of the imperious Josephine rose before his mind, seated on a divan with two or three dozen of her husband's wives around her.

"I expected an objection on that score," said the Pateh, "and did not wait to hear it. In truth I have said and done all I can, but he still declares he will never consent."

"Well, I should desist now, for a time," answered Tracy, "in the conviction of having acted fairly and honorably. I feel something favorable will turn up soon. It always does when we have done our best. I believe that when our mind and purpose is righteously fixed, and we have done our utmost, it is our duty to wait on Heaven to aid us and we shall receive the required help."

“If I did not believe in the truth and righteousness of my purpose,” said the Pateh, “I should desist at once, despite all my love for Josephine. As it is, I wish to create her happiness by completing my own. Since my mind is relieved in regard to your sentiments, Tracy, I am more settled and determined than ever.”

As the Pateh concluded the last sentence he looked at his friend with a keen and piercing gaze of inquiry which Tracy saw, but pretended not to notice, by looking away off towards the sea, while an expression of genuine sympathy was depicted on his handsome face. Observing this and Tracy’s silence, a warm blaze began to kindle in the Javan’s eyes. Bending forward, he asked in a suppressed whisper which trembled with the emotion he tried to conceal, —

“Tell me, Tracy; are you frank with me in saying you do not love Miss Bardwell? I only ask you not to deceive me. I don’t ask you not to love her. If you deceive me I could not forget it,” and a murderous look swept over the Pateh’s brow.

“I have told you the truth, Sarjio,” answered Tracy, looking full in the noble’s face, feeling half-offended as he perceived the latter’s jealous suspicions, and noticed the threatening glance with which he was regarding him. “You are aware it was my uncle’s thought, and not mine.”

“Then you are quite sure, Tracy, you did not, nor do not agree with your uncle’s plans?” returned the Pateh, eagerly leaning forward again to catch his companion’s answer.

“It is needless to repeat my assertions,” answered Tracy, “and I begin to feel indignant with you. My thoughts turn in another direction.”

“Ah! explain yourself, my dear friend, and forgive

me," exclaimed the Pateh, with an air of profound satisfaction.

"Not now. Some other time I will confide in you," replied Tracy with some embarrassment. "My uncle has other views for me. But dismiss your fears in any case. I would not marry Miss Bardwell, not even to please my best of uncles, and I would strain a point to please him." Before Tracy had concluded he grew somewhat excited, observing which the Pateh said, with a twinkle of mirth in his eyes, —

"I believe you, and pardon me if I confess your words give me pleasure ; but let me advise you not to get excited. Wait and be patient; all will come right, as you tell me."

"I advise that course for you," said Tracy, "but for myself, the disease has not gone far enough to require any special treatment. After your difficulty is removed, I will explain mine. Why don't you advise with the Bopati in regard to your affairs? He would be an able ally, I am sure."

"I have asked his advice," replied the Pateh, "but it amounted to nothing. He was highly amused and was unable to understand how I felt, and reminded me of the Christians' one wife. I told him I fully intended to follow their customs in that respect."

"Well, how did he receive your new ideas of marriage?" asked Tracy, his amusement and curiosity aroused.

"He regarded it as a joke and said I would soon change my mind, and began to speculate on the length of my constancy, or in other words, my chances of infidelity, followed by the disgust and consternation of my Christian wife. I became angry and tried to convince him I was in earnest and had well considered the subject before com-



mitting myself ; he laughed then, more than ever ; advised me to take a princess from my own nation ; asked me if I had ever seen the Radan Mattah-Djarri, whose beauty is celebrated, and earnestly counseled me to consult my happiness and abandon all ideas of a Christian wife, firmly refusing to interfere. I reminded him that Keomah was Sewa's sister and consequently the Nonyah Bardwell's aunt. That tie he declared was only nominal. Sewa had forfeited her right of blood by marrying a foreigner without rank. I persisted, however, and urged him, as Sewa's relative, to remonstrate with Josephine's father, which he again flatly refused to do. Said his pride forbade such a humiliation ; a Javan noble could not supplicate or ask favors from a European belonging to the people ; and appealed to my own self-respect to prove it, really telling me he hoped I would not make myself ridiculous, and the interview ended. His last word was ' Abandon your folly, Sarjio, and wait a while and you 'll not repent it.' It is singular both you and the Bopati advise patience. ' Patience ! patience ! ' I am tired of the word," concluded the Pateh with a light laugh, in which both bitterness and amusement could be detected.

" I am really sorry," said Tracy, " and fully sympathize with you in your troubles. I don't suppose you could be persuaded to adopt the Bopati's advice ? " he asked, after a short pause, hoping his friend would really do so for his own future ; for in all candor he could hut regard the Pateh's choice of a Christian and almost thoroughly European wife as absurd and foolish in a Javan noble, and a very different arrangement, in all its accompanying events and conditions, from a European Christian husband and a Javanese wife.

" Adopt the Bopati's views ! " reëchoed the Pateh in

astonishment and displeasure, "after all I have told you. Why, Tracy, you are half crazy to ask such a question. What," continued he, his voice betraying the passion he felt, "give up my Josephine! her golden hair, fair face, and blue eyes? Consign her to the possession of another? Never! never! should that happen, that other must die! She is mine, mine! I swear it, before Java and all Europe and in the presence of high Heaven. That decree is unalterably fixed. She has promised, sworn it. Yes, I made her swear it, and she will be faithful. I recognize the blood of my race in her love and her answers. She has somewhat of the character of Sewa, who belongs to my family, you know." At this point the Pateh paused a moment to calm his excitement, and Tracy looked around to see if any one had overheard them, feeling his own heart thrill with the magnetic ardor of the Javanese. In a few moments the Pateh resumed, his dark face glowing and sparkling with the energy of his passion, —

"Yes, I made Josephine swear, by her own God, that she loved me, me alone, above all human beings, and that she would never give me up. I was afraid of some influence from her father. And she did it, Tracy; she repeated the oath, solemn and binding as it was. I heard her whisper it in my ear, her voice low, soft, and sweet, like the wisikan (whispering wind). Ah! what I experienced at that moment! What ecstasy filled my soul! I closed my eyes and was transported to the paradise of the blest. But you! you Europeans cannot feel as we do. Your love is cold; your blood frozen. You hesitate and calculate while we rush on, give ourselves up to our inclinations and revel in their enjoyment. I would not possess your stagnant blood," ended the Pateh, looking compassionately at his companion, and waiting to hear him contradict or confirm this assertion.

Tracy, however, only looked at him for a few seconds in silence, then asked, in a low, earnest tone, "Your women, Sarjio, do they all love as you do?" showing an agitation that attracted the Pateh's notice, notwithstanding his own excitement.

"Yes, they do. We are all the same," answered the Pateh. "We love and we hate with all the warmth and intensity of our climate." And it is true, love in the bosoms of these children, nourished and ripened by the sun, takes the character of their climate and becomes like a scorching blast from a heated furnace, developing or consuming everything before it.

"With me," continued the Pateh, pressing his hand against his breast, "it brings indescribable bliss or untold torment. When I think of Josephine, and hear her again in fancy saying, 'Sarjio, I love you, I shall always love you,' I seem to have suddenly left the earth and entered a glorious heaven. The sky above becomes more blue; the air around me more balmy and transparent. The whole earth changes, and I am wrapt, as it were, in garments of resplendent beauty. I forget everything. I see only Josephine, radiant, beautiful, bending over me, in her queenly splendor. I hear her voice, I feel her breath on my face. I feel her head on my bosom, see her eyes full of silent love gazing into mine, and I am lost to all else. It is my life, my hope, my joy, and my glory," and the Pateh in his delirious enthusiasm fell back against the cushions behind him, locking his hands together and pressing them over his eyes, abandoning himself to his own ecstatic dreams, in which the fair and queenly Josephine Bardwell was the central figure.

Tracy listened to the Pateh in reverential astonishment. The ardent, eager expression of the latter's feel-

ings affected him strangely. He had never heard or seen the Javan so carried away before. His habitual manner, like that of all Javanese, was distinguished by an almost imperturbable deliberateness and self-possession. He was always calm and self-repressed. To see him thus, glowing, excited, enthusiastic, literally alive and burning up with the intensity of his passion, and hear him express it, acknowledge it, and exult in it, surprised Tracy more than a little. He ran his fingers through his hair and looked at the Pateh again to assure himself that this royal impassioned lover really was his former sedate friend. Yes, it was Sarjio and no mistake, absorbed and motionless; no doubt, at that moment, listening to the loving whispers of his Josephine. Seeing his companion so abstracted and entirely oblivious to everything around him, Tracy did not address him, but began to ponder over all the Pateh had told him.

He understood the humiliation it had been to the latter's pride to supplicate Mr. Bardwell for his daughter's hand and then be refused; and he could also perfectly comprehend the father's objections to having his beautiful and only child become a native noble's wife, notwithstanding his own regard for her mother and friendship for her people. He could not say the father was wrong. Indeed, he would have been surprised had he heard of Bardwell doing otherwise. The incongruity of the marriage, despite the dash of oriental blood Josephine inherited from her mother's side, struck Tracy as being excessively disagreeable. It seemed to him to be altogether out of the fitness of things as intended by nature. How, he wondered, could such a girl ever be happy or satisfied with the repressed and narrow life, even under the very best conditions, that must fall to the wife of a Javan prince. With all his partiality for the Pateh, he could

not approve of what seemed to him a wicked sacrifice on her side, that would quickly be followed by a monotonous repugnance that must soon become unbearable to a girl of European tastes and habits. He could fancy a European husband might find life tolerable, even pleasant, with a Javanese wife, as was the case with Mr. Bardwell and Sewa ; but vice versa, he thought it would make a great difference. These meditations reminded him of his own perplexities, and brought a long train of reflections, that increased his sympathy for Sarjio. He turned about and looked at him, still reclining against the cushions, inert and motionless. He felt a strong impulse to arouse him and give him the confidence he had promised ; not that he believed it would aid either of them, but his recent cogitations made him long to confess himself to some one ; and who now so capable of understanding him as Sarjio ? Debating these questions in his mind, Tracy arose and began to pace up and down in the shadow of the back part of the veranda, quite forgetful of the presence of the rest of the company, till at length their different adieux, as they retired, one at a time, attracted his attention and reminded him of the approach of midnight. Going up to the Pateh, he put his hand on his shoulder, shook him gently, and suggested it was time for them to do likewise. The Pateh instantly sat up, and extending his hand, said in his most musical accent, —

“Forgive me, my dear Tracy, I have been negligent indeed, but how could I forego the joyful interview I have just had with Josephine ? Yes, I have walked with her, conversed with her,” he pursued, in reply to Tracy’s inquiring gaze ; “heard her speak again in her bright way, and I am happy.” Perceiving his companion’s look of inquiry change into a stare of intense astonishment, he continued in explanation, “In spirit I have had a meet-

ing, shadowy and subtile, it is true, more like a conviction or impression, perhaps, it would seem to you, but I can perceive and enjoy it. It is a gift of spiritual sight that I possess in a small degree with thousands of others of my race."

"Incredulous!" returned Tracy; "you have been dreaming, or have gone mad, Sarjio."

"Not at all," said the Pateh. "This is scarcely a phenomenon, as some might term it, and is well understood throughout the East. It can be cultivated and acquired by any one so determined."

"Explain your meaning, Sarjio," said Tracy, falling into sudden doubt about his friend's sanity. "I own I am quite mystified, though I know you indulge in some peculiar notions about theosophy and all that."

"It is very simple," answered the Pateh. "Under certain conditions, in which a determined will and concentration are the principal, I can detach myself, so to speak, from my surroundings and go out in spirit to seek and find one in whom I am strongly interested; as in the present instance. I have cultivated this faculty since childhood. It is neither mysterious nor difficult. I have heard Europeans define this acute penetration as being impressions received from disembodied spirits, which were so strong that they amounted to convictions, termed by them communications. We understand it as the power of mind over matter. The result, however, is the same."

"Oh, yes, the occult sciences," said Tracy laughing. "I know now to what you allude. Divine illumination or the doctrine of theosophy, as I have just said, and as some sects or societies name it. A sort of transmigration of the soul with the additional art of returning again to inhabit the original body, is it not?"

"Well, you can ridicule the faculty as much as you

like," returned the Pateh; "I for one believe it is no dream. I shall see my darling soon, and then, and then" — clasping his hands.

"Well, well, be calm now," interrupted Tracy quickly, intending to prevent, if possible, a return of the previous excitement. "Look! there is the Bopati getting up," as he saw their host slowly rise from his chair and stand still a moment, looking down on the distant ocean glittering under the moonlight. "Come, we must say our 'good-night' and retire," going forward to bow before the dignified old noble and wish him a pleasant night's rest.

The Pateh rose immediately and followed his companion, and in another half hour the broad gallery was deserted by all, except one servant, the color of whose belt and head-dress indicated that he belonged to the service of the young Pateh. He stood in the shadow of one of the colossal pillars, as silent and immovable as the pillar itself. One acquainted with the dress of the population would have remarked that he was equipped for a journey. His sarong was looped up in the centre with one corner fastened under his belt, leaving his legs entirely exposed. A broad chapung hung from his arm, and two or three krises and a wayung were stuck through his belt. His feet and his body from the waist up were bare.

After standing for some time, a light footfall caused him to look toward the broad entrance to the corridor, where he perceived the figure of his master. Stepping hastily out from the shadow of the pillar, and allowing himself to be seen, he made a low obeisance and stood still. The Pateh moved towards him in his stately and deliberate way, drawing from his bosom a small box, whose sparkling appearance proved it was set with gems of rare value. Handing it to the servant, who instantly

dropped upon his knees to receive it, the Pateh uttered four words: "Bawa sama Nonah blanda," and turning around retraced his steps and disappeared within the corridor. The man rose from his knees, tightened his belt, passed swiftly down the steps, crossed the alun-alun, and passing out the front entrance saluted the sentinels and turned his steps towards the sea. Hurrying forward a few moments, he stopped opposite a low stall where a deep-brown, dried-up old man sat asleep on a box, leaning against a table upon which was a pile of small parcels containing boiled rice wrapped up in green plantain leaves. Standing still before the table, Satrap, the Pateh's servant, readjusted his dress, by fixing his chapung firmly on his head, tightening his belt a little more, examining the manner in which his sarong was tucked up, then taking up several of the green packages laid a copper coin on the table, touched the old man's arm, and departed as silently and swiftly as he had come. When he was entirely clear of the kampong and about entering the shade of the plantations, he paused again and drew from his belt, which is used by the Javanese as a pocket for everything, the box he had received from his master. He turned it over and looked at it admiringly saying, "bagus, bagus" (beautiful, beautiful), after which he wrapped it in a piece of delicate paper that he took from the crown of his chapung, then untied another box of larger size, which hung from his belt beside the plantain parcels, and placing the jeweled one therein, strapped all fast again to his side, and began his descent down the mountain, in a sort of jogging run or a peculiar jerky canter, a gait always adopted by messengers when making long journeys on foot.



## CHAPTER XXI.

THE next morning when the Pateh joined the party of Europeans who were assembled under the waringin trees in the alun-alun to discuss the advantages of one excursion above another which they were planning for the day, no one would have suspected from his calm and composed exterior what vehement gusts of passion and fury were sweeping through his breast. At the very moment when Mattah-Djarri and Wagari were commenting upon and admiring his noble and dignified bearing, he was almost blind with rage; yet so strong was the long-cultivated Javanese habit of concealment and self-control, that he compelled himself to take part in the suggestions and replies without betraying any emotion in either tone or manner. Tracy, remembering the excitement of the night before, had turned his eyes upon him several times in curious scrutiny, yet failed to detect anything amiss in the bearing of his friend.

He would not have believed that the Pateh had never felt so angry and indignant in all his life, as when he was thus scanning his face. In fact, the Pateh scarcely believed it himself, and slipped his hand several times into a small pocket in the inside of his sikapan to feel a crumpled and twisted letter he had thrust therein in his first indignation, to assure himself he was not under some incomprehensible delusion. This letter was from Josephine's father. He had received it that morning a short time before he had joined the group under the waringin trees. It had been forwarded to him from his dwelling

on the plains, and contained a decided, positive, and peremptory refusal from Mr. Bardwell, to listen to all or any overtures or negotiations from the Pateh for the hand of his daughter Josephine. Mr. Bardwell based his objections on the dissimilarity of habits and distinctions of race, quite ignoring the fact that Josephine's mother was a full Javanese, and that Josephine must naturally inherit the same blood in a greater or less degree, which made her, besides, a blood relation of the Pateh; distant, it is true, but nevertheless, a branch from the parent stock, and what the Javanese regarded as a reproach — a spurious branch. All these thoughts passed through the Pateh's mind as he moved around the alun-alun.

He knew the old nobles belonging to his family, who boasted of their pure and long descent, would not consider that he had honored them by introducing a half-caste Christian wife, who never could become one of themselves, and whose children would always present in their visage the admixture of a foreign race, and could never be regarded as pure Javanese. These reflections did not tend to soften his resentment. Added to the superior and condescending tones of Mr. Bardwell's letter, it infuriated him to such a degree that he longed to wash out the affront by plunging his kris a dozen times or more into the disdainful merchant's body; and had he not been restrained by the thought of Josephine's grief, he would have lost no time in doing so. As to considering such an act murder, and to be avoided as an unpardonable and punishable crime, it never entered his brain. There was no logic in his calendar that could construe the just avenging of an unmerited insult into murder, as it would be regarded by a Western nation.

Mr. Bardwell, on his side, also had his grievances.

When writing this letter to the Pateh, he could scarcely control his temper sufficiently to express himself within the limits of decent propriety. He forgot his own youth and the just indignation of the old Bopati, whose kindness he received, and whose hospitality he shared and returned by eloping with his favorite daughter. In his paternal selfishness he became arrogant and insulting. He chose to regard the young Javan noble as an impudent and pretentious native, aspiring to something that was far above him. His beautiful Josephine became the wife of a native! The very idea was enraging and not to be thought of. "What did he care, in such a case," he asked himself, "about princely blood or long descent?" It was all Malay; prince or peasant, it was the same to him; and as to wealth, he had sufficient himself. He summoned his daughter and talked to her; tried to persuade her, painting all the deprivations and disadvantages, and what he termed "the reproaches," that must fall to her lot if she persisted in her absurd desire to marry the Pateh. It was fruitless. Josephine exculpated herself, defended and praised her lover; reminded him of her mother, the taint in her own blood; cried, begged, expostulated, and finally ended by declaring she would cling to the handsome Pateh till death.

Her father was in despair, which reflection converted into disgust and anger; all of which was poured out on the head of the young prince. In his distress, the disappointed father went to consult with the uncle of young Tracy, between whose nephew and his own daughter the two friends had once talked of establishing marriage. The elder Tracy advised silence and postponement, assuring him that was a remedy well worth trying; adding that opposition often made the rebellious more determined, and that in the absence of all contradiction Miss Bard-

well might be led to see the incongruity herself. Mr. Bardwell decided he would endeavor to follow this plan, but resolved heaven and earth might fall together before he would consent to indulge such preposterous taste in Josephine; concluding, as a last resort, he would take her to Europe on a supposed pleasure trip and leave her there, where, coming in contact with Anglo-Saxon society, he hoped she would forget her insanity and learn to become ashamed of her youthful fancy. Under the influence of these reflections and resolutions he took no further notice of the Pateh's pretensions nor of Josephine's obstinacy, and assisted her and her mother in preparing to depart for the mountains to pass a portion of the mangsa trang (dry monsoon), during which time rain seldom falls and the air is hot and clear. He hoped some experience of native life and customs might have a salutary effect upon his daughter. She would witness female life in the dalam of the Bopati, as she must expect her own to be as the wife of the Pateh, and he thought it might deter her. She would perceive how impossible it would be for her, with her tastes, education, habits, and love of fashion and society, to conform to such a secluded and monotonous existence. Altogether, the sorely tried and ambitious parent began to regard the visit as the best thing, perhaps, that could happen to bring about the state of mind he longed to see in his child.

It never occurred to him that the Pateh by any possible chance might go to Kali Chandi; or make a visit to the dalam of the Bopati; neither would the Pateh have thought of so doing at that particular time, had it not been for the earnest solicitations of Tracy and his friends. The Pateh's knowledge of the Teng'gers mountains made him a desirable addition, and his well-known intimacy with Tracy made it seem quite natural that he should

make one of their number, therefore it had been arranged that he should join them at Kali Chandi. His inclinations prompted him to remain on the plains in his dwelling. He wanted to be near Josephine, who, for some reason, had not informed him of their intended visit, and it was to make known to her that he was one of the party making the ascent to the Brama, that he dispatched Satrap, the messenger, with the casket containing the letter.

When the excursionists left the kampong, after having decided upon the direction they would take, the points they would visit, and the time when they expected to return, the Pateh left instructions for Satrap to proceed, on his return, to the baths of Jati Sung'gu and there await his coming.

The baths of Jati Sung'gu are situated in an elevated valley, bearing the same name, covered with forests of jati sung'gu (the true teak), which on account of its hardness and durability is much used for ship-building.

This valley is celebrated for the superb views it affords of the conical peaks that inclose it, and for its natural baths, — huge basins, supposed to have been scooped or hollowed out of the solid rocks by the action of the ice in glacial periods, perhaps millions of years ago. The sides and bottoms of these immense reservoirs are uniformly round, sloping, smooth, and polished by the same whirling and boring process. Small streams draining the water from the heights above and relieved of all dregs and impurities on their long, winding journey downward, supply these basins with a pure, sparkling, and wonderfully transparent water, which appears only two or three feet deep. But when the bather makes his first plunge, he is astonished and alarmed to find himself going down some forty or fifty feet before he touches the bottom. The

cool, silvery deliciousness of the water in these unique baths, with the beauty of the valley, have given them more or less celebrity, causing all that can do so to visit them and enjoy a plunge. It was for this purpose the guests of the *dalam* had arranged to return to Jati Sung'gu in the afternoon, where they were to be met by servants bearing food and refreshments.

The Pateh did not enjoy the excursion nor even the society of Tracy. The contents of Mr. Bardwell's letter, stuffed in the inside pocket of his *sikapan*, where it seemed to singe and burn the flesh beneath it, occupied his mind entirely. He wished to be alone to indulge his anger and indignation. He wanted to tell Tracy about this additional insult, and could not for lack of opportunity. Either the zigzag paths they were following were unfit for conversation, or there was always some one near enough to overhear them. He could only dwell upon one thing, and that was his resolve not to relinquish Josephine. He reasoned the matter over with himself repeatedly. He had been invited by her father to visit his house. He had done so in the beginning because Sewa was his relative and her husband desired it. He had been introduced to Josephine by her father and won her honorably, without concealment on his part, and now he was determined that she should become his wife. This thought gave him the only comfort he experienced during that dreadfully long day. The Pateh would have been more embittered had he known Mr. Bardwell had invited him to visit and dine at his house because it was to his advantage in commercial affairs to be able, at any time, to command the influence of one or two powerful Javanese friends; and he could thus cultivate his society for his own advantage and at the same time please Sewa and gain the respect and good-will of her influential

family, and draw to himself a double benefit. But who could have supposed, in their wildest dreams, that his handsome daughter, educated in the most refined circles in Europe, and so recently arrived, with all the tastes and habits of that society still freshly imprinted on her mind, could or would fix her affections upon any one so unlikely, so dissimilar, so incongruous in every sense, as this young native prince.

To her father it seemed incredible. To Tracy most amazing. But the latter liked Sarjio, and if it was his happiness, he wished him success and could not repress his sympathy or withhold expressions of hopefulness when he saw him suffer. In truth, the whole affair annoyed him considerably. He would have preferred not to have known anything about it. He was unwilling to offend Mr. Bardwell by appearing to take sides with the Pateh, yet he feared it would come to this, for he had no idea of turning his back upon his friend when he was in trouble. Of all the men Tracy had ever known, he preferred the young Javan noble, and determined that while he would not seek any participation in the Pateh's love affairs, he would stand ready to support his side of the question.

The morning after the Pateh's messenger left Kali Chandi, Josephine's maid waited for her mistress outside of her bathroom door, with the box the Pateh had intrusted to him in her hand. Josephine received it with exclamations of delight, pressed it to her heart as on former occasions, admired its costly gems, touched the secret spring, and watched the lid rise and disclose the precious missive within. As she drew the latter forth with her delicate fingers, she murmured, "My Sarjio, my Sarjio," allowing her voice to linger with a soft, loving cadence on the name.

An hour or two later, Satrap was ascending the mountain with her hastily written answer tucked under his belt. From time to time he stopped to turn around and take breath, while he surveyed the green plains below him and the gray city, almost concealed under the palm-trees, stretching along on the farthest edge, breaking the long, white line of surf whose dull roar still reached his ears.

About two o'clock he entered the alun-alun in Kali Chandi, where he received the commands of his master, and without stopping to eat or rest, hurried on to the baths of Jati Sung'gu, taking his meal of rice and chabi out of a plantain leaf as he trotted along. When he reached the baths it was four o'clock. The excursionists had all finished bathing and were lying about on the grass resting and partaking of the good cheer the generous Bopati had forwarded them. When Satrap came up he seated himself among the servants and native attendants, who squatted in a ring a short distance from their masters, waiting to obey their commands and afterwards eat their own rice. The Pateh took no notice of the arrival of Satrap when he saw him appear, but shortly afterwards arose and walked slowly into the forest. A moment later Satrap plunged into the forest in an opposite direction, to all appearances continuing his journey, and was soon lost in its thick shade. In ten minutes he dropped on one knee before his master and handed him the letter received from Merrah, Josephine's maid. When the Pateh returned to the dalam, Satrap was stretched out fast asleep on a bali-bali in one of the servants' huts in the compound in the rear.

After the Pateh had read Josephine's letter, a soft and sweet expression settled over his face, replacing the fierce gloom of the morning. Tracy observed it when he



joined him again without suspecting the cause, and smiled to himself as he thought, "Well, now he's had another interview," mentally alluding to the disclosures on the veranda the night before. While they lay on the grass the Pateh had managed to acquaint Tracy with the contents of the letter which he had received that morning from Mr. Bardwell, again expressing his intense disgust and indignation, and assuring him that it was only for Josephine's sake that he did not start off at once to the city and kill him. As they followed their companions back to the Kali Chandi, keeping together as usual, sometimes sliding down steep rocks, picking their way under water-falls, skirting jungles, and all the while on the outlook for surprises from some wild beast, Tracy perceived that the Pateh's face not only continued to wear its air of pleased satisfaction, but took on an expression of delight; and he began to fear it was something more serious than a shadowy interview with Josephine that was producing this marked and happy change. A vague fear that it might arise from a concluded arrangement to destroy Bardwell came up in his mind as he recalled the sudden appearance of Satrap and the short absence of the Pateh in the forest. He knew if the latter had expressed to his attendant a desire that Mr. Bardwell should die he would shortly hear of his funeral. He was loath to admit the suspicion that his friend could descend to such a secret, underhanded way of taking a human being's life, yet familiarity with the natives' mode of thought and customs prepared him to accept it without surprise, and he instinctively moved a little away from the Pateh, deciding if Bardwell died soon he would never speak to Sarjio again. He tried to think how he could touch upon the subject and give the Pateh the opportunity of telling him the truth, when

they came out on a smooth bit of road and Sarjio turned to him with a beaming face and said, —

“She will be here to-night, Tracy; is at this moment in the dalam of the Bopati, perhaps.”

“Of whom are you speaking?” asked Tracy, light breaking upon his mind, and wondering if the Pateh would tell him he expected a spiritual visit from his Josephine.

“Of whom should I speak but Miss Bardwell?”

“How do you expect her to come, Sarjio?” again queried Tracy, with fun in his voice. “In flesh and blood, or in shadowy, impalpable form, only apparent to your own highly cultivated vision?” and he laughed heartily over the Javan’s hallucinations.

“Don’t indulge your mirth too soon, Tracy,” said the Pateh impatiently, and with some severity. “I assure you, Miss Bardwell will be at the dalam to-night with Sewa.”

“Oh, oh!” cried Tracy, this time his voice expressing the utmost astonishment, as he quickly asked, turning half around and looking suspiciously into the face of his friend, “You must admit, Sarjio, this is rather extraordinary just now; and what brings her?”

“It may appear so,” replied the Pateh; “but it was arranged a week ago that she was to come with Sewa and visit Keomah and Mattah-Djarri. I have just learned it from a letter that Satrap has brought me.”

“Do they know you are here, or that you intended to come?” inquired Tracy, uneasily, thinking, “Well, this is a pretty muss.”

“I wrote Josephine last night that I was here: beyond that they know nothing,” answered the Pateh. “But she will come, and use her pleasure, no doubt, about saying I am here. I think she will tell Sewa, perhaps.”

“And they come to visit Keomah and Mattah-Djarri,” said Tracy, musingly, “and doubtless to enjoy the mountain air during the dry monsoon.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” answered the Pateh. “You remember the Radan ajeng Mattah-Djarri, whom you met at Bardwell’s dinner. She is so beautiful, you must have noticed her.”

“Yes, I remember her,” answered Tracy, becoming thoughtful; and he walked on beside the Pateh with his eyes fixed on the ground, while neither of them spoke for some time.

“Josephine writes me they expect to be at the dalam before sunset,” said the Pateh at length, taking up the conversation where they had left it. “It is her father’s desire that they should come, but he can’t imagine that I am here;” and the Pateh laughed low and musically, but Tracy observed that derision was the leading note.

“You fill me with surprises, Sarjio; what will you do now?” inquired Tracy; “go away, for instance, or stay and meet Miss Bardwell?”

“I go away?” repeated the Pateh. “Not I — I’ll remain as you do, unless — unless Josephine goes with me,” he added, after a short pause, in a slow, deliberate voice, which convinced Tracy he had made up his mind to decided and rapid action, and the result now rested with Josephine.

“You are not disposed, I see, to be too modest, Sarjio,” said Tracy, half in fun and half in earnest, beginning to think the Pateh was contemplating taking rather a high hand. “Have you really an idea,” he continued, “Miss Bardwell could be induced to go with you, and where to? pray let me ask you, and at the same time suggest it might not be an easy task to carry a European girl about in this hot climate.”

"I will not carry Josephine about," said the Pateh, with some displeasure, taking Tracy's words literally. "I will give her the best carriage and four horses that can be procured on this side of the globe, and I will make her my wife, to begin with, before I start," added he in a proud and tremulous tone.

"You talk like a man that is dreaming, Sarjio," said Tracy. "Miss Bardwell is a Christian, you a Mohammedan. Where could you have the marriage rite performed?"

"Here in this village," replied the Pateh, pointing to a group of thatched huts, with a slender minaret rising from the round dome of a mosque in its centre; "or at Kali Chandi, or in my father's kampong nearer the summit, or anywhere where there is a village with a dukun, or a mosque with a panghulu. Josephine's consent is all that is needed. It is out of the ordinary custom, I know," he continued, in reply to Tracy's surprised look, "but the situation requires that I lose no time, and as I possess money and power, which I now rejoice in, it shall serve me as it has never served me before."

"I hope you will not do anything so imprudent, Sarjio," said Tracy earnestly. "I trust, for your sake and her own, Miss Bardwell knows her duty too well and has too much respect for her father's wishes to consent to be married in such a manner. Don't you think you had better wait and see first if it can't be brought about in the proper way, before resorting to such rash measures?"

"I understand you, and you may be right, but I will now wait only on Josephine's will," replied the Pateh decidedly. "Her father has forfeited all claims to my consideration. He has insulted me," with rising anger, "and, Tracy, I fear I shall kill him," he jerked out in a stifling voice, his hand at the same instant grasping the

sparkling handle of his kris, which he suddenly drew forth, making several suggestive passes with its serpentine blade through the air.

"Think of Josephine's grief, Sarjio," said Tracy soothingly, hoping to calm him, while he looked with apprehension on the formidable weapon with which the indignant Javan was cutting and plunging into an invisible Bardwell, and shuddered for the latter's fate, should he by any unfortunate chance happen into the presence of the Pateh before he had conquered his first paroxysms of rage.

"I do think of Josephine and her sorrow; I have thought of nothing else all day," replied the Pateh in answer to Tracy's last exhortation. "It is she that withholds me; but still, I fear in an unguarded moment I might meet him, and then, Tracy, I could not answer for myself."

"Be careful, then, not to meet him if you perceive there is danger of it. Fix your mind on Josephine," said Tracy. "Picture to yourself her sorrow should anything happen to her father. You know how she loves him. Imagine her aversion for the hand that would harm him."

"Enough, enough, Tracy," ejaculated the Pateh, sliding his kris back into its sheath with a groan; "you have saved me for the present, and I won't talk of the future." Then pausing for a moment, he murmured as if thinking aloud, "Yes, Josephine, for thee I will do all things."

Without listening further to the conversation of the two young men as they tramped back to Kali Chandi behind their companions, after the fatiguing exertions of the day, we will look in upon Miss Bardwell and her mother, satisfied that the excursionists will reach the dalam of the Bopati in safety, where an abundant supper

will await them, after which they will doubtless indulge in the lounging and smoking of the night before, on the side gallery, while the same strange stillness fills the air and the same brilliant moon steadily moves toward the zenith overhead.

## CHAPTER XXII.

As soon as Josephine had replied to the Pateh's letter and given it to Merrah to see it started on its way, she sought her mother to ascertain the hour of their intended departure for the mountains, and to urge that it might be as early in the day as possible. She was now anxious to get away before her father could hear of the Pateh's trip to the top of the Teng'gers. She was gratified to find Sewa making preparations to leave in time to arrive at Kali Chandi before sunset. Her father was in her mother's apartments giving a few last instructions. She started at seeing him, almost overwhelmed, for a moment, by the consciousness of the deception she was practicing towards him. She felt sorry she knew Sarjio was at the dalam of the Bopati. She wished she had not known of it until after her arrival. Then there would have been no occasion to deceive her father; but she would not tell him now and thus destroy all chance of seeing her lover. She compromised with her conscience by deciding to tell her mother as soon as they had left the city well behind, although she knew Sewa would think whatever she wished she should.

When Josephine entered the room, her father called her to come and sit beside him, and told her he thought seriously of going to Europe in a month or two, perhaps immediately after her return from the mountains, and would take her with him; affecting to believe she would naturally be delighted with the prospect. He considered this a good plan to draw her mind from that "infernal

native," as he amiably termed the young Pateh. He observed with deep pain the indifferent, even reluctant air, with which Josephine received his proposals. There were no joyful exclamations nor enthusiastic expectations expressed, as he had hoped and supposed there would be. Instead, she looked frightened and sad, and he inwardly cursed the "brown whelp" who had thus come between him and the object he so much loved. As his eyes wandered over the beauty and elegance of her face and figure, and he reflected that she was willing to hide it all in the seclusion of Java with a native prince, he drew a deep sigh, which carried such a profound sense of grief on its breath, that Josephine looked up and impulsively threw her arms around his neck and began to weep upon his bosom, while his emotion quite equaled her own. Her distress, for the time, was painful to witness, yet she had not the least idea of retracting or abandoning the Pateh. Her father's repeatedly expressed determination to oppose her wishes made her more obstinately persistent, while his disapprobation and sadness both irritated and grieved her. In her heart she blamed and reproached him for making them all so miserable. Long and unrestrained indulgence had obliterated all proper ideas of the deference and submission she owed him. She wept because she felt sorry for him and deplored what she considered his short-sighted perversity and hardness of heart in willingly making both her and himself unhappy. She knew he suffered keenly, but she knew that Sarjio did also.

The great error of her own disobedient wilfulness towards a loving parent did not enter her thoughts. She had always seen herself the petted idol whose will was not to be crossed. She had no conception of the arbitrary selfishness of this supposition, and felt injured and



wronged by her father in this new and unexpected opposition.

At last, mother and daughter were seated in their comfortable carriage, with servants and baggage following behind them, and were soon winding slowly up the mountain-side. It was Josephine's first experience of a gradual and imperceptible ascent into a cooler and purer atmosphere. The rare and stimulating air intoxicated her spirits, filling her with delight, and, joined to the wondrous beauty of the scene slowly unrolling behind and below them, with the knowledge that she was moving steadily onward toward the object of her dearest hopes, invested the moment with a halo of romance and bewildering illusion that lifted her above and beyond all commonplace and everyday things and thoughts. She felt she had just begun to live, and looked back with sudden compassion on the tameness and blankness of her previous existence, more firmly resolving that nothing should prevent her from living with Sarjio amidst that superb mountain scenery which was his native home.

In the ecstasy of her feelings, she confided to Sewa her knowledge of the Pateh's presence at the dalam in Kali Chandi. Sewa was frightened at first. Her husband's anger loomed up in her mind and overwhelmed her with dismay. She dreaded what the consequences might be, but under the extravagant and ardent manipulations of her daughter she soon began to perceive his unreasonable injustice, not to say cruelty and wrong, towards her innocent and unoffending child. It was not long, therefore, before she succumbed entirely to the magnetism of her daughter's enthusiasm and began to share the latter's anticipated pleasure in speedily meeting her incomparable Sarjio. Thus the first half of the journey was passed in delightful enjoyment by both mother and daughter.

ter, and in almost entire forgetfulness of the father's claims.

Not long after midday the carriage stopped near a silvery waterfall in the dark shade of a forest, where the occupants descended to the ground to refresh themselves with a draught of the sparkling beverage, clear and cold from the dizzy summits above. Josephine looked around in amazement. She was no longer in a tropical clime. The air was cool and invigorating, and gave the rustling of the leaves a northern sound. Herds of deer stood away off looking at them in silent surprise, then suddenly bounded away and were soon hidden by the multitudinous trunks of the gigantic teak and liquidamber trees, which shot up like tall columns in every direction. More than once an enraged wild hog (*babi roesa*) would suddenly come crashing through a tangled mass of low shrubbery, and with a threatening squeal rush past them to conceal himself behind or under another covering. After partaking of a substantial lunch in the quiet shade, they reëntered the carriage and started again on their upward route towards Kali Chandi. The ascending road now led into the very depths of the forest. The view of the rolling valleys on the mountain's base, and the broad, flat plain surrounding it, with the uneasy ocean beyond, and the dipping horizon still farther away, was shut out behind them entirely. Curious paths twisted down the descents, crossed their road, and wriggled out of sight in an opposite direction, over which the Javanese rhinoceros would sometimes clumsily trot, one behind the other, with their one stubby horn erect in the air and tail corresponding, while they snorted and belled either in fright or defiance.

In many places the well-trodden paths of these animals wound up the most dangerous steeps, continuing till they

reached the very edge of the smoking crater, where they ran around the dangerous brim for long distances and then descended again towards the forests below, without any apparent motive.

Enormous snakes not unfrequently lay stretched across the highway in occasional patches of sunshine, or with their immense length coiled in ugly brown heaps by the narrow road-side, reluctantly moving to escape the carriage wheels. Among the branches and limbs of the trees that met and interlaced overhead, the long and slender whip-snake laped and relaped itself, without seeming end or beginning, like a brown and white striped cord that only had to be disentangled to be put into service.

Josephine had never seen such sights before, and was thrown into the utmost terror when she first beheld them, but observing that Sewa regarded them with sleepy, indifferent eyes, and the servants scarcely noticed them at all, she gained more courage and gradually calmed her fears, resolutely bringing her thoughts back to their pleasant meditations on the handsome Pateh, for whom she endeavored to imagine she was bravely passing through all these dangers. In this delusion she raised her mind to such a pitch of romantic exaltation that she felt quite willing to face a chance threatening of death itself, had successful progress to the palace of the Bopati demanded so.

As the great golden orb of the setting sun sank into the Indian Ocean, the carriage of Sewa and Josephine, with their baggage and servants, rolled along under the cocoas and palms around Kali Chandi, and soon turned into the broad green of the alun-alun and halted in front of the lawung seketing belonging to the dalam of the Bopati. Hosts of servants instantly appeared, to attend them, while the Bopati, followed by Keomah and Mattah-

Djarri, hastened forward to bid them welcome. The Bopati, who had never seen Josephine before, regarded her with much astonishment. Her thoroughly European air and appearance pleased and surprised him. He showed her special attention and began to feel more kindly towards Sewa.

The quick eyes of Josephine immediately detected something wrong or unusual with Mattah-Djarri. Her face had a pained and, at the same time, a set and resolved expression that it did not wear when they had been together before; and over it all there was a touching sadness that seemed to appeal to Josephine for sympathy and protection. Sewa, like Josephine, observed the change and at once divined the truth, but with the habitual cunning and seeming indifference of the Javanese, pretended to be blind to it all, deciding not to mention it until it was mentioned to her. She even complimented the Bopati upon the Radan ajeng's improved beauty, to which he assented with great satisfaction. Josephine heard the passing compliments in surprise and looked at Mattah-Djarri whose face wore a deadly pallor that could not be called an improvement.

Then she listened to Sewa and knew from a certain little ring in her voice that her mother did not believe in her own statements, and she felt there was something decidedly out of place connected with her cousin. Going up to the latter she took her hands in hers and kissed her, begging her to accompany her to the apartments she was to occupy. The two girls disappeared beyond the passadong, Mattah-Djarri with difficulty preserving her composure till they were alone in Josephine's rooms, when she threw her arms around her cousin and began to cry, in a manner most distressing to the latter.

"What is it, Mattie? explain this mystery," en-

treated Josephine; "it alarms me," half crying herself, forgetting the Pateh and all the interesting confidences she had intended to bestow upon Mattah-Djarri the first instant they were alone.

Wagari, entering the apartment at this moment in pursuit of her mistress, and catching the last sentence, comprehended the situation and explained, in as few words as possible, the unhappy position of the princess, taking care to describe the Tumung'gung as a hideous old ogre and very beast of prey.

Josephine felt her own griefs were as nothing in comparison with the impending fate of her lovely cousin. She could imagine nothing more dreadful than to be forced into a marriage with the repulsive old tyrant whom Wagari had described, with the additional portraiture of his shrunken, half-tottering figure, dried-up face, blinking eyes, and toothless mouth, and to which Mattah-Djarri gave assent; she felt her flesh creep and remembered with joy the superb and youthful beauty of her own Sarjio. It was horrible, too horrible, she declared, and must be prevented, and while she removed her traveling dress, she proceeded to console her cousin by solemnly assuring her such a sacrifice must and should be frustrated.

