

land" were mingled in one, and above it all I heard these dying notes:

"O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

And how well I remember that afternoon when I went ashore on the Victoria wharf. A big crowd of Chinese coolies with little carts came running up yelling "rickshaw? rickshaw?" and as every white person was taking one, I followed their example. How foolish I felt riding down the street pulled by one man, but then as everybody else was riding I forgot how it looked and began to think it very nice and quite proper. But I will never forget that day, for I saw a large woman, very stout, and whose weight I should judge was about two hundred and fifty pounds being carted by a little coolie not more than one-fourth her size.

If you have never visited the Orient you cannot understand how one feels when there for the first time, and if you should walk down the Queen's road in Hong Kong I know you would be very much surprised. You would pass through a city built on the mountain side with the summit three thousand feet above. The narrow streets are made of rough stone; tall buildings on both sides; little by-ways where the sun never shines, having a musty smell as if the same air had been there for centuries; figures of Chinese writing that you will never be able to decipher, and then you will pass a Chinese money changer's shop, where one can see whole bushels of gold and silver coin, and you feel very much like picking up a basket and walking off. The streets are full of rickshaws, and their human horses are all the time shouting "whang" which means "look out." The side avenues are seething with long-tailed celestials. Next you watch a crowd of tourists go, by in sedan chairs, each occupant carried by two coolies, and then you look above at the windows where pretty orientals look down upon you, their cheeks powdered up in gorgeous style, their lips very red. They are dressed in green or yellow jackets, and you begin to think a person could live here and enjoy himself after all. Very soon you will see some women with tiny feet go by. Others whose shoes have the heel in the middle, and a great many more with dainty black and white slippers, their hair done up on the left side of their heads with a silver buckle attached.

In the evening you can take the tramway and go up the steep ascent to the Peak Hotel. To the right is a low stone building and they will tell you it contains one hundred million rounds of ammunition for Great Britain's army and navy. Then you look down into the harbor. All the past and present steamers and sailing ships, steel monitors, wooden cruisers, and Chinese junks like the ones of the time of Confucius

with their uneven sails like the wings of a bat.

Happy Valley.

One morning a few days later I hired a rickshaw and started for Happy Valley, an American resort on the east side of the island. On the way over I stopped at a Japanese restaurant. Sitting by the table was a pretty little creature close to twenty years, I should judge. Her hair was done up in typical Japanese fashion, tied in a bow knot at the back of her head. Her face was powdered and her lips painted red. She wore a loose fitting garment of gypsy silk. As I stepped from the rickshaw she bowed very low and said, "Americano," and without looking up continued: "roast pork I have got, baked duck I have not got, fried fish I have got, ice cream I have not got." I could not keep from smiling and then I told her I preferred only what she had. Then she looked up and I understood she wanted to show me her knowledge of English.

I stayed there more than an hour talking in that quaint bamboo house, and then I went away thinking of China as a future home.

That night I stood in the bar-room of the Hong Kong hotel. Standing by the bar was a typical, worn-out American sailor, the kind we all have read about. He had spent his best days in Uncle Sam's navy. What was left of barrels of good Scotch whiskey shone from his yellow eyes.

Glass after glass disappeared without any visible effect upon the old salt tar. All at once he lifted his hand and said: "Didn't we send the loggerheads to the bottom in twenty minutes at Manila bay? They are going to feel us over here yet. Let me tell you that, lads, the time will come when these people will take off their hats and say: 'There goes an American.' Its coming, but I don't expect to be here then. It will not be long before I am stowed away in Davy Jones' locker." Then, holding his glass high, he shouted. "Here's to Tommy Atkins, between us we will have this old world going side ways yet." One of the men stepped to the bar and said: "Here's to the Yankee sailor who hit us hard in 1776 and again in 1812, and he opened the eyes of all Europe but a year ago. I am English, but let me tell you, the American man-of-wars-man is the best sailor who ever sailed the high seas. He loves his rum, but look out for him when behind the gun."

We heard a great racket, shouting and scuffling as if many men were running. We all went to the door. A battalion of infantry went past, "column left, double time, march." They turned the hotel corner running towards the wharf. Then several shots rang out from across the harbor, and a bright light shot up into the heavens, and I could see a great crowd of Chinamen running here and there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD QUESTION.

It was settled long ago that Omaha was to be the chief town of Nebraska, yet today the inhabitants of that city are aghast and in deep woe at the news from the census department in Washington, allowing her but a poor hundred thousand inhabitants; and an ancient doubt may be allowed to show its head again, as to the wisdom of the decision that made Omaha the metropolis of this section.

What was it that gave Omaha the advantage over Nebraska City, Bellevue and other river towns of the early days? The railroad. Who located the railroad there? President Lincoln and his advisers. Why did they so determine? Because many of the leading citizens of Omaha were in political sympathy with them.

If Governor Burt had lived a few days longer Bellevue would have been the first territorial capital instead of Omaha. He died, and Omaha secured by skillful management, that great advantage over her better-located neighbor. There remained only the rivalry between the North Platte, centered henceforth at Omaha, and the South Platte, represented by Nebraska City. And the main difference distinguishing these towns was that the former was a settlement of northern men, while the latter was occupied largely by southerners. It resulted from this state of things that the South Platte flourished during Buchanan's administration, but that the North Platte's day came with the inauguration of President Lincoln.

The hostility between the two sections of the state is a matter of open knowledge, and it may be taken for granted that any political weakness on the part of either was urged to the utmost by its opponent, during its turn of favor at Washington. And it may be of interest to recall the fact that Nebraska City was rather conspicuous as a slave-holding community; at least she allowed herself to be advertised quite freely in that light. There is abundant evidence of this in the newspapers of the day, as preserved in THE CONSERVATIVE'S unique files.

The most noted case was that of two female slaves, who fled from the house of bondage in the latter part of November, 1858, and were pursued by their owner, S. F. Nuckolls, to Chicago, where his efforts to recover them caused a popular tumult, which attracted widespread attention. Mr. Nuckolls was, in fact, mobbed on the street, being rescued from a rather unpleasant predicament by Mr. Hiram Joy, on whose advice he forsook his enterprise and returned to Nebraska City.

This town was a station on John Brown's underground railway, which made trouble between neighbors where-