

a capital dish of rice, sprinkled with small crabs, and highly seasoned with ahi.

On the evening of the next day I rode down to the landing, over a beautiful, undulating country, and when the tide rose enough to cover the roots of the mangroves, I embarked in, not on, a bungo, and by the soft moonlight was wafted along among small islands, till dawn and the freshening breeze wafted me back to the semi-Americanized life of Panama. I had seen and loved the pastoral life of the tropics, and I sighed as I looked down upon the bay once more, though soon my unreal life upon its shores was to terminate. And without regret I returned from the dreamy Pacific to the restless, burdened waves of the Atlantic Sea.

THE END.