"How glad I am, dear Mattie," exclaimed Josephine, after they had talked the matter over, "that we are just in time to save you. Another month and you would have been gobbled up by the old monster," and she forced a cheerful little laugh, in an effort to inspire her saddened companion with a sentiment of courage and hope.

"I hope your desires and assurances will be realized, dear Josie," said Mattah-Djarri, "but I am not so sanguine. You don't know what the Bopati's anger can become. To die is the only refuge I perceive, and that is a

desperate remedy to think of. It makes me shiver," and the young girl shook from head to foot in apprehensive dread.

"Don't talk about such an event," said Josephine. "You would not commit suicide! and something will 'turn up,' as the girls at school used to say when troubles arose; and so it always did, for we all came off happily with our lives, notwithstanding we each felt we were sure to die when summoned before Madame, to be reprov'd or accused of some misdemeanor."

Josephine's maid appearing to accompany her mistress to the bath, prevented further conversation on the subject of the Tumung'gung. After the bath, food and rest were necessary, which excluded all opportunity for added questions or confidences between the cousins, till late in the evening when Josephine went into Mattah-Djarri's apartments, which joined those allotted to her own use, and inquired if there were any strangers or guests at the dalam. Mattah-Djarri informed her of the visit of the European excursionists. "And is that all?" inquired Josephine, in a disappointed tone, suddenly fearing something might have called the Patch away. "Where are they at present?" she further asked.

"I have heard from Wagari, who keeps herself informed of all that is going on, that they went on an excursion to-day to the caves of Durha, and from thence they were to return to the dalam by the baths of Jati Sung'gu," replied Mattah-Djarri, a suspicion rising in her mind that Josephine's unknown lover might be one of their number. "That sunny-looking Mr. Tracy, perhaps," she thought, "who had spoken to her that night at the dinner-table."

"They will return to-night, or have, no doubt, already done so," she continued, thinking the news would please

her cousin, if the mysterious lover happened to be among them. "Wagari knows all their movements from Schagga, you see," with a faint smile.

"I understand," replied Josephine rather impatiently, getting uneasy about the Pateh; "but are there no other guests in the dalam, no young rajahs or radans or anything like that?" Saying this, Josephine looked anxiously into her cousin's face while she waited with suspended breath for her answer.

"None, unless it is Sarjio the Pateh," replied Mattah-Djarri hesitatingly. "He is with the Europeans."

This reply relieved Josephine's mind, but she made no response. She was debating whether it would not be better to inform her cousin at once of the relations existing between herself and the Pateh. She had noticed Mattah-Djarri's hesitation when about to speak of him, and imputed it to a delicate reluctance she might feel about mentioning his name to her, forgetting she had not divulged the name of her lover when she had disclosed to Mattah-Djarri the secret troubles that oppressed her.

"Have you seen Sarjio since he arrived at the dalam?" asked Josephine at length, more for the pleasure it gave her to repeat his name than anything else.

"I saw him this morning from my veranda."

"You did," cried Josephine, suddenly jumping up, and leaning over to kiss the speaker on both cheeks, feeling, at the moment, she loved her next to the Pateh, because she had seen him such a short time ago. "How did he look, Mattie?"

"Handsome, as he always looked when I have seen him," said the latter.

"I have something to tell you, Mattie," said Josephine, reseating herself, and drawing her chair a little closer to Mattah-Djarri. "Oh, if you only knew!" and Jose-

phine was about to relate the particulars of her intended confidence at once, when looking up she caught the sharp eyes of Wagari, whom she had forgotten and who was lolling on a divan in a distant corner, fixed upon her face, full of eager interest, and she changed her mind. "I'll not tell *her*," she thought to herself, with an impatient glance towards Wagari. "She would repeat it to the servants, and before to-morrow night it would be known all over Java;" for Josephine knew what a perfect network of telegraphy the lower classes formed, and that under their habitual indifference was concealed a quick perception, keen intelligence, and an alert desire to communicate their discoveries to one another, using unknown ways and means that bordered on the magical.

Wagari saw Josephine look at her, then suddenly stop and make some trifling excuse for not continuing whatever she had intended to say, and suspecting the true cause, her natural politeness prompted her to arise and beg permission to leave the room, resolving to keep a sharp eye on the Nonah (unmarried white girl) during the time she remained at the *dalam*, and discover what great secret it was that her presence prevented the latter from communicating to her beloved mistress. She went directly to look for Schagga and found him sitting cross-legged on a mat beside the entrance to that wing of the *dalam* which was exclusively devoted to the use of the women, chewing *siri*, — his usual employment when not accompanying some one of them abroad. He informed her the guests had returned and were at present on the deep side-veranda, and that the Pateh and his friend had come back some time after the rest. Wagari good-naturedly returned with this news to the apartments of her mistress, thinking it might interest her, slender and meagre as the communication appeared. Mattah-Djarri made



no comment or remark when she heard it, but Wagari noticed Miss Bardwell's face flushed and her eyes flashed excitedly, and that she eagerly repeated the Pateh's name. This recalled to her mind several little circumstances that had attracted her attention during the time of her mistress's visit, and she immediately had suspicions.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN the Pateh and Tracy crossed the alun-alun, lagging, as they were, some distance behind the others, they both looked around, hoping to discover some signs of the arrival of Sewa and Josephine. Perceiving none, they did not stop on the first veranda with their companions, who having arrived before them were relating to the Bopati the most notable adventures of the day, but after saluting him passed on to their respective rooms, each observing the searching looks of the other without remarking upon it. To Tracy, the coming of Miss Bardwell appeared highly improper. He regarded it as throwing herself into the Pateh's arms and willfully deceiving her father, which he highly condemned, for he rightly judged the latter could know nothing of the Pateh's presence. He was in some doubt as to whether it was not his duty to inform Mr. Bardwell, in his daughter's interest. It appeared to him dishonorable to withhold the knowledge from the former, whom he respected and who had always been his friend, especially when it was a matter of such vast importance to him as the fate of Josephine. Much as he liked and admired the Pateh, he could but regard Miss Bardwell as partially insane in this act, as well as in her desire to become the wife of a Javanese, and he by no means, as before stated, condemned her father for opposing it.

His friendship for the Pateh next presented itself. "How could he notify Bardwell," he asked, "without betraying Sarjio's confidence and proving himself disloyal

to a regard he had professed since he was a boy?" He felt he could not do it. He would have nothing to do with the affair at all. Finally he decided to think no more about the matter at present, and in the morning a new view of it might present itself. Before he went to sleep, however, he concluded he would send his card to Miss Bardwell in the morning and beg an interview, for he had ascertained from his servant that she really had arrived with her mother. Then he would try to persuade her to return to her father or send for him to come to her, and afterwards propose to his friends to pursue their way to the summit without delay. If the Pateh would not accompany them, which he feared he might not do on account of Miss Bardwell's presence, they would go without him. Notwithstanding all these prudent intentions, he felt uncomfortable. He was sure his uncle would misunderstand him and that he would gain the ill-will of Bardwell besides, who would probably accuse him of aiding and abetting the Pateh in his generous intention of running away with Josephine. He had not a doubt now but that she would go and with the full consent of Sewa.

At an unusually early hour in the morning Tracy awoke, and after attempting in vain to go to sleep again, arose and went out immediately, as was the custom, into the open air. The nutmeg grove looked cool and inviting and the perfumed air from its blossoms drew him towards it. Passing the Pateh's window, he saw he was also awake and walking up and down his chamber, with his head bent forward in deep reflection. "Josephine again," said Tracy to himself, looking at the Pateh a moment or two through the window before the latter perceived him.

"Come out," called Tracy, when the Pateh looked up

and saw him. "Let us take an early walk. The air is delicious."

The Pateh, glad to exchange the anxious deliberations in his own mind for the pleasant conversation of his friend, joined him at once in the badju and pjalmahs in which he had passed the night, only being careful to adjust the ikat, worn night and day on the head of the Javanese. Tracy's attire was the same and in a condition similar to that of the Pateh, with the addition of uncovered and disheveled hair. Neither of them had been to the bath or looked in the mirror that morning. Not expecting to meet or see any one so early, unless it might be a chance servant going to his work, they sauntered through the nutmeg grove toward a cold, transparent spring which bubbled up on one side of it, forming a deep pond, with a pavilion on its banks, which was a favorite spot to sit and enjoy a drink of the cold mountain-water, and receive at the same time invigorating draughts of the freshened morning or evening breeze, sweeping up in front through a broad open space in the forest, sloping down toward the sea. The first remark the Pateh made, when he was sure they were beyond danger of disturbing any of the sleeping occupants of the dalam by the sound of their voices passing through the open windows and unclosed lattices of the different apartments, was, —

"She is here, Tracy, my matchless Josephine. Her rooms open on that pretty balcony covered with vines," turning partly around and indicating with a slight motion of his hand and arm an airy frame of green, leafy network that seemed to hold fast of itself to the side of one corner of the long, low palace, and from which the occupants could unobserved see everything outside.

"I suspected as much," answered Tracy, without saying he had heard it last night from the servants. "At

what hour did they arrive? I suppose Sewa accompanied her."

"Certainly Sewa is with her," replied the Pateh, feeling half displeased with Tracy's tone. "They arrived about the dropping of the sun," which is the term generally used to describe sunset under the equator, where the sun appears to fall suddenly from the sky down behind the horizon, without the lingering warning it bestows in northern climes.

"What will you do now, Sarjio?" asked Tracy, repeating the question of the night before.

"I have already told you," said the Pateh curtly, his displeasure increasing owing to Tracy's reproving manner, and the implied idea of change the latter's words conveyed.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Tracy, observing the Pateh's resentment. "I thought you might have concluded to be prudent. You must admit, Sarjio, it is rather presumptuous to take off a man's daughter without his permission. I think, at least, you ought to notify him."

"I could hardly do that in the present case," returned the Pateh, laughing at the absurdity of such a proposition. "After the torture he has caused me to endure, I would rather enjoy it," the ring in his voice giving symptoms of another mental cyclone. "I will not waste much thought on what is due to him, I assure you. I wish I could treat him as I do these blossoms," savagely whipping off several white heads of the melati flowers growing beside their path, with a stick he had picked up.

"I hope not so bad as this," said Tracy, stooping to catch some of the fragrant petals as they whizzed past his feet. "Sarjio, I entreat you to suppress your indignation and reflect seriously upon what you are doing," continued

Tracy with impressive earnestness. "If anything happened to Bardwell the government might make it most unpleasant for you."

"Bah! the government," cried the Pateh with disdainful scorn. "I will take the consequences. If Bardwell insults me again let him beware!" and the Pateh ground his teeth at the recollection of the letter of the day before.

Perceiving his companion's anger was returning, and that nothing could be done now to influence him in regard to Mr. Bardwell or his daughter, Tracy dropped the subject by making no further reply, feeling considerable alarm for the consequences, should Bardwell hear of the Pateh's presence at Kali Chandi and come there himself, as he feared he would do before they succeeded in getting away. The two young men moved slowly on without addressing each other again until they reached the pavilion; the Pateh carefully choosing the most tempting paths leading in the direction of the spring, near where he had often been before, his mind busily laying plans, meanwhile, to successfully carry away Josephine. He had not slept any the night before, but passed the hours in restless excitement. "Was Josephine in the house or not?" he had asked himself a hundred times. At last, being unable to endure the uncertainty of suspense any longer, he sent, regardless of the lateness of the hour, one of the three servants that he always kept within call for Satrap, who was the only one in his service that knew anything about the Nonah blanda, and commanded him to ascertain if she had arrived. It was but a few moments before Satrap reappeared, and bending his body into the dadok position always assumed by the lower classes when they come into the presence of noble blood, said: "The Nonah blanda is here, my master."

“What rooms does she occupy?” demanded the Pateh.

“The Nonah is near the Radan ajeng. The green veranda on the western corner belongs to her rooms,” answered Satrap, carefully naming the exact locality, thinking it quite possible his master intended to make the Nonah a visit, the lateness of the hour being of no consequence in his estimation. He waited a moment or two longer in his humble squatting attitude, expecting to be ordered to go and find some one to arouse the Nonah and bid her prepare to receive the visit of the Pateh. To Satrap’s surprise his master dismissed him, only telling him to keep a vigilant watch on the beautiful Nonah and carefully observe every one that approached her.

The Pateh had no prying designs in thus placing a watch on Josephine. He was only actuated by a sudden impulse of fear, lest her father might, in some way, hear of his departure for the mountains, and contrive to get possession of his daughter in consequence. It was his intention to be near and prevent anything of this kind. In this resolve he was impelled both by love and revenge. His suspense removed, he threw himself on the bed to sleep. It was impossible. He trembled all over from pleasurable excitement. His thoughts were like wild-fire. He felt as if he could fly. He felt it would be a relief if he dared to halloo and make a noise. He wanted to sing as loud as he could, something a Javanese of any position never does, and then he laughed at his own enthusiastic folly. At last he got up and tried to calm his nerves and brain by the physical exercise of walking backwards and forwards, until called by Tracy to come out of doors.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Wagari was left alone with her mistress, in whose apartments she had passed every night since the great trouble, she resolved to draw her notice to Josephine and her possible interest in the Pateh, thinking by this means she might perhaps find out the actual truth; not only to satisfy her own curiosity, but to discover what hope of escape with the Pateh there might be for the princess. Miss Bardwell's blushing eagerness to speak of the young noble, combined with former little incidents that had now assumed significance, inclined her to fear that the beautiful cousin of her mistress might become the unconscious means of depriving her of all hope of escape from the old Tumung'gung, through the young prince. This suspicion filled her with annoyance. She had secretly indulged a hope that the handsome Pateh might prove another Adawara, and she had even gone so far as to lay a plan whereby she could play the important part of the sympathetic Bumeda, with the difference of going herself to the Pateh, and not only stating the distressing situation of the Radan Mattah-Djarri but to implore him to save her. She would remind him of Barabatah and the gallant conduct of the young Radan who had delivered her from life-long misery, and refer him to their present happiness, for every one knew what a model husband and wife the Radan Adawara and the Radan Barabatah had become; but if the Nonah Bardwell had cast her eyes on the handsome noble, which Wagari thought would be a very strange thing indeed, she



felt pretty sure the superiority of her odd and unique beauty among the Javans would flatter and attract him, and his European education would render intercourse between them congenial and interesting. Therefore she would be compelled to despair of all assistance from the Pateh and turn her efforts to aid her mistress in some other direction. Now there was that friend of the Pateh's, she thought to herself, was it not more probable, after all, that it was he who had called up the Nonah's blushes, and that she was led to talk of the Pateh, to come unobservedly around to him. She knew enough about her own heart to understand a little stratagem of this kind.

Before Wagari had the opportunity of approaching the subject of the Pateh and Josephine, her mistress desired her to go to Chatra and get the book out of which the latter had once read to her the fable of the Guwa Upas, saying, she thought she would like to look it over herself.

When Chatra handed Wagari the volume, she said, "Do you know, Wagari, that Sewa and her daughter arrived at the dalam this evening at sunset?"

"Why of course I know it," answered Wagari pettishly, provoked that Chatra should ask her such a question.

"Surely, a hantu (demon or devil) is now in the dalam," said Chatra wrathfully, "and Sewa comes when these horrid Christians are here. I expect she talks to them all. I warn you, Wagari, we are going to have trouble. I feel it coming."

"Indeed! Chatra," returned Wagari laughing; "what kind of symptoms disturb you?"

"Dreams, Wagari, premonitory dreams," answered Chatra solemnly. "You know I believe in certain kinds of dreams. It is your duty now," with increasing ear-

ness, "to tell me everything you see and hear. If there was wrong and I detected it, I would — well I would wake the Bopati in the middle of the night, if necessary."

"What are you talking about, Chatra?" said Wagari impatiently. "What wrong do you expect?"

"You are stupid, Wagari. Don't you see this? If the Radan Mattah-Djarri refuses to eat, weeps, and is unwilling to be married, Sewa will inform these strangers, and between them no one knows what might happen. They might manage to get her away."

"I hope they may, with all my heart," returned Wagari gladly, catching the idea. "I would assist them. I hate the Tumung'gung."

"Wagari, you are a greater fool than ever," cried Chatra, turning savagely upon her. "Now go to your own room," pointing to the door.

Wagari did not wait to be told the second time to go. The light in Chatra's eyes warned her it was best to get beyond her reach at once.

Much conversation with the garrulous old Mattah, the mother of the Bopati, who despised Sewa because she was Keomah's sister, as much as because she had disgraced her youth, caused Chatra to distrust and abominate the latter. She dreaded her advice or influence over her young mistress, and was alarmed and tormented with suspicious forebodings at the bare thought of the latter being near her. She regarded the present crisis in the affairs of Mattah-Djarri as a very bad time for Sewa to arrive, and Wagari's bold offers of assistance enraged her. She determined to expostulate with the latter at the first opportunity and threaten her with informing the Bopati of her disloyalty and show her the imprudence and danger of her folly.

Mattah-Djarri received the book from Wagari and began to peruse it herself, refusing to allow the latter to read it to her. Wagari looked at her and wondered what she could find in it that would prove of any service in the present dilemma, and really thought it possible her mistress's mind was losing its balance. She could not rest without making several attempts to divert her thoughts and draw her from the book into conversation, running the risk of reproof for her temerity. She spoke of the Nonah Josephine as if by accident, and of the Pateh in the same manner. But all to no purpose. She found it was impossible to get her mistress to talk, and above all to bring the conversation around where she wished it; so after being asked to desist, she gave up all hopes of learning anything about the Pateh, the Nonah Josephine, or the young European that night, and curled herself up on her divan, attentively observing her mistress, while her mind was occupied in trying to form or discover a plan, by which she could rescue her from the fate that awaited her, if the Pateh could not be appealed to.

After thinking it all carefully over, she made up her mind Sewa was the only one left that she knew who could render the needed assistance. She determined to entreat her aid the next day. Then the idea struck her that perhaps it was this affair of the Tumung'gung which had decided her to come to the dalam at this time. In this new idea she experienced great comfort, and went to sleep, feeling more hopeful and cheerful than she had felt since the day Keomah had entered the apartment to communicate the direful tidings of the approaching marriage.

It was Chatra's custom to go to her mistress every night, the last thing before retiring, and inquire if the

latter had any commands unfulfilled, and invoke for her the blessing of a good night's rest. This night she went a little earlier than usual, hoping she might obtain a look at the Nonah Josephine and perhaps at Sewa also, either going or coming from the princess's apartments, or perhaps in them, which she considered not unlikely. She was not disappointed. In the first chamber she encountered Keomah with Sewa, examining some trifles about the room as they came out. Sewa's appearance greatly surprised her. She was taller than Keomah, and still sweet and pretty looking, and spoke with an air of culture that excited her admiration despite all her prejudices. Sewa had proved an apt scholar and learned much from association with her husband and his friends. And Chatra was compelled, besides, reluctantly to acknowledge that there was a strong resemblance between her and her young mistress.

This last observation made the prudent woman feel quite sick, and regret more than ever the Bopati's blindness in allowing Sewa to come to the dalam just now. The thought came into her mind, that if the Radan ajeng resembled her aunt in person, she might also in character. She dared not follow up what this might lead to in her pupil's present rebellious condition.

In the second chamber, Chatra found her mistress with her cousin sitting before her talking rapidly, while she held one of her little hands in her own. Pausing a moment at the threshold to attract their attention, she heard the name of the Tumung'gung and knew at once the nature of the conversation. That displeased her, and when she advanced and the Nonah adroitly turned the subject and continued to speak on, without taking any apparent notice of her, she immediately decided the Radan ajeng was not safe a moment with such a glib actress.

While she stood still waiting for a pause to make her humble salutation and retire, she examined the singular beauty of the "squawking parrot," as she afterwards described the cultivated tones and delightful presence of Josephine to the old Mattah, and admitted that her fair complexion, blonde hair, and general tone of refinement and high breeding were quite astonishing in Sewa's daughter. She looked in vain for some trace of Javanese blood. "A real Nonah blanda, sure enough," she said to herself, and a despised Christian also, she thought with rising disgust. But when Josephine nodded her head to her and carelessly asked Mattah-Djarri to attend to her and send her away, Chatra's disapprobation increased tenfold, and her amazement with it.

When she left the room, she dubbed her a hateful vixen like her mother, and highly dangerous. "Yes, they will ruin everything," she moaned to herself, "and that silly Wagari, too," whom she feared would be so fascinated with Josephine's fine manners and strange beauty that she might adopt all her fine ideas.

"Have you assured your father, the Bopati, Mattie, that you cannot marry this old man?" inquired Josephine, returning to the subject of their conversation after Chatra had retired.

"Me!" exclaimed Mattah-Djarri; "why no, dear Jessie; I dare not use such a liberty. But Keomah said all she could this morning. The Tumung'gung came and they sent for me. Afterward Keomah went to the Bopati and tried to remonstrate."

"And then" — said Josephine, pausing for her cousin to add the result.

"Well, then, the Bopati was highly incensed with Keomah, and commanded her to retire and not mention my name to him again," concluded Mattah-Djarri with a sigh.

“And you ’ll make no further resistance?” said Josephine interrogatively, “but submit to the barbarous sacrifice?” turning up her nose in contempt. Mattah-Djarri wondered whether it was at the Tumung’gung’s age and ugliness, the Bopati’s severity, or her own apparent weakness. In either case it made her feel uncomfortable, and she said, deprecatingly, —

“I have thought of several plans to avoid it, but I am unable to decide which is best. In truth, I hoped that when you came, you could help me with your advice. The lamar must be observed. That defers it for several weeks yet. We could plan much in that time,” looking appealingly at Josephine and trying to force a smile, which proved a failure, and ended in a little sob that quickly developed into downright tears.

“Don’t weep, dear, please don’t,” pleaded Josephine in a distressed voice. “You shall not be given to the Tumung’gung, I promise you. I will engage Sarjio to save you. I will, indeed!” she repeated, observing Mattah-Djarri look up through her tears with a stare of surprise and incredulity; “and I am sure he will.”

Josephine’s hopeful and confident air communicated itself to Mattah-Djarri and soon caused her to dry her eyes with her handkerchief, exclaiming, “Oh! if he would, if he would!” with rising color. “But who will tell him or ask him? He has never spoken to me, and” —

“Never mind that,” interrupted Josephine; “it is all the same. I will tell him what a dear, good child you are,” quite patronizingly, for now Josephine felt she was taking a most important lead. “He will do it, if I ask him, I know,” she ended, with an air of confidence and pride that caused her listener to wonder what secret power she must feel certain of possessing.

“How very good you are, dear Josie. How can I

thank you sufficiently," said Mattah-Djarri, with much feeling; "the Pateh is so handsome."

"He is, he is glorious to look upon," cried Josephine, enthusiastically again interrupting her cousin, "and I am glad you think so. What superb eyes and what a figure and bearing; but you must talk to him, Mattie, before you can know what he is like," pursued Josephine, a smile of pleasure illumining her face, which grew into an expression of warmth and loveliness as her mind dwelt upon her lover, that made her appear more beautiful than ever, her cousin thought.

"Josie," said Mattah-Djarri suddenly, sitting upright and placing her feet upon a footstool, "did you ever hear about the romance of Barabatah and the Radan Adawara?"

"I never heard of it," replied Josephine. "Tell me about it. Was it a case similar to yours?"

In answer to Josephine's command and inquiry, Mattah-Djarri related Barabatah's griefs and their happy termination, to which Josephine listened with absorbing interest, without perceiving anything suggestive or significant in her cousin's reference to it at the present moment. Indeed, she was so occupied with her desire to divulge her peculiar relation with the Pateh to her companion and witness the latter's surprise and approval, that while she listened, she was thinking of him and impatient to hear her finish, that she herself might begin. She really felt it quite stupid in Mattah-Djarri not to suspect the name of her lover, tax her with it, and give her the proud satisfaction of happy admission.

Mattah-Djarri, on her part, never suspected Sarjio of being the unnamed lover of her magnificent cousin. The latter's white face, golden hair, dainty dresses, and foreign manners naturally seeming to forbid it. She did

think however, in a doubtful way, that it might be Sarjio's friend, the gay European. That appeared to her quite fitting and more than likely. But there was so much that seemed to her mysterious, if that was true, that she could not understand it, or pursue the regular sequence of facts and results, as a more experienced or suspecting girl would have done, either to prove or refute it. At the conclusion of Barabatah's history, Mattah-Djarri observed Josephine looking wearied and in need of rest. Remembering her long drive, she looked at a little French watch the Bopati had once purchased for her in one of the towns on the seacoast: she was mortified to find it was midnight and that she had detained her cousin so long. "Go, my dear Josephine, immediately," she cried, "go to bed and forgive me for forgetting, in the pleasure of your society, the fatigues you have undergone to-day."

Thus admonished Josephine admitted she felt quite exhausted, but in her interested concern about Mattah-Djarri's deplorable affairs had quite risen above it; but now reminded of it, she would profit by her advice, and, rising, she bade her an affectionate good-night and went to her own rooms, where she found Merrah, her maid, lying on the rug beside her bed fast asleep.

Without disturbing her, Josephine quietly prepared herself for the night, thinking the poor creature, like herself, was tired out, and as she always slept in that manner on the floor, she might enjoy unbroken slumber.

As she arranged her sarong and kaybaya, in which all Europeans in Java, as well as natives, sleep, and slowly wound the long, red silk sash around her waist, she remembered, with regret, that she had been so engrossed with Mattah-Djarri's sorrows she had not yet had the opportunity to tell her about Sarjio. "I will do it the first thing in the morning," she said to herself. "I am



sure it will please and astonish her, she thinks him so handsome," and smiling happily while she indulged these and other similar reflections, she unrolled her long hair, shook it straight down her back, perfumed her hands and face, and added other little embellishing touches to her toilette de nuit, before she abandoned herself, like Merrah, to that profound, unconscious repose that is born of health and fatigue.

## CHAPTER XXV.

MATTAH-DJARRI went to sleep that night in a state of mind not unlike that of Wagari. She felt more cheerful, hopeful, and brighter than she had felt since she first learned the Bopati's disposition of her future. In the morning she woke just as the gray dawn began to replace the soft glow of the night lamp, which burned behind the embroidered Javanese screen where storks waded on the edge of a stream and butterflies hovered above blossoming lilies. The first object her eyes rested upon was Josephine, who had also awakened early and was then coming into her chamber, the doors and windows of which, according to the prevailing custom, were always left open, to ask her to go with her out into the tempting freshness of the morning. She sprang up with a warm smile of welcome and in a moment the two girls were out of the close rooms and under the waving foliage of the nutmeg grove, without changing the sarongs and kaybayas in which they had passed the night, which with the exception of being rumpled were quite the same as those worn during the day.

"This is really intoxicating," cried Josephine, inhaling long draughts of the light, fragrant atmosphere.

"I must return," suddenly exclaimed Mattah-Djarri, looking frightened. "The lamar, you know — I must not leave the dalam," she explained, in answer to Josephine's startled gaze.

Josephine, who had made herself acquainted with all the customs relating to marriage among the Javans, re-

plied, "Pooh! you have no lamar; you are not going to be married now. You have forgotten." Mattah-Djarri had, however, already reluctantly turned about to retrace her steps, hoping that as it was so early no one from the dalam had seen her thus dishonor the ancient etiquette of her nation.

"You shall not go back," cried Josephine, seizing hold of her arm and detaining her. "Have more courage. Reject the hideous old Tumung'gung by beginning now to disregard this first observance." Mattah-Djarri hesitated a moment, with one foot set forward and her face turned toward the dalam, then with sudden decision in her voice said: "I will try to do so," and turning quickly grasped Josephine's hand and walked rapidly forward till she reached the centre of the grove.

"There, now," she cried, panting and out of breath. "I have done it, and I have dragged you nearly to death, Josie," as her eyes fell on Josephine's half-loosened sarong and flying kaybaya, which the latter had not taken time to adjust since she had left her couch. "No indeed," said Josephine, stopping and untying her sash, straightening it up, and relaying the displaced folds on the right side of her sarong, while Mattah-Djarri did the same. "I am a little out of order, I own, but I wanted to get out early this first morning, and could not wait for the bath to change my dress," apologetically, "but I think I look worse than you do," slipping her feet in and out of her spatus and looking ruefully at her rumpled kaybaya.

"No one will see us," said Mattah-Djarri, "it is too early. Come, we'll go to the spring. Make a wish as you go and look into the water before you touch it, and if you can discover the color of your eyes, you'll get your wish."

“And you will wish also?” said Josephine, instantly deciding what she would wish for.

“It is not my first visit; it only holds good the first time,” said Mattah-Djarri.

“Well, then, I will wish I may see Sarjio speedily to beg his assistance for you,” said Josephine. “Now let us run and find the color of my eyes quickly.”

The two girls started off at a pace they intended for a run, and soon reached the spring, where Josephine, without noticing the beauty of the spot or the view for which it was distinguished, hastily scrambled down the grassy bank and peered into the calm and glassy surface of its waters. “They are blue, blue,” she cried, looking joyfully around at Mattah-Djarri, who was also gazing intently into the limpid fluid, to see the beautiful face bending over it in its gay excitement.

“They are blue, indeed,” warmly assented Mattah-Djarri. “I can see their color distinctly. You will get your wish, and oh! I hope — I hope you may, Josie.”

“I feel I shall, and now let us drink to its fulfilment this day — this very morning,” pursued Josephine, looking around for something to drink out of.

“The gajungs are kept in the pavilion,” said Mattah-Djarri, anticipating her wish and getting up from her knees, saying, “I will get one.”

“No, no, let me go,” cried Josephine, springing up and running up the bank towards the pavilion, which stood a few yards back from the descent to the water.

“On which side is it? where does it hang?” she continued calling back to Mattah-Djarri as she ran lightly up the short flight of steps that led to the entrance, rushed inside, and looked around for the gajung. She quickly observed it lying on a three-legged bambu stool on the opposite side of the room, near a bower of vines that had

crept in through the unlatticed windows and twined themselves around a post, forming a perfect screen, behind which sat Tracy and Sarjio, gazing down through the vista in front of them on the early mists rising from the ocean, having just drank from the cocoa-nut gajung and laid it on the stool. Josephine ran across the floor and taking up the drinking cup perceived Sarjio and Tracy. The surprise of all parties was about equal. Josephine dropped the gajung and stood staring at them while it rolled towards the door. Tracy, recognizing her, sprang to his feet, an idea of his disordered toilet, particularly his unbrushed hair, flashing through his mind; at the same instant he perceived Josephine's *deshabille* and understood that she, like himself, had been drawn forth unprepared, by the beauty of the morning. With a hasty bow he picked up the gajung and hurriedly left the chamber, carrying it in his hand, a feeling of instinctive politeness prompting him to relieve a lady, so situated, of his presence as quickly as possible. As he reached the bottom of the steps he heard joyful exclamations of surprise and pleasure passing between Josephine and Sarjio, he having left the latter still seated, so much astonished that he forgot to move, and when he recovered himself so delighted he thought only of Josephine.

Unlike Tracy, he never thought of his appearance. The woman he loved with all the burning ardor of his nature was before him, wearing the dress of the women of his own race. He had never seen her so clad before. It made her appear like his own and bewildered him with delight. He thought only of her beautiful presence. Tracy heard them talking in the most rapturous tones, and on looking back a moment or two later saw them walking up and down together in front of the open arches,

without any apparent thought of anything but themselves.

“Well,” said he to himself, “it is amazing what girls will do when they are in love.” Hearing a noise at this moment from the spring, he cut short his cogitations, making a few steps forward, which brought him to the edge of the bank, and looking down he recognized Mattah-Djarri standing upon the brink of the water, dabbling one little naked foot up and down in the clear fluid, with its discarded spatu lying on the edge of the bank beside her. Supposing the noise of his footsteps was made by the return of her cousin with the gajung, she said in a low, distinct tone, as if pursuing her thought, without looking around, and still keeping her eyes upon the pond before her, —

“I am glad, Josie, I have taken this first step, many thanks to you, and I have resolved to die,” the last word uttered with strong emphasis. “Yes, die,” she repeated with increasing force, “suffocate here in this spring, before I will be given to the hateful Tumung’gung. Do you think the Pateh” —

At this juncture Tracy’s surprise, not unmixed with amusement, must have made itself felt, for Mattah-Djarri, looking around with a sudden start, saw Tracy, lost her balance and tumbled over into the water. There was no danger of her drowning, for all Javanese girls swim like fish, this being about the first accomplishment they learn in childhood. Tracy, however, was down the bank in a second, and stooping over the water seized her arm and pulling her out set her down on the grass beside him.

“Gracious!” thought he to himself, “matters are becoming serious. Here is one girl in the pavilion stealing an interview with her lover, while another is going to

drown herself in the spring. I wonder what will come next?"

Mattah-Djarri, almost dying with shame and confusion and inwardly praying that she might sink into the ground, did not speak, but looked up at Tracy, her face crimson with blushes, and tried to draw her naked feet under her wet and clinging sarong, which fastened itself to her limbs as if glued. Tracy, perceiving her painful embarrassment and mortifying plight, suppressed his inclination to laugh and tried to keep a sober face while he expressed his regret for the accident. Mattah-Djarri still kept silence, letting her frightened glance fall from his face and rest upon one of her little green and gold spatous swimming round and round on the surface of the water, while the other, which was drawn in at the moment of her immersion, was about being carried over the bank down the hill, on the stream of surplus water running away from the spring. Mechanically reaching for a long stick near by, Tracy began to fish out the truant slipper, when the ludicrous character of the whole situation struck him so forcibly that he suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, after which he succeeded in dragging up the object of his efforts with the end of his stick, upon the bank beside his companion. To do Tracy justice, he thought Mattah-Djarri in her mantle of blushes and wet garments incomparably charming. The graceful and elegant curves of her symmetrical figure in all their beautiful roundness and fullness were clearly revealed by her wet and clinging clothes.

Tracy ran his eyes over her with the appreciation of an artist, while she looked up pleadingly at his face, and said in a hesitating whisper, "Oh, go away! Please go away!" and seemed to shrink closer to the ground on which she sat.

"Don't send me away," replied Tracy merrily. "I am awfully sorry you fell into the water, but there is no use in feeling badly about it now. Wait a moment," looking towards the little stream that had carried the migrating spatu down the hill; "I will get the other slipper; then we will go and find Miss Bardwell."

"I should be so glad if you would," replied Mattah-Djarri; "I can't walk without it."

In another moment Tracy was peering along the edge of the twisting stream for the spatu, which he expected to find lodged against some obstruction not far distant. Mattah-Djarri looked gratefully after him till his head disappeared below the bank. Then she sprang up and flew to the pavilion in search of Josephine, whom she had forgotten in the fright and confusion of her sudden dipping and Tracy's unexpected presence.

"Josephine, Josephine," she almost screamed, entering the pavilion in breathless excitement, only to see the latter standing with her back towards her a few feet from the door, the Patch by her side, with his arm thrown round her figure while she leaned upon him, listening in eager delight to his rapid and earnest utterances. If Mattah-Djarri was surprised and overwhelmed with confusion at the spring, she was now almost petrified with amazement. She stood still a moment gazing in blank astonishment at the two before her, who were so engrossed with each other that they appeared neither to see nor hear her. Then turning she fled down the steps, coming against Tracy and nearly knocking him over as he was in the act of putting one foot on the bottom step to ascend, holding the spatu for which he had been searching high above his head on the end of the stick.

Tracy, now fully imbued with the spirit of the ludicrous that appeared to pervade the successive incidents



of the morning, indulged in another long and hearty peal of laughter, which poor Mattah-Djarri, in the disadvantage of her wet sarong and kaybaya, interpreted as being in unsuppressed derision of herself. Not knowing what else to do, she stood a moment with her great black eyes raised to his, then hending her head forward covered her burning face with her hands and began to cry.

The lovers inside of the pavilion, hearing Tracy's loud peal of mirth, were suddenly recalled to their senses, and, supposing that their own loving demonstrations might perhaps be the occasion of his outburst, they appeared in the entrance at the top of the steps, looking somewhat embarrassed but preserving the same familiar and endearing attitude toward each other, and were, in their turn, greatly astonished on seeing Mattah-Djarri standing wet and shrinking before Tracy, with her face buried in her hands, weeping.

Their perplexity did not diminish when they saw his laughter suddenly converted into anxious concern, as he took hold of one of her hands and drawing it away from her face, earnestly begged her to desist, while his voice became tender and persuasive and he looked as if about ready to cry himself.

Josephine, quite mystified, left the side of the Pateh and ran down the steps, hurriedly inquiring what had happened. Being assured by Tracy that there was no cause for alarm, and that Mattah-Djarri had only fallen into the spring and lost her slippers, she shook hands with Tracy, and laughing with much amusement, noticed, for the first time, that both he and Sarjio were in their morning deshahille of pjalmahs and kalambi which reminded her of her own appearance and still worse, Mattah-Djarri's embarrassing condition, who, she declared, had forestalled them all in having already taken her early

bath. Sarjio now descended the steps and joined them, pointing to a moving figure at some distance under the trees, which he had just perceived, and thought was coming towards them. Mattah-Djarri immediately recognized Schagga out in search of Josephine and herself. As both she and the Pateh were aware that they were transgressing all the rules of propriety among the Javanese, they hastily said "good-morning" and separated,—Mattah-Djarri and Josephine turning to go forward and meet the old servant, while Tracy and Sarjio quickly ran up the steps to conceal themselves inside the pavilion, the latter devoutly hoping that neither he nor his friend had been seen.

Nothing but the desire to prevent Schagga from coming to the pavilion and discovering the presence of the two gentlemen could have induced Mattah-Djarri to attempt to walk away, tied and hampered as she was by the clinging and binding folds of her wet sarong. She begged Josephine to walk behind her and screen her from the view of those in the pavilion. Meeting Schagga she said, pointing to her wet clothes, "Behold, Schagga, I have been unfortunate enough to fall into the spring."

"I perceive it, noble mistress," returned Schagga, in his most respectful manner and without showing any surprise. "Allow me to inquire how it happened?"

Without replying to the old man's question, Mattah-Djarri continued, "Did you see us leave the dalam so early, or has some one missed us and informed you?"

"I saw you myself, noble princess," answered Schagga, "and came out to be assured of your safety."

"That is well, but don't mention it to any one, my good Schagga," said the princess, in the coaxing tone of her childhood, "and I will give you as many sarongs and ikats as you can wear in a year."

“And I a purse of gold, dear good old man,” chimed in Josephine, with a sudden burst of affection, rapidly perceiving that the accidental rencontre, if known, might look like an appointment, and anxious to preserve herself and cousin from all disagreeable complications with the formidable Bopati. Schagga’s eyes snapped with greedy pleasure, as he bowed his head in assent to the young girls’ proposals, and stepped back to wait for them to pass on and take his own place a short distance behind. After he had taken a few steps, the fear of losing his promised presents prompted him to hasten forward and suggest to his mistress that she could not enter the dalam in her wet garments at that hour, without danger of being observed, and proposed to go on alone while they waited until he could send Wagari back with a dry sarong and kaybaya.

“Yes, indeed, that is best,” said the two girls in one breath, and they turned off into a side path, to wait behind a clump of shrubbery till Wagari should appear.

Mattah-Djarri said she was convinced Schagga had seen Sarjio and Tracy, otherwise he would not have considered any notice taken of their entrance either dangerous or of much importance at that early hour of the day.

“What would be the consequences, Mattie,” asked Josephine, as they loitered under the dense foliage, “if this old custodian has seen the gentlemen and divulged it?”

“No doubt I should be severely punished,” replied Mattah-Djarri.

“Perhaps, if your intended bridegroom was made aware of it, he might become disgusted with your bad manners and reject you,” rejoined Josephine, thinking what a happy termination to the projected marriage such an event would prove.

"Then I should be disgraced and locked up," answered Mattah-Djarri, "until the Bopati could find some one of inferior rank, perhaps, that would be willing to accept a large dower to marry me."

"Dear me!" said Josephine, raising her eyebrows. "But if the Tumung'gung made no such objection and only exacted a suitable réproof, what then?"

"He could and would, I suppose, demand that I should be sent to his palace and there watched, to insure safety and proper behavior on my side, till the expiration of the lamar, and then I should be married. But I am determined I will not be given to him."

Wagari now appeared with the dry clothes and, with many expressions of pleasure and regret, for she was pleased to see her mistress resume some interest in the things around her, as well as sorry for the accident, proceeded to help her to wind up her long, damp hair and change the wet garments for the dry ones, before going back to the dalam.

"Don't tell her about Sarjio," whispered Josephine, which reminded Mattah-Djarri, now calm enough to collect her wits about her, of the singularly intimate and endearing position in which she had seen Josephine and the Pateh, its significant meaning, suddenly falling upon her heart, inflicting a new pang.

She now perceived that the Pateh was Josephine's unnamed lover. "And that explains what I have seen," she said to herself, turning pale. "But what does she mean," she further questioned, "by saying she would ask him to rescue me from the Tumung'gung? Was this lovely cousin of whom she felt so proud playing with her?"

Like the Pateh, Mattah-Djarri's excitable blood began to tingle under the idea of derision or insult, and turning

coldly to Josephine, she demanded in haughty tones if the Pateh was the mysterious lover of whom she had spoken.

“It is he, dear Mattie,” cried Josephine, too happy and delighted to notice her companion’s changed manner, although it did not escape the observing eyes of Wagari, who saw all her hopes for her mistress dashed to the ground and wished the Nonah blanda far enough away.

“Don’t you think I am right now?” asked Josephine, looking proudly at her cousin with a happy smile. “I have been waiting and waiting to tell you about it.”

