

LINCOLN BOY IN THE ORIENT

Record of a Delightful Month's Journey
Across the Broad Bosom of the Pacific



JOHN H. FARWELL
Now in the Philippines

Two months ago John H. Farwell, son of Mrs. E. P. Holmes, left Lincoln for his new post in the Philippines. Mr. Farwell was in the consular service in Mexico and recently received an exchange to Manila. The following interesting letter will be eagerly read by the many friends of the young man in Lincoln, as well as by readers generally.

U. S. TRANSPORT "WARREN," AT SEA, Oct. 7, 1901.—My Dear Folks: It is just ten days since we left Honolulu, and this is the first time I have managed to summon up sufficient energy to write, during the days that were not so rough as to prevent such a thing, for in truth we have experienced some nasty weather and there has always been a heavy swell, which makes it difficult to move around deck with any degree of comfort.

I think that the last lines of my last letter told you that we had sighted the Hawaiian islands, on the morning of Sept. 24, and I presume that by this date the letter has been received, as it was supposed to have left Honolulu on a returning steamer which sailed on the 25th. I cannot tell you with what eagerness and expectancy we all assembled on deck after breakfast and viewed, in the distance, the high peaks of Molokai, the first of the islands to be sighted and which is the home of the leper colony, that is recruited from the whole group of islands. We passed it on our left, and then on our right we soon caught our first glimpse of Oahu, (upon which is located Honolulu) in the form of Diamond Head, which is a large, rocky promontory, at the head of the island, formed from the lava of an extinct volcano. Skirting along the shore we feasted our eyes on the tropical vegetation, which indeed was a rare treat after eight days of blue

water, the monotony of which can only be appreciated by experience.

At 2 p. m. we arrived off the harbor in front of Honolulu, which is nothing more than an indentation in the coast line, forming a small bay, and which is reached through a very narrow channel that passes through the coral reef. In the meantime we had been boarded by an ancient-looking white bearded pilot, and we thought that we would soon be safely anchored in the haven. But, alas! for our thoughts, we were soon to be undeceived.

"What is the matter?" "Why don't we go in?" came the questions, thick and fast, for it was noticed that the steady throb of the engines and the churn of the propeller had ceased and that the steamer was motionless in the water except for the gentle rise and fall from the ocean swell. Everyone commenced to talk at once, and the officers of the ship were besieged with questions and inquiries, which at last brought forth the startling and disheartening information that the ship's papers, including her bill of health, had been lost after leaving San Francisco. This meant that we would only be allowed to enter the harbor after the ship, passengers, and crew had been subjected to a rigid and searching examination by the quarantine officer in charge of the port, who had been notified and sent for, and was expected any moment. Nobody knew or could find out how these valuable papers had become lost or who was at fault and responsible, but nevertheless, he and his family to the tenth generation were cursed and damned to the full extent, but of course, all to no purpose. As there was nothing for us to do but wait with as much patience as possible the coming of the quarantine bogie man, we turned our attention to the small fleet of boats and canoes that had come out from shore and was now surrounding us, and which was composed of dark-skinned but pleasant-faced Kanakas, who skillfully dived and caught the glistening coin thrown from the deck before it could reach the bottom; of pig-tailed John Chinamen, looking for "washee," and the ever-present and irrepresible reporter.

The sad news of President McKinley's death was received by the occupants of the newspaper dispatch boats in silence and then it was a mad race for shore to see who would be the first and most fortunate in getting out the inevitable "extra." By this time the small steam launch, flying the yellow flag of the quarantine station, was seen bobbing over the waves on its way to us, and we all knew that in it was the man who was to decide our fate and of course we could see nothing but the dark side of the case and naturally had it in for him. As the launch drew nearer we could see standing up in the

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