

in vain. Looking about I saw a Kanak boy in bathing. By giving him a half dollar, I got one of the coal passers to tell him what I wanted. Down he went like a duck, but soon came up declaring it was not there. The water was very dark. Giving him a match, I told him to try again. His little black face assumed a puzzled half-frightened look, then he slowly began to smile; but grinned all over when I put another fifty cents into his chubby fist. Putting the money in his mouth, he tumbled over the ship's side and disappeared. Fully a minute passed and I began to wonder if he was coming up at all, when a black, woolly head broke the surface, next came coffee strainer; then the boy. He was prouder than a king. I shall always love him; he saved me a world of trouble.

At Sea Again.

The sun rose next morning over rolling hills of green. The vessel was pitching heavily. We were at sea once more and the days went swiftly by. On Oct. 19, one of the boys died from typhoid fever. It makes a fellow feel strange, when some one you know dies on such a voyage, and to watch them put the poor body into a steel coffin and solder down the lid, took away my spirits and made me down hearted for a week. The next day, after he died I saw King, his berth mate, under one of the forward boats, crying as if his heart would break. Some of the boys laughed at him, but they were given such a look that they went below.

In the morning we sighted a steamer. She passed us half a mile to windward. The signals were run up and she proved to be the Tartar, with General Funston and his famous 20th Kansas volunteers, returning home from the Philippines.

It was getting warmer. The sea like an endless mirror, glistened in the white sunlight. I saw a long bamboo pole floating upon the water. Half an hour later land appeared. It was a lone mountain, rising steep from the ocean, and upon the highest point floated the stars and stripes. I don't know how they got there, but I felt very much like crying. I wanted to go over there and die, it looked so lonely in that vast wilderness of water.

At eight bells, midnight, I went on deck. The vessel was slowing down. All at once a great flash swept across the heavens and the sky shone as if it were on fire. I confess I was somewhat frightened. I could not understand this strange phenomenon. Then I heard one of the sailors remark that it was a search light from some man-of-war. I afterwards learned it came from the Baltimore, thirty miles away.

Manila.

By three o'clock the engines ceased to throb. Then two, five thousand pound anchors struck the water with a mighty

splash. On every hand, lights shone from various battle ships and transports, while from Manila they sparkled like a phosphorescent sea. The day dawned. As far as the eye could reach, were long dark lines of forest. They told me the sand was still wet with American blood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESS COMMENT ON BRYAN.

"Both ticket and platform will prove less pleasing to a country filled with well-paid labor than they did four years ago."—Denver

"The party will go into the campaign with but one definite, affirmative issue, and that the moth-eaten chestnut of 16 to 1, which the country repudiated in 1896."—Memphis.

"Mr. Bryan is essentially a dangerous citizen. He is an honest fanatic."—Charlotte, N. C.

"Mark Hanna himself could not have arranged a program better calculated to insure democratic defeat than that devised by Mr. Bryan."—Birmingham, Ala.

"The Democrats of North Carolina profess to stand for the doctrine that the Constitution follows the flag. Has it followed the flag into their own state, so far as the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments are concerned?"—Chicago Post.

IN THE DISTRICT OF THE UNITED STATES COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF NEBRASKA.

In the Matter of Rebecca Chatterton, Bankrupt. Case No. 56. In Bankruptcy.

The creditors of said bankrupt are hereby notified that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt will be held at the office of the referee in Rottman block, Nebraska City, Neb., on the 8th day of August, 1900, at 9 o'clock a.m. And you are further notified that all the personal property of said bankrupt will be sold at her place of business at 1817 Central ave., in Nebraska City, Nebraska, at public auction on the 16th day of August, 1900, beginning at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Witness my hand at Nebraska City, Nebraska, this 1st day of August, 1900. JAS. W. EATON, Referee.

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