This last answer, with the satisfied and unconscious air of innocence that accompanied it, somewhat staggered Mattah-Djarri and softened her indignant suspicions, with the thought of a possible misunderstanding; yet she asked again, in a manner in which traces of resentment still lingered, —

“How then, Josephine, could you offer him to me, — his aid, I mean, — in escaping from the Tumung’gung?” she hastily corrected, fearing to betray the secret hopes she had cherished, and feeling at the moment that she preferred to be given a hundred times to the Tumung’gung, rather than have either her cousin or the Pateh suspect her; Josephine above all, she thought, her face turning crimson, as she remembered the latter’s words and felt perhaps she had offered him to her because she was sure of him herself, and all the while was secretly laughing at her.

“I described your position, dear; I told him all,” said Josephine quickly; “and he agrees with me, that the sacrifice must not be made and has promised to help us. He says he will do anything in his power to save you, and I know he will. Sarjio’s word is truth.” This frank and open assertion of Josephine’s revealed to

Mattah-Djarri her mistake, as well as considerably mollified Wagari, whose curiosity about the Nonah was now satisfied. Mattah-Djarri felt ashamed of her late suspicions and looked searchingly into her cousin's face to detect any signs of the latter having noticed them. Glad to discover that she was spared that mortification, she pressed her cousin's hand in silent gratitude, as they pursued the path back to the dalam, each absorbed in her own peculiar reflections.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE astonishment of the Pateh on hearing the voice of Josephine calling to Mattah-Djarri, as she ran up the steps of the pavilion, then almost immediately saw her pick up the gajung beside him, can be more easily imagined than described. He suspected at once that the novelty of the environs, combined with the curiosity she would naturally feel to look around her, on this her first morning in the mountains, had drawn her out at that early hour to enjoy the pure and fragrant atmosphere, so delightfully cool and refreshing in contrast with the stifling heat of the plains. Therefore his surprise was quickly succeeded by intense delight, and when Tracy hurried away, he arose and clasping her in his arms, poured forth his ecstatic welcome in the most ardent expressions of joy and love. Josephine's surprise and pleasure being quite equal to his own, there was a mutual exchange of tenderness and renewal of promises, after which she briefly related the distressing situation of her cousin and implored his advice and assistance, which he quickly declared he was more than willing to give; though at the moment he had no conception of how he could prevent the powerful Bopati from marrying his daughter to the still more powerful Tumung'gung, if he so wished. However, in all honesty, he determined to do his best, hoping Josephine and her cousin had already formed some plan, which they only wished him to assist in carrying out. From Mattah-Djarri's projected nuptials he was led to speak of their own, and urged

Josephine, with all the eloquence and persuasion of which he was master, to consent to become his wife in as short a time as possible, and not return to her father, who would undoubtedly take her from him forever if he could. "I fear so, indeed, my dearest Sarjio," replied Josephine with a sigh. "He really seems quite determined."

"He has assured me of it," answered the Pateh, growing pale with anger and apprehension. "I will give you this letter of his to read," drawing her father's offensive missive out of the pocket of his badju, where he had placed it after again warming up his resentment with its reperusal the night before. "If you do not feel that I am wronged and insulted, my more than beautiful," he added, placing it in her hands, "after you are acquainted with its contents, the blood of Sewa stirs not in your veins."

Josephine received the letter, torn and crumpled by the indignant crushings and twistings it had received, with decided indications of resentment towards her father, saying, —

"I am almost determined to be guided by your wishes, my dear Sarjio, but I must first have time to reflect upon it and try further to obtain papa's consent. If I am again unsuccessful, then when you return from the Brama, I shall be willing to trust myself to you," adding the marriage ceremony could be performed anywhere, as he had proposed; after which he could take her to Singapore, four hundred miles distant on the opposite side of the Straits of Sunda and under the dominion of the English. There the ceremony could be repeated by the Christian church, and they could remain till her father forgave and consented to receive them.

The Pateh was quite delirious with joy, and would



have taken her anywhere on the face of the earth had she so demanded. Again he pressed her little white hands to his lips and swore by Allah and the Prophet that he would render her eternal fidelity and make her happy. In the midst of these rhapsodies, they were recalled to earth by Tracy's merry laugh.

The Pateh, equally impelled by love and revenge, determined not to allow Josephine to return to her father if he could possibly prevent it. He feared the latter by his endearments, intrigues, and commands would keep her away from him till he prevailed upon her to yield or accompany him to Europe, which he was sure would end in a permanent separation and she would be lost to him forever. As to seeing her carried off to Europe with this purpose in view, he felt sure he would kill Bardwell before that should happen. No, he decided in his own mind she should not go back. The plan of going over to Singapore was exactly the thing to do. As he sat on the veranda and sipped his coffee after his return from the pavilion, reflecting upon it all, he smiled with satisfaction at the thought of Bardwell's insulting letter hastening what he intended it should prevent. It pleased him immensely. How he hated the European father at that moment, and longed in the clamoring instincts of his half-savage nature to take his life. Nothing less than this would satisfy him. His life or nothing was his idea of gratifying his resentment. Enlightened, disciplined, trained as he had been by the long restraint and instruction of a civilized and superior education, yet he could not feel that it was morally wrong to take the life of a man who had insulted him, or that it would be unjustifiable murder to slay Bardwell. Like the tiger of his native jungles, he would spring upon him and tear him to pieces, then go calmly on his way, feeling neither regret nor remorse.

Before the Pateh was prepared to leave his chamber, Tracy entered to tell him another excursion in a different direction had been arranged for the day, and their friends desired to know if he would accompany them. The Pateh excused himself under the plea of being compelled to visit an adjacent district on important business, and said he would send the piting'gi to direct their route in his place. The truth was he could not bring his mind to leave the dwelling that sheltered Josephine; least of all to make one of the party of Europeans when his mind was in its present state of high tension. He wished to be alone and to be quiet. Sleep was what he needed to restore his habitual calmness and self-control. He intended to start off about the time his friends were ready to depart and gallop to the district not far away, where he could make an excuse of business and then return as soon as he fancied the excursionists were out of sight. Tracy attempted to urge him to go, but finding it useless soon desisted. It was not long before he returned to tell the Pateh he also had decided not to join the party; feeling somewhat unwell, he said, he thought it best to remain at the dalam and pass a quiet day, adding that the Bopati was going to accompany the party to some celebrated ruins of whose evidences of former splendor and grandeur he was very proud.

Tracy suspected the Pateh's refusal was a mere excuse, of which Josephine's proximity was the chief cause, and decided he would stay at home and see the end of it, as well as for other reasons. The Pateh rode away accompanied by two servants and returned in less than an hour, declaring he had been extremely fortunate in dispatching what he had had to do so quickly. Tracy smiled when he heard this, to which the Pateh responded with a low laugh, saying with an easy nod of his head towards his

friend, "I admit it all, Tracy, but what detains you in the dalam when your friends are abroad?"

"Headache or indigestion, or perhaps I arose too early," replied Tracy, wishing to speak about the adventures of the morning.

"What do you think of Mattah-Djarri?" asked the Pateh, a sudden possibility darting into his mind. "I hope you were not trying to drown her this morning," he laughingly pursued, as he remembered the dripping and shrinking figure he had seen standing crying and trembling before Tracy at the bottom of the pavilion steps.

"On the contrary, I think I saved her life," answered Tracy; "for I heard her declare she would die or drown herself in the spring before she would be married, or something like it."

"Ah, yes, poor child!" said the Pateh, "it is a sad business. The Bopati is going to marry her to the old Tumung'gung of Narawadi and she protests against it with all her strength."

When the Pateh ceased speaking he looked earnestly into his friend's face, who said nothing in reply, but sat a moment longer with his eyes fixed on the ground, twisting the ends of his mustache with the fingers of both hands. Then he arose, while the Javan appeared to be waiting for him to make some rejoinder on the subject in question, and merely remarked that he must go to his own room.

The Pateh saw him depart with a mingled expression of pity and contempt clearly depicted on his dark features. "After all," he murmured, "suppose he proves to me he is not what I have believed him! But it cannot be. I will wait and see." With this determination he dismissed the European from his mind and

engaged his thoughts at once in analyzing and rearranging his own plans.

He had two momentous undertakings upon his hands. One he was going to pursue and accomplish at the cost of his life. The other he would exert all the power and ingenuity that was consistent with safety and hope of success to perform. The first was to make Josephine his wife; the second, to fulfill his promise to the latter, in doing all he could to rescue her cousin from a miserable future. To these two ends he bent his reflections. Great difficulty attended both enterprises. To marry Josephine seemed easier than to save Mattah-Djarri. He could not think what he would do with her after he had delivered her and brought upon himself the hatred of the Tumung'gung and the ill-will of the Bopati. He could not marry both the girls, but of course the Tumung'gung and the Bopati would believe that was his intention.

When Tracy reached his own room, he took off his European clothes and put on his pjalmahs and kalambi, after which he ordered the bambu lattice of his windows to be closed, his room darkened, and then throwing himself on a divan closed his eyes; perhaps to relieve his headache, perhaps to sleep, and perhaps to think. Be that as it may, he did not remain quiet very long, but getting up began to pace the room, with a most dissatisfied and unhappy air. It was not long before a servant came to summon him to "tiffin" (the midday meal of rice, curry, vegetables, and fruit), which he declined. Looking across the court garden to the opposite wing, he could see Mattah-Djarri and her cousin, sitting in a shady corner of the veranda with Wagari reading to them. He was struck with the difference between the two girls. Josephine was fair and happy; from time to time, her clear laugh would faintly ring out on

the air, in response to something amusing from the book of the reader. Certainly, he thought, she was a very beautiful woman ; he did not wonder at the Pateh's crazy infatuation.

Mattah-Djarri, dark and brilliant, only smiled when her companion laughed, and more frequently appeared not to notice or even hear the voice of Wagari. Her whole appearance indicated sorrow and dejection. Her head seemed to droop to one side, her figure to bend forward, while her hands lay heavy and listless in her lap. Her face was the very picture of despair in its dark, rich beauty. He could see the costly gems on her bosom flash and sparkle under the different shades of light. He fancied sometimes that she directed her dreamy eyes towards his room, with a wistful, thoughtful look, that must have pleased him, for he smiled unconsciously, though a moment after he would continue his walk, appearing more unhappy and dispirited than before. At length he saw Keomah and Sewa come out and join their daughters, which appeared to call forth a most animated discussion on all sides. He saw several of the Bopati's wives come out also and walk up the veranda, as near as possible to the disputants, in an attempt to catch a few words, and when Keomah looked at them reprovingly they would saunter back, as if accident and not intention had brought them there. Tracy wondered if they were discussing the marriage of either or perhaps both of the girls. After a time all parties appeared to agree and harmony was restored. Josephine laughed gayly and Mattah-Djarri aroused herself and appeared interested. A servant brought writing materials and placed them on a table before Josephine. At this Keomah shook her head, but she was evidently soon overruled by Sewa ; while Josephine selected two sheets of paper and two

envelopes, and after inspecting them spread them on the table before her and appeared to write a few lines on each, then handed them to Mattah-Djarri, who folded them in the envelopes, which Josephine addressed and handed to a servant with a word or two of instruction.

If the Pateh saw this, thought Tracy, he would have a fit of jealousy. To his great astonishment he saw the servant, after descending the steps with the letters, cross the court by the fountain, come toward his own room, and hand one to his boy who was sitting on his heels in the shade near his door.

“This is remarkable indeed! I suppose I am ordered out of the house,” was Tracy’s next comment, “and the Pateh also. Yes, the boy goes towards his room.” His own servant did not stir or change his position, but held the little note in his hand to wait until his master should move or open his door or window, and thus give him notice that he could be disturbed. Tracy spoke to him in a low voice through the latticed window and bade him hand him the note. Could he believe his eyes? It was a polite invitation from Keomah to take tea with her and the young ladies on her veranda at five o’clock. Who had ever before received such an invitation from a Javanese woman?

O thou wily, self-willed Josephine! If the Bopati had known thy Christian ways, he would have desired thee to remain at home! To answer and gratefully accept was the work of a moment, but before the reply was dispatched across the court the Pateh asked to be admitted. Throwing open the doors and windows, Tracy bade him enter. His joyous face told Tracy that he had received a similar invitation, and after some comments on the singularity of the proceeding, both acceptances were sent out together. The two young men, looking under the

foliage across the court, saw them received and read aloud by Josephine, after which she jumped up and enthusiastically kissed her mother and Keomah, while they both held up their hands and shook their heads in apparent demonstrations of deprecating assent.

The Patch was in raptures. "My Josephine," he said aloud, looking at her, "who is like unto thee!" whereupon Tracy, who had suddenly lost his headache and indigestion, rallied him and told him he was love-sick.

"I believe it," cried the Patch, good-humoredly, "but I fear you are in danger of contagion."

Tracy looked confused, and noticing the Patch's beaming gaze fixed inquiringly upon his face, blushed like a girl and kept silent.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It required all Josephine's skill and cleverness to persuade Keomah to make a first attempt, under her management, to elevate her mode of life by adopting some of the most simple habits of Western social life. For instance, to drink tea in company with the male members of her own family on her veranda in the presence of open day, as Josephine described it, instead of separated and alone in their own rooms.

"I should love to do so," declared Keomah, overwhelmed with her niece's arguments and persuasions. "I should like to do just as you and Sewa do," she continued, "but it is impossible. The Bopati would be enraged with my presumption, should I approach him with such a proposal. And who else could I invite?" asked Keomah, looking around at Sewa and Josephine with a manner that said, "This question cannot be answered."

"Who, indeed? my dear Keomah," cried Josephine. "Let me tell you. These very gentlemen who are now in the dalam, — the Pateh and Tuan Tracy, who have stayed at home instead of accompanying the excursionists. Commence now to be more independent. Give me your permission to ask them to come and drink tea with us."

Keomah stared in amazement at this request, but observing that Sewa only laughed and then seconded the proposal, she quickly began to think better of it and lent an ear to all Josephine's cunning and plausible representations. The latter, perceiving Keomah's hesitation, used Mattah-Djarri's sad face and forlorn air as her



strongest argument, affirming that the novelty and excitement would be most beneficial for her, and serve to draw her mind from the gloomy future that oppressed her. Keomah struggled to hold out against this insinuating pleader and the unusual innovation on their customs, asserting truly it was only the fear of the Bopati's displeasure that withheld her full consent, as for her own part she would be too pleased.

"The Bopati need never know it," argued Josephine; "and if he should — well then — it was an accident and my fault. I invited my friends to sit with me a moment, you know; and even the Bopati would not have you be rude to his invited guests, for you are aware we came here upon his invitation."

"Well, my dear, have it your own way," conceded Keomah at last. "Do as you and my poor Mattah-Djarri like best," turning to the latter with her eyes full of tears.

Josephine having gained her point, which she was determined upon doing, for the double purpose of enjoying the Patch's society and to cheer up the drooping spirits of her cousin, bestowed her thanks and caresses on her aunt and mother, and sent off her invitations as we have seen. After receiving the replies, she went gayly to her rooms, taking her cousin by the hand and leading her with her, to discuss the all-important subject of what they should wear at the coming "tea-party," as she designated the usual tiny, fragrant cups of tea and delicate strips of rice cake that Keomah intended to serve to her guests on her veranda, instead of sending them to the privacy of their own rooms, according to the custom of her household.

"Mattie, put on one of my gowns," cried Josephine, "and wear it for fun to the tea."

"I will try one and see how it sets," answered Mattah-Djarri, entering into the sportive spirit of her guest. "Come, Wagari, help me," she continued, selecting an airy, pink frilled robe, from among Josephine's abundant supply.

"My noble mistress, you have forgotten the skirts," exclaimed Wagari, pulling out the folds, which hung flat and straight without the needed support underneath.

"Oh! so I have," said Mattah-Djarri, slipping the robe off again; "but how am I to keep them on?" she asked, turning the skirts over and holding them up before her, without perceiving sleeve, strap, or string, with which to secure them.

Josephine nearly convulsed with laughter undertook to instruct her, and after much work and mutual amusement saw her cousin completely metamorphosed in the European dress, which was so becoming and graceful that Keomah and Sewa were sent for to admire the transformation. To further test the new fashion, the two girls went out on the court veranda where Josephine had written her invitations in Keomah's name, to walk backward and forward and give Mattah-Djarri practice in her strange costume, which despite all her efforts at ease appeared to her the most awkward and cumbersome attire possible. It was the first time she had ever encased herself in anything but her own loose and graceful garments.

"I can't wear it," she said after several trials. "I should never be able to walk properly."

Wagari was full of admiration. She declared her mistress was more lovely than ever, and begged her to keep it on. But Chatra, coming along, shook her head and looked the scorn and disapproval she felt, though she said nothing.

After much laughing, talking, and many trials, of which Sarjio and Tracy were the concealed but delighted witnesses, Mattah-Djarri and Josephine reëntered their apartments, the former to lay aside her borrowed plumes and return to her own, declaring not all Josephine's sweet and agreeable persuasions could induce her to appear before the European in a dress in which she would look as ridiculous as in the wet robes of the morning.

"Only think, Josie, how I appeared this morning," she concluded, blushing at the remembrance of the sorry figure she felt she must have presented.

The two girls arranged themselves at last, each to her own taste, — Mattah-Djarri, gorgeous and resplendent in her oriental brilliancy; and Josephine, delicate, dainty, and airy in her softened shades and innumerable frills, which danced up and down in the most light and graceful manner every time she stirred.

"We are all ready now," said Josephine, surveying herself in a mirror and adding a few last touches; "let us take our fans and go before the company arrives."

"I am quite as nervous as I was the evening of your dinner," answered Mattah-Djarri, half frightened, yet determined to be composed and self-possessed. "It will be my last pleasure no doubt," she thought to herself with a shiver, recalling the ugly face of the Tumung'gung, which gave her the courage of desperation.

Keomah, with Sewa by her side, and two servants at her back, sat on the lawang wodon (woman's veranda) with her tea things before her. Several chairs were placed in a semi-circle at a little distance from and opposite the table, with a footstool in front of each one and a half dozen palm fans on a stand near by. A few moments after Mattah-Djarri and Josephine had taken their seats the gentlemen appeared, and with many bows and

smiles acknowledged the compliment Keomah had paid them. Wagari sat at some distance from her mistress, not supposed to be one of the party, but near enough to be spoken to and hear and see all that was going on. Chatra had refused to be a witness, as she said, to a scene so disgraceful to a princess, unless she was commanded by Keomah to be present; such not being the case, she remained away, adding it, in her mind, to the list of items to be transmitted to the old Mattah; also earnestly hoping the Bopati might return while the tea-drinking was at its highest.

When the tea things were removed, Josephine, touching the Pateh on the shoulder with her fan, asked him in a low tone if he thought they dared walk as far as the spring. This little familiar action so intoxicated the ardent Javanese with happiness that he felt quite capable of defying all laws, social or civil, that his race ever invented, to gratify any whim of the fair creature beside him. He arose at once, declaring a stroll under the orange and nutmeg trees to the pavilion would be delightful. Josephine was in ecstasies, and insisted upon Mattah-Djarri and Tracy accompanying them. The latter also sprang to his feet with unusual alacrity and begged Mattah-Djarri to go with her cousin and allow him to be her escort. Mattah-Djarri looked helplessly at Josephine, then at Keomah. She longed to go but was unable to decide what she could or ought to do.

Keomah, understanding her wistful expression, and feeling such deep sympathy for the distress she believed her child was trying so bravely to support, experienced a fresh thrill of indignation, which rendered her reckless and defiant for the moment, and she nodded her head to her daughter and said that Sewa and she would go too, and even called Wagari to accompany them.

The Pateh and Josephine led the way, Tracy and Mattah-Djarri, with Wagari by her side, came next, and Keomah and Sewa behind. Josephine made the most of her opportunity by asking the Pateh all sorts of questions about everything she wished to know, and returned to him her father's letter, which had filled her with pain and shame, assuring her lover she was now more resolutely devoted to him than ever. The Pateh scarcely knew whether he was on the earth or not, with this white, beautiful woman beside him, expressing her fervent attachment, promising she never would consent to give him up, sympathizing with him in his late mortification, pleading for her father, explaining that the latter's love for her had made him selfish and unreasonable; then contradicting him, laughing at him, commending him, and acting altogether as if he quite belonged to herself. The wonderful strangeness of it all quite bewildered the Pateh with delight. He almost felt he must be acting a part in a dream. "But now, Sarjio," said Josephine after a time, "have you reflected about Mattah-Djarri, and thought of any plan by which she can escape from the old Tumung'gung, of whom she really cannot speak without a shudder?"

"She will have to come with you, my Josephine," answered the Pateh. "I cannot think of any other way by which I can save her and defy the Bopati."

"Well, then, that is settled, but — suppose I could not go before the time fixed for her marriage?" said Josephine hesitatingly, not having quite decided just when she would leave her father's protection for that of her lover, although she had fully made up her mind to become the Pateh's wife some time.

"When we return from the summit, my Josephine. It would not be safe to wait longer. You will then, I

hope, be prepared to go with me and take your cousin with you."

Josephine did not immediately reply to this proposal, but looked back at the object of their remarks, who was walking slowly as she listened to the conversation of Tracy, who from time to time bent down his head to catch her low replies.

"How beautiful she is, Sarjio," Josephine observed to the latter, as he looked in the direction of her gaze.

"It would be infamous to allow her to be sacrificed to the old Tumung'gung," said the Pateh, noticing the graceful elegance of her figure and the ease and dignity with which she moved along by Tracy's side. "The Bopati," he continued, "must be very cruel, or there is, most likely, some private reason that influences him."

"Sarjio," said Josephine suddenly, as she looked back at her cousin a second time, "I have a new idea, and indeed it might be. I really believe I am not mistaken," keeping her eyes reflectively upon her cousin, again exclaiming after a little pause, "What if" —

"Well, my Josephine," said Sarjio, after waiting a second or two to hear the new thought, "what if what? I believe you were going to suggest something, were you not?" he added, laughing.

"I was indeed," replied Josephine. "And now look back and try to fancy what it was."

"I can't fancy; I prefer you to tell me," said the Pateh, looking tenderly at her before he obeyed her by turning his head around to look over his shoulder.

"I see you understand me," said Josephine, looking back with him. "Would it not be splendid?" she continued in hopeful glee. "And why not, Sarjio?" noticing he looked grave. "Evidently Tracy admires her, and that is the beginning, you know," looking at him

archly and remembering the day she first met him, her absorbing admiration for his manly beauty, and the surprised notice she drew from him ; for it must be told in indulgent candor that the beautiful daughter of Mr. Bardwell had made the first overtures towards the high born Javan prince. Without waiting for the Pateh to reply, Josephine followed up her new thought by asking him if Tracy knew Mattah-Djarri was to be married to the Tumung'gung in such a short time, how he had received the news, and what he had said. She thought if she knew these important little particulars she could judge correctly if there was any possibility of Tracy ever falling in love with her sweet cousin.

"I have had my suspicions, my life and sunshine," said the Pateh. "Several little occurrences made me curious. I informed Tracy of the Tumung'gung's proposal this morning. He said nothing, but appeared unhappy and ill at ease about something."

"If Tracy wished to marry Mattah-Djarri, and we will suppose it possible," pursued Josephine, while her lover smiled at her hasty conclusion, "no doubt the stern Bopati would object seriously at best, and now, with this complication with the Tumung'gung, refuse altogether. Sewa says he has great reverence for Javanese blood and rank."

"Mattah-Djarri's immense fortune might prove an obstacle," said the Pateh. "I think the Bopati would object to have it transferred from his own race to foreigners. He secretly hates this Western nation that has so much power ; but then, he should select a suitable husband for the Radan ajeng. However," continued the Pateh, "if Tracy should prove a suitor, he must do as I intend to do with you, my Josephine, take her quickly without her father's consent."

“You, my dear Sarjio,” cried Josephine, with the perversity of a girl sure of being loved, “you are not going to take me so quickly, for I have been thinking it really would be best for me to wait until I return from Europe with papa a year hence.”

“You did not tell me before that you had an idea of Europe,” said the Pateh hastily, and in a tone that indicated that he was not pleased with his companion’s apparent vacillation, at the same time feeling the ground slip away, as it were, from beneath his feet.

“I only knew about it an hour or two before we left home,” replied Josephine. “Papa said he was going as soon as we returned from Kali Chandi, and I should accompany him and remain a year.”

“You will not go, Josephine!” exclaimed the Pateh earnestly, determined to prevent such a calamity to himself. “Come, promise me,” he urged, “you will not go back to your father.”

“Well, perhaps I will not,” answered Josephine, in a tone that seemed to say that she had not made up her mind, and indulging a contrary spirit, with which some women always seem possessed toward a man whom they are positive really loves them. Perhaps because it gives them pleasure to have him sue, protest, and beg. Perhaps because they don’t like to be considered of too little value, and perhaps because it is best for the man never to feel too sure of them. “But you must wait,” she resumed, “till you come down from the heights of the Brama; then we will decide. What would you do, Sarjio, if I went to Europe with papa?” asked Josephine in continuation, still feeling a wicked pleasure in his dissatisfaction.

“I? What would I do?” echoed the Pateh, “if you went off to Europe now and left me? I would marry



Mattah-Djarri," looking back at her and Tracy, now quite a distance behind them. "I would marry her the day you sailed."

"O Sarjio!" cried Josephine, all desire to tease him further flying out of her head. "I did not think that of you!"

"Well, my Josephine, what do you think?" inquired the Patch, delighted with his ruse. "You go off to Europe, which means, Sarjio, I leave you forever; naturally I wish to replace your loss by the next best acquirement, so I take Mattah-Djarri, because she is your cousin and because the Bopati as good as made the suggestion once to me himself."

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed Josephine, completely overwhelmed with the idea of this new possibility and the tumultuous crowd of jealousies that accompanied it. Mattah-Djarri's dislike for the Tumung'gung, her distress, her many times expressed admiration for Sarjio, her interest in hearing about him, — all was now explained. She loved him and the Bopati knew it, hence his offer of her hand. And Sarjio, he was a Javanese; he might marry her anyhow as soon as he had secured herself! He could do it if he wished; it was part of his religion to have a number of wives. What would now become of her? She would go directly to her father. After all, he was right. He was her only true friend. And in the midst of the surprising grief of these distressing reflections which rushed through her brain, with all the rapidity of newly aroused jealousy, she left the Patch's side and hurried on, with a speed so quick and sudden that he saw it was useless to attempt to overtake her before she reached the pavilion, which was now in full view and which he saw her enter a moment later.

Hastening on as fast as possible, without attracting the

notice of the party still in sight behind, he soon entered the pavilion in a state of mind he had never experienced before. He was no longer half a European, controlled by the restraints and discipline of his Western education. The excitable blood of the equator asserted itself. He found Josephine, whose groans and sobs reached him before he ascended the steps, in convulsions of grief, weeping and wringing her hands behind the little green arbor where he and Tracy had sat in the morning. When he entered the door she turned, made a step forward, impulsively stretching her hands towards him, the tears still streaming down her face. Instantly, however, she turned her back and flew into the farthest corner, covering her face with her hands, while he saw her whole body shake and quiver like a leaf in the breeze. The sight maddened him. With one bound he reached her and clasping her in his arms, dragged her hands from her face, his own pale as death and the tears gushing from his eyes.

“My Josephine! my life! my angel!” he cried in anguish. “Has it come to this!”

When Tracy and his companion entered the pavilion a little later, they were surprised to find it empty. They descended the steps and looked at the spring, and he jokingly referred to the adventure of the morning, which elicited a shy laugh from Mattah-Djarri. She was evidently more at ease with him and listened with changing color to all he said, no longer evincing that painful embarrassment which had hitherto almost deprived her of speech in his presence.

As Keomah and Sewa approached, Tracy proposed that they should walk on farther and look for Sarjio and her cousin. Coming around a turn in the shrubbery they saw them sauntering along the path. Josephine was turn-

ing her face towards her companion and her manner indicated a question, but they were too far off to hear.

“Do I look as if I had been angry and weeping, Sarjio?” she was saying softly, turning her face full upon him for his inspection. “You know I should not like them to know,” inclining her head towards Tracy and her cousin.

“No, life of my life,” returned the Pateh, with a pained expression, as he ran his lustrous black eyes over the fair, white countenance, softened and pathetic from recent tears. “Are you sure you feel better now, my Josephine, and still sure you forgive me?” he asked in a voice quivering with emotion. “I will never forgive myself,” he continued, “for having wounded you so deeply,” and the Pateh’s handsome, youthful face looked as if the woes of twenty years had just swept over it.

The party lingered around the banks of the spring a few moments, when Keomah, whose dread of the Bopati’s return during her absence rendered her secretly anxious and uneasy, whispered to Sewa her fears and said they must go back. Leaving the spring by another path, they started back in the same order in which they had come excepting that Tracy and Mattah-Djarri, with Wagari, — purposely dropping behind, — went first, followed by the Pateh and Josephine, who now kept just out of hearing distance and no more. The path which they followed and which had been inadvertently chosen by Tracy instead of the one generally used leading to the rear, came out on the side of the alun-alun a little in front of the dalam, which Keomah greatly regretted. Unwilling to mention it, however, there was nothing left but to continue and enter a small gate through the stone wall to the alun-alun, cross the corner of the great green, and thus reach the side entrance to the building.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Tumung'gung, having set his mind on Mattah-Djarri after his disappointment with Barabatah, could do nothing but think about her and felicitate himself. Her youth and extraordinary beauty made him long to get possession of her and show her at the court of his great Susuhunan ; to say nothing of gratifying the doting love which he had conceived for her. He had employed every hour since he had been in Kali Chandi in trying to invent some excuse that would justify him in leaving his residence to return during the required forty days seclusion, to look upon her again. First he thought he might do so, to speak to the Bopati about having her teeth shaped and stained in accordance with their ancient custom. Then he remembered that he had already said about all he could on that subject, and had the Bopati's promise that it should be attended to, as he had desired. Next, he wondered how it would do to go and consult him about which one of his palaces he should select wherein to pass the first weeks of his honeymoon ; for he reasoned, it would not be politic to take such a young thing in the beginning to his usual home among all his jealous wives. After some deliberation, this excuse appeared too flimsy also, and he feared to be censured and laughed at. While he was thus groping around for a plausible pretext to gain another look at the beautiful girl he already regarded as his own, he was told that Sarjio, the young Pateh, had gone to Kali Chandi and was actually staying in the dalam.

That was enough to decide his uncertain ruminations. Ordering two or three necessary attendants, he immediately set off privately for the mountains. "The Pateh," thought he, "has some designs. He shall not look upon my property." This reminded him of the young Radan Adawara, and he could not get on fast enough. The Pateh's youth, rank, high character, and manly beauty made the Tumung'gung feel that a marriage between him and Mattah-Djarri would be highly appropriate.

Overtaking the Bopati a few miles from Kali Chandi returning leisurely home with his guests, he saluted him and told him where he was going, and the two old nobles went on together, leaving the Europeans behind, in care of the pitingi'gi, to visit a waterfall a short distance off the direct route. Going along, the Tumung'gung expressed to the Bopati his fears about the dangerous proximity of Sarjio, their young friend, but the latter, knowing the secret state of the Pateh's heart, treated them lightly. On arriving at the dalam, who can imagine the astonishment and jealous rage of the old lover, when, having scarcely seated himself on the lawang seketing, he looked around in the delightful anticipation of soon feasting his eyes on the beauty of Mattah-Djarri, and beheld her walking gayly across one corner of the alun-alun beside Tracy, with the Pateh close behind her.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "what do I see there, Bopati? Surely that is not my betrothed bride," he howled, rushing up to the lattice and peering down upon the advancing party.

The Bopati, hearing himself thus addressed, also sprang up, and looking in the direction indicated by the Tumung'gung instantly recognized the advancing couples, and knew at once that Sewa and Josephine were at the bottom of this unheard-of proceeding.

"There is Sewa, too," cried the Tumung'gung in increased rage and amazement, as the Bopati joined him behind the lattice. "You are not a stranger to her disgrace, I am sure. And that Nonah (white girl), who is she, Bopati?"

"Sewa's daughter," answered the Bopati shortly; "and I will remind you that Sewa is Keomah's sister, Tumung'gung."

"So much the worse for you," the latter cried. "She will ruin your whole family. I am told she is familiar with all these white infidels, and her husband approves of it. Ha, ha, ha! She will recommend the Patch to the Radan ajeng instead of recommending me."

By this time Mattah-Djarri and Tracy were quite opposite the end of the veranda, and feeling the magnetism of the angry eyes bent upon them, they looked up and beheld the amazed face of the Bopati gazing at them from behind the open lattice, and beside him Tracy thought the most repulsive countenance he had ever seen.

Mattah-Djarri gave a sudden start and uttered a suppressed exclamation. She recognized the crooked nose and blinking eyes of the old Tumung'gung glaring down upon her in diabolical rage.

"Allah, Allah!" Tracy heard her whisper in tones of fear and terror, and a moment later she staggered and tottered, and would have fallen to the ground had he not put out his hand and seized her arm in time to save her. He immediately heard a gurgling, hissing sound, which came from the Tumung'gung in his dismay and disgust at the sight of the freshness of his intended bride profaned by the touch of another man, and, fury of furies, that other man a white-faced dog of a Christian! "I will expunge it with his blood," gasped the Tumung'gung, between his

compressed gums, almost choking in the transports of his rage ; and jerking out his sharp and glittering kris, he made a stride towards the steps to reach the object of his indignation.

“ Be quiet,” said the Bopati in a low, compressed tone, laying his hand upon the old man’s shoulder and detaining him at his side by the strength of his grasp.

“ Tiada : no ! ” shrieked the Tumung’gung, struggling to shake off the Bopati’s powerful grasp. “ No, by Allah ! I will have his blood, blood,” he reiterated, savagely flourishing his kris above his head, till overcome, in a few moments, with rage and the feebleness of age, he sank down, choking and exhausted, on a seat near by, while a hissing sound still issued from his bloodless lips, as he repeated, “ The lamar, the lamar ! ” and rolled his eyes towards the Bopati in helpless and reproachful indignation.

The last word had the effect of firing the blood of the Bopati, whose feelings had hitherto been absorbed in making efforts to calm and control what he felt to be the just anger of his noble friend. As he heard him continue to groan forth “ The lamar, the lamar ! ” he became very much excited, running two or three times around the seat of the old suitor, waving his hands and arms wildly above his head ; and at last darting to the extreme end of the other side of the lawang seketing, he seized a hammer and struck a furious blow on a gong there suspended. It was understood by every officer and attendant that this gong was never to be sounded except on occasions of great danger, great importance, or sudden emergencies ; at which times every man within the sound of its tones was commanded to appear instantly at the bottom of the broad flight of steps in front of the waringin trees.

Before the Bopati had reached the side of the Tu-

mung'gung again, his numerous officers, oppassers, and servants began to gather in expectant silence before the lawang seketing; the general impression being that their master wished to publicly celebrate the honorable presence of the Tumung'gung of Narawadi, whom they recognized, leaning back on the seat where he had lately fallen. The Bopati, having thus given expression to his wrathful excitement, immediately recovered himself, and disliking all manifestations of curious commotion, according to the principles of his education, rapidly resolved to suppress all cause for wonder or comment among his attendants. So he hastily begged the Tumung'gung to conceal his justifiable indignation and leave the matter to him and he would see him amply revenged. Receiving his assent, he turned to his officers and servants and proclaimed that his friend, the noble Tumung'gung, had had a sudden attack of illness, which so alarmed him that he ran in haste to the great gong to summon assistance, and directed them to carry the old man, who by this time was lying back in his seat limp, silent, and motionless from the effects of his ungovernable temper, into his own apartments and lay him on a couch. Here the Bopati seated himself beside the Tumung'gung and used many arguments to persuade him to calmness and silence, promising him the hand of the princess immediately if it would pacify him, reminding him that the usual observance of the lamar could be set aside, as was permitted in extraordinary cases, and the marriage could take place in three days. The Tumung'gung listened, too weak to make resistance, but not convinced. The Bopati furthermore declared that it would be much more politic, as well as in accordance with their position, to adhere to the silent and secret manner of executing their revenge that had always been peculiar to their people.



The Tumung'gung considered his wounds too deep to be easily persuaded to the Bopati's views, and in his first transports would hear of nothing less than striking off the heads of Keomah, Sewa, and her daughter, especially the first named, with the whole pack of those detested foreigners. This only, he assured the Bopati, would appease his wrath and compensate for his wrongs.

"Keomah!" echoed the Bopati, in some consternation, feeling a little inclined to resent the Tumung'gung's generous proposal toward the Radan Itu. "She has greatly neglected her duty, I admit, but notwithstanding she is getting old, she is, in a manner, my favorite wife;" Keomah's recent paroxysms of supposed jealousy having greatly raised her in his favor. "I intend to punish her in my own way," he pursued, "and as to Sewa and her daughter, I shall send them off at once, also these strange guests. That is the best I can do at this moment. As to striking off their heads," and here the Bopati stopped to indulge in a bitter laugh, "you forget we are no longer the unquestioned masters we once were, and that this usurping foreign power would investigate such a summary and wholesale proceeding and require a satisfactory explanation, which it would be impossible for us to give according to their ideas. I, however, fully agree with your sentiments," he concluded.

"True, true, Bopati," now moaned the Tumung'gung, some of his rage passing off in this new channel; "but that Sewa has become one of them. She is the ring-leader of mischief. I am surprised that you allow her to be here. You must have an object to gain?" interrogatively. Before the Bopati could reply, the Tumung'gung suddenly cried out, "Bopati, you're a fool to have that woman here with your wives! With her and your

European guests, you are not sure that you have a virtuous or faithful wife in your whole establishment."

"They shall depart, I have told you," replied the Bopati with a scowl; then smiled to himself as he thought of the fate of the man who would dare to tamper with one of his wives.

"I confess you are pitifully short-sighted, Bopati," again groaned the Tumung'gung, as he reflected upon the danger of his intended bride. "Who knows," working himself into another rage, "what that white face may have whispered to my — your daughter! It was just such a one that Sewa fled with, you remember," concluded the old Javan with a savage howl in the face of the Bopati, as he recalled that circumstance, with the recollection that he himself was the man to whom Sewa's father had betrothed her before the Christian came along, and exasperated beyond expression, beside, by the easy carelessness with which he perceived the Bopati looked after his women.

"Don't get into another passion, Tumung'gung," said the Bopati severely and warningly, not relishing his companion's presumptuous and howling reproofs. "Your age won't permit it."

"Sewa would suggest to the Radan Mattah-Djarri to follow her example, and now I think of it, she looks just as Sewa did at her age," again shrieked the Tumung'gung, as if the Bopati had not spoken, blinking and snapping his eyes at the latter as he lay back panting on his couch. These last allusions in connection with the Radan ajeng caused the Bopati to spring upon his feet and go through a performance similar to the one in which he indulged on the lawang seketing before he struck the big gong. But recovering himself before he had attracted any attention, he again insisted upon the Tumung'gung

following his advice by suppressing his indignation and leaving him to manage the whole affair; thinking with what satisfaction he would visit the offense upon Keomah.

“Be satisfied, my injured friend,” he urged conciliatingly. “You shall be revenged and marry the Radan Mattah-Djarri as well.”

At length the incensed suitor was persuaded to yield to the Bopati’s suggestions, and was so far recovered as to be able to congratulate himself many times on the good fortune that had started him off to Kali Chandi as soon as he heard the Pateh was there; “because,” said he, looking at the Bopati significantly, “he is young and handsome.”

“You have nothing to fear from him,” responded the Bopati. “He will run away with Sewa’s daughter, I expect. He has demanded her in marriage and been refused.”

“Oho!” ejaculated the Tumung’gung, brightening up. “I hope he may succeed. Did he tell you so himself?”

“Yes,” replied the Bopati, “and asked me to intercede with Sewa’s husband in his behalf. He is infatuated with this girl and said he had offered to sign a contract to conform to the Christian habit of taking but one wife.”

“What!” ejaculated the Tumung’gung. “Forego the right of the four lawful wives allowed by our religion, as well as the indefinite number permitted him as a noble?”

“He declared the same to me” replied the Bopati.

Hearing this the Tumung’gung laughed immoderately, in which the Bopati joined, saying compassionately, “Sarjio is still young and romantic.”

“Where are your European guests at present?” suddenly asked the Tumung’gung, cutting short their mirth

and rising with difficulty to look out the window, half expecting to see some of them prowling around to get a look at his future bride. "I thought I heard them enter a short time ago."

"In the umah mandi" (bathroom), answered the Bopati, who had heard his guests return and followed the sound of their movements all the time he was talking to the Tumung'gung.

"I suppose it is too late to get them away to-night?" again asked the Tumung'gung.

"It is too late," replied the Bopati, "without allowing them to suspect there is an especial cause, and that I will not permit, but I will place a mata-mata (private watch) on each one;" and a pair of sharp, deep, burning black eyes took silent note of every act of each European that night and afterwards, until they were far beyond the precincts of Kali Chandi.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

JOSEPHINE and the Pateh, having advanced close behind Mattah-Djarri and Tracy when they passed through the gate into the alun-alun leaving Wagari far behind them with Sewa and Keomah, could not fail to observe the agitation of the young princess and Tracy's suddenly proffered support. They both involuntarily quickened their steps, looking up at the veranda as Tracy turned his head and hastily asked, "Who is that?" indicating, with a glance in the direction of the lattice, the old face beside the Bopati peering down upon them.

"The Tumung'gung of Narawadi," answered the Pateh in a low voice, with a meaning look.

Josephine gazed with anxious curiosity towards the lattice, remembering Wagari's graphic description of the old noble.

"Oh! look at him, Sarjio," she exclaimed in a whisper, as they hastily passed on. "Did you ever see any one so hideous? But you will save her, surely you will save her," she said, gazing wistfully into her lover's face, as they stopped in front of the steps of the women's veranda, to speak a last word together before separating.

"I will, my life, my soul," said the Pateh. "She must come with you and that speedily," meeting her appealing glance with an eager questioning gaze.

"Be it so," she answered reverently, bending her head, as if about to receive a blessing, "and I pray God to bless both her and me."

"And me also," added the Pateh, half playfully, his

heart thrilling with joy and wishing to dispel her serious mood before he left her. "I hope you will not exclude me."

"I would, dear Sarjio, your faith was the same as mine," replied Josephine, looking sadly at him, her eyes filling with tears.

"*La illah il' Allah*" (there is no God but Allah), solemnly responded the Pateh, slowly turning his face toward the mysterious black stone in the Kaaba at Mecca, and raising his eyes to the glowing evening sky.

Josephine felt his hand tremble as he took her own and pressed it against his breast in deep emotion. For a moment there was perfect silence, then the Pateh's voice rose again full of thankfulness.

"Allah soit loué!" he murmured in French.

"Allah soit loué!" tremulously repeated Josephine, joining her low voice to his, and her blue eyes following his to heaven.

Tracy accompanied Mattah-Djarri, much against her will, up the steps of the women's veranda, led her to a seat, and stood beside her till Keomah, pale and trembling, since she had heard the one heavy stroke of the great gong, joined them.

"Please go, Tuan, please go," said Mattah-Djarri imploringly to Tracy, in the interval before Keomah reached them.

"You always beg me to leave you," answered Tracy reproachfully, trying to force a smile, which was a mere mechanical grin concealed by his heavy mustache. "Do you find me, then, so disagreeable?" he asked.

"Oh! no, no, not that," said Mattah-Djarri, coloring and trembling; "but I—I have offended the Bopati, and you may be censured. But it was my—don't forget it was my fault."

"It was nobody's fault," said Tracy bluntly. "If you mean your walk with me, I will explain it to the Bopati."

"No, no, the Tumung'gung is there," she answered, turning earnestly towards Tracy and continuing rapidly, "Don't you think you had better proceed to the summit? Go at once."

"If it will save you trouble, I will," said Tracy.

"No, not for me, not for my sake, but your own safety," said Mattah-Djarri; "the Tumung'gung will seek revenge, perhaps," adding hesitatingly, "I — I am — his" —

Keomah's approach prevented Mattah-Djarri from finishing her sentence, and Tracy could do nothing but thank the mother and the daughter for the pleasure of their company and retire. As he descended the steps he met Josephine coming up, her face flushed and tears in her eyes. The Pateh was standing waiting for him a few yards distant. As Tracy approached him he could not help observing the expression of triumphant happiness that suffused his features, adding an additional splendor to the marvelous radiance of his face. His eyes seemed to emit positive sparks of fire as he bent them upon him without speaking and turned to walk by his side to Tracy's room, where they both took cigars and sat down to smoke in silence; neither one caring to talk and each waiting for the other to make the first remark.

At length the distant sound of voices and laughter reached their ears, and Tracy looked at the Pateh saying, "Our friends have returned and seem to be having a good time."

The Pateh replied by asking, "What think you of Mattah-Djarri's future husband?"

"Oh, don't!" cried Tracy, putting one hand up before his eyes. "It sickens me to think of it."

"I wish the illness may increase," thought the Patch to himself, a kindling look coming into his eyes; but he only said, "It is a desperate case." Then after a pause, "I suspect we have made trouble in the dalam."

"How so?" asked Tracy quickly, thinking of Mattah-Djarri's anxious request that he should proceed at once to the summit.

"The Tumung'gung," explained the Patch, "will consider his rights infringed upon, and probably reproach the Bopati with a breach of duty and call upon him to resent his wrongs."

"And what then?" asked Tracy, wishing he could pound the old dotard's head.

"It will certainly be visited upon Keomah and her daughter," answered the Patch. "The latter for failing to observe the seclusion of the lamar, and the former for permitting it. Our attendance will prove a great offense too, I fear, though I think the Bopati might be prevailed upon to excuse that, as being a custom of Sewa and Josephine."

"It is horrible, abominable," cried Tracy, "this revolting marriage. But perhaps it may yet be averted."

"I think not," said the Patch. "The Tumung'gung will not give Mattah-Djarri up. He appreciates her, in a way. Josephine tells me her cousin is quite insane with distress and despair."

"No wonder," said Tracy, feeling the utmost disgust and repulsion himself.



## CHAPTER XXX.

THE Tumung'gung having in a measure become pacified through his own exhaustion and the Bopati's persuasions and promises amply to redress his wrongs, and believing the late evidences the latter had had of the little regard shown for his authority during his absence would induce him to keep his word, turned his attention to a gorgeous chebung that was placed by his side. Directing a servant to place the delicate amber mouthpiece between his lips, as he lay on his back, he began to draw the fragrant smoke through the perfumed water, watching the Bopati occupy himself in the same manner, and gave his mind up to meditations on the various ways in which the latter ought to punish the offenders and preserve his right to Mattah-Djarri inviolate and bring her to his arms as quickly as possible. Ruling, as he did, with all the insolence of a born savage despot in his own province, and particularly in his palaces, where his slightest wish was either anticipated or met with anxious obedience, he felt the present culprits should, in justice, be flayed alive; all except the soft and lovely Radan ajeng, whom he would not be long in inspiring with a laudable regard for his authority after he had full possession of her.

The Bopati's thoughts ran in a vein something similar to those of the Tumung'gung, as he lay back smoking and looking through the window on the graceful palms waving above the kampong a little beyond, unconsciously counting the long lines of ponies leisurely moving, one

behind the other, over a portion of the road that he could see, their backs piled high with bales of coffee and spices, on their way to the coast. He was internally fuming over the conduct of Keomah and Sewa, whom he held accountable for this late abominable behavior of their two daughters. He was also highly incensed with the Pateh, and determined that he should take his friends out of his house as soon as decency would permit; but through it all, he resolved to give no occasion for comment or scandal. So he sat reflectively maturing his plans. Before he had succeeded in this undertaking, however, the Tumung'gung broke in upon his cogitations by suddenly rising and asking, —

“Who was that young European, Bopati, who crossed the alun-alun by the side of the Radan Mattah-Djarri?”

“A friend of Sarjio's and one of the guests,” replied the Bopati.

“He did not accompany his party to-day, I suppose, nor the Pateh either?” continued the Tumung'gung, looking frowningly in his host's face. “Think you not there was an object in this?”

“The Pateh gave official duties in an adjacent kampong as his reason, and the European complained of illness, I believe,” replied the Bopati, suddenly struck with the suggestive singularity of the event.

“By Ali and the Prophet of the faithful!” exclaimed the Tumung'gung, clasping his hands and falling back on his cushions, letting his pipe fall to the ground. “You're blind, Bopati; blind as a stone!” — screaming out the last sentence in a voice so loud that his servants squatting out on the veranda suddenly jumped up, thinking they were called; and one of them, rushing into the chamber, picked up the broken meerschaum, for which impudence he was ordered off to be locked up.

"That may be possible," said the Bopati coolly, beginning to be annoyed by the Tumung'gung's boisterous absurdities, and concluding it was high time to insinuate that he would like to see them laid aside.

"I should not be surprised," said the Tumung'gung, without taking any notice of the Bopati's changed manner, "if that Tuan blanda of Sarjio's carried the young Radan off to-night," working himself up into another high pitch of excitement.

The Bopati stared at him and said nothing.

"I tell you again, Bopati," pursued the Tumung'gung, "not to forget how Sewa disappeared with that Christian years ago. I was at her father's dalam that night, and by Allah! Mattah-Djarri does look like her! My own mata-mata must guard her," he concluded.

"And so he shall," said the Bopati, at last aroused by these repeated allusions to his daughter in connection with Sewa's flight, to what the Tumung'gung regarded as a needful sense of danger.

Before midnight, the Bopati began to wonder at his previous indifference and had resolved that something decisive should and must be resorted to at once to avert all possibility of further evil disturbing the peace and propriety of his household.

Therefore, after many proposals and much deliberation, the two nobles decided upon what they considered the most politic course of action, to meet the emergency, and in mutual satisfaction again resorted to their che-bungs to cement the new bonds and declare again their eternal friendship.

The Tumung'gung now summoned his most vigilant and trustworthy mata-mata, who always accompanied him, and gave him instructions about keeping a strict and constant espionage on every movement of the Radan

Mattah-Djarri, from that moment forth, till otherwise commanded by him. This done, he felt much relieved and prepared to settle himself comfortably for the night, intending to return to his own province in the cool dawn of the following morning, to arrange for his immediate marriage with the Radan Mattah-Djarri, and concoct some plausible reason for omitting the usual observance of the lamar.

The Bopati also had his work to perform. The Pateh was requested to attend him a moment, and gravely rebuked for lending his support to conduct so unseemly as that of the afternoon, and frankly asked to take his friends out of the dalam and away from Kali Chandi the following day, and nothing more should be said about it. The Pateh, feeling guilty, merely bowed his head and bit his lips, secretly glad the affair was to be gotten over so easily. Assuring the Bopati that his wishes were most reasonable and should be regarded with respect, he thanked him for his hospitality and with a grave sembah retired, hoping through the assistance of Tracy to get the Europeans away the next day, without their knowledge of the true cause of their sudden departure.

The Bopati was entirely too crafty to mention his hospitable intentions towards Sewa and Josephine to the Pateh, or to them either, for that matter, till some time after Sarjio and his friends were well out of sight. He intended to let him depart under the impression that nothing further was to be said about their late escapade. He knew the Pateh would defend Sewa and her daughter, and the two latter make a jest of his scruples, ridicule the doting Tumung'gung, and perhaps tell it to all the Europeans, and he would become the object of their derision. To tell the truth, had it not been for the jealous and angry importunities and insinuations of the old lover, the Bopati

would have been inclined to pass the matter over lightly for the sake of Sarjio and his friends. He was at bottom a generous man, and as long as no harm had arisen he would have contented himself with reproving Keomah, dismissed the subject, and enjoyed himself another week with his guests. Incited now by the Tumung'gung, he viewed the offense differently. He was more angry because the Tumung'gung had witnessed the loose discipline of his household, than he was at the flagrant act of disobedience itself. He felt he would like to whip Keomah and Sewa well with his own hands. As soon as the other guests were gone, he intended briefly to order the latter and her daughter out of his palace, which he thought with pleasure would be a beginning of the mortification and punishment he was going to portion out to Keomah at a future day.

Poor Keomah, who had been suffering the most cruel agonies since she had heard the heavy stroke on the great gong, was much relieved when she was told the Tumung'gung was attacked with sudden illness, and the signal was to call assistance; but, as the hours wore on and brought no communication from her husband, she knew something decidedly unpalatable was in store for her. The next day, when informed that the Tumung'gung had calmly gone off to his own province, and the European guests were also making preparations to depart and finally went, and when a few hours later, Sewa received a formal request from the Bopati to depart also with her daughter and servants, Keomah felt her heart sink within her bosom, and tried to fortify herself against approaching disaster.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN the last faint vestige of the recent guests disappeared through the gateway in the high wall around the alun-alun, Josephine and Mattah-Djarri turned away from the lattice of the latter's veranda and wound their arms around each other and cried. Josephine wept because she feared she might never see her adored Patch again, and Mattah-Djarri because the excitement and interest that had largely aided in keeping up her spirits the last two days had been suddenly withdrawn. She did not know how it happened, but she had ceased to think of the Patch entirely. She still admired him, but he no longer occupied an important place in her thoughts. If he crossed her mind at all it was in connection with Josephine or his European friend, the young Tracy. The latter she recalled with a sigh. His merry eyes as he drew her out of the spring; his gay laughter afterward; his warm glances and respectful sympathy; and the strange confidence with which he inspired her, bringing unconscious forgetfulness of everything but himself when in his presence. Would the delightful moments ever return? Would she ever see him again? she asked herself. Certainly not, was the answer. Nothing but death or the Tumung'gung, which was worse, was before her. Such reflections as these augmented her sorrow and caused her tears to flow faster. She leaned on Josephine and prayed that she might die. Wagari, whose society and services had been almost dispensed with since the arrival of Josephine, hastened to the side of her mistress

and endeavored, by every means in her power, to support and divert her mind from the sad thoughts which again oppressed her.

“Don’t weep, dear Mattie,” said Josephine between her own sobs, drawing out her handkerchief to dry her eyes. “When Sarjio returns we will be happy.”

“You will be happy, no doubt,” replied Mattah-Djarri, “but I — I cannot be. There is nothing left for me but” — The wretched girl’s emotion so overcame her at this point that she could say no more, and hastily sought her chamber to sob and moan over her unhappy fate. Josephine and Wagari both hovered around her, endeavoring to comfort her and soften her grief by proposing all kinds of means whereby she might escape from the horrid old man, whose name she could not now hear without turning pale. In the midst of their tender solicitude, Keomah and Sewa entered; the former with a grieved and agitated countenance, and the latter with one correspondingly indignant.

“What is it? What is it?” simultaneously demanded the cousins, perceiving from the manner of both Keomah and Sewa that something unusual had occurred.

“We must leave Kali Chandi,” answered Sewa briefly. “The Bopati desires us to depart directly.”

The three girls looked in consternation at one another, not knowing for a moment what to say, till Keomah broke out in a wail of bitter reproach against herself, averring that her careless neglect of her duty had brought this added trouble upon them all, and in heart-broken tones begged her sister and niece to forgive her.

“I am the one to blame, O Keomah,” exclaimed Josephine. “The fault is mine, and I beg you will forgive me. I made the proposal and wrote the invitations, and I am the one who should suffer.”

Sewa said little, but the flame on her face bespoke much. In short, her anger and resentment were excessive. It had been many years since she had been so quietly set aside and treated for nothing. Surely not since she had crawled out of the window that dark night into the arms of the pale Christian.

As it was now too late to leave the *dalam* and reach the city before nightfall, and as to attempt to descend the mountains after dark was extremely dangerous, Sewa said that under all conditions they must partake of the Bopati's hospitality until the next day. In truth, she had already returned him a message to that effect, caring little whether it met with approval or not. She had come at his invitation, and she intended to remain till she could get away with the prospect of reaching her own home in safety.

Before the surprise and comment called forth by this last episode had subsided, another messenger appeared, bearing a command that quite eclipsed the Bopati's modest request. It was a letter from Mr. Bardwell desiring Sewa to return at once, with their daughter, and make a hasty preparation for the latter to accompany him to Europe the following week, giving as a reason sudden and urgent business. Scarcely had this piece of startling intelligence been well understood before Schägga appeared at the entrance of the apartment and motioned Wagari to come forth. He informed her that Chatra was most anxious to see her a moment about a matter of much importance. Wagari tried to fancy what it could be as she went towards Chatra's room. Something of great moment, she thought, as she approached the door inside of which Chatra stood, her head bent forward in an attitude of anxious waiting.

"You have sent for me, Chatra," said Wagari, looking at her expectantly.



"Yes, I sent for you," answered the elder woman. "I hope I have not disturbed our mistress. I have just heard — or did you know," she continued in a flurry of excitement, "that the Radan ajeng Mattah-Djarri is to be given in marriage to the Tumung'gung on the sukla paksa" (first day of the moon or first of the month).

"That will be in six days," replied Wagari, controlling her surprise with a mighty effort, determined not to allow Chatra to perceive that she had not already received some intelligence of the coming event.

"But how came you," emphasizing the pronoun, "to know this, Chatra?" she asked after a slight pause, during which Chatra began to have her doubts as to whether she was communicating as much of a secret as she had at first supposed.

"Tell me, first, if you knew it before?" demanded Chatra, bargaining on her side for the knowledge she thought it possible Wagari's position near her mistress might bestow.

"You have always advised me not to divulge the private affairs of the Radan ajeng, Chatra," answered Wagari evasively, assuming a reproachful tone.

"That is true," said Chatra, highly flattered to discover her advice was thus respected, "and you shall not do so now. No doubt you may know something about it, but I will tell you how I came to know it, and what an escape I have had. But you must solemnly promise not to tell. If I was dismissed you know you would follow, as you are my relation." In view of this fact, Chatra felt safe in disclosing a most astounding piece of news to her young relative. Like many gossips, she was compelled to unburden her mind or suffer the greatest unrest.

"About an hour ago or more, perhaps," began Chatra, "this kitten," softly stroking a downy little white cat

curled up in her lap, "which the noble Mattah gave me as a token of her interest in me" (she did not add for retailing to her all the news and gossip of Keomah's household) "the last time I was sent there by Keomah, to take her the birthday presents of the batik sarongs" — Here Chatra was interrupted by an amiable scratch from the much cherished kitten, which caused her to throw it, without concern for the safety of its limbs, with a dash upon the floor. "Well, as I was about to say," she continued, after composure was restored, "I put the kitten out there," pointing with her finger to the garden of the court, "to take some air and exercise. A few moments later Narak came out with the Bopati's new dog, which made chase for the kitten as soon as his eyes rested upon it. Dreadfully frightened, it ran for its life and slipping through a hole ran round on the west side, finally taking refuge under the Bopati's gallery. Anxious for the kitten's life, and seeing Narak's dog doing his best to push himself through the opening which had given escape to the cat, I hurried around as fast as my feet could carry me to recover it before the dog could get under the gallery and seize it. I went down on my hands and knees and crawled under after it, and poor thing! it was glad enough, I tell you, to jump into my arms. Now you must know, Wagari, that it is difficult to get under that veranda, as well as dangerous; and to turn about on all fours and come out again safely is quite a feat. I was afraid for my life. In my eagerness to get possession of the kitten I forgot about the snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and the like that one might encounter in such a place; so remembering the danger, I cautiously turned about without noise and slowly pushed myself along, carefully looking about me, when suddenly I heard the noise of

some one entering overhead and knew it was the Bopati. Holding my breath I stopped, hoping he had come for something and would go away again, but he did not. He sat down, Wagari," wiping the perspiration off her face, "and offered a seat to some one who was with him. Think of my situation! I was sure the Bopati would hear my heart beat. By this time the hateful dog — I always hated dogs — had gotten through the aperture and was racing around thrusting his nose everywhere, on the scent of the kitten, which I quickly wrapped up in my sembong. In another moment the dog was under the edge of the veranda. I thought, what if he should bark and make a fuss, as dogs will do when anxious about their prey and can't get at it. O Gunung Brama! I fairly lay down in terror. I struck out towards the dog with a stick I found near me, but it did not intimidate him in the least. However, seeing no prospect of securing the cat, he presently frisked off after Narak, who passed without seeing me, softly whistling to him to follow. *Beit Allah!*" (House of God!) devoutly ejaculated Chatra in Arabic, the Moslem's language for devotion, and stopping in her narrative to draw from a little bag fastened to her sash a small dingy patch of heavy black silk, — a piece of the curtain that once surrounded the Kaaba in Mecca and which is yearly replaced by a new one, the old one being cut into small bits and sold to the pilgrims at the great Hadji for fabulous prices. Chatra had always carried this at her side since she had received it from her husband at his death. "I kissed this sacred relic," holding it up before Wagari, "and begged the protection of the Prophet.

"I kept perfectly still," continued she, "fearing to move, lest the Bopati might hear me through the thin bambu floor. He had begun to talk in low tones to the

person who had entered with him, and though I did not mean to listen, I could not help hearing. He expressed himself as being very angry with Keomah and Mattah-Djarri; said the Tumung'gung was in a great rage and justly, and that the only way he could insure the safety of the Radan Mattah-Djarri was to arrange for an immediate marriage. Then he told him that he had decided that the ceremony should take place on the sukla paksa. Hearing this, I was astounded and afraid to breathe. If I had been discovered listening — but I was not, so I'll not waste time now in discussing what my fate would have been," said Chatra, repressing her emotion and continuing, "the Bopati forbid his companion to allow the approaching marriage to become known to any one until the day before the ceremony. Then he told him to be very particular about preparing properly for the music of the banschaki and to have the panghulu with all his assistants in spotless white robes at the mosque at an early hour, and to see that the peasants and villagers were all in holiday dress, and to be sure that nothing like work was done that day or the seven days following. To provide rice, cocoa-nuts, and bananas for presents for them, and many more details of that kind which I was too much surprised and agitated rightly to understand."

"Ala-ta-ala!" ejaculated Wagari, as Chatra stopped to take breath.

"You may well be amazed, Wagari; and think of the risk I underwent," Chatra pursued after a moment, enjoying the wide-eyed astonishment depicted in her listener's face.

"After a while the interview ended and the man with whom the Bopati had been speaking went out, but the Bopati did not appear to move. I feared I should die

with apprehension, and wondered what I would do if he remained there for hours, as he often does. While I was in this dreadful suspense, the man returned to receive further instructions, I suppose, and this time the Bopati and he went out together. O Allah bless him!" invoked Chatra piously, putting away the little morsel of rusty black stuff in her bag, then getting up to look in the mirror, to examine if there were any soiled spots on her white head-dress, which was not unlike the bonnet of a Sister of Charity, and which all females who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca are entitled to wear. "I lost no time in crawling out too, I assure you," she resumed, "and not forgetting what I had heard, I ran around to the end of the corridor near the princess's apartments, where I had a right to go, you know, and stood there to see who it was that had been with the Bopati, suspecting that he would pass on out of the alun-alun at once. I was right, for in a moment the piting'gi walked out with a grave face, and I knew it was he to whom the Bopati had given his instructions, and our beautiful mistress will be married immediately and we, Wagari, will lose our excellent home. We shall never find such another," she added, with a deep sigh. "There is but one Radan Mattah-Djarri."

"Ala-ta-ala!" exclaimed Wagari again, turning pale, leaning back on her seat, and begging Chatra to reach her a drink of water.

"Our loss is very great," said Chatra feelingly, rising to reach a glass. "I told you Sewa would bring a demon into the house, a very hantu itam" (black devil), added Chatra, permitting her disgust and aversion for Sewa to influence her tongue. "I am glad, at least, I had nothing to do with it."

"I must go now, Chatra," said Wagari, rising.

"It is all too hasty," resumed Chatra, wanting to talk the surprising news over. "I wish you could stay a few moments longer."

"No, no, I will come again," replied Wagari, moving towards the door and stooping to caress the kitten on the floor, while she thanked it in her heart for being the means of letting her into the important secret.

"Yes, it is real pretty, but I won't follow it under the Bopati's veranda again," said Chatra, following the motion of Wagari's hand with her eyes. "I might have been ruined. You will be careful, Wagari," she called, as the latter stepped out on the veranda and ran quickly down the steps into the court below, lingering a few moments near the fountain to think over what Chatra had just told her.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

ALTHOUGH Wagari expected to hear at any moment of her mistress's marriage day being irrevocably fixed, she had felt nearly positive, she did not know why, that such an event in connection with the Tumung'gung would never occur. All her hopes were now frustrated. She saw no escape for the Radan ajeng. As she watched the heavy spray falling on the blooming oleanders holding up their pink and white faces in eager gratitude around the basin to receive it, her thoughts instinctively settled again upon Sewa and Josephine as the only ones that could help in this emergency. Claspng her hands and looking around in her anxiety, she beheld the Bopati himself, lying in a hammock not far distant, watching her; while Mirata, one of his younger wives, sat near him, stripping the peeling off some oranges with her fingers, pulling the fruit into four quarters, and handing him one piece at a time, giving the hammock a little push meanwhile, which kept it in gentle motion. They were both looking at her; the Bopati thinking what a pity she had not come under his notice before she was appointed reader to his daughter; Mirata wondering how it was, Wagari, with her fine eyes and stately figure, had never been sought for as a wife by some such husband as the noble and wise Bopati.

Wagari gave a visible start on thus meeting the gaze of her master, guiltily feeling she possessed a secret of his she was not intended to know. Hurrying to her mistress with her mind in the utmost confusion, she was for-

tunate enough to find her alone. Hastily telling her she had something important to communicate and receiving her promise not to betray her, she related, in as few words as possible, the story she had just received from Chatra. The despair and consternation of the princess can well be conceived. It lasted only a little time, however. She soon grew calm and collected, and turned to her attendant with the question, "No one but Chatra knows what you have told me, Wagari?" in a clear, firm tone, which caused Wagari to regard her with surprise.

"She looks as she did when the Nonah Josephine came," Wagari thought to herself, answering, "No one, noble princess."

"Would you like to help me, my good Wagari, to disappoint the horrid old Tumung'gung?"

"Don't ask me, my mistress; I will do anything to that end, as you know," replied Wagari, somewhat hurt that the former should consider it necessary to ask the question.

"Well, then, do now just as I tell you, and be silent and cautious, as our people can be when they have a point to gain. Go first and ask my cousin to come here. Tell her to come slowly and carelessly. Then go back to Chatra. Tell her Sewa and Josephine intend to return to-morrow to their city home, to prepare the latter to go to Europe with her father. Then go out on the court and saunter about as if you were seeking the air. Contrive to move down towards the servants' compound. See who is there, and if you observe a stranger you could say something and perhaps find out where he came from and to whom he belongs. I thought I saw a stranger pass the veranda this morning, and he had on a waistband with ends dyed in the colors that distinguish the Tumung'gung. Ascertain if any of that noble's retinue



have been left behind. And after you discover all you can in this indifferent manner come back to me. Now go, my good Wagari," she concluded, with a choking sob rising in her throat.

In a short time Josephine came leisurely into Mattah-Djarri's apartments. On perceiving her, the latter put her finger on her lips to indicate silence, pointing at Djoolo arranging her perfumes and powders on a table near by, which was soon concluded and the faithful woman left the room, feeling truly happy in the thought that her young mistress was getting somewhat over her first sorrow. As soon as Djoolo had passed through the curtains and they had closed behind her, Mattah-Djarri repeated to Josephine the story brought by Wagari.

"A double calamity," cried Josephine, wringing her hands; "and I, oh! I shall never see Sarjio again! Papa will take me to Europe when I return home, and you will be married to the old monster! Oh! oh! oh!" and Josephine gave way to a gust of grief, despite all Mattah-Djarri's attempts to prevent her.

By the time Wagari returned, Josephine had become calm again and was able to listen with some degree of comprehension to the latter's report, as well as intelligently to understand the plans and suggestions of Mattah-Djarri, whose energy, quickness, and decision now rose to meet the occasion.

"In the first place," said Mattah-Djarri to her anxious listeners, "I will never consent to be given to the Tumung'gung of Narawadi. I would prefer to die. Indeed, his touch would be like an embrace from the ular lanang" (a poisonous and much dreaded snake).

"If we could send a messenger to overtake Sarjio," interrupted Josephine hopefully, "he would return and rescue us both." Then she related his proposals and in-

tentions in regard to herself and Mattah-Djarri, not caring now for Wagari's presence, who, to do her justice, had no other thought than to aid her mistress and her cousin with her, if the former so desired.

"We must not look to the Pateh, dear Josie," said Mattah-Djarri firmly. "It would be impossible for a messenger to reach him to-night on the mountains, even could we at this moment find one whom we could trust. You can rest assured no servant or tukang surat (letter carrier) could leave the dalam now without being closely watched and compelled to tell where he was going, if suspected. Did you see or hear anything suspicious, Wagari?" said she, addressing the latter.

"Boorah, one of the attendants who came with the Tumung'gung, was eating some rice, with his face turned this way," answered Wagari, "and I saw the tukang gamelan looking around among his instruments, no doubt preparing for the banschaki."

"If Boorah has been left here, it is to watch me," said Mattah-Djarri reflectively. "Is that all you saw or heard, Wagari?"

"Since the Nonah has spoken about the noble Pateh, I am almost sure I saw one of his servants in the orange grove. Perhaps he was waiting for some one."

"One of the Pateh's servants!" cried Josephine with excited eagerness. "What was he doing, Wagari? Did he appear to have anything like a package, box, or anything of that sort?" and she grasped Wagari by the arm with a force that made her wince.

"I saw nothing," said Wagari, shaking her head. "I will go out again and accost him. I have spoken to him before," she continued, rising, anxious to go, the thought coming into her mind that here might be a way to communicate with the Pateh.

“Go, go, dearest, best Wagari,” said Josephine, pushing her gently towards the door. “If you bring me a letter I will fill your purse with gold.”

In a few moments Wagari was in the orange grove pulling from the low branches the largest and ripest oranges she could find for her mistress, gradually moving toward the lower end of the grove or garden, where an indolent looking peasant sat on the edge of a big, flat stone, eating his boiled rice and tchabi out of a plantain leaf, which was the most natural thing in the world to do at that hour of the day. As Wagari slowly approached him, he appeared to grow more dull and stupid, and when she passed close to him, he actually let himself slide down flat on his back and shut his eyes to go to sleep. Wagari, having satisfied herself that she had gathered enough of the fruit and the best of it, turned to retrace her steps, pausing a moment in front of the rock to speak to the man, who acknowledged her politeness by grunting out some sort of a reply. Wagari moved on her way now, dropping her handkerchief, without seeming to perceive it, but she had not reached the court before she missed it, and calling to Merrah, Josephine’s maid, offered her one of the best oranges in her little basket if she would run back and fetch it for her.

When Merrah stooped to pick up the handkerchief, she heard some one call her name, and in another moment she stooped again to gather up a dark object that fell near her feet. Whatever it was, she tucked it out of sight under her belt, while she carried the handkerchief in her hand back to Wagari. When the latter entered her mistress’s apartments with her little basket of fruit, strange to say, she passed it first to the Nonah Josephine.

“Oh! Wagari, how I bless and thank you,” exclaimed the latter, seizing a little box among the oranges, and

kissing it repeatedly, hastily sought the spring which revealed its contents. "A letter from Sarjio!" she cried in suppressed tones of joy. "Now, indeed, we are safe." Quickly perusing its contents, she hastily wrote an answer describing the threatening danger and beseeching him to come to her rescue, and not permit her father to separate them forever.

While the letter was being written, Merrah was sent to the pasar to make some purchases, it being the hour when nasi, tehahi, sambals, dingding, and all the other curious concomitants required to make a Javanese supper were freshly cooked and exposed for sale in the warungs or little stalls that line the streets and highways. Sitting at a table in one of the latter, she saw the man who had thrown her the box in the orange grove. After exchanging a few words with him she bought some kain (white cotton cloth) from a stand near by, stipulating that if it did not suit it was to be returned for another piece before midnight. When Merrah returned to her mistress with her purchase, she told her that it would be impossible for the tukang surat to find the Pateh that night. He had left him at the close of the lingsar kulon (name given to one of the four divisions of the day, from one to three o'clock), and had then received instructions to join him the third evening after at a particular spot near the summit where the party intended to encamp. In the mean time they were going to make a détour some distance off of the regular route, and this would render it impossible to find him at night on the mountains.

Here was another dilemma. The sun had fallen and it was already dark, for twilight in that climate does not exceed ten minutes. This new difficulty destroyed Josephine's rising hopes, and she became nervous and excited,

unable to suggest or decide upon anything that seemed likely to extricate her and procure the needed assistance from her lover. Mattah-Djarri, however, was calm and quiet. Josephine, looking at her, repeated again her remark made on the day of her arrival, "that she had become quite another person." At length the three girls having concluded it best, informed Sewa and Keomah what Chatra had heard.

When Keomah and Sewa understood it all they were overcome with grief, and looked at each other in mute despair; they both felt they had hastened this direful catastrophe by which Mattah-Djarri, the most innocent of all, was to become the greatest sufferer. The latter's self-possession surprised them. She did not shed a tear, and scarcely spoke, while her color came and went from pale to crimson, receding again, leaving her face spread with an ashy pallor, and an expression of fierce defiance in her eyes, which strangely replaced their usually soft and loving glance. After embracing Keomah and begging her not to be distressed, she passed into the inner chamber, desiring Wagari to follow her.

It was not long before Wagari came out, her countenance expressing a pleased satisfaction, which Josephine thought but poorly accorded with her mistress's painful situation. It annoyed her so much to see this pleasure depicted on Wagari's face that she reproachfully said to her as she passed, "Why, Wagari, you look quite happy," hoping she would receive the remark as a merited reproof. Wagari only smiled in reply, and Josephine thought with indignation, "The heartless thing is really delighted."

Keomah now tremblingly informed them she had been ordered to prepare Mattah-Djarri to receive the seria, or dentist, the next morning, and that he was now with his

assistants and instruments in the dalam, with commands to perform his work with as little delay as possible. Josephine, when she heard this communication through Keomah's sobs and tears, quite despaired, but she was sure Wagari laughed, yes, positively laughed and looked happy. After this additional ill news, Wagari got up and returned to her mistress. "To tell her, I suppose," thought Josephine, "but Mattah-Djarri little knows the miserable creature is secretly glad." In a short time Mattah-Djarri returned and sat down with Keomah, Sewa, and her cousin, while Wagari, who came behind her, went directly to her own room, from whence she soon emerged with a sembong thrown over one shoulder, which showed that she intended to take a walk beyond the grounds of the dalam. Going out of the rear entrance, she skirted the wall of the alun-alun on one side, following the path usually traversed by servants and people carrying provisions to the kitchens, and came out on the principal highway, turning off from thence into a dense quarter of the kampong, where she soon entered a shop in the pasir and bought a half dozen of the common dark blue sarongs and kaybayas worn by the peasants. Throwing them across her arm, she turned her face toward home, which she reached by the way in which she had come, taking the precaution to slip two or three sarongs around her as she skirted the wall, to wear them into the dalam instead of carrying them. As there was a constant stream of servants and others going and coming between the kampong, the house of the pitingi'gi, and the dalam, Wagari passed out and in without attracting any attention. Even Boorah, the Tumung'gung's mata-mata, looked at her without suspicion.

Keomah and Sewa left the apartments of the young princess, both feeling wretched enough. Sewa experi-

enced the keenest reproach for her share in the added disaster, and Josephine, since informed that Satrap, the stupid peasant of the orange grove, could not reach the Pateh that night, felt some decisive action must be resorted to immediately. She must decide upon some plan whereby she could avoid going back to her father, or lose the Pateh forever. That was what her father meant by taking her to Europe. She now passed the moments in heaping reproaches upon him, wishing for the supporting presence of her dark lover, and lamenting the unhappy fate that brought them such sorrows; growing more determined every moment not to return to her father and be carried over the seas, yet not knowing how to prevent it. She was now more than willing to run away with Sarjio; and where, she moaned, could she go to await his coming? She could think of nothing practicable that could aid her, unless it were to follow out a wild idea that came into her head of leaving the dalem to wander about in some indefinite place, till the Pateh came to deliver her. This she soon saw was impossible in that climate, where the heat of the sun by day was as dangerous to the life of the delicately bred European as was the savage appetite of the wild beast at night; and if she overcame these obstacles, how could she escape detection among the many millions of inhabitants scattered, almost as thick as leaves on the trees, in every direction.

Absorbed in these reflections, she would rock her body to and fro with her arms pressed to her sides and her hands clasped in support under her chin, and moan and groan in the most piteous manner. It threw Sewa into spasms of grief to behold her. She would have given her husband, her life, and all she possessed, to have made her happy and joyous as she had seen her a few weeks

before. To Sewa, Josephine was the day-star, the well-spring of all that was lovable and beautiful. She idolized, almost revered her, as such mothers can, with a blind, worshiping idolatry, lavished in perfect abandonment upon a child they feel to be superior to themselves, yet wholly and honorably their own, — a being possessing, as they believe, a superior knowledge and intelligence, which rightfully demands a loving and wondering deference from them and which it gives them supreme delight to offer? Such was the case with this yielding, oriental mother and cultivated, European daughter.

“Advise me, assist me, Mattah-Djarri,” implored Josephine at last, almost beside herself with the tumultuous griefs that rent her bosom. “You are so strong, so — so suddenly changed, so self-possessed and determined. Think of something for me or something that will save us both, till Sarjio can deliver us. Perhaps we can hide in some house, cottage, hut, or under some rock in the forest till he comes,” she went on, suggestively. “Propose something, dear Mattie. I have plenty of money; we can purchase a few days’ delay and security, if I only knew how.”

“All ordinary means would fail to save us now,” replied Mattah-Djarri. “The Bopati and the Tumung’gung possess unlimited power in their provinces, which extend for miles and miles on every side. Their mata-mata are everywhere; silent, secret, treacherous, and dissimulating. To avoid them or escape them would be a miracle, but I will make an attempt for myself and die if it fails. I had arranged it all in my mind before you came; since then I have felt better. Indeed, it don’t appear so hard to die,” she reflectively concluded, thinking of the Tumung’gung, “when one comes face to face with a desperate and insurmountable cause.”



“What plans or designs have you decided upon?” asked Josephine. “Tell me what they are and let me join you in them and explain them to Sarjio, and he will come, he will come,” she half sang, half cried, in the sudden revulsion of rising hope.

“Tell the Nonah, Wagari,” commanded Mattah-Djarri quietly to the latter who stood by.

“How you are changed,” exclaimed Josephine, looking curiously at her cousin, before Wagari had time to speak. “I wonder what it is,” vainly trying to define the transformation she felt but could not explain, for it was true, Mattah-Djarri had changed.

The timid, shrinking, self-distrusting girl Josephine had seen descend from the high traveling carriage in front of her father’s stately marble steps had been supplanted by a desperate, determined, self-reliant woman. The prospect of being given to the hideous old man proposed to her had aroused all the latent resistance, strength, and stubbornness in Mattah-Djarri’s character, converting the natural timidity and dependence of a child, which had been greatly increased and fostered by her secluded and restrained mode of life, into defiance and rebellion; developing a spirit of reckless opposition and determination that frightened her when she reflected upon it, and changed her at once into a resolute woman, led and governed by impulses that had never stirred her bosom before. Death appeared to her a small matter compared with the cruel and torturing infliction about to be imposed upon her; and, unconsciously to herself, the bright and fascinating face of young Edward Tracy, dancing, like an *ignis fatuus*, through her mind, since the morning when Wagari had called her to the lattice to see the guests assembled in the alun-alun, rendered her impervious to all considerations of obedience, pru-

dence, or propriety that were in any way connected with the old Tumung'gung. There was no fear in her breast now; no drawing back or hesitating. The intensity of her feelings carried her above all such minor and, to her, insignificant considerations. She was sorry for Keomah, but as to any sense of duty or obedience to the Bopati or Tumung'gung, she felt none. She had made her choice, arranged her plans, fixed her decision with the deliberation and wisdom of a woman twice her age, and now nothing remained to be done but to go fearlessly forward. If death came, she was prepared to receive it calmly; hence her quiet self-possession. Once she had wavered and debated within herself, but a picture of the shriveled face and thin, hooked nose of the Tumung'gung, the seria with his instruments, and Tracy with his light hair, blue eyes, and merry countenance instantly brought her back to her previous resolution. No one would have supposed that that slight figure, childish youthful face, golden olive skin, and wondering, innocent black eyes, concealed such marvelous powers of will and precocious energy. But so it was. The same blood that had borne Sewa above and away from the ancient and venerated customs of her revered ancestors, to please and gratify her own feminine fancies and heart inclinations, now took her niece by the hand and drew her, calm and serene, from the vortex of repulsion that was about to engulf her.

As soon as Josephine had finished speaking, Wagari proceeded to say that she was going with her beloved mistress to life or death.

"I thought you looked pleased with her misfortunes a little while ago," coldly interrupted Josephine, remembering the smile she had seen on Wagari's face when Keomah was talking.

"You are mistaken, Nonah," returned Wagari, with indignation in her voice; "I was glad to be allowed to aid in her escape."

"Oh! then I beg your pardon, good Wagari," said Josephine, regarding her admiringly. "Tell me, now, what my cousin is going to do."

"But you promise, Josie, that if you don't assist or even approve you will not betray me," interposed Mattah-Djarri.

"Instead of that I hope to become your companion," replied Josephine assuringly, her spirits rising with the prospect of relief under the responsibility of another.

"Well, then," proceeded Wagari, eager and anxious to enter upon the details of the romantic enterprise in which she was about to engage, without once reflecting upon the attending danger, "my noble mistress will leave the dalam to-night during *teng'aweng'i* (period between midnight and one o'clock), or perhaps sooner, if all is quiet."

"But how or where to go?" interrupted Josephine, joyfully grasping the idea of escape for herself and cousin under the guidance of Wagari, whom she intuitively felt was to be the directing compass in the hazardous undertaking.

Wagari now unfolded their plans and Josephine listened, lost in amazement. "If we can conceal ourselves till the first search is over," said Mattah-Djarri, after Wagari had ceased speaking, "Wagari can sell some of my jewels and procure the means of living till we reach the coast of Bali Bali, Madura, Sumatra, or even Borneo; any place, in fact, where we will be beyond the reach of the *Tumung'gung*. My gems are of great value and will make us independent. If all fails and I find I am going to be captured and brought back, Wagari must make her

escape with the jewels, which will make her rich for life. She has a lover, a young dukun, who has been a long time at Mecca; she will then have the means to join him in Arabia."

"I will never leave you, my angel mistress," interposed Wagari, wiping tears from her eyes.

"You must not sacrifice your life for me, Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri, looking gratefully towards the faithful girl. "Should it go so far, you must marry your lover and be happy."

"I will accompany you, dearest Mattie," cried Josephine enthusiastically, a new idea darting into her mind. "Yes, I will surely go with you, and we will wait there," she said breathlessly, almost choking with the combined emotions of hope and danger. "We will — we will hide ourselves in some hole, some corner, some cell or dungeon, or wall or whatever it is that may offer us shelter till Sarjio arrives, and then, dear, we will all go to Singapore. That is his own idea. He proposed it to me. To take you with me when I went with him, for of course I am — I was going with him. Yes, yes, I will die with him!" asserted Josephine, becoming weak and trembling from the emotion of her overwrought feelings. "But where," she cried, still struggling to give expression to her haste and anxiety, "where is this refuge? How can we reach the hiding-place? Who knows the way?" appealing in turn to Mattah-Djarri and Wagari.

"Wagari knows the way in part. She is somewhat acquainted with the country and it is not far," again answered Mattah-Djarri, fearing Josephine's excitement would make her ill or deprive her of the capability of acting cautiously and promptly, which was now so all-important.

"Is it — near — the sea or toward the city?" she

gasped out, fearing it might be and that her father would yet get possession of her.

“No, dear Josie, it is on the Guning Deing, that dark blue, misty liwawan (distant mountain range) you saw toward the west this morning.”

“Oh, Mattah-Djarri,” sighed Josephine, in the reaction of relaxed tension, “you are a witch, a perfect witch; come here and let me embrace you,” extending one hand to her, “and you too, Wagari,” stretching forth the other toward the reader. ●

“Do try to calm yourself, Josephine, we have much to do,” replied Mattah-Djarri. “See, now, sirapong (period of the night between eight and eleven) is upon us.”

“I must and I will,” replied Josephine resolutely, “for I must write another letter and explain it all to Sarjio, and dispatch it, you know, before midnight.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOSEPHINE lay perfectly quiet and motionless for the next half hour, endeavoring to recruit her strength and recover her calmness, meanwhile rapidly reviewing in her mind how she would briefly and effectually express her wishes to her lover, upon whose letter she from time to time pressed her hand, as it rested inside her dress upon her bosom. During the time she was thus passive, Mattah-Djarri and Wagari commenced their preparations for departure. Mattah-Djarri's most valuable jewels were collected and made up into one parcel; those of inferior quality were tightly packed into another. The rings and gems she wore daily about her person, with other small valuables, were taken off and done up in a third package, each as small and compact as possible. Wagari made two trips to her own room, each time returning with one half the plain blue sarongs and kay-bayas she had purchased in the pasir in the early part of the evening. These preliminaries completed, Mattah-Djarri approached her cousin, and, shaking her lightly to arouse her from her reverie, said, —

“Come, Josephine. Your letter and your preparations. The minutes are going.”

“I will hurry,” replied Josephine, hastily rising, and showing she had quite regained her usual self-possession, and stepping nearer the lamp to read once more Sarjio's letter, which he had written at the first halt his party had made on the mountains, and sent back to her to explain much that he could not find opportunity to say in the

morning before his abrupt departure. It breathed the old story ; love and devotion till the end of life and beseeching her to be faithful to her promises to him. "It will be only seven days," he wrote in conclusion, "and you will be mine, mine forever. In the paradise of the blessed, my beautiful, I will seek only thee. An unmistakable impression tells me there is danger, great danger menacing you. I try to believe it the fears of my love and would fain expel it from my mind, but it will and does return. I have expressed my forebodings to Tracy, who laughs at my apprehensions, but I can see that he himself is ill at ease, if not entirely miserable. Can it be possible that your wish and my suspicions may be true? Has the gentle and beautiful Mattah-Djarri impressed her image upon his heart? I count the hours, my precious life, till Satrap returns. On the third day from this Allah grant he may put a letter of yours in my hand!"

Josephine, before refolding her letter, pressed it to her lips many times, then showed the passages about Tracy to Mattah-Djarri. "It will cheer her," she thought, and she was not mistaken when she fancied a richer color crept into the face of the latter, and that her eyes sparkled for a moment with a pleasurable glow.

Josephine now commenced a second letter to the Patih, a part of which was under the dictation of Wagari. She explained their intention of leaving the *dalam* that night during *teng'aweng'i*, and of making their way, under Wagari's direction, to the ruins of the ancient Hindu temples covering the hills surrounding the Guwa Upas, and secreting themselves there to await his arrival. Then she spoke of her cousin's determination to die on the poisoned plain rather than be given to the *Tumung'gung*, "and it is mine, also, dear Sarjio," she added, "rather than be separated from you."

Wagari described as near as possible the direction they would follow in getting there, and gave a minute description of the situation of the cave of the recluse, where they hoped to live till he came to deliver them. When all was said that could be said, in the little time allowed them, the missive was closed and given to Mer-rah, to carry it to the kampong, under the excuse of exchanging her purchase of the kain, and deposit it with the waiting Satrap, accompanied by a purse of gold and the promise of ten times as much more if he delivered the letter to his master on the second day instead of the third. Josephine felt now, in leaving her natural protector, like one floating through an obscure atmosphere to untried, unknown spaces beyond, and one day more was as a century.

Wagari suggested that it would be advisable to make some provision for food in the early morning, when they would probably be fatigued and famished, and without safe opportunity to procure it, and volunteered to go again to the kampong and obtain something in the pasir to take with them. In doing this she considered it safest, at that hour, to pass boldly through the alun-alun in full view of every one, knowing a careless, unconcerned act was generally looked upon without suspicion, while mystery and secrecy always provoke it.

The barefooted guards, sauntering backward and forward on each side of the entrance, demanded her business, according to the custom after sundown. With the word, "pegi macan" (going to eat), she passed on, straight to a spot, not far distant, where she knew a tukang macanan always sat on his heels, between his two baskets, till midnight, waiting for his customers. Purchasing several little green parcels neatly rolled up in the fresh and fragrant plantain leaves, and tied with



green strings stripped from the fibrous bark of the banana tree, she leisurely returned with them in her hands to find her mistress and the Nonah Josephine about finishing a letter which was to be left in a conspicuous place among the clothes of the former, which they naturally supposed would be carefully searched as soon as their flight became actually established the next morning.

The letter was written by Mattah-Djarri, and addressed to Keomah, simply stating the fact that she was about to leave the dalam, Josephine and Wagari accompanying her; begging her mother and Sewa not to be anxious, and directing them to Josephine's home in the city for further information, leaving the impression, without saying so, that they were going thither. This little ruse the two girls felt justified in employing to calm the apprehensions Keomah and Sewa would doubtless experience when it was discovered that they had departed alone, during the night. Josephine knew her mother would suspect the Pateh was not far off, and that in her secret heart she would be glad. Mattah-Djarri felt Keomah would grieve for her, and this letter would lighten her pain for the present, trusting to Sewa to sustain and reconcile her till she, perhaps, could communicate with her again. "This letter," observed she to Josephine, "which will be immediately shown to the Bopati, will cause them to suppose that I have suddenly fled in the determination not to submit to the operation of disfigurement by the seria," — she had learned to regard it as Sewa and her daughter did, — "which is to be performed in the morning; that I have gone to your father to implore his protection, taking advantage of your love and sympathy to prevail upon you to accompany me, with Wagari as an attendant. This, joined with my reluctance to be married to the Tumung'gung, will be the

first conclusion, and the Bopati's rage will be frightful. It will also convince him, I trust, that Keomah and Sewa are entirely ignorant of our intentions. He will immediately seek me at the house of your father, where he will, no doubt, proceed at once himself. Sewa will also hasten home, perhaps."

"She certainly will," interrupted Josephine, warmly, a remembrance of her mother's devoted love rising in her mind; "but you know she has to go, by the Bopati's command, in any case."

"Yes, I know," answered Mattah-Djarri, "and Keomah will perhaps accompany her, expecting to find me there, and hoping in some way to soften the Bopati's resentment. Now, while the Bopati and his retinue, for no doubt he will take his oppassers and officers with him, will be reaching the plains, we shall have ample time to gain the Guning Deing overlooking the Guwa Upas, and conceal ourselves in the cell of the old recluse. Wagari will direct us, for she knows much about the ruins of the ancient temples. We can get there, you see, dear Josie, before they begin to look for us. Without some such plan," she continued, while Josephine listened and gazed upon her in admiring astonishment, "we could never reach the Guning Deing, or escape the millions of eyes that will search for us two days hence."

Josephine thought the plan was perfect, and as it had already been discussed with Wagari, whose ready brain had helped to form it before they knew Josephine was to be one of their party, the next thing was to place the letter where it would be sure to be found and perused, and prevent a general alarm being sent out until after the elapse of the time required to reach Mr. Bardwell.

As a last act Josephine wrote a letter to her father, frankly telling him she was about to leave his love and

" care for that of the Pateh. Then she entreated him to forgive her, and bestowed upon him a hundred imaginary embraces and kisses, with many expressions of endearment; after which she reproached him with being hard-hearted and with compelling her to resort to this undutiful measure, in order to gain for a husband the man she loved; referred to the injustice and insult conveyed in his letter to the Pateh, a part of which she quoted with emphasized refutations and reproachful comments, which she considered unanswerable. She assured him that if he had not written the Pateh this cruel letter she never would have had the heart to leave him in this way, and begged him to remember how he had, in the ardor of his love, obtained her mother, saying, "It is in the blood, dear papa." She declared that her meeting with the Pateh at Kali Chandi was purely accidental on his side, and that no power on earth could keep her from him, and that it would be useless in him to attempt it; ending her singular epistle by embracing him again, as she termed it, assuring him that she would be his loving Josephine all her life.

This letter was read aloud in a low voice and pronounced by the three girls to be quite proper. Then they engaged in a consultation as to how it was to reach Mr. Bardwell. They decided that it would be best to have him receive it the next afternoon or evening, about the time they supposed the Bopati would be likely to arrive in search of Mattah-Djarri. Wagari said they could find a kuli in some of the kampongs they must pass, who would only be too glad to deliver it for a little money at any hour or any distance they desired, before the news of their flight was spread over the country.

"But why send the letter at all, Nonah Josephine?" asked Wagari. "It might lead to your capture."

“ I feel I must do it,” replied Josephine, “ to save my parents all the grief and trouble I can. When papa knows the truth, he will make no further effort to get me, and my mother will not be anxious or alarmed. She likes the Pateh, you know.”

This explanation seemed to be sufficient, and Mattah-Djarri wrote a brief note to her father to accompany Josephine’s letter and declared they must depart.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALL now being ready, the three young girls prepared to leave the dalam. Josephine and Wagari trembled with excitement. The former grew so nervous, and her hands shook to such an extent, that she could scarcely remove her European dress and array herself in the sarong and kaybaya of the native peasant which Wagari had procured in the kampong. Her face, neck, arms, hands, ankles, and feet had to be stained a dark yellow brown; so had Mattah-Djarri's golden skin to be brought to the same plebeian color, and Wagari's also, whose complexion, although failing in the aristocratic yellow shade, was still of a much lighter hue than that of the sun-tinted peasant.

Josephine's white skin required several washings in the diluted juice of the purple rind of the mangistan before it gained the desired color.

"I fear I shall never be white again," said she, looking ruefully at her little brown hands and arms, when the shade attained was decided by her two companions to be perfect.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Wagari, cheerfully, "and without trouble, too. Although the rind of mangistan dyes brown or black according to its strength, the pearly fruit within as quickly removes the stain, and you can be turned into a white woman at any moment. We have only to step into a mangistan grove and become ourselves."

"I am very glad of that," said Josephine; "I shall

return to my own color as soon as possible. But come, it must be nearly time to start," looking at her mite of a watch, which she deftly tucked under her sembong, calling it her chapuri or siri box, in imitation of the Javanese. "Yes, it is nearly twelve o'clock."

"It is indeed," said Mattah-Djarri, looking up from a parcel she was arranging at a little French clock the Bopati had brought her from Batavia the last time he was there. "Wagari," she continued, "go out quietly on the corridor and verandas and try to observe if any one is stirring. Chatra said this evening there were no guests in the dalam. Most likely all is quiet, but it is prudent to go and see."

Wagari slipped out between the closed curtains as stealthily and noiselessly as a cat, letting them close again behind her with an almost imperceptible movement. She glided along from one corridor into another and out on the darkened side of the veranda reserved for women, and saw nothing unusual. Everything seemed to be in a state of perfect tranquillity. The doors and windows opening on the verandas stood wide open in the ordinary way, but no one was to be seen. Schagga had disappeared also, resigning his duty to the sentry, who never penetrated the inner court. In the apartments of the females, soft, silky curtains and light portières were gently swaying back and forth with the breeze; the pale light from the night lamps scattered about on the floors within gave her slight glimpses of the interior, where nothing seemed to stir. She could see the beds closely tucked around with their transparent curtains through which neither mosquito nor other insect could penetrate, and the clearly defined forms of the sleepers lying in different positions inside. On all sides the galleries and gardens appeared to be deserted by everything except the shadows

thrown by the bright full moon. "What a pity it is moonlight," thought Wagari as she looked out on the white light and began to count the pebbles in the walks to try the power of its brilliancy. From the interior court she glided softly down toward the rear to ascertain if any of the servants were moving. There also all was peace and repose, disturbed only by the monotonous murmuring of a mountain stream which fell with a trickling sound into a broad basin where the servants procured their water.

She could see some of the serving-men stretched at full length upon their tikirs, which were spread upon the open square, in the rear compound, their heads wrapped in ikats and their dark bodies shining and naked to the waist, where the many folds of their sabuk or waistband secured a short sarong that by no means covered their limbs; the Javanese hold that the waist and hips are the only parts of the body that health demands should be protected, and these they wrap around many times with great care.

Beyond the servants' and near the tamarind compound, Wagari could see two sentries who were leaning motionless upon their spears and she thought most likely half asleep. Retracing her steps with the quiet cat-like nimbleness with which she came, she reported the general peacefulness prevailing everywhere and proposed they should depart at once. Mattah-Djarri and Josephine had arranged the parcels of plantain-leaves, the jewels, and extra sarongs, in three small bundles such as are commonly carried by peasant women when going on their little journeys from one kampong to another.

The paning'sat or presents to Mattah-Djarri from the expectant bridegroom, which had been arriving for several days, were made up in a larger and separate bundle. Some of these presents were very costly on account of

their rarity. Wagari looked at the fourth bundle and asked, "Why, what is that?" fearing they would be burdened with something unnecessary.

"The paning'sat," answered her mistress contemptuously.

Wagari's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She was not only going to run away with the Tumung'gung's bride but also with his presents.

"We will throw it into the spring as we pass," continued Mattah-Djarri, "as my farewell to the Tumung'gung."

"I hope he may drown in fishing it out," responded Josephine.

"And I also," added Wagari, in the familiar tone of an intimate friend, which indeed she had become.

"Shall we go now?" said they, each picking up a bundle and looking scared and frightened into one another's faces, as the importance of the first fatal step made itself felt.

"Shall we go out the door on to the corridor or through the window?" whispered Mattah-Djarri, rallying herself and leading the way towards the former.

At the door they hesitated; it seemed an easy matter to part the curtains and glide through, yet it was dangerous and difficult. Mattah-Djarri drew back, and looking around her sumptuous chambers, returned and extinguished the great lamp.

"What an oversight," she whispered, "to allow it to burn so late. But now, Wagari, the mata-mata of the Tumung'gung, where is he, I wonder? He might be hiding among the oleanders in the court or concealed in the melati gardens opposite my windows. Indeed, he might be watching us all the time. I am afraid to venture out until I know where he is."



“But that is impossible, Mattie,” said Josephine impatiently; “we must accept the risk and go boldly forth.” Being now ready, she was anxious to go. Every moment increased her nervous fears. She felt that when once started on the way they would be comparatively safe.

“Wagari,” said Mattah-Djarri coaxingly, with her hands on the curtains, “be a good girl and go out again and try to get near enough to the sleeping servants in the compound to recognize Boorah, if he is among them. You know his big head and tall form will not be hard to distinguish.”

Wagari put down her bundles and slipped between the curtains a second time. In another instant she was swiftly and silently making her way under the friendly shadows of the galleries, as far as they would shelter her, toward the sleeping group beyond the basin receiving the water of the trickling mountain stream. When she reached the edge of the protecting shade, she stopped a moment to look around for some other cover to aid her in getting near them. She could perceive only one way, so darting suddenly across the dozen yards of moonlight that separated the rear buildings from the servants' bathing rooms, she gained the shadows of the latter and crept cautiously down against the wall, till within a short distance of the sleeping men, where she crowded herself into the recess of a door and tried in vain to detect the head and form of Boorah among them. After some twenty minutes of this dangerous scrutiny she was compelled to admit that he was not there. Then where was he? was her next thought. Doubtless watching her mistress's apartments, or perhaps at that very moment his eyes were upon her and he was laughing exultingly, thinking how securely he had her and her companions in his power. With the fears arising from these suspicions

uppermost in her mind, Wagari stood irresolutely meditating for several minutes over the situation, pressing her hand upon her forehead, endeavoring to think of some way of getting clear of the dalam from the opposite side. She was certain Boorah would confine himself to the side on which her mistress's apartments were situated.

Just as she was about to step out of her hiding-place to hurry back with her suspicions, she caught sight of a dark object moving slowly along on the other side of the court under the shadow of the very gallery she had left but a few moments before. She shrank back closer and smaller into the doorway, watching the figure with breathless apprehension. It was Boorah coming from his careful espionage. He had seen the light go out when Mattah-Djarri extinguished the great lamp; and, waiting a few moments, had concluded she had safely retired for the night and was now going to refresh himself with some cold water and boiled rice, intending to return, as soon as this was done, to his concealed post among the melati bushes opposite the Radan ajeng's windows. From this spot he could see everything that happened on that side of the palace, and with the guards and private watchmen dotted around both front and rear, Boorah thought it quite impossible anything unusual could occur and he not be aware of it.

As he slowly came opposite to her on the other side, Wagari held her breath in an agony of fear. What if he should see her and come to her? She noticed he looked cautiously around him and sometimes back towards the central building. "Thinking of my mistress, the ugly badak" (rhinoceros), said she, when he stopped once and turned about, taking a careful survey of all that was behind him. She felt sure he would see her, and decided, if he turned to come towards her, to

dash off with her utmost speed towards the interior apartments and not give him time for recognition, hoping he would infer from her dark blue dress that she was some startled babu after something for a sick child, or a servant of one of the wives of her master, who had been on an errand for her mistress or herself and was anxious to escape detection.

Holding herself in readiness for this hasty retreat, she had the unspeakable relief of seeing Boorah pass on beyond her into the clear moonlight and go to the fountain, and take a drink, and stepping over the rim of the basin sit down on it, letting his feet hang down into the water. Then he untied a plantain leaf and began to eat. "Some one will drink water from that fountain-basin to-morrow morning," thought Wagari with disgust, as she now perceived what had brought the Tumung'gung's most sagacious spy to the rear. It was to lave and cool his feet in the refreshing mountain-water, they being probably inflamed and swollen, as is frequently the case with individuals of a robust constitution during the dry monsoon. This action made her suspect that he had been standing at his post of observation probably since dark, which was correct.

Deciding that the favorable moment for leaving the dalam had arrived, she flew back to her two companions, who were undergoing agonies of suspense on account of her long absence. Hurriedly describing Boorah's present occupation, she urged them to lose no time in getting away. Snatching up the largest bundle containing the paning'sat and carefully taking up the basin of dye in the other hand, she bade them follow her, and quickly led the way to the side gallery opening on the nutmeg grove. The agreeable fragrance of the latter met their faces, mingled with a delicate whiff of the salty sea breeze

now gently ascending the mountain side. Mattah-Djarri, firm and collected, and Josephine, nervous and trembling, followed noiselessly at Wagari's back. Gliding down the steps, they flew like birds, one at a time, across the little strip of moonlight shining on the white pebbles between the gallery and the heavy foliage forming the edge of the grove. Reaching this desired shelter, they rapidly turned into the path they had traversed an evening or two before, walking swiftly and silently, one behind the other, in the native fashion, each one recalling the different degrees of interest that had inspired them during that unlucky promenade.

Josephine thought of the Pateh, and pictured to herself his concern and excitement could he see her now, skulking away like a felon in the darkness, scarcely able to suppress a scream at the most harmless shadow. Mattah-Djarri saw in imagination the fascinating face of the European, and wondered if he would ever think of her again. She looked up at the moon through an occasional opening in the heavy foliage above her and felt a strange thrill of joy in her saddened heart with the thought that he might at the same moment be gazing on it from the door of a tent on the mountains. Wagari contemplated with a chuckle of satisfaction the discomfiture of the old Tumung'gung, and enjoyed, in prospective, his rage and disappointment when he should discover that his bird of rare plumage had flown.

They soon passed around the banks of the spring, where they paused a moment without speaking. Wagari looked at her mistress, who nodded her head in answer, whereupon the former slammed the paning'sat over the bank and down into the water with a force that sent the latter flying high up against the bank, causing them all to start at the sudden noise.

“Suppose the Tumung’gung’s mata-mata should be creeping around and hear this commotion,” whispered Josephine. The next instant the harsh scream of a peacock, whose sensitive ears had caught the sound, rang out upon the still air, followed by the warning call of several timorous guinea-fowls. “Hurry, hurry,” whispered Mattah-Djarri, “those wretched birds will give the alarm.”

Wagari ran and emptied the basin of dye she had carried into the stream that bore the overflow from the spring down the mountain-side. Then hurriedly washing away all traces of it as well as she could in the moonlight, she hid the vessel under the pavilion, and joining her companions, admonished them to run, setting the example herself by hurrying on before them, whispering they must be out upon the highway before Boorah finished his rice and left the fountain, and when once out of the grounds of the dalam they would pass for peasant girls.

“You are right, Wagari,” answered Mattah-Djarri in an encouraging whisper. “Get on as fast as you can, we will follow; and Josie dear,” turning toward the latter, “be very careful to keep behind me. The peasant women follow always one behind the other.”

“I will remember,” replied Josephine, falling back into her place; “I forget myself and want to be at your side.”

The three girls now ran and walked as fast as they could, compelled to take a direction opposite from that in which they wished to go, till at length they came out suddenly upon the struggling termination of one of the kampong lanes that would lead them back and bring them out again beyond the alun-alun on the principal highway on the other side of the dalam. They now felt they had escaped and stopped a moment to take

breath, while Josephine twisted and rearranged the sembong which Mattah-Djarri had wound around her head to conceal her light hair, in the turban-like fashion adopted by high-born Javanese, when they leave the bath, to wring the water out of their heavy coils of long hair.

"You'll have to be very careful of your head, Josephine," said Mattah-Djarri, assisting her. "A glimpse of your golden braids would prove a cruel tell-tale."

"Yes, indeed," said Wagari, "if one peasant saw the Nonah's hair, he would run in astonishment and tell about it to the first one he met, and before teng'angi (period between eight and twelve to-morrow) the entire population would know it, for a Javanese with yellow hair has never been seen before."

"I will keep it concealed, I will pretend a sick headache," replied Josephine, wishing for present safety that her golden braids were black, and the next moment reproaching herself for wishing anything changed that Sarjio so much admired.

Starting off again with the regular step of the Javanese, they soon threaded the streets and lanes of the kampong and were on the outskirts of the opposite side, when they halted again, to decide which of the two roads now branching off before them would be the proper one to follow. They both appeared to lead in the direction of the group of distant peaks looming up against the western horizon that formed a dark collective mass resembling a boat in shape, which Mattah-Djarri and Wagari knew to be the Guning Deing or Guning Prah, the last word meaning boat, as its peculiar shape suggested.

"While we are considering," said Wagari, making a cheerful attempt to dispel their gloom, "let us see what we have to eat," untying one of the green packages and

displaying in the white moonlight some nasi, tchabi, and dingding. "It was the best I could do," she continued apologetically. "We can add some fruit in the morning."

Each one helped herself with her fingers, in the mean time gazing around and deliberating upon which road they should take. Presently Josephine observed the peculiar shape of a huge tree trunk, leaning half-way across the road to the left, and remembered to have passed under it the day they came to Kali Chandu.

Pointing it out to Mattah-Djarri, the latter said, "Then the other road is the right one for us," which they gladly agreed upon and arose to go on. After going a short distance, the road they had chosen turned abruptly to the right, entering the forest and running horizontally along the mountain side. They were now sure they had made the right selection and advanced boldly into the forest, but as soon as they were well beyond the moonlight and the black darkness under the foliage had settled down upon them, they suddenly stopped and grasped each other's hands in dismay.

"Are you much frightened, Josie?" asked Mattah-Djarri in a low voice, feeling her own hitherto undaunted courage beginning to ooze away.

"Yes, yes, I fear I can't proceed," answered Josephine, trembling with fear and drawing back, thinking of the badak, with its one stubby horn, and the two formidable tusks curling up from the snout of the babi roesa, that had plunged across their path when she ascended the mountains.

"You will not return, Josephine?" said Mattah-Djarri in alarm, as she noticed her cousin turn around and advance a step or two in the opposite direction.

"I am afraid, I am afraid," answered Josephine,

still moving backward toward the moonlight at the edge of the forest. "The wild beasts will devour us."

"It is very dangerous, my noble mistress," said Wagari, in a voice that sounded far away in the thick darkness, "and I" —

"I will go on alone," interrupted Mattah-Djarri, resolutely determined to conquer her terrors, "and you and Josephine must return," her voice sinking into a quivering whisper, as the fear that they might be impelled to do so pressed itself upon her, although she tried to look bravely into the faces of her two companions, when they all stepped again out of the deep shadows into the open moonlight.

"I have no thought of deserting you, most beloved mistress," said Wagari in a wounded tone, "but I would suggest that we must in some way procure a flambeau. Light will give us security in this impenetrable gloom."

"That is it, Wagari," cried Josephine, turning about and peering into the darkness they had just left. "If we had a light I could venture." Another consultation now took place while they huddled together back under the edge of the forest and looked over the sleeping plantations and groves below them to the distant summits they wished so much to reach.

"What is that?" suddenly asked Josephine, keeping her eyes fixed on what appeared to be a brown, red-tinted, pyramidal cloud, that rested its base on one of the highest cones, with a lurid thread of gleaming gold twisting spirally around it, and streaks of flame shooting out at intervals around the sharply outlined peak that supported it.

"A volcano in action," answered Mattah-Djarri; "but you should see it on a dark night, when the smoke rolls up in mighty volumes and the whole mass looks like wrestling columns of murky flame."



“Where or how shall we get a flambeau?” anxiously demanded Wagari, giving her attention to their present necessities. “If we could only discover a knot of rosin wood. There are plenty of them in the forest,” she said, looking around, “and I have some matches.”

For a moment they each looked searchingly about them with anxious solicitude, but of course perceived nothing under the edge of the forest gloom that resembled a rosin knot. Wagari, whose courage rose in a measure with her excitement, offered to return to the suburbs of the kampong, where she knew there was a tukang kaju (wood dealer) who had a little stall not far from the gate and whose flambeaux, tied up in bundles of from three to eight, were always piled up in rows ready for sale. This happy proposal was received with gratitude by Josephine and Mattah-Djarri, who went back with her as near to the entrance of the bambu wall around the kampong as they thought safety would permit, where they waited in trembling apprehension for Wagari’s reappearance.

“You will never forget her, dear Josie,” said Mattah-Djarri, looking after her generous attendant as she rapidly disappeared, “if anything — if anything happens to me?”

“Never, never,” answered Josephine emphatically. “She shall never serve any one again; but don’t talk, Mattie, about anything happening to you.”

Wagari found the tukang kaju just within the gate with the flambeaux ready made as she had expected. Hastily selecting a bundle of three and laying the money where it could be seen in the morning, she returned, holding them above her head in triumph. They all hurried again over the hard, white road to the edge of the forest, and lighting each of the flambeaux, which were

composed of thin strips of light pine, tied together and smeared with an inflammable gum, they swung them across the path before their feet, after the manner of night pedestrians in Java, and taking their places one behind the other, Mattah-Djarri leading the way and Wagari coming behind, they boldly plunged into the depths of the forest and hurried onwards.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE scream of the peacock (merak) caused Boorah hastily to wheel himself around off the flat brim of the fountain, where he was sitting, dragging his feet out of the water at the same time, and run in a stooping position under the vines and through the graveled walks of the court garden, till he reached a low passage which gave egress from the court to the outside of the building, and brought him to the side of the dalam near the melati gardens, which he had chosen as the most convenient place from which to watch the young Radan ajeng's windows or apartments. It also gave him a clear sweep in front of the great side gallery, whose steps the three escaping girls had stealthily descended a few moments after he had left it.

He looked sharply up, down, and around, but detected nothing amiss, neither could he hear any unaccountable sounds. The dull light from the night-lamp shone dimly through the princess's window curtains swinging lightly to and fro, but no movement or sound within betrayed anything suspicious. "Strange, indeed, that scream of the peacock," thought he, "and the warning of the guinea-fowls. I never knew them to raise a cry in the night unless disturbed by something unusual." By no means satisfied, Boorah went around to the front, carefully scrutinizing the figures thrown by the shadows in the back part of the veranda, as he passed. Keeping on under the waringin trees and through the alun-alun, he saluted the guards standing on either side of the entrance and

walked out into the broad highway, where he stood a few moments in the calm moonlight, taking a survey in all directions, without perceiving anything that excited his curiosity or drew his attention. Three peasant girls, not far away, were moving smartly along towards the centre of the kampong. The sombre color of their dark blue sarongs and kaybayas told him they belonged to the poorest classes, and he looked after them without a passing thought, for it was quite common to see people of their condition scudding home at all hours of the night. He soon turned and walked thoughtfully back to the melati garden, skirting the strip of moonlight between the gallery and the nutmeg grove on his way.

Boorah, like all his race, was guided by his instincts and impressions, and now experienced a strong sense of impending calamity in which he religiously believed. He felt something was wrong, but could not obtain a clew that would lead him to anything like a plausible conjecture or determination as to what it might be. It was not long before he slipped out of the melati garden again, and walked noiselessly around by the rear to the other side of the dalam, from which there was no ingress or egress. Going on around behind the mosque, on one side of the alun-alun, and coming out again on the front, he continued from thence back over the graveled walks to the lawang seketing where two or three watchmen were sitting on the steps. Ascertaining they had no suspicions and had noticed nothing unusual, he again moved on around towards his post in the melati bushes, having made the entire circuit of the dalam.

This time Boorah walked slower, looking more cautiously, if possible, in every direction. As he came opposite the gallery and on the edge of the little strip of moonlight, he stopped and peered searchingly into its shadows,

then out into the dark shade of the grove. Suddenly his sharp eyes detected a little brown spot on the white pebbles that he was sure had not been there in the early part of the evening. Pouncing upon it as though it were a pearl of priceless value, he found it to be a little soft ball of some smooth substance, which proved to be a small, crumpled kid glove. "Ia-lah tuhan-ku!" (O my God!) exclaimed he, "how came it there!" Getting behind the shrubbery of the melati as quickly as possible, he turned it inside out, examining each of the little fingers and trying to push his big thumbs into them, hoping he might discover something more. His investigations proved fruitless, and he pushed the tell-tale glove under his belt and tried to come to some conclusion about its sudden appearance on the pebbles. It must belong either to the Nonah or the Radan ajeng, but how did it get there? He was positive it had not lain on that strip of moonlight since dark. He had been watching faithfully all the time, according to the instructions of his master. No one had passed over it, unless it was about the time the peacock screamed. This thought frightened him half to death. He dreaded losing his reputation of being the most sagacious mata-mata among all the Tumung'gung's people, and more, he was most reluctant to have his head snipped off his shoulders, should his apparent neglect cause the irritable old noble to take a fancy to do so. He was tempted to climb into one of the Radan ajeng's balconies and relieve his mind by a peep into her apartments and assure himself of her presence. This, however, he did not dare to do; but anxious and uneasy, he moved around the rest of the night, always careful to keep his eyes in the direction of her doors and windows, till the sun suddenly shot up above the mountains in the east, covering everything with light.

Boorah had no idea the Radan Mattah-Djarri would leave the dalam alone or accompanied only by others of her own sex. Had he suspected the possibility of such an event, the story of the one glove would have been sufficient to have informed him of the truth. His instructions were to detect if she communicated with anyone outside the dalam ; if she received any messages ; if she went forth to meet or talk with any person, particularly the Pateh or the European ; or if any strange servant-man or babu approached her apartments. Since the screech of the peacock and discovery of the glove, Boorah was terribly undone. He had traversed all the paths of the nutmeg grove, the orange grove, the fig gardens, the lemon, citron, and banana inclosures. He had even gone back and examined the solitude of the tamarind compound and walked half-way around the pine-apple plantation and gone as far into the cocoa-nut and palm grove as time would permit, for he felt he dared not be too long absent from his well-selected post opposite the princess's windows in the melati gardens. After the sun had risen he crept cautiously out of the latter, and went to the rear and stationed himself not far from the fountain where Wagari had last seen him, at a point which gave him an oversight of everything going on in the court and on the interior verandas.

It was not long before he saw Djoolo approach the corridor communicating with her mistress's apartments, bearing a tray on which was placed coffee, oranges, and bananas. A moment later Merrah, Josephine's maid, also walked along the veranda bearing the same to her mistress. He could see the glitter of the little coffee-pot and the golden yellow of the fruit. Before Merrah had turned off the veranda, she met Djoolo coming out again with her tray still in her hands. The latter turned and

walked with her into the corridor towards Nonah Bardwell's rooms, shortly reappearing again on the veranda still bearing the tray. This time Djoolo walked the whole length of the gallery, stopping opposite the fountain throwing the spray over the oleanders, to look carefully among the green bushes and pink blossoms. Then descending the steps, she walked about, looking under the various arbors, and other little secluded nooks where seats were placed. "Is she looking for her mistress?" asked Boorah of himself, wiping great drops of water from his forehead. Going back, Djoolo again met Merrah with her tray. Boorah's interest and mental excitement now increased rapidly. He knew neither of the young girls were in their apartments or their coffee would have been left there. While Merrah and Djoolo stood holding their little trays and speculating as to the whereabouts of their respective mistresses at that early hour, he saw Keomah come out and sit down in a cool corner, directing her coffee to be placed on a table beside her. While this was being done, she appeared to speak to Djoolo, who set her tray down on Keomah's table and went towards the chamber of Wagari, for Boorah knew the location of the room of every occupant of the *dalam*. "Keomah has sent to Wagari to inquire," said Boorah to himself this time.

In a second or two Djoolo came back in evident surprise and said something to Keomah, who arose immediately, putting down the cup from which she had not yet drunk, and went quickly into the corridor leading into the Radan Mattah-Djarri's rooms. Boorah now stood upon his tiptoes in alarmed eagerness. He would have given much to have dared to run up and enter the rooms himself. Curbing his anxiety and impatience, he stood still and waited, and saw Keomah presently return and

walk rapidly around the veranda toward the apartments occupied by Sewa ; and in a few moments they both came out together and sat down beside the table and drank each a cup of coffee, talking eagerly while they sent for Schagga, who came and shook his head and walked away faster than usual, entering that wing of the building devoted to the use of the second wives. From thence he went in the same hurried pace to a detached building toward the rear occupied by their children. It was not long before he came back to Keomah, who arose with Sewa and went, a second time, to the apartments of her daughter, followed by Djoolo and Merrah. After some time they all came out again on the veranda, Keomah holding a letter in her hand and weeping violently.

At this juncture Boorah's anxiety overcame all thoughts of prudence. He jumped down from the high seat where he had perched himself for better observation, and running to Schagga begged to know the cause of the excitement. Schagga explained the disappearance of his young mistress in a few words, and reproached him with the faithless manner in which he had performed the work intrusted to him, showing that he knew for what purpose Boorah had been left at the dalam. Both men now experienced the keenest concern about their own fate, each declaring to the other that he had practiced the utmost vigilance and both disbelieving it. Boorah said nothing about the screaming of the peacock, the finding of the glove, nor his trip to the fountain after midnight, nor that he now knew the fugitives had escaped about that time, which thought threw him into the deepest rage and vexation with himself. Going at once to the spot where he had picked up the glove, he selected the path which he supposed the runaways would most likely have taken to gain the highway, and walking slowly over it, carefully



examined the ground at every step, for any little signs or tokens of their passage that they might have left behind them. The first and only object that met his eyes, before reaching the spring, was the fellow of the glove under his belt. He secured it greedily, and felt he was on their track.

Josephine on starting had picked up her gloves from force of habit, and not knowing what to do with them at the moment, pushed them lightly beside her watch, under her belt, which serves the East Indian woman for a pocket, from which they had slipped one at a time, she never thinking of them again.

When Boorah reached the spring, the paning'sat, still floating on its surface, attracted his attention. It was too heavy to be carried over the bank, so went bobbing around till Boorah excitedly hooked it out. He had never seen such rich and costly sarongs in his life, beside many other things of which he did not know the use. Some of the sarongs were in silk embroidered with gold, with kaybayas and little spatous to match them. Jewels, sashes, belts of gold made in sections, that were supple as ribbons, with strings of pearls and chains of precious stones, met his view. In short, Boorah would have been suddenly rich, had he dared to make the fact known by disposing of what he had found in the bundle. He divined at once to whom the precious package belonged. The Radan ajeng had made it up to take with her, and by accident she had dropped it and it had rolled into the spring, and not being able to recover it, the girls had gone on without it. Perhaps that very noise had made the peacock scream. His next duty was to go quickly through the kampong and see if there were any other traces. Rolling up the paning'sat, he looked around for a place to conceal it, and selected the pavilion. In search-

ing for a secure spot where the bundle would escape observation till he could take it away, for he intended to keep it for himself, he spied the basin Wagari had cast aside. Drawing it out, he examined it closely and discovered on the bottom the stains from the dye. Knowing the cunning habits of the people and being familiar with their peculiar modes of deception, he remembered with agonizing regret the three peasant women he had seen walking rapidly away from him the night before when he stood in front of the alun-alun. Going into the village, he made inquiries about some brown peasant girls or strangers, but no one had seen them. Pursuing his way, he came at length to the stall of the tukang kaju at the other side of the kampong, who had just discovered the loss of one of his bundles of flambeaux, and, strange to relate, had found the worth of it in money on a little flat stone beside the pile. He was telling it to a neighbor as Boorah came up. The mata-mata listened with brightening eye. He could account for the missing flambeaux.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN the Bopati was aroused from his second morning nap and told that the Radan Mattah-Djarri could not be found, and that the Nonah Josephine as well as Wagari was also absent, he sprang up, wondering whether he was the great Bopati and chief officer of the estates and provinces that covered the gigantic slopes of the Teng'gers or not. He thought he had a nightmare, and wheeled around to his youngest wife and asked her if he really was awake or had been dreaming. Being assured he was wide awake and that the dalam was in a great uproar besides, on account of the missing Mattah-Djarri, who had left a letter behind her to attest to the fact, he hurried out without taking his coffee and went straight to Keomah, who was weeping and wringing her hands on the veranda, with Sewa beside her, indulging in a similar but less impressive performance. Seizing the letter without a word, he read it through. He could not believe his senses. Such impudence, such independence! The ungrateful creature! And on the eve of her marriage to one of the first nobles in the land! It was too much. The enormity of the crime silenced him. The weight of the blow knocked the breath out of him, so to speak, and deprived him for the time of speech and action. He was composed and calm, but the glance of his eye that fell on Keomah well-nigh crushed her. "Merciful Allah!" she ejaculated, shrinking down into her seat. "He will take my life." A few moments later, she entreated Sewa to beg the Bopati to allow her to accompany her home.

"Ask him yourself, Keomah," answered Sewa. "Don't be afraid; and if he forbids you, then come anyhow, and don't return."

"I cannot, oh! I wish I could!" sobbed the poor mother, forgetting the Bopati's wrath and thinking how dreary and lonely her life would be now without her beautiful child.

Sewa had begun to dislike the Bopati for the unfeeling part he was performing towards Mattah-Djarri, and now that her first fright about Josephine was subsiding in the expectation of finding her at home, she ceased to feel the grief of the first few moments. To her it seemed quite probable that Josephine had simply accompanied her cousin to the protection of her own home, aided and advised by the Patch, and to this she had no objection. Since they had both been so unceremoniously asked to leave the dalam, she felt rather pleased than otherwise, to think that the Bopati was frustrated and defied by the assistance of her daughter. She immediately prepared to go home as she had intended, only now determined to take her sister with her and prevent the Bopati from making her the recipient of his vengeance. With this intention, she boldly sought him in his rooms, where he was making hasty preparations to follow after the fugitive princess.

Preferring her request, she was gruffly refused and told she had made all the late trouble and disobedience in his family. Not to be put off, however, she pressed her request with such eloquence, determination, and so many cunning arguments in flattering praise of his well known clemency and popularity as a wise ruler and indulgent master, that the Bopati's pride and vanity were quite tickled, and he graciously said at last, that as it was to bring back her self-willed child, Keomah could go,

thinking to himself there was no use in losing the good opinion of his people, and the Europeans in particular, by seeming to be unmindful of Keomah's grief and wishes at such a time. "The brat of a girl," he thought to himself, "is not worth it, and if it were not for the Tumung'gung's rank and disappointment, I would lock her up for the rest of her life and beg the Susuhunan to allow me to appropriate her large fortune."

As soon as possible the two sisters were on the way down the mountain side. To Keomah the day never appeared so long.

"Do you think they went over these hills last night alone, Sewa?" she asked, looking around on the dark caverns and rocky precipices in pity for their fears.

"I should think they had descended in palangkis," answered Sewa. "And now, Keomah, don't be foolish."

Thus chided, Keomah was silent, hoping they would arrive before the Bopati, who had started ahead of them for the city, intending to make a short *détour* and inform the Tumung'gung of the disaster that had befallen him.

Mr. Bardwell was sitting on his luxurious veranda enjoying the evening air, when he recognized Sewa and Keomah as the occupants of a carriage that swept around the circle and stopped in front of his steps. He descended quickly to welcome them, glad his wife and daughter had returned so promptly at his bidding, naturally supposing the latter was coming on behind in another carriage with her cousin.

"This augurs well," thought he; "Josie is going with me to Europe without reluctance." But who can depict his grief and surprise when informed that his daughter, with Mattah-Djarri, had disappeared the night before, and he saw the two mothers wring their hands in consternation and sorrow when informed that he had

received no intelligence from them, and knew nothing about them.

“Woman, where is my daughter?” he cried, in a voice of thunder, seizing Sewa by the shoulder and shaking her. “Have you given her to that cursed Javan and come here to play the innocent with me? No doubt you went to Kali Chandi on purpose to give him the opportunity of getting her away. Yes, you notified him to come and take her. I know your treacherous blood; but you shall follow. Come, get your things and go. I’ll not have you in my house another night. Come, go, I say,” he yelled again, quite beside himself. “Your Pateh shall have both mother and daughter.”

Sewa did not move. She stared at her husband and believed he had gone mad from the sudden shock, and thought it no wonder. Presently she sank down into a chair, and slid from that on to the floor, a limp rag, where she lay apparently cold and lifeless on the white marble. Keomah, who had stood by all the time, speechless, now interposed. In the depths of her own great grief she did not forget Sewa. She stooped down and tried to restore her.

“You are cruel and wicked,” she said, looking at her brother-in-law; “I did not expect this of you. You are a European.” Then she handed him the letter found among Mattah-Djarri’s clothing.

In truth, Mr. Bardwell was temporarily insane. He understood the character of the Javanese, and knew that in cunning and treachery they were hard to excel where there was an object at stake. He believed Sewa and Keomah had connived to unite Josephine with one of their own race. It was most natural, he admitted, but their hypocrisy and deceit enraged him. When Sewa was carried into the house and laid on her bed, he

prayed she might never open her eyes again ; he wished she would die. He detested her now, and all her connections. Had the Pateh been before him he would have attempted to strangle him. He had no doubt that Josephine was with him at that moment. In short, where else could she be? he asked himself, and moaned aloud in the sickness of his soul. And was she married, or would the fellow marry her? Misguided, miserable girl, to throw herself away thus. She who could have had her choice among the highest circles. He groaned and walked the veranda. Josephine, so queenly and beautiful, to come to this! He beat his head with his fists, and pulled his hair out by the handfuls in the frenzy of his rage and grief. In the midst of this storm of passion the carriages of the Bopati and the Tumung'gung arrived. Neither of them waited to be asked to alight. The Bopati sprang to the ground the instant his carriage stopped, and the Tumung'gung followed his example as fast as his age would permit. The two old nobles hurried up the steps, but Mr. Bardwell did not speak or move an inch forward to greet or welcome them. In their over-excitement they failed to notice this breach of good manners.

“ My daughter ! ” said the Bopati, when he had gained the top of the steps and saluted Mr. Bardwell.

“ My daughter ! ” echoed Mr. Bardwell.

“ Give me the Radan Mattah-Djarri ! I demand her ! ” repeated the Bopati, feeling Bardwell's insulting manner and looking furious.

“ Give me the Nonah Josephine ! I demand *her* ! ” returned Mr. Bardwell, looking defiantly into the old Javan's face.

“ Yes, my bride. We want her. We will have her, ” squeaked the Tumung'gung, choking with rage, and

coming forward beside the Bopati, his snaky eyes blinking and twitching more than ever.

“Go to Hades!” shouted Mr. Bardwell, using his favorite oath, and looking the wrath and disgust he felt. “Get your bride and daughter in welcome!” glaring at them. “I’d like to throw her at you both!”

“Summon her, then,” said the Bopati. “Command her to be brought out and we will go instantly.”

“Where is the child I intrusted to you, you sneaking, hypocritical, old black scoundrel?” now roared Bardwell. “Leave my house, get off my veranda, or I’ll horse-whip you!” he continued, making a step towards the Bopati, while the gathering servants scattered in every direction.

Hearing this, the Bopati’s jaw dropped in sheer astonishment, while the old Tumung’gung pinched his nose and ran his fingers into his ears to convince himself that he had heard rightly. At this stage a kuli emerged from the surrounding gloom, and hastily walking to the front of the steps held up two letters in his hand. The amazed servants not coming down to receive them, he made two strides to the top of the steps and thrust both into the hand of the Tumung’gung, who, being accustomed to all sorts of tricks to preserve secrecy and silence, instantly closed his talon-like fingers over them without turning his head, in the next moment bringing his hand around on a level with his waist to look down and see what he had, while the kuli quickly descended the steps and disappeared. The Tumung’gung saw one letter was addressed to the Bopati in Javanese characters, the other to Mr. Bardwell, and both in a delicate female hand. His quick mind instantly suspected that they had some relation to the missing girls. At the moment when the Bopati, drawing out his kris, was



ready to spring upon Bardwell, who had suddenly grasped a chair near by with which to crush him, the Tumung'gung screeched "Sudah! sudah!" and stepped between them, handing a letter to each. Mr. Bardwell recognized the handwriting of Josephine and dropped the chair, while the Bopati, at the same instant, felt that something important was about to be revealed, and tore open the letter addressed to himself.

Now, indeed, consternation and rage took entire possession of the Bopati and the Tumung'gung. The Bopati saw he was defeated and outwitted in his own *dalam*; and that by a female, a girl, his own child. He would have her back, punish her, give her to the now writhing Tumung'gung without marriage, if indeed the latter would accept such an infamous piece of effrontery, and kill her afterwards, if she dared to open her mouth, look, or even think disobediently. He felt thus much was due to the dignity of his princely blood. Absolute submission in his province must be maintained; and where should he first assert it but in his own household? This reflection reminded him that he had yet to settle with Keomah, which sent a thrill of satisfaction through his bosom over and above the tumult of passion raging there; and while he and Bardwell were undergoing the surprise of their mutual mistake, he calculated the nature of the revenge he would mete out to Keomah.

The Tumung'gung was equally, but differently, affected. His disappointment was overwhelming, but his jealous rage exceeded it. Sarjio had possessed himself of both Mattah-Djarri and the Nonah Josephine. He felt sure of it. While the contents of the letters were being made known to him, he began at first to walk slowly backward and forward, which pace increased to a run as the conclusion was reached, and finally throw-

ing himself on his back on a divan, he stretched out his little bent body and legs, and clutched up at the air with his claw-like hands, rolling his head from side to side, and turning up his eyes till nothing but a little yellow bloodshot speck could be seen. After indulging in this mute pantomime for a few moments, he added to it a noise which issued from his throat in cries resembling a cross between a yell and a groan, so unearthly and singular in its character that both Bardwell and the Bopati started and looked around in apprehension.

Despite his own grief, Bardwell burst into involuntary laughter, in which the Bopati joined in the sedate and subdued manner of the Javanese. The Tumung'gung, however, was in no wise interrupted, but continued his peculiar and impotent manifestations of rage and jealousy, till the Bopati in disgust exclaimed, "Bakgasti!" (making a fool of himself.) Being thus advised, the old noble immediately stood up, looking wildly around, still making spasmodic clutches at some invisible object, at which he shook his fists and plunged his kris in the most ferocious manner. As soon as the Tumung'gung was sufficiently calm, the Bopati made ready to return to Kali Chandi to institute an immediate search for Mattah-Djarri, in which he pressed the Tumung'gung to assist him. Nothing could have delighted the old reprobate more. "Sirna" (gone)! he gasped, alluding to his fugacious bride, with a last flourish of his kris, before jamming it down into its sheath with a force that would have shivered it to pieces had it not been made of the best tempered metal.

"Let us go then, Bopati!" he cried, going toward his carriage as fast as his excitement would allow him.

In another moment they both departed as suddenly as they had come, intending to scour the country far and near

and bring back the beautiful culprit, dead or alive. As to Boorah, the Tumung'gung had flayed him alive a dozen times before he was firmly seated in his carriage, and having thus in imagination disposed of the fate of his mata-mata and gloated a moment or two over the extra tortures with which he should be rewarded, dismissed him from his mind, and gave his whole attention to the best and quickest means of recapturing his lost fiancée. The Bopati tried to inspire the old man with patience, as they hurried on, by assuring him that Mattah-Djarri's great beauty and the Nonah's fair face and golden hair would render long concealment impossible. They would attract notice anywhere, he assured him, and discovery was certain. With this belief the two Javans solaced themselves till they arrived in Kali Chandi, whence their emissaries were at once sent off in every direction, the kampongs notified, and the whole population converted into mata-mata.

The two old men now expected to hear very soon from the fugitives. Indeed, it did not seem difficult for two powerful noblemen, with a dense population cringing at their feet, each member of which instantly became a secret and separate spy, if commanded, to long delay in regaining three simple girls, unaccustomed to taking care of themselves and unacquainted with the mountain paths, and who had never before been exposed to the terrors of a midnight tropical mountain forest.

The Tumung'gung and the Bopati understood all this, and both felt certain their revenge would speedily be gratified, unless the runaways had been assisted in their escape or carried away by the Europeans or the Pateh, which latter the Tumung'gung secretly believed.

After the Bopati had given his commands about the Radan Mattah-Djarri, he insisted upon the Tumung'gung

retiring to a secluded room in the dalam to re-invigorate himself with coffee, tambaku, and a period of rest, and sought his own chamber for the same purpose. He had scarcely composed himself upon his couch before Paputti in fright and tears appeared at the door and begged to be admitted. She informed him that Chatra had been seized with a sudden illness when she heard of the Radan ajeng's unhappy flight, and after suffering all the day before and through the night had just expired.

"Well, bury her then," growled her lord, going off to sleep. "Send Schagga for — the pitingi'gi — to — to arrange — it," — and the kind-hearted Paputti heard her honored master snore before she was out of the room, thinking he might have felt some pity for Chatra.

Mr. Bardwell made no attempt to recover his daughter. He did not wish to see her again. His grief was too deep for expression. She had chosen the Javanese and was no doubt with him at that moment. He felt she was lost to him and smothered his sorrow and disappointment in silence, while Sewa went from one fainting spell into another, assured her darling had been devoured by wild beasts on the Teng'gers, and that her delicate bones were being crunched at that very moment in some matgan's (tiger's) den. She quite disregarded her first consolation in the thought that the Pateh was with her, or had secured her safety. "Had such been the case," she reasoned with Keomah, "Josie would have informed me, for she knew I would not have disapproved."

Keomah could neither do nor say anything; she sat in silence and waited, dumb with grief and pain. Hers was the hardest lot to bear, yet she said the least. Her mind dwelt on the youth and beauty of her daughter and the hard fate that loomed above the latter's head. She tried

to think where she should go to find her, what they would do, or where fly to avoid the fury of the Bopati and the jealous vigilance of the Tumung'gung, raising her eyes to heaven and praying she might succeed in both. Her hope was in Wagari. She thought it possible that Wagari, who had traveled much, might find a way to escape with her mistress to an adjacent island, where she herself would follow them.

Thus her loving mother's heart invented and laid plans all night long to appease its restless hunger.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Pateh and Tracy climbed the mountain together, falling behind the others, as usual. The rest of the party had come to regard this exclusiveness as a matter of course, and after a little raillery offered no objection. They could not fail to see that their gay young friend and the sedate Javan preferred to be alone. The two laggards talked very little the first day, and each thought the other more silent and depressed than he had ever seen him before. Clouds of gloom and perplexity sat upon the Pateh's brow. Several times he drew a long breath and opened his lips as if about to speak, yet refrained, while he kept his eyes bent upon the ground, casting ever and anon a keen side glance upon the face of his companion, whose countenance wore an unmistakable expression of regret and discontent which the Pateh could not help observing. At length Tracy remarked, as if pursuing his thoughts aloud, —

“I feel like a coward, Sarjio, in going off and leaving that lovely Mattah-Djarri to be dragged into a marriage with that despicable old Tumung'gung. It is scandalous. And such a repulsive old whelp, to be sure,” giving a vindictive kick to a loose stone which sent it bounding down the narrow mountain path.

“I am tempted to go back,” replied the Pateh, “but the Bopati pushed us out so decidedly that I fear I might cause her more harm than good. He is now influenced by the suspicious Tumung'gung.”

“Well, we will return at the end of the week, as you

have resolved upon, and I really think something will have to be done then to save her," said Tracy. "You will find your Josephine as joyous and beautiful as ever; but this other poor child — I declare it is too diabolical to think about. If it was not for my uncle's wishes, I do believe I would beg her to commit herself to my care," ended Tracy with a sigh.

"How, Tracy?" exclaimed the Pateh quickly. "Would you dare" —

"Oh I would make her my wife at once," interrupted Tracy, "that is, if she were willing. I don't know that she would be, however," looking inquiringly at his friend.

"I think she would be willing," answered the Pateh with a smile, "and truly I wish you would do so. It would be serving the Bopati and the Tumung'gung with what they deserve, and save a noble girl from a wretched future and make her happy besides. And you, also, Tracy, don't you think you would be a contented, happy man with Mattah-Djarri? She possesses an immense fortune that is settled upon herself. You would be independent of your uncle?"

Tracy started a little under the Pateh's questions, and answered somewhat evasively, —

"Mattah-Djarri's money would not influence me. I am under many obligations to my uncle, and at least owe him obedience and respect. He cherishes wishes for my present and future that I cannot ignore, but it does make me wretched to think of this girl going to such a lot as that Tumung'gung. He is detestable," with strong emphasis, "and what presumption in such an old cub! The very best, indeed. Horsecwhipping would be too good for the Bopati, in my estimation."

To speak candidly, Tracy was thoroughly miserable. Mattah-Djarri's beauty, sweetness, and gentleness had

made a deep impression upon his heart. In vain he laughed at himself and tried to shake it off. "What, take a Javanese wife!" he cried in self-derision. Still his admiration did not change. He felt drawn nearer to Sarjio, because he belonged to her people. He had come to the mountains because her home was upon them, and now he would not acknowledge to himself how deeply her prospective future touched him. To associate her in thought with the old Tumung'gung seemed the most barbarous profanity. He felt like reproaching the Pateh because he had not chosen her instead of Josephine. Yet had the former done so, he would have been equally disgusted. He let his mind dwell on their novel rencontre at the spring, and wondered where there was another woman whose face and form would have passed through that trying ordeal without doing damage to her attractions. Then he remembered the pain and dismay in her eyes when she looked up and caught his amused glance, at the foot of the steps, and burst out crying. This recollection pained and flattered him and he followed it up with her happy mood and gay laughter during the afternoon, when she had forgotten her shyness and timidity, he congratulated himself, in the pleasing society of her attendant. He recalled her blushes, the lights and shadows playing over her face, adding glory to her wondrous beauty. "All this," thought he, "to go to that half-dead, hideous old Mohammedan!" It was maddening. Then came her shrinking terror when she looked up and saw the latter's face behind the lattice and her unconscious appeal to his protection, in drawing closer to his side and accepting his support. It would all return, again and again, with a weight and strength of insistence that seemed like a reproach which weighed down his spirits and would not be



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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As the Europeans approached the summit, they looked with wonder on the changed landscape around them. The dense forests of teak and gigantic liquidamber trees with the green, waxy, tropical bean winding its clinging vines around their enormous waists, had disappeared, as well as the spreading banyan, rising and falling to rise again, forming villages of arches and columns, roofed with perpetual green, under which regiments of soldiers could encamp without exposure to sun or rain.

The teeming coffee and tea plantations, the groves of oranges, bananas, and sugar palms, had long been left behind. Potatoes, cabbages, Indian corn, ferns, and velvety mosses had replaced them. The towering cocoas no longer waved their outstretched arms lovingly above their heads, but gnarled oaks with small and stunted leaves greeted them coldly and repellingly, while an occasional rift in the clouds below disclosed warm gleams from the ripe banana, pineapple, and rice plantations so far down on the mountain's base that they could distinguish only the golden color. A white undulating thread finished the green of the far-off plain, marking the surf-bound coast the deafening roar from which no stretch of fancy could make reach their ears. The gray atap of myriads of villages studded the intervening sea of green and bespoke the multifarious, brown-skinned population that walked and toiled, ate and slept, lived and died under its eternal shade. Lithe, deft, artful, sagacious human beings, eagerly pursuing their own in-

dividual ways, and with whom they had nothing in common.

Colonies of the lutung, or black ape, frolicked around them, or scampered away on the soft moss to gambol over the bleak trees or dabble in the edges of the clear streams (which increased in volume and number as they mounted upward), often carrying their babies in their arms out into the shallow borders of the water, where they would wash and bathe them and administer spanking corrections to the unruly ones in the most human-like manner.

As night came on, prickly porcupines chased one another from under the scanty hushes. Small bats in flying groups, darted quickly past them. Squirrels, with tails erect, ran up the trees in hot haste. Wild boars in droves went trotting and squealing down the well-washed paths, and the clumsy rhinoceros slowly followed their trails toward the smoking crater, while wolves, jackals, tigers, and panthers screamed in the distance. Milky clouds sailed toward them, drawn by the magnetic mountain top, rising and falling, uniting and separating, drifting and whirling through the ever clear blue; diversified with great patches of black, enlivened not unfrequently by streaks of lurid lightning and peals of thunder reverberating around their feet, accompanied with heavy dashes of rain that threatened to wash them down over the ridges of black and scarred volcanic rock projecting at intervals, in sharp lines of broken precipices, between them and the gorgeous groves and plateaus of Kali Chandi.

Ever and anon the ground trembled beneath them and gave other evidences of the internal disturbances produced by the ceaseless activity of the smouldering Brama, whose yawning crater opened its helching mouth

between two rival sisters rising in grand cones from the sandy bottom of an extinct crater, known as the Sandy Sea.

The last night before they reached the top, the guides pitched their tents near two streams of water, one hot and one cold, which ran side by side down the mountain.

"What a curious phenomenon!" cried several of the party in astonishment, as they threw themselves down on the thin grass growing on a narrow strip of ground between the two streams, and, stretching out their arms, dipped a hand in each.

"Wonders will never cease in this country," they continued; "who will explain this last one?"

"The Pateh, no doubt," answered Tracy. "What is it, Sarjio?"

"Very simple, indeed," the latter replied. "One stream has its origin in the crater of the volcano; the other drains the perpetual snows of the Guning Giri," pointing his finger towards the highest peak dominating the many above them.

"And that volume of smoke rolling up continually," asked another, indicating a dark mass that rose steadily toward the heavens; "is that from the crater of the Brama?"

"That issues from the heart of the mighty Brama," replied the Pateh.

"We will descend to-morrow," they all cried, "and explore this old crater, from whose bosom three cones arise, each bearing a crater of its own."

"Then we must bestir ourselves early," said the Pateh, "or lodge a night in its capacious throat."

"We will arise early," they simultaneously exclaimed, and in this intention it was not long before a liberal supper was dispatched and they were all wrapped in their

extra robes and blankets, fast asleep in the cold, bracing, somnolent atmosphere.

Tracy awoke about midnight, and being unable to sleep again, arose and went out. The moon was shining cold and bright. The clouds had rolled themselves up and floated away out of sight, leaving the surrounding peaks bare and distinctly outlined against the deep blue, to return again about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and reclothe them in their mantles of mist. The scene was grand and impressive, and doubtless would have attracted a much less enthusiastic temperament than Tracy possessed, although it was not the gorgeous and wonderful views over those equatorial volcanoes, exaggerated, softened, mystified, and unearthly as they appeared under the midnight moon, that deprived him of sleep and drew him forth after the irksome fatigues of the day. Cold winds swept his bared head, and he murmured, as a chill crept suddenly over him, "Oh for the soft breezes of Kali Chandi. Ah, there is Sarjio," he continued, stooping down to look under the meagre foliage of the knarled oaks, to get a better view of a motionless figure standing beside the hot stream, with eyes apparently fixed on its steaming waters, as they rushed down the mountain, leaving a white zigzag line of warm vapor ever rising to mark its course through the cold atmosphere. "He is a striking figure," thought Tracy, as he gazed upon the Javan, calm and stately with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bent forward in an attitude of profound meditation, looking much larger than he really was, standing as he did between Tracy and the descending moon. "Josephine Bardwell will secure a handsome husband, if he is somewhat dark," was his continuing thought, "and I hope she will prove worthy of his noble, loyal heart; if not, she had better take care."

Tracy looked a moment longer at the Pateh, feeling a rising sorrow in his bosom for the anxieties which he knew tormented him and destroyed his rest, then turned to gaze upon the long chains of moon-lit cones, pointing towards heaven, which stretched away from him on nearly every side, instantly recognizing the symmetrical pyramid of the towering Merapi, the giant Merababu, and the sharp peaks of Ung'arang. Here and there one was illuminated by a flashing light or dull flame playing around its top, or darkened by a funnel-shaped column of murky smoke bending backward and forward above it as it curled steadily upward in the moving wind.

"How wonderfully weird and unearthly it all appears," said Tracy, continuing his soliloquy, as he gazed, unmindful of the cold that began to penetrate his body, in awe-struck solemnity on the grand and impressive panorama. "I wonder Sarjio can stand with his back toward it," turning his face to look at the latter, who still stood with his eyes bent on the stream.

"Sarjio," he exclaimed, going up to him, "a penny for your thoughts."

The Pateh slowly raised his head, unfolded his arms, and looked around him with a sigh, without betraying any surprise when his friend addressed him.

"I have had a dream, Tracy, a dream I cannot pass by lightly," he said, looking the latter in the face, "I lay down to-night more oppressed than ever with this strange sense of danger hanging over Josephine. I thought of your ridicule and tried to shake it off and go to sleep, and I did fall asleep, I suppose, and dreamed, for it was a dream, that I saw her weeping and wringing her hands in terror and calling upon me to save her. I woke with her voice wringing in my ears. 'Sarjio, come, save me, save me!' I shall start in a few moments for Kali

Chandi," concluded the Pateh, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Sarjio," exclaimed Tracy in the utmost astonishment, "you are mad! You are going to follow a phantom call, a call born of your own fears."

"I don't think so," answered the Pateh; "I feel it is the shadowy impression taking visible form. I have not heeded the first gentle call of Josephine's troubled spirit and it takes a more impressive shape; yes, it is a more imperious cry and interprets the strong impression of danger or impending disaster that has so weighed upon me. I will no longer slight its warning. I am certain Josephine is in deep trouble, and I hold it wrong to do violence to my convictions, vague or subtle as they may appear. I am careful to observe these delicate admonitions — for I regard them as veritable communications, wafted to our coarser or more material perceptions by the impalpable, far-reaching, unseen wings of our spiritual vision — and I receive them with reverence and obey them with alacrity."

"I admit I also feel rather blue in the midst of all this splendor," said Tracy, casting his eyes over the peaks around them, "but I have not been favored with your illuminating dreams."

"If you feel 'blue,' as you call it," replied the Pateh, "I should look about, if I were you, for a cause. I would assure myself whether it came from spirit, brain, or stomach."

"You really don't mean to start for Kali Chandi tonight, Sarjio?" asked Tracy, returning with some degree of alarm to the first subject.

"I certainly mean to go," answered the Pateh. "I am now waiting for Satrap, who should have been here before dark. If he don't arrive at the end of another half hour, I shall commence the descent."



The two men now relapsed into silence. Tracy wanted to go with the Pateh, yet he thought, how could he? What would his friends think in the morning when they learned that he had stolen off in the night with the Javan. It would not look well, and Tracy liked to observe the proprieties.

No Satrap appearing at the expiration of the half hour, the Pateh put a little whistle to his lips and blew a low note, which was almost instantly answered by the presence of a servant at his side. Commanding him to quickly gather up a few small articles that he would need, and arouse two of his companions and follow him with them at once, leaving the others to bring the heavy robes and blankets back with the party, he turned about and made a step or two towards Kali Chandi, saying, "Au revoir, Tracy; I must hasten now."

"Stop, Sarjio," cried Tracy; "I have half a mind to go with you."

"Well, come; I shall be glad of your company, and I think you will feel better," alluding to Tracy's sombre mood of the last few days.

"Call my boy, also," said Tracy, turning hastily to Sarjio's attendant. "Tell him to bring the flambeaux and come with you. The pitingi'gi's men can bring the other things with those of your master."

The Pateh soon discovered a second path that he had been searching for and which led to a wider and better one, both being nothing more than trails made by the wild beasts that were constantly moving up and down the mountain side, causing the one traversed by the greatest number to be the best. Here they stopped to light their flambeaux, and in another moment Tracy and he were plunging down over the sliding earth and rolling stones with a speed that promised a likely chance of soon breaking their necks.

"I can't understand your dreams and impressions, Sarjio," said Tracy, when he found the path wide enough to get beside him, "and that they can lead you to this length is indeed amazing."

"It may appear so to you, my dear Tracy," replied the Pateh. "You have not yet cultivated your internal perceptions and learned to detect the prophetic warning, silent to all except our own souls."

"Well, I suppose I am behind in metaphysics," answered Tracy, — "perhaps I ought to say, metaphysical psychology, if I could use such a term to describe the hidden abstract element running through the consciousness in the souls and minds of men. I own I don't understand it. To say the least, your ideas — excuse me if I call them superstitions — are very peculiar. I never knew you encouraged these singularities. You remind me of the old beggar who gave me that dissertation on the astral light," referring to a wandering Brahmin that once attempted to make a convert of him.

"Well, I am not a Brahmin, though I believe in the occult," said the Pateh, "and some time I will convince you the material and tangible is the smallest part of our existence."

Notwithstanding Tracy's skepticism and the rapid rate at which the two men were descending the steep paths, incurring danger to life and limb, the former began to be infected with the Pateh's impressions and prophecies and to feel the influence of his will, when suddenly they came upon Satrap who had lost his way owing to his master's miscalculations, and now with a long stick over his shoulder and accompanied by a kuli carrying two immense flambeaux was toiling upward to the point whither he had been before directed. Looking the surprise he felt on being thus suddenly confronted by his master, he

stopped and quickly drawing down his stick, untied a box swinging on one end of it and handed it to the Pateh, who tore it open, calling upon Tracy to strike a light or hold up his flambeau. Tracy hurriedly did the latter, almost as impatient and excited as the Pateh. The unsteady light from the flickering flambeau rendered reading difficult, and the Pateh strode off a little distance into an open space where there was clear moonlight, Tracy following after him, while the servants behind came up and halted together in waiting wonder over their master's extraordinary haste and vehemence.

Turning the open page to the moon, the Pateh read its contents in a few seconds. Tracy noticed a deadly pallor spread over his face as he folded it and was prepared to hear him say, as he quickly turned with a groan to reach the path, —

“It is as I supposed, and we must onward, Tracy, onward,” clutching the latter's arm. “I will tell you as we go,” and down they plunged, faster and more furiously than before, — the rattling stones and loose earth rolling on behind them, as they slipped, slid, jumped, and fell in their breathless speed.

“Allah, be merciful!” ejaculated the Pateh. “Preserve them till we overtake them. You see the fulfilment of my dream, Tracy,” cried he excitedly, “they are in danger, imminent danger. Oh! Allah taala!” he continued in wailing accents that rang out in a pathetic echo on the night air. “Help me to reach them before it is too late! My Josephine, unprotected in these mountain forests!” and the Pateh breathed hard and again wiped the streaming perspiration from his face.

“Tell me, for heaven's sake, what has happened?” now demanded Tracy, struggling to keep his feet and get his breath in their downward race, sometimes at the

side, sometimes behind the Javan, who paused not for stone, rock, or limb.

In a few words the Pateh recounted the contents of Josephine's letter, and saw with satisfaction that Tracy's haste and concern quite equaled his own. Little more was said between the two young men, though they kept side by side as much as possible on their reckless course, till the morning broke and they could see below them the rich plains of Kali Chandi. They had passed over many miles in the rapidity of their descent, which it would have required ten times as many hours to ascend. The impatient hurry and concern of the Pateh had fully communicated itself to Tracy, who felt he could have kept on without fatigue till he reached the mandala (base or plain at the foot of the mountain), sustained perhaps by a longing to make mince-meat of the old Tumung'gung and choke the Bopati. He inwardly prayed that Mattah-Djarri and her cousin might succeed in escaping till they could reach them. What then would happen, he did not decide.

An hour or two after the sun had risen they descended, panting and breathless, into the plains surrounding the kampong of the Bopati. Without losing a moment, they hurried through the village, going at once to the dalam, intending to ascertain if the three girls had succeeded in getting away or had been detected, and Josephine carried back to her father and Mattah-Djarri dragged into the arms of the repugnant Tumung'gung; for the Pateh knew well what would be her fate if caught in this flagrant opposition to her father's will.

As they approached the lawang seketing, the two young men were so agitated they were afraid to speak and ask the question of the mandur who came forward to conduct them up the steps. He informed them in grave

tones that the Bopati was absent in search of the lost Radan ajeng Mattah-Djarri.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Tracy, in audible relief, in his own English, to which the Pateh responded "Amen" in the same language.

"The lost Radan!" repeated the Pateh, affecting surprise.

"Yes, most noble Pateh," replied the mandur, bending his body forward. "She disappeared three nights ago, and Chatra, her governess, died the next night."

"Call Keomah," said the Pateh, "I will speak with her about this distressing news." He supposed Sewa had gone home, in pursuance of the statements in Josephine's letter.

"The noble Keomah is also absent," said the mandur. "She went away with Sewa, the morning after the accident."

"Was the young Radan carried away?" asked the Pateh, feeling his heart grow lighter.

The mandur shook his head, indicating he did not know more, adding that she had taken the young Nonah and Wagari with her, and the noble Tumung'gung of Narawadi was assisting his master in the search, with all his mata-mata, and the dalam and kampong were thrown into the utmost confusion; "for this," said he, "is a most extraordinary occurrence in the princely house of the Pangéran Datapp Putah."

Having thus learned what they most wished to know, the Pateh and Tracy declined the further hospitalities of the mandur, and sought a warung in the kampong, where they refreshed themselves with a breakfast of boiled rice, dried deer flesh, tchabi, sambel, and coffee. While they sat at their little bambu table, they saw the Tumung'gung being driven swiftly past in a European carriage.

Two attendants stood on the steps behind, and one sat on the box beside the coachman.

“Going to the dalam,” said the Pateh, looking meaningly at Tracy.

“Yes, and quite foreign in his style,” answered Tracy, nodding his head and feeling the utmost satisfaction in the old noble’s loss.

The Pateh heard some one around them say that his exalted highness had passed through the kampong twice the day before, and suspected the Tumung’gung’s jealousy and impatience urged him to come to Kali Chandi in the belief that Mattah-Djarri was hiding in the vicinity and in the hope of gaining some intelligence of her whereabouts. The Pateh’s conjectures were correct. The Tumung’gung felt convinced that his lovely and timid fiancée was concealed in some neighboring kampong, and with the assistance, perhaps, of her clever reader, had managed to bribe some unlucky piting’igi to aid or conceal her; therefore he scoured the country around Kali Chandi, and left the research of his own province on the plains to the discretion of his multitudinous mata-mata.

The Bopati cherished the same opinion as the Tumung’gung in regard to the hiding-place of the fugitives. The Tumung’gung had positive evidence that both the Pateh and the European were on the mountains pursuing their way to the summit the night of the flight and the day following. “But the Pateh may have provided for them, notwithstanding,” he argued with the Bopati, who expressed his disbelief by saying, —

“I don’t believe, Tumung’gung, that either the European or the Pateh have anything to do with it. Sarjio could have had Mattah-Djarri for the asking, if he had wanted her, before you demanded her, and the Europeans

are all together on the mountains. If either of them has taken her he would be with her."

"You forget, Bopati, that I saw that infidel whispering to her as he walked by her side across the alun-alun," shouted the Tumung'gung, in savage remembrance of the handsome Tracy's proffered aid, when Mattah-Djarri's emotion at the sight of his face nearly caused her to fall to the ground, and exasperated by what he considered the Bopati's stupid obstinacy. "He might have been laying his plans at that moment, thanks to your negligence."

"Ang'undang" (you bawl nonsense), returned the Bopati angrily, now determined to repel all insinuations of carelessness and neglect in the administration of proper rule in his own dalam.

The two young men, now satisfied that the three girls had succeeded in getting away three nights before, and had not been heard from since, determined to push on as fast as possible in the direction of the Guning Deing to commence their search for the recluse's cell among the ancient ruins of the Chandi Hindu, surrounding the Guwa Upas, as described by Wagari. With this purpose in view, the Pateh sent Satrap out through the kampong with orders to pick up all the rumors that might be afloat in regard to the great event, and meet him again beyond the walls on the side towards the sea, while he and Tracy took a roundabout direction to come out in the same locality.

Satrap was there before them and had nothing new to communicate beyond the episode of the midnight purchase of the flambeaux, which had now become common property. He had heard it from the tukang kaju himself, with the additional remark that Boorah with this clew had taken to the forest and the powerful Tu-

mung'gung had promised him his life if he succeeded in finding the young Radan Mattah-Djarri.

The Pateh became almost wild with apprehension when he heard this.

"If they escape now it will be more than a miracle," he groaned to Tracy. "Boorah is celebrated for his sagacity and cunning, and is acquainted with every penetrable spot on the Teng'gers and with every kampong on this side of Java."

"If we would save them, we must hasten," replied Tracy, impatient to be on his way towards the distant mountain range the Pateh pointed out as their destination, lying far to the right and across the extreme end of the semicircular plain below, formed by the chains of the Teng'gers and the spur of the Guning Deing.

Commanding Satrap to keep him in sight all day and gather up all the information he could, as well as to keep a sharp lookout for Boorah, the Pateh bade Tracy follow him and turned off into a path leading through the groves and plantations, which brought him out, an hour later, on the edge of the forest near a kampong inhabited by the Blandong people. Here he hired three tandus, a conveyance similar to a palangki and used by the lower classes, with kulis, to carry them a distance of six or eight hours in a direction they would indicate, and placed one at the disposal of Satrap with instructions to take all the rest in it he could, consistent with the duties he desired him to perform.

"Question any one you may meet, turn aside into a kampong, if necessary," said his master, "and be careful to hide yourself in the tandu if you are in danger of recognition. Above all, conceal yourself from Boorah, if by any chance you catch a glimpse of him, yet ascertain where he is going, what he is doing, and keep steadily on your way as I have directed."



After Satrap was dismissed, the Pateh and Tracy walked a short distance on the forest road before taking their places in their respective tandus. As they looked around them through the matted clumps of under-growth, into the black recesses, formidable openings, caves, rocks, and thickly packed trunks, among which the road before them was soon lost to view, it seemed quite impossible that the three unprotected girls could ever have gotten safely through in the darkness and added perils of the night.

“O my life, my beautiful!” cried the Pateh, stopping and wringing his hands, “where art thou? Why was I not here to protect thee with a thousand strong arms!”

“Come, come, Sarjio,” said Tracy, looking a little paler, “we’ll not waste time in futile regrets. It may not be as bad as you fear,” in an encouraging tone, as he saw the Pateh had quite broken down in despair over the idea of the dangers and terrors that must have threatened, and had perhaps destroyed, the delicate and queenly girl whose life and safety were much more precious to him than his own.

Recalled to himself by the determined and hopeful tones of Tracy, the Pateh overcame his weakness and took his place in one of their conveyances, ordering the bearers to make all possible speed to reach the open country on the other side of the forest. Tracy followed his example, advising the Pateh to improve the opportunity of trying to strengthen himself with a few hours sleep, as he himself intended to do, while they were swung on the shoulders of the kulis through the perilous depths of the forest.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

MATTAR-DJARRI and her two companions, whom we left hurrying forward in the midnight forest, with nothing but the flickering blaze of their flambeaux to protect them, had no realizing sense of the dangers to which they were exposing themselves. To the former it would have made little difference, perhaps, but the two latter would probably have hesitated, especially Josephine, who doubtless would have preferred running the risk of returning to her father and fighting her way to the consummation of her wishes by some less dangerous process. We must give them each credit, however, for showing no signs of faltering or hesitation after they had made the first bold plunge. Their hearts beat fast and loud with fear, and they started and quickened their steps when the ravenous growl of a hungry tiger smote their ears, but they had but one thought, — on, on, trusting to their blazing flambeaux to keep him at a safe distance. The road, unlike the vertical mountain paths, was smooth and well-worn, running almost level, like a narrow shelf, around the sloping mountain side and offered no obstructions to their feet.

Josephine walked or ran mechanically, as it were, holding fast to the long ends of her cousin's sembong and keeping her eyes shut, while Wagari took charge of her little bundle. She gave up all hope of ever seeing another morning, and longed to have Sarjio know how much her devotion to him was willing to undergo. Not a word was spoken. In silence they almost flew over the

hard ground, their swinging lights throwing weird, fantastic shadows and ghost-like forms on the huge black and gray trunks, standing like columned walls on each side of their way. Great balls of fire suddenly appeared, bobbing about in the thick darkness, to recede and appear again, illuminating the ground with the abrupt flashes of light emitted from the opening and shutting wings of immense fire-flies moving about in the soft air. Ravens and owls croaked and hooted in the high tree tops, thousands of doves trilled their sad song and gently called to each other, and millions of singing and buzzing insects made the forest ring with their multifold voices. Night-birds screeched hideously in the foliage around them; wild-cats hissed and sputtered on the branches above them; the savage, untamed forest dogs yelped and barked behind them. They heeded them not. In this dreadful terror they were impelled by the one desire, forward, away from it all; till at length, after four hours of indescribable terror, they suddenly emerged into an open country. Day was breaking, cultivation was around them, a waving cocoa-nut grove before them. The forest was passed and they stopped, grasped each other's hands, and sank down on a grassy knoll to breathe and rest.

"What an escape," whispered Josephine, still trembling, and pressing the hands of her companions. "Oh! I thank Heaven!" casting her eyes upward.

"My hair must be white," said Wagari. "I have heard of people's hair turning white in one night from fear."

"Then mine ought to be black," returned Josephine, her spirits beginning to revive with the sense of release from the horrors of the forest and the rapidly increasing daylight.

"What troubles I have brought upon you both," said Mattah-Djarri remorsefully, looking mournfully from one to the other. "But we must not loiter here," she resumed, casting her eyes about. "We must be near a kampong. These plantations denote inhabitants," rising and preparing to move on.

"Yes, it is true," responded Wagari, "we must seek a sheltered spot where we can rest and eat something. In a few moments the neighborhood will be teeming with life and light. We may be discovered."

"Let us, then, follow this path," said Mattah-Djarri, indicating a white line which they could see running through the grass. It leads in the direction we are going, and when we see the first flash in the east, we will trust to chance to find a hedge or clump of shrubbery behind which we can conceal ourselves and rest."

They crossed the plantation of cocoas, and passed along the edge of one of coffee, when red streaks suddenly appearing they threw down their flambeaux, and had scarcely time to roll them in the dust and damp grass to extinguish their flame, before the sun shot up, filling every nook and corner with brilliant light. Hastily turning aside behind a thick hedge of oranges and oleanders, where happily a small stream trickled by through the grass, they threw themselves down beside it exhausted and relieved.

"There are some fig trees," said Wagari, looking around, as she lay on the ground with her head propped up on one elbow, "and beyond them a pineapple plantation. What a repast we will have. Before I settle myself, I will get some," suiting the action to the word.

It was but the work of a moment to wring a few of the luscious ananas from their prickly stalks, pluck some figs, unroll their plantain leaves, and commence their

meal, making drinking cups out of the huge leaves around them.

"How do you feel now, Josie?" asked Mattah-Djarri, "and you, my faithful Wagari? How much I owe to you both," she added, tears welling up into her eyes.

"I fear I am almost overcome with fatigue, or perhaps it is the fright," answered Josephine, "but food and rest will restore me. And you, how do you feel?" taking her cousin's hand; "but please don't talk about owing me anything, Mattie. I am serving myself, you know. I am running off to Sarjio."

As Josephine concluded her face lost its weary look, and became radiant under the impulse of her happy expectations.

"And you owe me nothing, either, my beloved mistress," said Wagari. "I am glad, glad to serve you."

"Don't call me your mistress any more, my good Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri, looking gratefully at her. "You must regard me as your friend, and you must address me as such, hereafter."

"O most noble Radan ajeng," answered Wagari, returning for the first time in the last week to her old manner of address, "I never could think of such presumption."

This assertion amused Josephine, who had noticed more than once the change from formal respect to familiar intimacy which had recently marked Wagari's bearing towards her mistress, and which in the general excitement had passed unnoticed by them both.

The sun was getting high in the heavens when they began to wonder how they could continue their journey and avoid observation.

"Don't you think they have missed us yet at the dalam?" asked Josephine, looking at her little watch.

"I think they have," replied Mattah-Djarri, with a deep sigh, a remembrance of Keomah's tender love and the sorrow it would bring her passing through her mind. "That reminds me of our letters," she continued, "and we must find some one to carry them to the Tuan, your father, Josephine."

"I hope Wagari can manage it," said Josephine, looking at the latter. "I have plenty of gold with me to buy a discreet and silent messenger, if that is necessary."

"It can be easily accomplished," replied Wagari, "if there is no suspicion of who we are, and there can be none yet, of course."

It was finally arranged that Wagari should go to the nearest kampong, which was probably not five hundred yards distant, but hid from them by the thick foliage, and try to hire a kuli to carry the letters at once to the city and deliver them to Tuan Bardwell. The city, they supposed, could not be more than a half day's distance, measuring the time, as was the custom, by the speed of a fleet runner.

As this was the usual mode employed to forward messages and letters, when off the one or two regular government post routes, and particularly in the mountain districts, Wagari knew it would excite neither surprise nor comment to go boldly to a bureau for that purpose and demand a tukang pos (letter carrier). Therefore they felt quite safe in forwarding their letters and believed their identity would never be suspected.

After the messenger was dispatched, Wagari was to secure, if possible, the services of one single and one double tandu, with kulis to bear them, under the plea of needing them for a sick woman and her friends, going from a kampong higher up to a dukun, who acted also as doctor, living on the other side of the plains below.

When these plans were matured, Wagari started, and Josephine changed the fashion of her head-dress, untwisting the sembong in which her hair had hitherto been concealed, and winding it loosely over her head, to prepare to play the rôle of the sick Javanese in need of the advice of the dukun.

“Remember, Wagari, the sick woman has become much worse since she left her home to seek the doctor,” was Mattah-Djarri’s parting injunction to her unwearied and inventive attendant, who threw her sembong over one shoulder, and adjusted the fringed ends in the manner of a true peasant, as she moved off to look for a kampong. She felt the tandus were absolutely necessary, not only to give them rest while they were borne forward, but to screen them from observation.

After a rather lengthy absence, during which the minutes appeared like hours to the two anxious girls, concealed behind the orange-trees, Wagari came suddenly through the foliage from another direction, wearing a hopeful and gratified expression that told them at once she had been successful.

“Wagari, you are a magician!” cried Josephine, without waiting for her to speak. “A brown fairy, truly. How far away have you left your carriages?”

“Close at hand, and the ‘brown fairy’ will proceed to carry out her sick friend immediately,” replied Wagari, adopting the same strain.

Josephine quickly arose from the grass, and Mattah-Djarri and Wagari, placing themselves on each side of her, put their arms around her and half led, half carried her forward to the edge of the path, where the two tandus were waiting with four strong and sturdy looking men belonging to the Blandong people. She grew rapidly worse as they approached them and had to be lifted in

and laid down very gently on the coarse klosos spread on the sloping bottom of the tandu and her head kept carefully covered, while Wagari put down the curtains and instructed the bearers not to talk, nor upon any account to speak to her, undisturbed quiet and rest being their only hope of preserving her life till they reached the dukun.

“A long distance,” said one of them, looking pityingly at the limp form of the seemingly suffering woman, as she let herself slip unresistingly down into the hollow bed.

“It will be soré” (period between six and eight o’clock), said another, looking down over the glowing valley, “before we can descend the Teng’gers, cross the plain, and reach the mandala on the other side.”

“You will be paid liberally,” quickly spoke up Wagari, “if you get her there before she dies; and now djallan djallan” (go with speed).

Taking her mistress by the arm, she helped her into the other tandu, getting in herself beside her.

The kulis, with their bodies naked, excepting their loins and hips, fastened their huge chapungs under their chins with a strip of plaited grass, raised the poles upon their shoulders, and started one before the other with the cradle-like conveyances gently swinging between them, to descend the slopes and declivities as easily as possible, by keeping the zigzag paths made from one kampong to another to facilitate communication.

Despite the anxieties of their minds, the monotonous motion of the tandus soon rocked the three tired girls into a profound slumber, which was not interrupted till late in the afternoon, when they were aroused by the sound of the mighty blasts of the Papandayang Salatan, which they had been gradually approaching. Inquiring



how far they had come and where they were, the kulis informed them that they had crossed the plain and were nearing the projecting, corner-like base of the Guning Deing which guards one side of the entrance to the broad plain or shrubless valley running toward the east through the Deing group.

Looking up this immense flat passage, with the mountains rising on either side, they could see the conical elevations known as liquid or mud volcanoes, rising from the middle of the plain, of which the Papandayang Salatan (forge south) was the largest, and so named from the resemblance of its noise to the sound of the puffing bellows and steady blows of hammer and anvil in a blacksmith's forge.

Wagari pointed out an odd-looking dwelling near the dangerous edge of a naked crag, situated pretty well up on the mountain side, as being the house of the dukun or doctor to whom they were going. She asked to be set down at the base to examine into the condition of their sick friend, saying, that if it were possible they would much prefer to climb the steep on their feet, instead of trusting their safety to the uncertain transit of a tandu, borne on the shoulders of two men, up the difficult ascent. They were gratified to find their sick friend much better and quite able to walk after her long rest. The kulis were paid and dismissed, and the three supposed peasants began slowly to ascend the base of the mountain. When the tandus were out of sight, they sat down to eat the slender remains of their breakfast, while Wagari recounted the ease with which she had secured their services and no questions asked, and the tukang pos as well.

They were each surprised to find themselves feeling so well, and looked around with some degree of interest

on the strange freaks nature here presented. They could see the liquid mud rise and overflow the crater of the Papandayang and fall in streaming masses down its sides, accompanied by jets of hissing steam and streams of boiling water, which issued from the crater's seething mouth and ran down behind the sluggish mud, overtaking and washing it down with greater speed, or passing it to rush on alone and find a bed on the plain below. Hot vapors streamed from the innumerable fissures and crevices on the volcanoes' sides, and huge bubbles of mud ceaselessly rose and fell all over the surface of its base, exploding with a dull noise and scattering the hot liquid in every direction.

"I recognize this plain of the Deing," said Wagari, gazing hard at the Papandayang, "and our way lies directly through it. From its upper end we can reach the narrow valley which leads to the chain of hills surrounding the Guwa Upas. Yes," she continued, looking carefully all around, "I remember it well. I came here from the Chandi Hindu with the Nonyah and Tuan blanda to visit that very group of mud volcanoes," pointing to the Papandayang and its surrounding satellites; "we must pass them, and also the gas fountains or Holy Fires of Melati Berbar; the latter are not very far from the little valley at the upper end to which we are going."

Relying upon Wagari's knowledge, her two companions took up their small bundles, hoping to reach, if possible, the end of their journey before morning. As they approached the muddy monster, rising like a huge sugar-loaf to the height of seven thousand feet, and flanked by several others whose height varied from one to six thousand feet, all abruptly rising from the hard-baked plain, and their ears were assailed with the in-

creased and deafening roar of the combined blasts of them all, Josephine was almost as much frightened as when she made her first attempt to enter the black forest near Kali Chandi the night before. She looked around in terror for some place to which she might fly. Wagari and Mattah-Djarri, divining her fear, grasped her hands to reassure her.

“It is nothing,” said the former. “We have only to be careful to tread in the path.”

“You are mistaken, Wagari,” cried Josephine excitedly. “I feel the earth tremble and sink beneath my feet; surely it will part and let us down. And look at those black heaps with the steam coming out of them,” indicating the small mounds, varying from two to twelve feet in height, that studded the cracked surface of the plain, a clearly defined crater in the middle of each, from which little streams of mud flowed down, and jets of steam rushed out of the holes and fissures that covered their sides, in imitation of their great principal.

“I see them,” said Wagari; “no doubt they have been going on like that for an eternity, but we’ll pass them in safety, if you don’t attempt to run — you don’t know where — perhaps into a spring of boiling mud.”

“Did you ever pass this place?” asked Josephine, in continued alarm.

Wagari, without answering, held her companions’ hands tightly and they all hurried over the ground, each one feeling the undulating motion of the earth as it gently rose and fell beneath their weight, instinctively stepping lightly, lest the raging demons below should rise and drag them downward.

When they felt they were safely over the dangerous spot, Wagari replied to Josephine’s question by saying, —

“I have been here before with the Nonyah and the Tuan, and there is the well or pool,” pointing to a large square of quaking mud, soft and distinct from the baked and cracked surface around it, “where we saw a kuda sink out of sight in the hot mass beneath.”

“Indeed! How dreadful!” cried Josephine, becoming more frightened, as she looked at it and thought how easily she might have made her bed in the boiling black pulp, had she followed the impulse of her terrors a few moments before.

“How did it happen, Wagari,” asked Mattah-Djarri, “that the kuda fell in?”

“He was ridden by a stranger,” answered Wagari, “who was unacquainted with the nature of the ground, and was trying to get as near as possible to the base of the Papandayang. Suddenly he found the horse beneath him struggling in the liquid mud. He had presence of mind sufficient to spring off its back and extricate himself, with the assistance of the Tuan, before it was too late, but the unfortunate animal sank lower and lower, its tongue protruding and its eyes nearly bursting out of its head, as it writhed and struggled in the seething mud, till at last it sank out of sight entirely. I assure you the sight was sickening.”

“Let us get as far from it as possible,” cried Mattah-Djarri and Josephine, hastening forward and looking back with horror on the fatal spot.

By this time the sun had dropped behind the mountains, which here spread far apart, adding greatly to the width of the plain, as if to give to the Papandayang and his excited aides-de-camp as much room for action as possible. The girls noticed, however, with much satisfaction, that as the darkness began to gather, the flames issuing from the sides and summits of the volcanoes and

muddy little hillocks threw sufficient light upon the ground to enable them to see the path clearly and avoid all such miry pitfalls as the one they had just passed. When they had gotten around and somewhat beyond the Papandayang Salatan, the Holy Fires or gas fountains of Melati Berbar suddenly burst upon their view.

“What a sight!” they almost simultaneously exclaimed, stopping to gaze in awe and wonder upon the lurid jets of flame, shooting straight up in the still air to an immense height, without noise or apparent motion, and illuminating the plain for a great distance around. Looking back on the Papandayang, they could see a large stream of water gushing out of the mouth of the crater on the side next to them, running down over the mud into the plain, where it filled up all the clefts and pools, and boiled up again from the heat below. Pits or shallow wells around the base were filled with mud, which rose and sank, in the bright light, with constantly recurring regularity. The noise was more terrific than ever; the roaring of the water, the explosions from the gaseous mud, the hoarse thunder from the hammering volcanoes, with the shrill whistle of the escaping steam, produced a complication of sounds that were indescribable. Added to this was the singular splendor of the shooting flames in front, against the black green of the mountains which rose in distinct and majestic outline behind them. Josephine clung to her companions in bewildered terror. “Have we not come upon the infernal regions?” she wildly demanded. Wagari, though amused at her question, which she could but admit presented some appearance of truth, led her forward as fast as she could, and otherwise endeavored to calm her fears and restore her composure. By the time they came opposite the Holy Fires, distance had softened the noises

in their rear and Josephine was able to laugh at the curious impression that had recently affected her, averring she had had the conviction for a short time that she had truly come upon the abodes of the wicked.

Perceiving on reflection that it would be quite impossible to enter the ruins of the Chandi Hindu while it was dark, even should they succeed in reaching them, and Wagari, not being positive, in the uncertain moonlight, which one of the many little valleys striking off in various directions from the great plain was the right one to choose to reach the Guwa Upas, thought it would be most expedient to find a place within the protective light thrown by the jets of holy fire to rest and wait till daylight. Soon selecting a little depression in the warm earth they curled down into it, sorely oppressed by fatigue and hunger, but with a feeling of security they had not felt within the last twenty-four hours. Indeed they appeared quite safe from intrusion from the outside world. The mountain ranges had again drawn nearer to each other on both sides of the plain and seemed to loom up over them in bold defiance towards everything beyond. The huge Papandayang and his associates appeared to be suddenly imbued with compassion, and quite blocked up their passage in the rear, while a continuous mountain chain effectually closed the upper end of the valley which they were approaching.

As they huddled close together, trying to think how they could get some food, they each began to experience a realizing sense of the isolation and importance of the step they had taken. To Wagari it was not a matter of such vital import as it was to her two companions; to them it was a leap in life they could never recall, and to Mattah-Djarri it might prove a leap beyond.

They could distinguish the attaps of dozens of kampongs dotting the dark foliage on the base of the mountains on each side and, late as it was, Wagari determined to go to one of them and seek something to eat, hoping some needy tukang makanan might be found who had not yet sold out his stores and closed his baskets. When Wagari had gone a few steps, Mattah-Djarri and Josephine jumped up and ran after her. They were afraid to be separated from her or let her go alone. Her knowledge of the country and her cheering presence were indispensable. Wagari, however, insisted upon them both going back to their strange bed to remain till she returned, explaining, that Josephine's head rolled up in a sembong, when she was walking about apparently well, would be such an uncommon sight that it might lead to their betrayal.

Mattah-Djarri and Josephine went reluctantly back and crept down again into the soft, warm sand, watching Wagari disappear toward the shadowy mountains' base, and looking for her return the moment they had lost sight of her. It seemed ages while they waited for her reappearance. Hearing a footstep, they raised their heads expecting to see her. It was a man, who appeared to be crossing the valley on the path Wagari had taken. Instantly ducking their heads, they watched him pass, not more than two dozen yards distant.

"I hope Wagari will not meet him," whispered Mattah-Djarri, as they looked after him and noticed his firm and rapid step, and that he kept turning his head and looking observantly around him, while he hurried on swinging a broad chapung on his arm.

"Do you think he saw us?" whispered Josephine, in answer to her cousin's remark.

"Tiada," replied Mattah-Djarri. "We are quite hid-

den in this hollow place; besides, he did not turn his face this way."

"I observed that," said Josephine, "although he appeared to be looking about in search of something."



## CHAPTER XL.

WHILE the emissaries of the Bopati and the Tumung'gung were diligently pushing their inquiries in the kampongs in every direction for some tidings of the fugitives, Boorah was quietly pursuing a clew of his own. The bundle of paning'sat, the basin under the pavilion with its tell-tale stains, the missing flambeaux of the tukang kaju near the gate of the kampong, with the money left behind, were convincing evidences to his practiced experience of the precautions used by the princess and her companions to insure successful flight. The next query was, whither had they flown? which road or path had they chosen? On the supposition that they had passed out of the kampong by the main road, leading directly from the tukang kaju, he followed it, carefully observing every little indication by the way. Arriving at the forest where the highway branched off in different directions, he hesitated and searched a long time before he could find any trace or sign from which he could draw an inference. Here he passed several hours, slowly walking backward and forward in both directions with his body half bent and his face near the ground in close scrutiny of every leaf, stone, pebble, mark, or track of any kind that he perceived. Nothing presented itself from which he could glean any information, till his eyes fell upon the two half-burnt ends of the matches Wagari had used to light the flambeaux. Picking them up out of a little hollow left by an overturned pebble, he examined them and pronounced them Hollandais. This little circum-

stance was a page of revelation. No one but the princess, or some one from the *dalam*, would use such expensive lighting material, and those mute, tiny, half-burnt splinters informed Boorah which road the fugitives had taken.

He set off with the eagerness and vigor of a bloodhound and with a speed that would have overtaken them long before they reached the *Papandayang*, had he been able to follow them without stopping to make inquiries. After leaving the forest, he visited half a dozen *kampongs* before he discovered the one where the *tandus* had been hired, and he was hunting about there for some time before he obtained this clew. How he exulted when he found the *tukang karata* from whom they had hired the *tandus*, and saw the gold piece paid for them. How he traced *Wagari's* cunning hand in it all! and the sick woman from the *kampong* above! Who else could she be but the *Nonah Josephine* or the young *Radan* grown tired and ill from the unaccustomed exertion?

Thus he arranged it all in his own mind to suit himself, and in so doing came nearer the truth than he supposed. Feeling sure he was now upon the right trail, Boorah engaged the services of two others whose calling was the same as his own, and hurried after the *tandus* in the direction indicated by the *tukang karata*, intending actually to set his own eyes upon the three girls, and then place his spies upon them, while he hastened away to inform his master and claim his life.

Toward sunset he was overjoyed to meet the four *blandong* or foresters, returning with the empty *tandus*. He learned from them the exact spot where they had left the three women, also the *kampong* and the odd dwelling, pointed out by *Wagari* as the place of their destination. Boorah and his assistants started again with increased ardor, soon separating to enter the *kam-*

pong from different sides. He had not a doubt, now, but that he would soon see the objects of his search, and began to calculate the time it would require to return to his master, and to instruct his assistants how to maintain a communication with him during his absence. His disappointment was very great, on reaching the kampong, to find it consisted of a small collection of huts, and that the house alluded to near by was the residence of a baku (small chief), and, furthermore, that no strangers had been in the kampong that day.

Boorah was loath to believe this report, and lost considerable time in assuring himself of its truth. When at last he was compelled to accept it, he concluded the blandong had only made a mistake in the location of the kampong, and at the worst the fugitives could not be far off. He returned to the entrance of the plain of the Deing, and commenced a close search for tracks or footprints leading in the direction of the mountain side. He soon discovered the impress of a little spatu in the soft earth, the toe pointing in the direction of the Papandayang. Again his heart bounded with hope and exultation. Surely, none but the Radan ajeng and her companions could be on that plain with spatu on their feet. The class of natives who indulged in such luxuries did not walk abroad, and the poorer classes never dreamed of so incumbering themselves.

Boorah, determined not to be baffled, nor to lose his head, ordered his assistant mata-mata to visit and make inquiries in every kampong on one side of the plain, while he did the same on the other, and appointed a place of meeting beyond the Holy Fires of Melati Berbar.

## CHAPTER XLI.

A FEW moments after the man with the chapung had passed, and while Mattah-Djarri and Josephine still lay cowering and whispering in the hollow in the sand, they heard other footsteps, and a moment later Wagari came running with her arms full of green packages, and dexterously slipping down beside them, exclaimed in an excited whisper, —

“Boorah, Boorah! he is there!” throwing her hand toward the side of the valley from which she had just come.

“Merciful Allah!” exclaimed Mattah-Djarri. “Then we have seen him.”

“I met him,” continued Wagari, “or rather, I saw some one coming to meet me under the trees in the kampong and I slipped to one side of a warung. He stopped and bought some tombaku and nasi, where I had just made a purchase, and asked where he could get a mat and pillow to take a few hours’ sleep. I almost stopped breathing to listen. Then he inquired if there was any news or many strangers in the kampong. The tukang makanan was not disposed to say much, and merely directed him where to obtain a kloso and bantal, and Boorah paid for his purchase and went on, and I flew back here. Surely, he is seeking you, my noble mistress.”

Mattah-Djarri trembled as Wagari concluded. She had no doubt of the truth of her last statement; and where would they go to escape the keen-eyed mata-mata?

They shrank down closer together into the hollow and tried to think. They believed he had not seen them, yet they could not be certain. He might have seen them, and, to detect where they were going, pretended he had not, and in the mean time place a watch upon them. They knew they could form no idea of what a Javanese saw or knew from what he did or said. They did not know what instant he might be upon them. If the wind stirred they were sure it was he.

Wagari thought of the grinning delight of the old Tumung'gung when he again beheld her mistress, and groaned aloud. Josephine prayed that the Pateh would come before they could be captured. Mattah-Djarri betrayed no excitement and suggested that they had better press on to the Guwa Upas, dark as the little valley through which they had to pass might be, saying there was still a chance of their not having been seen and of yet reaching the cell of the recluse in safety.

As they thus anxiously debated, the demands of hunger called loudly, and with one accord they unwrapped the parcels of rice and began to devour it greedily. When they had finished their hurried and ravenous meal, they felt stronger and more hopeful. Mattah-Djarri and Wagari whisperingly discussed the possibility of still reaching the Chandi Hindu without interruption from Boorah or his assistants, for they were sure he was not alone in the search. Even yet the Pateh might rescue them, or, perhaps, after all their concern, the dreaded mata-mata might be ignorant of their proximity to the Holy Fires, and was only following up a stray suspicion. They concluded to get away from their present hiding-place as quickly as possible. The latter proved much more difficult than they had supposed. Several times they raised up to start, each time sinking down again in appre-

hension. The ground all around them was quite bare of vegetation, and the jets of fire threw a white light over it far and near, rendering it impossible for a moving object to escape observation.

Josephine, who was almost worn out with fatigue and excitement and who needed rest, opposed leaving their present place of seeming security before morning, reminding her companions that the moon would soon go down behind the mountains, and as soon as they were beyond the reflections from the jets of flame, as they had no flambeaux, they would be in darkness, and declared she was utterly unable to encounter again the terrors of the previous night.

Between these doubts and fears the poor girls passed the few hours remaining before daylight, proposing to slip away when the approaching dawn would soften the livid glare spread everywhere by the shooting flames. Just before the gray began to gather in the east, Wagari touched her two companions, and silently pointed to the figure of Boorah standing before the lurid jets not three hundred yards distant. What was he doing? Did he wish them to know he had seen them and still saw them?

Wagari felt her mistress's slender fingers almost sink into her flesh, as the latter pressed her arm in her suspense and apprehension. Presently they saw two men approach Boorah from the opposite side of the valley. After a few moments' conversation and some apparent reflection, they all moved off together in the latter direction.

"They are going to the kampongs on the other side," whispered Wagari. "They have not seen us."

As the men disappeared in the gloom beyond the great circle of light, they each drew a long breath and felt around them for their little bundles, the crowing cocks

from the kampongs warning them daylight was fast approaching.

In a few moments more they were swiftly gliding away toward the upper end of the valley, without once looking back on the immense jets of flame or the steaming dome of the thundering Papandayang.

"Now, the Guwa Upas, Wagari," exclaimed Mattah-Djarri, as soon as they were clear of the glare of the light. "Lead the way, and let us hasten; and Josie," turning to the latter, "keep your sembong carelessly thrown over your head, and I will do the same," adjusting her own, "and don't forget to keep close behind Wagari."

Wagari almost ran, so great was her haste, begging her companions to follow close upon her. "Faster, faster," she urged. "Soon the hills will be covered with the laboring people going to the streams to bathe."

It was not necessary for Wagari to thus admonish them twice, for they hurried forward with a rapidity that was truly surprising. The only impediment was Josephine's spatus. She dropped them off constantly.

Not accustomed to walking with them over the ground, her tired feet refused the muscular effort required to keep them on, as they rushed over the rough paths they had to follow through the little ascending valley after quitting the plain. As she could not take a step on her tender feet without the spatus, Mattah-Djarri was continually stooping to pick them up and throw them forward to her. A couple of hours of this laborious travel brought them to the base of a chain of low hills, around one of which a tangled path wound gradually upward. Without hesitation, Wagari chose this path, following it with her two companions till they had made more than one half of the upward circle, when they suddenly

stopped to gaze down upon a broad waste of dull yellow sand, upon which the morning sun poured down in burning splendor.

“The Guwa Upas!” exclaimed Wagari, sliding down on the grass beside the edge of the path to look at it. Mattah-Djarri and Josephine followed her example, gazing down in awe and surprise on the desolate, mysterious solitude. Not a living thing was to be seen upon it. Not so much as a blade of grass. Here and there were spots white with scattered bones shining in the sun, and not far from the green and rising shore of sloping grass was the half-decomposed carcass of an animal. Presently a bird fluttered down on the sand, flapped its wings a few moments in fruitless efforts to rise again, then settled into quiet, and soon its body stiffened out in the rigidity of death.

Mattah-Djarri sighed and turned away her head, and arose, suggesting it would be more prudent to seek the ancient ruins containing the cell of the holy recluse immediately. Looking around and observing the broken and scattered deities of the dismantled temples, which rose from every hill in the vicinity, she asked after a moment's reflection, —

“Wagari, in which one is the cave of the Ber-tapa?” (sect of wandering priests and hermits).

“It is just over that ridge,” answered Wagari, pointing toward the greenest and highest elevation near them. “And that little yellow line you see coming down is a path that leads around it to a kampong and kali (river) in the jurang (space between two hills above a valley) on the other side. The Nonyah and the Tuan procured their food from that kampong, while the latter was pursuing his researches.”

“We will go there,” said Mattah-Djarri, moving to-



ward the rich green dome, where part of an arch, and a section of leaning wall, the lower half still standing upright, with many smaller figures too far off to be distinguished, proclaimed the site of an ancient Hindu temple.

As they passed along the sides of the hills towards it, they could see below, through the occasional openings between the palms and cocoas, the attaps of the kampong Kali Beber, of which Wagari had spoken, situated on both sides of the kali which wound 'around the base of the hills with a pleasant murmuring sound.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE kampong Kali Beber, situated between the hills on the base of one of the towering peaks of the Guning Deing, which rose many thousand feet above the chain of hills surrounding the poisoned valley called the Guwa Upas, has attained some celebrity as being in the immediate vicinity of many of the most ancient and interesting Chandi Hindu (Hindu temples) in Java.

In these localities the hills and mountain sides in every direction, and in some instances to the very summits of the latter, are covered with the decayed and dilapidated ruins of what must once have been the most magnificent edifices. Multitudes of their images in copper and brass are strewn around them on the ground in nearly every conceivable shape. It was in one of these ancient ruins that Mattah-Djarri, Josephine, and Wagari hoped to find concealment for a short time ; either till the Pateh came and delivered them by his assistance and protection, or until they could find an opportunity to escape from the island.

The ruin they were approaching was one of the largest and most imposing of them all. As the three girls drew near the principal entrance, animals with wings stared at them from dull, copper eyes, or stood with two heads and six feet in the long grass. Battered figures of human beings, bearing the evidences of many centuries, crouched among the low bushes, with three heads to one body and mouths wide open, grinning hideously at them as they passed. Rows of rechas (images in stone or copper),

representing the guardians of a door or passage, sat and stood on each side of what must have been the principal entrance of the temple. Gaining the inside of this portico, they were amazed at the evidences of grandeur and magnificence which must once have adorned the structure. "I knew you would be surprised," said Wagari, addressing Josephine. "The Tuan blanda thought it was wonderful. He never grew tired of inspecting it and talking about it. I don't believe there is a stone or old relic that he has not turned over and examined a dozen times."

"If our old professor could be set down here," returned Josephine, alluding to her school life, "how he would open his eyes!"

Fragments of sculpture that once ornamented the walls still remained. Niches for lamps and images were still to be seen, and steps descending to apartments below and ascending to chambers above were still fit for use and guarded by grim and repulsive rechas at every turn. Portions of antique platforms, which appeared to indicate special spots for prayer and penance, were still preserved. Where were the legions that had knelt upon them, breathing forth their desires, their pains, and their prayers to the great Inspiration that prompted them! Gone like the leaves on the trees back to the invisible embraces of the great Mother, and their spirits also to draw nearer the hopes that they sought.

On one side of the ruin a square space appeared to have been used for a burial ground (chunkup). Broken and half-disintegrated pieces of tombs and monuments in stone and brass, with strange inscriptural characters still visible on their surfaces, were lying about on the grass in thick profusion. Wagari, who had been there before, attempted to give the interpretation of some of the most

legible, as she remembered to have heard it from the western savant.

“These,” said she, touching the fragments of a broken brass bell, or cup, with the toe of her *spatu*, as they passed along, to draw attention to the hieroglyphics plainly visible on one side, “extolled the virtues of their deities, and those on the pedestal explained the various uses and purposes of the temples. Some of these figures, stopping to look around, laud the heroic deeds of the departed chiefs who have now become gods. That image,” pointing to a figure with three mutilated heads, “resembles one I saw in the great temple of Bodo-Bodo, and the one near it is intended to represent Brahma ascending from the dangers of the sun, to the great impatience and annoyance of the former.”

After crossing the chunkup the weary girls reached that part of the ruin in which the abandoned cell of the *Ber-tapa* was situated, and which appeared to have formed one side of the graveyard. Half-broken columns were lying on the ground around the principal entrance, through which they carefully picked their way up the dilapidated steps by following the faint vestiges of a path made by the feet of the recluse. The portico, a part of which was still preserved, had once been grand and imposing, and afforded a fine view of the hills and valleys surrounding *Kali Beber* and the high peaks reaching toward the sky beyond it. They each involuntarily looked for the mysterious plain of the *Guwa Upas*, but it was hidden by the green dome over which they had just passed, and whereon was situated the ruins of the first or principal part, perhaps, of the temple they were now in. Inside of the great arches which formed the entrance, broken steps descended to the right and to the left, and passages, overrun with grass and

weeds, spread apart as they ran forward, and were crossed by others coming from oblique and opposite directions.

“Now,” said Wagari, pausing, “we have arrived. Let us sit down and look around us.”

Seating themselves on the broken stones and images, they gazed with awe upon the decayed altars, steps, and passages, where thousands of human feet had passed and repassed in the centuries long gone by.

“I wonder what Chatra thinks of us,” said Wagari, renewing her attempt to be cheerful.

This allusion to the punctilious instructress brought the probable wrath and consternation of the latter, with their accompanying grimaces of helpless dismay, so vividly before the imaginations of Mattah-Djarri and Wagari that they forgot, with the elasticity of youth, their present difficulties and laughed merrily, in which Josephine, catching the infection, immediately joined. An interchange of comments and anecdotes relating to Chatra's idiosyncrasies followed, after which the three girls felt brighter, and jestingly declared they would each like to select their apartments.

Alas! Had they known the object of their mirth would never again raise her voice in careful warning or discreet instruction, and that Paputti and Schagga had been the only ones left to bestow the last attentions she needed in her dying hour, their amusement would have been turned into tears of regret and remorse.

Wagari proposed to show the way to the cell of the Pandita, and descended a half-dozen steps to the right of the entrance, through a broken door to another passage choked with weeds and débris, and from thence, down a second and much longer flight where an old door at the bottom, with comparatively new hinges supplied by the

former tenant, opened into a large and clean apartment, which proved to be a handsome, oblong chamber cut into the solid rock. A door at the farther end, with hinges like the former, led to another passage into which a series of smaller, square, round, and oblong chambers opened one after the other, each dimly lighted, as was the first, by rows of smooth round holes or windows pierced through the rock close to the ceiling, and coming out a little above the ground on the outside, where they were quite concealed by the high grass and weeds. The passages and rooms appeared to be clean and well swept, and around the sides were niches and little rocky projections with lamps and flambeaux resting upon them.

“Why, what can this mean?” inquired Josephine, indicating the lamps and ready prepared flambeaux.

“Those,” answered Wagari, “are left by the devout and wandering dukuns, who go once a year to all the principal temples to offer a prayer, after which they are swept and left as we see them. This is a custom observed throughout Java, by certain holy men, as an offering of their respect and reverence to Yewang Widi” (the Holy Deity).

“Suppose we light a flambeau,” said Josephine, reaching for one lying on a projection just inside the door.

“No indeed!” cried Wagari in alarm, who, like the Javans generally, cherished many Hindu superstitions. “Mithra (the great God) would frown upon us.”

Josephine, impressed by the speaker’s words, drew her hand back without touching the flambeaux, and asked what the husband of her former employer had said about these chambers and passages, and for what purpose they were used. After reflecting a moment, Wagari replied, —

“He said they were of such a remote date that very

little that was reliable was known about them, and that these chambers were hewn with much care, and were doubtless devoted to important uses, but whether by the ancient Hindus or some still more remote race, he could not decide. In ancient language, he said, these temples were called Bethel, which meant the house of the temple of the sun. But no matter, Nonah, what they may mean, or by whom constructed; all these things have been consecrated by the holy Ber-tapa, and we must not touch them."

"I am sure I have no desire to touch them," said Josephine, stepping back into the first and largest apartment, "and I would like to see this door fastened," putting her hand upon it to hold it back for Mattah-Djarri and Wagari to come out, "and not opened again."

"And I, also," said Mattah-Djarri, and it was closed and fastened as securely as possible, not to be opened again while they remained.

"But this first and largest apartment, Wagari," said Mattah-Djarri, "perhaps it is a desecration to use it," feeling her religious superstitions making a claim upon her conscience.

"No, my noble mistress. Had this chamber been consecrated to the great Mithra, the Ber-tapa would have regarded it with becoming reverence, and died rather than have profaned it by converting it to his own use."

"I thought so," said Mattah-Djarri, "but was not sure."

"Come, let us arrange our chambers," interposed Josephine in a gay tone, "and leave the gods to take care of theirs. Where shall we eat, where shall we sleep?" she cried, affecting to be gay. "I am quite starved again," and she looked meaningly at Wagari, who

laughed, and said she would go to the kampong Kali Berber to get some food.

“Do, my good Wagari,” said Josephine approvingly, “and don’t forget we have plenty of money.”



## CHAPTER XLIII.

ACTING upon the hint conveyed in Josephine's remark, Wagari untied their bundles, taking out one of the coarse sarongs and kaybayas bought in Kali Chandi, and throwing them over her shoulder, left the chamber and sought the stream at the base of the hill, some distance above Kali Beber, where she immediately began to bathe, turning her face towards Mecca, as is the general custom.

Josephine and Mattah-Djarri, in the mean time, shook the dust off their garments, and looked over the contents of their bundles, placing them on the projections and niches hewn in the rock, and examining the bali-bali (a low bench from six to ten feet square, covered with springy strips of split bambu, and used as a bed) left by the Pandita, and upon which they would have to sleep. In the centre of the chamber was a polished, flat, stone table, hewn from the rock, and on the side, below one of the deep tunnel-like apertures that admitted the light, was a small platform with two or three stones ranged upon it to form a fire-place, with a brass pipe leading to the opening above to carry off the smoke, also a reminiscence of the holy recluse.

"It is not so bad as it might have been, is it, Mattie?" said Josephine, stepping about on the tips of her toes, "but I am dreadfully afraid of a toké (snake or lizard) coming out of some one of these corners," looking at each one in apprehension. "You know they live in dark places."

"But you see there is nothing of the kind here, Josie," replied Mattah-Djarri. "Everything is swept clean."

“I see it is,” replied Josephine. “Still, I can’t divest myself of the feeling.”

After Wagari had bathed, she wrung all the water she could out of her long, black hair, combed it, twisted it up into the condé, spread her wet sarong and kay-baya on the grass, and pursued her way to the kampong, where she sought a warung, and purchased the best she could find, haggling very long over the price, under the plea of poverty, to escape suspicion. She chose a different path to lead her back to the hills, a part of which was much frequented as the direct route to a clump of mango-trees, where there was a seat commanding a view of the Guwa Upas. Here she sat down a few moments, soon perceiving that with a little caution ingress and egress to and from the ruins could easily be managed from this point without observation.

When Wagari returned, she found her companions sitting on the side of the bali-bali discussing the possibility of obtaining a bath, so indispensable in a hot climate. Neither of them had ever bathed in a kali in their lives, moreover it would be a dangerous experiment for them at this time. If they went at the usual hour in the morning or evening, they could not escape the notice of the inhabitants going and coming from the banks of the stream at all points, and if they went earlier or later, they still ran the risk of meeting an early or tardy bather; and if they went after dark, they would draw upon themselves a marked attention, for there is a superstition among the lower class of Javanese about approaching a stream of water after nightfall. They believe the banks of the streams are peopled with the antu (spirits or ghosts) after sunset, and carefully avoid intruding upon them. To allow Wagari to carry water to them was impossible. There was only one expedient left. They

must try to find a spring concealed among the ruins, and as springs and fountains bubble up plentifully on the side of nearly every elevation in Java, and dwellings and buildings are always erected near the bank of a spring or stream, they concluded they could find one choked up somewhere by the rubbish around the ruins, so when Wagari noiselessly entered and began to lay her parcels on the stone table, they dropped the subject and sprang toward her, exclaiming, —

“What have you, Wagari, what have you brought us?” watching with the eager curiosity of young children to see her unrolling the green plantains one after the other.

When the last and largest parcel was unwrapped and disclosed a little square piece of looking-glass in a crude bambu frame, ornamented with a small wooden goose sitting on each corner, and was followed by a pretty pink earthen tea-pot containing a paper of native tea-leaves and a little kompor (an earthen vessel in which to build a fire) stuffed with rosin-knots, their delight and enthusiasm made Wagari’s brown face turn red with pleasure.

“What a darling treasure you are, Wagari,” said Josephine, helping herself liberally to some of the white and pearly-looking sweetened rice cakes the former had purchased. “I promise you a fortune in the name of the Pateh; yes, he will more than thank you,” she continued musingly, after which she forgot for a short time her keen appetite, and her eyes took on a far-away look, while her thoughts wandered off to the object of all her hopes and dreams.

When their hunger was appeased, they agreed to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and Wagari sallied forth a second time to the kampong to secure some mats or klosos to spread over the bali-bali and something that

would answer for pillows, trusting to luck or her own ingenuity to smuggle them up to the ruins without observation. During her absence Mattah-Djarri and Josephine ascended the old steps to explore the ancient temples and find, perchance, an old fountain or spring. In this they were more fortunate than they expected, in very quickly coming upon what must once have been a magnificent fountain with a sparkling stream still welling up in its centre, and almost immediately lost again, as it rippled away under the weeds and grass.

"We can make it answer," said Mattah-Djarri, looking with gratification on the clear water, "and I long to try it and get this stain off," rubbing her pink fingernails with her thumbs and carefully holding them up to examine them.

"I hope Wagari will think of bringing some mangistans," replied Josephine. "I am really afraid I shall never be white again," looking with aversion on the pretty brown hue still covering her hands and arms.

"She will not forget them," said Mattah-Djarri. "She spoke of them herself. She wants to get the stain off her own face, yet it does appear safer to keep it on."

"Oh! I can't endure it, Mattie. I feel frightened every time I look down at my hands; at any rate, let us get our dry sarongs and bathe in this water, and when Wagari comes she will decide about the stain."

The first thing Wagari's eyes rested upon when she passed within the old portico of the temple were the wet sarongs of her mistress and the Nonah spread over some weeds to dry. "Ini bagus sakali" (this is very fine), said she, hurrying down the steps and delightedly displaying the articles for which she had gone, with the addition of a long string of purple mangistans. In a very short time the offensive stains were removed, and the

three weary and exhausted young girls were sound asleep on the bali-bali.

When they opened their eyes again it was growing dark. They stared at one another the first few seconds in utter bewilderment, before memory returned, and the dangers and anxieties of their position were recalled. The first thing they needed was a light, and Wagari was on her way to the kampong in no time, while her companions drew their feet up on the bali-bali in the gathering gloom and waited for her return.

As the darkness increased a new fear crept over Josephine. She remembered to have heard that old ruins were always infested with legions of serpents. She had not thought of this before, beyond the vague fears she had experienced when they first entered.

"Mattie," she said, "the ular lanang (one of the most poisonous snakes in Java) lives about dwellings. I have heard papa say so."

"But this chamber is cut in the solid rock, dear Josie," answered Mattah-Djarri. "So we are not in danger."

"They could come in through those holes," returned Josephine, looking up at the round apertures for the admission of light, "or they might crawl down the steps."

Wagari's return with two or three lamps and an abundant supply of cocoa-nut oil dispelled Josephine's fears for the moment, but after they had eaten their suppers and the lamps were desirably placed for the night, they were not to be chased away so easily, and she again took her position on the bali-bali and drew her feet under her, while her big blue eyes roamed around the dark edges of the room, and watched the row of loop-holes near the lofty ceiling with an expression of anxious apprehension.

"What should we do," she asked argumentatively, "if an ular lanang were to drop down from those windows

when the door was shut? It could not get out, neither could we! We would be shut up with it in this stone den," looking around with a shudder.

"We would stand on the bali-bali and call the servants," said Mattah-Djarri, relapsing into habit, forgetting they had none to call.

"Call the servants!" reiterated the other two, smiling. Then they all laughed merrily over the mistake.

Wagari suggested afterwards that perhaps they had better sleep with the door open to prevent any such accident, for she knew it was neither impossible nor improbable that a reptile of some sort might at any moment drop through the apertures, which opened near the ground on the outside. In fact, she felt it was something that might be expected. It was concluded, however, that the entrance of some wild animal through the open door would be as dangerous as the presence of a serpent, so the door was closed, the lamps trimmed, and they each took their respective places on the broad bali-bali to pass the night.

Long after Mattah-Djarri and Wagari had gone to sleep, Josephine still sat up between them, the very picture of terror. Even the beloved image of her Sarjio, with his fancied words of endearment and approbation could not reassure her. She watched the shadows thrown on the floor by the lamps, and stared at the high, smooth, tunnel-like openings inclining upward and outward, expecting every minute to see a huge serpent glide in and drop on the floor below. In her now excited imagination she depicted its exact color and size, changing the latter as her fears increased or relaxed. Sometimes she saw it thick, long, and blunt at both ends, with a brown flabby skin dotted all over with dirty gray spots. Then she changed it to a dull copper color, like one she had seen beside their carriage on the way to Kali Chandi,

with a black ring around its neck and tongue protruding, seemingly anxious to devour anything it might meet. From this horrifying resemblance, she passed to the brilliant white and black diamond-shaped squares, regularly diminishing in size from the middle to each extremity of the long and sinewy body of the formidable ular lanang (snake of the earth), so called because it lives in holes in the ground, in and about all kinds of buildings ; its bite is considered certain death. Once or twice Josephine was sure she saw the head or tail of the hideously glittering creature appear inside the excavation; immediately followed by a picture of its whole length falling with a heavy thud upon the stone floor, and after remaining still a moment to recover from the unexpected descent, rear its head a foot or more, and career around the room in vain search of some hole or opening in the solid rock through which it could escape, darting at last under the bali-bali and coiling itself up in a great heap of snake, while she sat voiceless and trembling with horror, unable to awake her sleeping companions or warn them of the presence of the monster beneath.

As the hours passed and the stillness of death reigned around them, poor Josephine diversified her terrors by imagining the possibility, which indeed was not an exaggeration, of a tiger stealing stealthily down the decayed steps and waiting outside the door till one of them should open it, when it would spring upon her and carry her off to the forest or mountains, as she had been told they frequently did with a child in the kampong when impelled by hunger. Fortunately, none of the imaginative girl's apprehensions were realized, though she scarcely dared withdraw her eyes long enough from the points whence the expected danger was to come to look with

wonder at her companions, sleeping so peacefully while such horrors were waiting to descend upon them, forgetting these horrors were not regarded as such by them; for to expect and guard against a serpent, toké; or tiger was, and always had been, a part of their daily life, to which custom rendered them alike familiar and indifferent, and while they were unconsciously careful never to omit proper precautions, they never thought of dread or alarm while practicing their observance.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN morning came Josephine looked haggard and languid, and lay still on the bali-bali, while her companions sought the site of the old fountain, took their bath, returned, and prepared their breakfast, which consisted of the cooked rice and sambel of the previous evening with the addition of tea made in the little kompor. Their spirits and courage, which had kept them thus far so bravely, appeared to have forsaken them. Reaction had come with its limp and depressing effects. The whereabouts of Boorah troubled them no little. Wagari, relieved from the pressure of the excitement of the day before, was afraid to go to the kampong for food. Mat-tah-Djarri, though resolute and determined, was haunted with the dying struggles of the bird she had seen fall on the Guwa Upas. Was it suffocating? Did it suffer pain? Was it conscious? she asked herself. She thought the latter, for it had spread its wings and tried to rise again. No one had ever returned from the Guwa Upas, after having suffered seriously from the poisoned atmosphere, to give their experiences. She asked Wagari, who shook her head, indicating that she knew nothing. In truth, Wagari, whose idea was either escape with her mistress to an opposite shore or deliverance through the young Pateh with Josephine, was frightened when she heard the question, which explained her deep meditation before asking it and also those periods of abstraction that had caused her so much wonder and anxiety the first days of their trouble in Kali Chandi. She could not or would

not think of her beautiful mistress seeking escape by death on the Guwa Upas. The idea was horrible. That lovely, delicate form, to struggle, die, and lie exposed and uncovered amid the bleaching bones on the desolate sands, to be beaten by the pelting rains, consumed by the hot winds and scorching suns, till time reduced it to one of the small groups of scattered white that dotted its surface! The thought made Wagari positively ill, and she arose, saying she would go to the kampong and try to gather some news of the Radan Mattah-Djarri's flight, which she supposed was by this time circulated everywhere throughout the provinces of the powerful Tumung'gung and Bopati. With Boorah in their neighborhood she was anxious to know something, though she had carefully refrained from alluding to her fears; for Boorah's name had been avoided since the night beside the Holy Fires, though each knew the other thought of him. When Wagari reached the group of mango trees on her way to Kali Beber, she shut her eyes and turned her face away from the Guwa Upas, till after she had made the turn in the path and placed her back toward it.

After making her purchases at a small and unpretentious toko in the suburbs, she turned about to bargain with a klontang (Chinese peddler) who sat near with his packs of sarongs and kain, pretending she would buy if they were cheap enough. She employed this ruse to make excuse for loitering a little longer in the hope of glean- ing some news about her mistress's flight. The nenek (woman of the toko) not having a customer at that moment, turned her attention to Wagari and the klontang, joining with the former in beating down the prices of the Chinaman, complimentarily telling him he was a cheat of the finest dye, and would take the nasi out of the

very mouths of the Javanese, and that his prices were twice too much. This piece of information made them all the best of friends, causing the klontang and nenek toko to enter into a social and mutual derogation of each other's goods, which drew around them the few passers-by and was what they both desired, each hoping to add thereby to their sales.

Wagari selected something, paying a little more than one half of the price originally asked, which met the approval of the half-dozen spectators assembled, and brought forth a few sedate remarks about the honesty of the cunning Chinaman, who was soliciting from each one another sale at the same price, while the nenek toko also took the opportunity of trying to sell a few more of her parcels. The little circle in a state of mutual good humor began to talk to each other about the meagre affairs of the kampong, when one of the men wearing a short blue and white striped badju, which showed that he belonged to the gardu (guard house), anxious to show his superior stock of information, retailed, in solemn voice, the recent escape of the Radan ajeng, Mattah-Djarri, with a description of her extreme beauty, the anger of the great Tumung'gung, to whose province the kampong Kali Beber belonged, and whose Radan Itu she was soon to have become, with the shame and displeasure of the noble prince, the Bopati on the Teng'gers, who was her father.

Wagari with the rest of the hearers expressed her surprise and disapproval, and wondered at any one in their senses to refuse the honor intended by the noble Tumung'gung; after which she ventured to ask the man with the blue and white striped badju if it was known what had become of the young Radan ajeng, or if the noble Bopati had a prospect of comforting his broken heart by her speedy return.

Looking more serious and wise than before, he answered by saying that the mata-mata were searching everywhere, and that that very morning Boorah, the incomparable mata-mata of the noble Tumung'gung himself, had been in Kali Beber, and after talking a while with his chief, went away, instructing him to take careful notice of every individual who entered or left the kampong. When he concluded, Wagari rolled up her parcels in her new piece of kain, and said she must go to her work, leaving the rest of the company to gape and listen to the blue and white badju, whose position inspired them all with an extra degree of respect.

Wagari saw they were now in great danger. Boorah was close upon them, and it would not be safe to venture into the kampong again. Therefore she sought another toko and purchased rice sufficient to last them two more days, believing the Pateh must come before that time. Before she had proceeded many steps from the last toko on the way back to the Chandi Hindu, the dull, deep sound of the tong-tong from the gardu smote her ear.

The tong-tong is a hollow log, with a wide slit in one side, hung by one end in the guard house, and struck like a gong with a heavy piece of wood shaped to resemble a gigantic bowling pin, to warn the inhabitants of danger or call assistance.

The first few strokes almost threw Wagari off her feet. "Allah! Allah!" she exclaimed. "O Beit Allah!" raising her eyes to heaven in supplication. "My mistress has been discovered, and has rushed away on the Guwa Upas!" She could not see where she was stepping, as she staggered forward, mechanically counting the heavy strokes resounding far and near, failing in her emotion to notice the sound of hasty feet followed by the immedi-

ate slamming of gates and doors around her, as the people in the streets rushed into their dwellings and secured them. Suddenly her stunned understanding grasped the import of the numbers she was repeating, and an expression of mingled joy and terror swept across her face; at the same moment she ejaculated, "Dewas bagus (beautiful gods), it is the amok!" Looking around, she quickly darted through an opening in a fence near by. The instant she was inside the paling, she stopped and looked back into the street to see a Javan rushing past at full speed, his ikat off his head, his hair disheveled and streaming down his back in long, black tangled masses; his mouth red with siri, his eyes wild with frenzy, and a bloody kris held up in his hand ready to be plunged into any man, woman, child, or animal that he might see or meet on his course. As Wagari realized how narrowly she had escaped becoming the victim of this madman, she leaned against the fence faint and trembling, while she kept her eyes upon the amok, who kept steadily on in the middle of the now deserted streets. Before he had gone far, she saw several of the white and blue badjus from the guard house run out from side streets and lanes, and turn in behind him in rapid pursuit. One with the uleh, a sort of lasso, coiled in his hand and another holding the tjang'gah.

The tjang'gah is a weapon not unlike a pitchfork, with a long handle and two long prongs lined with sharp inverted knives. This instrument is thrust with force against the body of the escaping criminal, generally from behind. The long prongs slip easily around him, and the knives prevent his retreat. Thus he is held at a safe distance till secured by the lasso, and if an amok, he is dispatched on the spot.

Running the amok is the name given to a rage or

frenzy the native works himself into when jealousy or revenge maddens him. He will then pull his handkerchief from his head, jerk out his kris, plunge it into the offending party a half dozen times, and take to the streets, running straight before him, slaying everything he meets till he is overtaken and destroyed. At such times the tong-tong is beaten at the guard house in a peculiar way to inform the villagers there is an amok, and warn them to escape into their houses. In five minutes after the first stroke of the tong-tong the streets are utterly devoid of life, not a soul is to be seen, till again informed in the same way that the amok has been run down and killed.

After Wagari had somewhat regained her composure, she perceived she was in the rear inclosure of a cottage fronting on the next street. Wishing to avoid all encounter with the frenzied amok and feeling that the safety of her mistress depended upon her getting out of the kampong as quickly as possible, to escape the vigilant eye of Boorah, she entered the back door of the cottage to ask permission to pass through into the street without waiting to hear the tong-tong inform her that the danger had passed. As she entered, a sight met her eyes that chilled her blood, accustomed, as all Javanese are, to such occasional scenes. On the floor before her a young woman was lying in a pool of blood writhing in the agonies of death, and near her a small boy was standing, gazing down upon her, dumb and stupid from fright.

Wagari comprehended the work of the amok in an instant. Shaking the boy by the arm she demanded, "Who did that?" pointing to the dying woman.

The boy only stared at her, and Wagari, not forgetting her own safety in the horror inspired by the dreadful sight, immediately thought of the certainty of exposure if required to give her testimony, which she

knew she would be obliged to do, if recognized as having been the first one to enter the house after the amok had left it. She hastened to the door opening into the street and looked up and down, intending to get out as quickly as possible. She saw no one, but knowing the madman was still running his dangerous race, she hesitated a moment, and looked back at the victim on the floor who had ceased to move, and whom she believed was now dead. One arm was thrown over her head; her kaybaya was torn nearly off her body, and the blood oozed slowly out of several ghastly slashes about her neck and chest. Her face was soft and pretty, and still retained a horrified expression.

“Was it bapa (father)?” Wagari asked again, looking at the child and then at the victim.

“Bapa,” he answered, without seeming to comprehend her.

“And that is your nana (mother)?” she continued, inclining her head towards the dead woman.

“It is nana,” said the child, staring blankly at her, as before.

The signal of safety from the gardu now rang out on the air, and Wagari turned and ran back through the inclosure, gaining the street by the way she had left it. She had not gone far before she met the Chinese klontang, hastening back to take his position again on some favorable corner. Halting a moment and letting the pole from which his baskets were suspended at each end slip from his back and shoulders, he offered her another piece of cloth for the same price that she had paid before. Wagari declined it and made a remark about the amok.

“Jealousy,” said the klontang, grinning and putting back his goods. “The parampoan was pretty.”

Wagari shook her head commiseratingly and hurried

on, avoiding, as much as possible, the crowds that were now returning to the streets to talk about the late excitement. She soon reached the clump of mango trees, where she again shut her eyes till after she had passed the turn in the path.

When she descended the steps to her companions, she found Josephine sitting up, and Mattah-Djarri beside her persuading her to drink some tea. She recounted all she had heard in the kampong, while she took out her bundles and piled them in a square heap on the stone table, after which she sat down on the side of the bali-bali, and with her companions tried to reckon the time it would require for Satrap to reach the Pateh on the mountains, after he had left Kali Chandi, and how long it ought to be before the former could get to the ruins on the Guning Deing. They had no idea that he would not come. Josephine was positive he would start the very instant he read her letter.

Mattah-Djarri and Wagari looked in her feverish face, and eyes unnaturally bright, and devoutly prayed he had done so. The rest of the day was passed in going up and down the old steps to the portico above, for the double purpose of scanning the hills for the approach of the Pateh, or any appearance of Boorah.



## CHAPTER XLV.

IF there is any truth in the hypothesis of possible communication between mind or spirit inhabiting separate and distant bodies, we are not surprised that the strength and vividness of the Pateh's dreams and impressions should have impelled him to start from the heights of the Teng'gers at midnight to seek the well-being of the woman he loved. If spirit can speak to spirit, soul call to soul at a distance, surely he felt the yearning, imperative, terrified cry of Josephine's heart, as she sat, wild-eyed and trembling, on the bali-bali between the sleeping Mattah-Djarri and Wagari, while the dark hours rolled away in the gloomy cell of the Chandi Hindu. If the Pateh felt the terror in Josephine's heart, Tracy felt the will and determination in the bosom of the Pateh, and when they were set down at dark within the entrance of the dangerous plain surrounding the mighty Papandayang, either his sympathy or his own individual concern caused him to suffer quite as much anxiety and suspense as did his friend.

"How far distant is that kampong Kali Beber now, Sarjio?" asked Tracy, as he crawled out of his tandu and tried to straighten out his stiffened limbs, while he looked in astonishment at the gigantic mound which sent forth the noise and uproar that smote his ears.

"Not more than eight or ten hours," replied the Pateh, "but we must wait here till the moon rises. This plain is dotted with boiling mud springs."

"It seems improbable," returned Tracy, "that those

three young girls could ever have made their way through such a pandemonium of dangers as here appears."

"Yes, yes," replied the Pateh, with an audible groan. "I can't conceive of Josephine in such a place. Merciful Allah, protect them!" he continued, looking up to the sparkling heavens and seeming to engage in silent prayer. After a few moments, he resumed, turning suddenly to his companion, "Tracy, suppose we seek the advice of a pandita living on the mountain side not far from here, one of the Ber-tapa, who has long given himself to prayer and study. He professes the gift of divine illumination. What say you? Shall we seek him while we are waiting for the moon to rise."

"By all means," replied Tracy, "I should like to see one of your priestly prophets. If he gives me true information I will believe and join your order, Sarjio. I don't suppose," he continued, "we will attract special attention. Many strangers must come here to see these curiosities, the mud volcanoes."

"Every one goes to the Pandita," replied the Pateh. "To conduct strangers to his retreat has become quite a business. Come, we will go to the nearest kampong, get something to eat, and obtain a guide. A visit to the Ber-tapa will explain our presence."

Tracy and the Pateh followed a guide with a flambeau up the zigzag mountain path for a half hour, when they turned aside to a rude structure, built under an overhanging rock, which formed its roof, back, and one side. A bambu pole projected from over the door, from which a twinkling red light was suspended, and a bright light within shone through a small window which was shaped like a half-moon to commemorate the Hegira or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, when the young moon lifted her slender crescent over the flying prophet

and his few devoted followers. The door was wide open, and before it a man, with a long flowing beard, sat in an arm chair with his face towards the East.

The guide threw down his flambeau and stepped to one side, while the Pateh walked forward, with Tracy behind him, and saluted the Pandita by putting his hands together, touching his forehead, and bending his body reverently towards the ground.

“Approach, my brother,” said the clear, low voice of the Ber-tapa, rising. “Thrice welcome to thee and thy friend.”

The Pateh now announced his own name and that of Tracy, who made a profound obeisance to the venerable figure, and they both followed him into the one large square room which formed his dwelling. A bali-bali covered with a striped mat and a round pillow covered with the same stood against the rock which formed the wall on one side. Opposite, several rows of shelves contained a number of books and pamphlets covered with characters in Arabic. On the farthest side of the room, facing the door, a piece of stone sculpture, representing Hagar in the wilderness holding a bottle of water to the famished Ishmael, stood upon a square block of black wood. In the centre was a stone table with a pitcher and two drinking cups, made from cocoa-nuts, upon it, and a bambu bench and two chairs placed around it. Huge tiger-skins were spread on the stones in front of the bali-bali and before the bench and each chair. Offering the two latter to his guests, the Pandita seated himself on the bench, fixing his glittering black eyes, first on one visitor, then on the other, waiting for them to speak.

Tracy felt strangely attracted toward his host, whose gaze, as it met his own, seemed to penetrate his inmost being. He would no more have attempted to conceal

anything from him at that moment, by evasion or prevarication, than he would have attempted to fly over the plain to the summit of the Papandayang. On the contrary, had the Pandita asked it, he would have unhesitatingly laid bare his most secret and sacred thought. A desire that Sarjio would quickly speak and prevent him from doing so rose in his bosom. The Pateh, however, seemed unwilling to break the silence. After a moment the Ber-tapa, looking him kindly in the face, addressed him by using a salutation quite common in the East between holy instructors and the less favored who seek their aid.

“Is it well with thee, my brother? Is it well with thy house? Is it well with thy people?” said the Pandita in courteous tones, bending his keen eyes on the dark, anxious face of the young man before him. “Stay,” he continued, raising his hand as the Pateh was about to speak. “Thou need’st not answer. I know thy thought. And brother,” leaning toward him, “time presses. Great peril hangs over the one thou lovest. Even death waits to clasp the delicate form.”

As the Pandita ceased speaking, the Pateh rose, pale as death, and made a hasty step toward the door. Tracy also rose to follow him, but the Ber-tapa bidding them wait another moment, as present haste could not aid them, looked at Tracy, his face full of pity, saying, —

“If thou would’st be content, my son, follow the course thy heart lays down for thee, and thy life will pass in happy usefulness. Thine own small world will be glad that thou hast lived.”

“And if the contrary?” said Tracy, speaking to the Pandita for the first time.

“If the contrary,” repeated the latter, a slight frown gathering on his brow, “thou wilt sow misery and reap

its withering bloom. Thou wilt fail to enter paths of knowledge that will ennoble thee, expand thy mind, and lead thee to avenues of science in the great universe of nature that are as deep and subtle as they are far-reaching, all comprehending, and, to the uninitiated, mysterious. I warn thee, I entreat thee, choose the higher life," concluded the Pandita, stretching his hand with a gesture of persuasion toward Tracy.

"Thy words, O holy dukun," answered Tracy, struggling to throw off their impression, "may be fraught with wisdom, but to me they sound like a prophecy without foundation."

"Alas, that it is so!" returned the Pandita in a sad voice. "I would make thee happy and raise thee to a nobler existence. I would lift thy mind from the craven, soul-stinting contemplation of the perishable, to dwell with expanding rapture on the imperishable. I would lead thee to the great, the enduring, the endless, the sublime destiny that awaits the soul of man. I would teach thee how to understand the mysteries, extending through the unceasing siècles of the future, and thou would'st learn to exult in that power of spirit discernment that smiles at all material obstacles, and roams whither it would in interminable space, grasping the truth it seeks."

"What would'st thou have me do, reverend father?" said Tracy, unconsciously adopting the latter's form of speech and moving uneasily a step or two nearer the door.

"Follow the impulse of thy heart," answered the Pandita impressively. "The voice of thy conscience, which the wise man makes a law unto himself. It is for this purpose that thou hast received it. Do this, my son, and later thou wilt become a brother of our Order."

"Ah! that is it," said Tracy, with a breath of relief. "You wish me to join your mysterious Brotherhood."

"I advise you to embrace wisdom and seek knowledge," returned the Pandita in decided tones, bending his eyes upon the floor.

Complete silence followed for a moment or two, while the Pateh stood ready to make his parting salutations, feeling every instant was an age. Drawing a sigh, the Pandita resumed, without raising his eyes from the floor and as if continuing to address Tracy, —

"Death in an unknown, terrible form, waits to receive one who calls to thee, calls unknown to herself. The contest will be fierce and strong. You may save her, my son," rising and giving his hand to Tracy, "receive my farewell. Go, and may the victory be yours."

Tracy was now very much excited, and bowing his head walked quickly out into the night and called the guide, whom he could see at a little distance, sitting on a stone beside his blazing flambeau. The Pateh lingered a moment behind Tracy to speak a word or two to the Pandita, who accompanied him to the door, embraced him, and called him beloved brother, telling him that he had found the true illumination, and charging him to follow on in the paths of light. Then he blessed him and bid him hasten on his purpose. Joining Tracy, who stood with the guide at the end of the path waiting for him, without a word they both hurried back to the plain, at the edge of which they stopped a moment to drink a cup of coffee, waiting for the appearance of the moon, whose reflection they could just see whitening the tops of the highest peaks opposite.

"This seems like a waste of time, Sarjio," said Tracy, as they sat down beside a little table.

"It is, it is," slowly answered the Pateh, in a hoarse voice, the weight of the calamity conveyed in the Pandita's words having swept away all his excitement and

replaced it with determined calm and self-possession, as is often the case with strong and excitable natures when heavy disaster comes upon them suddenly. "I have no power here," he continued. "We are in the province of Narawadi."

"Great heaven ! the land of the Tumung'gung," ejaculated Tracy, interrupting him.

"Yes," replied the Pateh, "and as I have just said, I have no authority here, and no money could induce these superstitious peasants to guide us while it is still dark over the first mile of shaky earth that we must cross to reach the path in the centre of the valley. They believe that without the dispelling light of sun or moon innumerable wicked spirits hover over the boiling mud-pools who would greedily seize them and offer them in sacrifice to the devils beneath ; and to attempt it ourselves would be almost sure destruction."

In a few moments more the moon glided up into the heavens above the high cones, and threw a flood of silvery light over the plain, making it almost as light as midday, and the two young men sprang up to continue their journey.

While they had been drinking their coffee, they had heard that the holy dukun whom they had just visited was no other than the famous recluse of the ancient ruins near Kali Beber, who, after attaining a certain degree of sanctity by prayer and penance, had emerged from his seclusion, and now passed his time in giving instruction and in going from one place to another, aiding the afflicted, offering up prayers, and doing all the good he could to further the accomplishment of every truthful and honest purpose. Musing on this information, and the advice and prophecies of the Ber-tapa in connection with the strange fate that was now leading him and the

Pateh to seek Mattah-Djarri and Josephine in the very cell once occupied, and, as he thought, probably made inhabitable by the dukun himself, his heart thrilling with the fear that there might be truth in his words, and that they pointed to the present situation of Josephine and Mattah-Djarri, Tracy followed the Pateh, whose face was pale, and lips compressed, out from under the palm-trees into the open plain, where they could see the bright patches of boiling mud, shining and quivering in the moonlight, in contrast with the dull baked surface around them, with here and there a little column of vapor slowly rising between.

“Steam from the hillocks and streams of bubbling liquid,” explained the Pateh, as he saw Tracy looking curiously at the latter.

They had not made more than a few steps, when Tracy was astonished to see the white turban and long, white robe of the Pandita as the latter stepped out from the shadows of a gigantic waringin tree, with a book in his hand and a servant behind him, and signified his intention of accompanying them.

“Thou art more than kind, holy brother,” said the Pateh, “and we shall be more than thankful for thy society.”

While the Pateh was speaking, he was moving forward towards the path he intended to take, the Pandita beside him repeating the two words, secrecy and haste. Commanding the servant to go before and follow the shortest paths to the old ruins beyond Kali Beber, the Pandita hurried after him, the Pateh and Tracy, one behind the other, coming on close behind.

In a very short time they had reached the centre of the dangerous plain and turned into the path, passed over two nights before by Mattah-Djarri, Josephine, and



Wagari. Not a word was spoken while they walked rapidly forward, the Pandita passing around the Papan-dayang without pausing to look at it, or seeming to hear its hissing steam or thundering noise. Opposite the gas fountains he paused, and turning off the path walked to within a short distance of their brilliant jets, falling upon his knees, clasping his hands, and bending forward in an attitude of devotion. Tracy involuntarily took off his hat, while the Patch stood still, folded his arms on his breast, and bent his head toward the ground in silence, the servant of the Pandita doing the same.

“Was ever scene so strange,” thought Tracy, as casting his eyes around, they fell on the form of the priest in his broad turban and white robes, kneeling in the glare of the yellow flames, as they shot noiselessly upward, the other two motionless figures on the path before him bending in reverence, with closed eyes and solemn faces turned eastward. In the rear, the swelling mud volcanoes, with columns of white steam issuing from their tops, their dull roar just reaching them, and the cascades on their sides sparkling under the moonlight between the long lines of towering black cones that stretched up and down, like giant sentinels, under the calm, silent blue overhead.

“Am I Edward Tracy or not?” he asked himself. “Truly, I am inclined to think otherwise. I ought to go home like the little old woman in the child’s story-book, and, like her, see if my little dog barks; and if my little dog barks, it will be I, and, if it be I, ask whither I am going and for what purpose.”

Tracy’s humorous colloquy was interrupted by the return of the Ber-tapa to the path, who took up the march as before, saying, as he had already twice said, “Time presses, my brother.”

Tracy, not able to suppress his curiosity longer, managed to get beside the Pateh, saying, "Sarjio, is the dukun really going with us, and what do you think this extraordinary move portends?"

The Pateh answered in the affirmative, continuing, "I am most grateful for this extreme mark of respect from one so elevated, and it means that there must be a weighty reason for it," in a voice that trembled with suppressed feeling. "When at the door of his dwelling I hastily whispered to him my errand, he himself suggested that it might be to our benefit if he should accompany us, to which I could only add my desire that he would, for he knows the direct paths and will save time, which is now all-important. I feel an hour is most momentous. But Tracy, let me ask you, and pardon my impertinence, what is your intention?"

"My intention," repeated Tracy, feeling it difficult to find a reply, "how do you mean or in reference to what?" he added, after some visible hesitation.

"You know I am going to rescue Josephine (our Prophet bless the undertaking)," the Pateh added, in a changed voice, again looking up to the sky, "after which I shall take her immediately away and avoid all that needless trouble with her father, and I thought that you — perhaps" — here he hesitated a moment, then resumed, —

"It is true her cousin will go with her. It is my intention to take them both, and Wagari also — good and noble girl! But I thought, Tracy, that you might — well, that you had perhaps changed your mind, and would like to become the husband and protector of Mattah-Djarri. There, now you have it!"

"I, Sarjio, I? How can I?" exclaimed Tracy with deep emotion. "You know my uncle's wishes, and I am not an ingrate. I wished to see her saved from the

Tumung'gung. I want to aid you ; further than this I have no definite resolve."

"I am sorry, Tracy," replied the Pateh. "Have you considered the words of the holy father in front of us."

"To be frank, I don't attach much to that, Sarjio," replied Tracy. "He wishes to make a disciple of me."

"Perhaps he does, and why not," asked the Pateh, "if it is for your happiness?"

"That has yet to be proved," said Tracy incredulously.

"Well, we will see what the day brings forth," replied the Pateh. "I suppose you will not refuse to accept his prophecies if you see their fulfillment."

Tracy did not reply immediately to the Pateh's last remark, who after a short silence opened the subject again by gently reproaching him for not having given him his full confidence before, in regard to the intentions of his uncle, saying he had left him under the impression, the evening that he had alluded to it on the veranda of the dalam at Kali Chandi, that it was only a matter talked of, but not definitely settled.

"My dear Sarjio," said Tracy, with much feeling, "let us not discuss the subject. I will aid you all I can. As to the other matters, we cannot think alike ; forgive me for saying so," and he laid his hand on his friend's arm, whom he felt made the slightest perceptible movement away from him, saying presently with a sigh, "Well, be it so."

As it came near daylight the Pandita pressed forward, urging his servant before him to make haste, looking back from time to time, to see if his companions were following with a speed that kept up with his own, while the little cavalcade hurried along with long strides and hard breathing, at a pace that would have seemed incredible to any one knowing the habits of the sedate, deliberate

Sarjio and the luxurious indulgence of the fastidious Tracy.

But the full light of the day was upon them, notwithstanding, when they reached Kali Beber, entered its bambu gates, threaded the suburbs, crossed the stream amidst the staring bathers, and took the path that wound around the hill to the old Chandi Hindu.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

THE evening of the day on which we left the three dejected girls watching anxiously for some appearance of their expected deliverer, as well as for the approach of Boorah, closed in without any signs of either. The lamps were lit and placed on the floor as on the night previous, the door carefully fastened, and Wagari made tea in the little kompor placed under one of the loop-hole windows, while Mattah-Djarri tried to freshen the contents of the plantain parcels, purchased in the morning, to tempt the appetite of Josephine. Very little was said between them, and when their supper was prepared still less was eaten. They had no appetite. Each drank several cups of tea, and Josephine's thirst was so great she begged Wagari to prepare it a second time.

After the night had fairly settled down the terrors of Josephine returned, and her fever increased with them. She lay on the bali-bali, sleeping at short intervals, with her eyes not more than half closed; rolling over the smooth mats, tossing her arms wildly about, moaning and murmuring to herself, while her frightened and distressed companions hung over her, not knowing what to do. Sometimes she opened her eyes wide and stared at them a moment, without seeming to know them, then turned away her face to talk to Sewa or her father, but more frequently to Sarjio, pleading with him in piteous tones to save her from some threatening horror.

"She dreams," said Wagari, placing a wet handkerchief on the pure white forehead, her own hands and

voice trembling alike, as she thought of the deadly fevers which so frequently and suddenly swept away the unacclimated and was reminded of the late exposure to the night air, the undue excitement, and unaccustomed fatigue, which Josephine had undergone, and now the confined air of the old stone chamber and mouldering ruins, which she reflected must be dangerous. She looked at her mistress standing at the foot of the bali-bali gazing on their stricken companion, with tears rolling silently down her face and her hands clasped together in an agony of apprehension. Wagari knew her thoughts were the same as her own. "Allah akbar. Islam" (God is great. We must submit to Him), she heard her repeating to herself, as she turned away and pretended to be occupied with the little kompor and the tea about the fireplace. Wagari's heart also took up the cry, and thus the anxious hours passed, both trying to fortify themselves with the Moslem's first principle of faith, without speaking or thinking of sleep, while they watched the dreaded fever take gradual possession of the gay and wayward Josephine.

Mattah-Djarri spent hours on her knees beside the great stone table, feeling it was all she could do. Josephine's condition almost stupefied her, and her own life seemed to grow suddenly more dear, as she felt the need of preparing to forsake it. Another day and no doubt Boorah would discover them, and if he did not they would begin to starve if not compelled to reveal themselves sooner to seek assistance for Josephine. As the first shock following the knowledge of the latter's condition passed away, her mind grew calm and clear. She saw the necessity of summoning immediate relief from the kampong to save her cousin's life, if it was not already too late. How to do this she could not determine. Such a strange sum-

mons from the ancient ruins in the middle of the night would arouse the whole kampong. She or Wagari would have to go first to the gardu, make all kinds of explanations, wait to see a detachment of police sent to examine into the truth of their statements, before anything could be done, and even after this, perhaps, be unable to find a doctor or dukun who understood how to administer the medicine needed. All this was fatal to herself. She fully comprehended it, calmly determining to bring her mind to face the dreadful consequences — life with the repulsive Tumung'gung or total disappearance on the Guwa Upas. She chose the latter, and according to the commands of her religion began to prepare herself for death by rapid flight toward the fabled tree growing on the banks of the stream in its centre.

Not long after midnight Josephine begged for another draught of tea, and it was very evident to Wagari, who had had some experience, that her fever was assuming a dangerous character. She immediately lighted the few rosin-knots remaining, and began to prepare the tea on the kompor, while Mattah-Djarri tried to calm and soothe the sufferer, who sat up and looked around in terror, then covered her face. Mattah-Djarri wrung her hands in despair. "She will die, she will die," she whispered to Wagari in tearful anguish, "before we can get relief, and I shall have caused her death! I have brought her here!" Wagari, comforting her all she could, had approached the bali-bali with the tea, while Mattah-Djarri tried to persuade Josephine to remove her hands from her face and drink it, when they were startled by the sound of something falling heavily from above on the top of the kompor, upsetting it and scattering the coals all around the floor.

"The ular lanang," shrieked Mattah-Djarri and Wa-

gari in one breath, springing upon the bali-bali beside Josephine, who with one terrified scream fainted away.

The venomous serpent, attracted by the light and perhaps heat of the smoke, had crawled inside of one of the apertures and slid down through the inclined opening, as poor Josephine had pictured to herself the night before. For a moment a deathlike stillness prevailed in the dismal chamber. Josephine to all appearance was dead. Her two companions stared in dumb terror at the white and black diamond-marked reptile, one of the largest of its species, while it twisted, coiled, and uncoiled its long, shining body, knocked the little kompor off the platform, and then, rearing its head with a hissing, horrifying sound, sprang at it out of the hot ashes. Not satisfied with revenging itself on the impenetrable earthenware, the enormous snake opened its jaws and blew from its mouth gusts of dark green spray toward the door, in which direction, fortunately, its head happened to lay. Finally, stretching itself at full-length across the floor, it lay quiet, seeming to wait and listen, rendering it impossible to reach the door without stepping over it.

After the first paroxysms of horror, Mattah-Djarri gave her attention to Josephine, telling Wagari to watch the serpent, which she feared might, at any moment, change its position and eject the poisonous vapor over them, as she knew it could throw it to a distance of ten or fifteen feet. She feared Josephine, who began to show signs of returning life, might in her delirium spring off the bali-bali and expose her white skin to contact with it, or be bitten by the reptile itself, which would be immediate death. They dared not move for fear it might turn its head and spring upon them. The ular lanang was known to be bold and venomous, not waiting till it was attacked to defend itself.



After a partial recovery, Josephine swooned again, and this time in vain her companions whispered her name in accents of terror and entreaty.

“Was she dead, indeed?” Mattah-Djarri managed to ask Wagari by mute signs and inaudible whispers.

The latter, after looking attentively at Josephine, put her ear down over her heart for a few moments, then raised her head and shook it from side to side for “No.” How the hours passed till daylight came into the apertures, no one ever knew. Josephine opened her eyes once and asked feebly for water. Wagari put the empty cup that had contained the tea to her lips, which seemed to satisfy her, and pushing it away she leaned back apparently contented.

When morning came at last, the following questions forced themselves upon their mind. How would they get the door open? Must they die with that dreadful serpent? Would it be long? Must they starve? Who would die first? Must it be Josephine? Would the Pateh come? Even Boorah’s face they felt would be welcome. When it was fully light Josephine moved, opened her eyes, and finally raised herself up and looked around. They thought she seemed better, and tried to make her understand the importance of keeping still and silent. She looked inquiringly into their faces and asked them where she was, then attempted to get off the bali-bali, and casting her eyes upon the floor her gaze fell on the huge reptile stretched before the closed door. Shriek after shriek issued from her lips, while she clung convulsively to her cousin, who with Wagari exerted all her strength to prevent her from springing off the bed, while the ular lanang raised its head, hissed, and blew its spray more savagely than ever.

Suddenly the door flew open and Boorah with two

men behind him stood on the lower steps and looked Wagari in the face. "The ular lanang!" shrieked Mattah-Djarri, pointing to the serpent coiling ready to spring upon him. Boorah, following the indication of her finger, saw the fatal preparation, and disappeared up the steps with his companions.

The reptile, glad of the opportunity to escape, uncoiled its glittering body, and glided up the broken steps after them.

When both were out of sight, Mattah-Djarri looked first at Wagari, then at Josephine, and shuddered. "We must have a doctor immediately," she said. "She may die."

"Yes," answered Wagari, with a long sigh, feeling fate had decided the destiny of both her companions, despite all their distress, labor, and determination to decide it for themselves.

"Shall I bring the dukun?" asked Wagari, getting off the bali-bali, arranging her sarong, and throwing a sembong over one shoulder to go to the kampong, while she gazed in fright at the muttering, unconscious Josephine.

"Go to the piting'gi, Wagari. Summon all the aid you can," said Mattah-Djarri. "Concealment is of no avail now. Say the Radan ajeng Mattah-Djarri demands his assistance."

At this moment Boorah who, with one of his men, having dispatched the other with the news of his discovery, had waited above, and seen the serpent glide out of sight among the rubbish at the head of the steps, descended and entered the chamber. Mattah-Djarri knew the mata-mata would not dare lay his hands upon her, but she also knew she could not escape him, and supposed his master was close upon his heels. Turning about to

Speak again to Wagari, she beheld him station himself near the door, with the utmost coolness and a smile of satisfaction on his face. A sense of humiliation, pride, and defiance gave her wings. Darting past him, she flew up the steps with the swiftness of an arrow, and before he had time to gain presence of mind sufficient to spring after her, she was crossing the chunkup. Almost immediately he was behind her, and saw her look back at him, as she sped on past the first ruin, over the green dome, down the hill, and out on the plain of the Guwa Upas.

Wagari saw her mistress dart up the steps and fearing what might happen instantly rushed after Boorah, to see the princess's head disappear below the top of the hill, when she herself turned and fled, screaming for help, down the path towards the mango trees, where she met the Pandita, the Pateh, and Tracy hastening around the turn. To scream, wring her hands, and point to her mistress flying over the noxious plain was all that she could do.

"The Guwa Upas! It is death!" ejaculated the Pateh, suddenly springing forward to follow her.

"You cannot, my brother," said the dukun, laying a strong hand upon his arm and detaining him. "You will only give two lives instead of one."

Before either of them had time to think or call further, Mattah-Djarri was quite beyond hearing, and they saw Tracy speeding across the waste like the wind, calling, "Mattah-Djarri, Mattah-Djarri," as he went, in a voice of loud and imperative command. They saw her hesitate, then stagger on a few steps more, turn and stretch her arms towards Tracy, and fall to the ground.

To snatch up her light form and run back to the grassy shore was the work of a few seconds, though it seemed a

long time to Wagari, the Pateh, and the Pandita, who rushed down to the edge to receive her, as Tracy, almost suffocated, tottered up, dropped her on the grass, and sank down poisoned and exhausted beside her. To drag them high up out of danger, fan them, throw cold water in their faces was quickly done, while the dukun applied remedies to overcome the effect of the poisonous gas they had inhaled. They soon began to show signs of recovery, and the Pandita said they were out of danger, when Wagari, remembering Josephine, hastily informed the Pateh of her dangerous condition, dying, as she believed, in the cell of the recluse. To say that he reached it in the excited state of a madman would be a statement not far from the truth. The agonized voice of the Pateh aroused Josephine, and seemed to call her back to life, and with the assistance of the Pandita, who was both priest and doctor, restored her sufficiently to enable her two hours later to lean, weak and languid, against his shoulder, as she half sat up on the bali-bali, while the holy dukun made them man and wife.

When the Pateh took his feeble wife in his arms and said she was now his own forever, Tracy took the hand of Mattah-Djarri, and leading her forward stood before the priest, begging him to perform the same ceremony for them. When it was all over the intrepid girl clung to his arm and cried for joy, while the faithful Wagari followed her mistress's example.

With tears in his eyes, Tracy pressed his wife to his bosom, and thanked God in his heart that he had arrived in time.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

BEFORE the end of a fortnight, at the hour when dress and fashion throngs the Eastern streets, a double bridal party passed out of the portals of a Christian church in Singapore. The first pair represented an Anglo-Saxon, with light wavy hair and deep blue eyes, who strode along with a proud and happy face, supporting a delicate, golden-skinned woman upon his arm, whose wondrous beauty caused the spectators assembled around the door to gaze upon her in undisguised surprise.

The second pair was the reverse of the first. The groom was a Javanese, handsome, stately, and striking. A prince, the spectators said, with enough of precious stones about him to purchase the whole of Singapore. A lady, fair-haired, fair-skinned, and beautiful, hung lovingly upon his arm, while she walked and looked the happiness she felt.

When the parties were seated in their open carriages, a tall Javanese girl, with flashing Arabian eyes, climbed up on one of them to the seat beside the coachman, holding her mistress's fan and handkerchief in her hands.

"Come, come, Wagari, that will not do," said the gentleman beside the lady in the carriage. "Come down and sit inside with my wife," arranging a place for her on the seat in front of the latter.

"Yes, Wagari," added the lady, "right here, near to me," putting her hand on the cushion before her, "and never, never dare assume the place of a servant again. I will not permit it."

“Nor I either,” said the gentleman. “Hereafter, I desire you to become one of my — our family,” looking around with a tender smile into the face of the lady beside him, who nodded approvingly and nestled up closer to his side.

“You do me a great honor, noble Tuan, and you, also, most exalted Radan ajeng!” replied the attendant, a grateful blush suffusing her face, as she seated herself, and leaning forward bent her head to kiss her mistress’s hand and conceal the tears she felt welling up into her eyes.

The two carriages drove to the harbor, a little distance out of the town, where the occupants embarked upon a steamer making rapid preparations to go to sea. When safely on board and standing upon the spacious deck, watching the last adieus of parting friends on the wharf below, Josephine said to her husband, —

“I feel I am really married now, Sarjio, and papa will be so much better satisfied. He only believes in the Christian rite, you know,” somewhat apologetically.

“If you are pleased, my angel,” replied the Pateh, a glow of pleasure brightening his eyes, “I am more than happy. I am” —

“Oh! there is papa now,” suddenly cried Josephine, gazing eagerly upon one of two gentlemen hastily alighting from a carriage that had just dashed up to the wharf with a pair of horses covered with foam. “Papa, darling papa!” she called, leaning over the rail, stretching her arms out toward him.

Mr. Bardwell hearing the voice looked up and responded with a wave of his hand, and a moment later was hurriedly ascending the plank with his companion, the elder Tracy, close behind him.

Before the Pateh had time to speak, his wife had left

his side and was in the arms of her father, kissing him, hugging him, and begging his forgiveness all in one breath.

When the delight of meeting and reconciliation had a little subsided and Josephine felt she was forgiven, she placed her hand in her father's arm and led him up to her husband, who still stood, calm, quiet, and observant, on the spot where she had left him. He had lost some of his resentment now. He felt he owned his wife according to Christian form as well as Mohammedan law. She was indisputably his. He could afford to look on quietly and exult in the knowledge of full possession.

"Forgive me, Sarjio," said Mr. Bardwell, in a voice full of emotion, extending his hand while the tears rolled down his cheeks. "If you will love her and make her as happy as I have wished to do, I will beg your pardon for all the sorrows I have caused you both."

"Come now, make up, Pateh," chimed in the hearty voice of Tracy's uncle in his brusque, straightforward way, noticing the proud Javan was slow about taking the father's proffered hand. "You must be good friends with your father-in-law," he continued. "We have crossed the Java Sea for that very purpose."

The Pateh still seemed to hesitate and maintained silence, until catching the swimming eyes of Josephine, who looked imploringly at him, he grasped Mr. Bardwell's hand with a cordial clasp, all resentment passing out of his heart at the same moment.

"And you, young man," now said the uncle, turning to his nephew, with whom he had already shaken hands, and assuming a highly offended tone. "What have you to say for yourself, running off like a criminal in this way? I never thought my brother's son would do anything he was ashamed of, eh?"

“ I am not ashamed, sir,” replied Tracy, laughing with pleasure, and turning to present his wife. “ It was an accident.”

“ Hem ! a most surprising accident, indeed,” returned the uncle, adjusting his spectacles and regarding in profound astonishment the lovely girl who was looking timidly up in his face. “ Why, truly, Edward, I am surprised,” he continued, losing his pretended anger. “ I had no — no idea your wife was like this ! No wonder Markham was so testy about it ! Gad ! I would n’t mind having her myself ! ” imprinting a kiss upon the smooth, upturned brow. “ Gad ! young man, you ’re going back with me. I can’t consent to lose such a niece as this,” kissing Mattah-Djarri again, who thought that next to Tracy himself, his uncle was the most charming man she had ever seen.

In the confusion and happiness of all parties they had not noticed the gentle motion of the steamer pushing out from the dock and turning its bows towards the open sea, till Josephine exclaimed, “ Look, we have started,” perceiving they were already some distance out. “ You are going with us, papa ! ” she joyfully exclaimed as the possibility crossed her mind.

“ No, my pet, we are going back with the pilot,” answered her father, putting his arms around her, “ and your mother and I want you both to come back to us very soon,” looking anxiously at the Pateh.

“ We will, we will, won’t we, Sarjio ? ” said Josephine, appealing to the Javan.

“ We will, my angel, if you so desire,” said the latter, thinking what a detestable practice that was of Christian fathers kissing and embracing their daughters so much.

“ Yes, Edward,” said the elder Tracy, continuing his conversation with his nephew, “ I had other plans for



you, but you have followed the dictates of your own heart, and I am satisfied," remembering with a sigh his own mad, youthful love for a beautiful girl whom he put in her grave the day he was to have made her his bride.

"Indeed it seemed very strange at first," he proceeded, "but I said to Bardwell, 'Gad! let us make the best of it, and go to Singapore and bring them back,' and now, my dear," turning to Mattah-Djarri and taking her hand, "if you will promise to bring this renegade home again soon," laying his other hand affectionately on his nephew's shoulder, "I will promise to see your mother and tell her how happy you are and all about it. In fact, Bardwell told me that Keomah was positively glad." The loving light that shone in Mattah-Djarri's eyes made the old uncle feel well repaid for all the trouble this promise might give him, and caused him to say to himself, as he moved away to inquire about the return of the pilot's boat, "If either that old Tumung'gung or Bopati on the Teng'gers dares to interfere with my nephew's wife, Gad! they will hear from me," bringing his cane down with a sudden rap on the deck that made every one start.

Before dark a little steamer from one of the eastern ports of Java shot swiftly past on her way to Singapore. Occupying prominent seats on the after deck were two Javans whose rich dress and numerous attendants bespoke them nobles of high position. As the other passengers crowded to one side to scrutinize those on the outward bound steamer, the two nobles suddenly sprang to their feet, —

"Look, look, Bopati!" cried one, "by Allah and the Prophet! there stands your daughter with that white-faced unbeliever, and as sure as I am the Tumung'gung of Narawadi, there is that Sarjio that you think so highly of, with Sewa's daughter beside him. I warned you,

Bopati, I warned you," continued the Tumung'gung in great excitement. "That accursed Christian is taking her to Europe." Muttering and whimpering out his reproaches and wishing he could throw the Bopati overboard, whose negligence he blamed for his late trouble and disappointment, the Tumung'gung sank again into his seat, making a mighty effort to conceal his agitation.

The Bopati, who had scanned the deck of the passing steamer with a scowling brow, now turned a shade or two paler, and sat quietly down without saying a word.

"O dog, son of a dog!" loudly cried the Tumung'gung, shaking his kris in impotent rage after the receding vessel, "May Allah forget me if I forget thee!"

"Son of the Faith," said the Bopati, taking refuge behind his creed, "IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH."





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