

NEBRASKA CITY TO MANILA AND RETURN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

We all ran down to the wharf; across the bay in Kowloon great tongues of flame were leaping high into the sky, showing the city bright against the yellow hills. Everywhere along our shore Chinese sampams were in motion, and several of us tried to secure one, but as we ran up their owners pushed out into deep water. I heard a bystander say: "This is only the beginning; strange things will happen here before the year is gone."

By this time the English troops were disembarking on the opposite shore, disappearing around the old sea wall. The fire had burned low, and we could see nothing but great black clouds hanging over where the city shone a few minutes before. Several volleys rang out, then all was silent. The next morning I heard that one hundred and fifty Chinamen had paid the penalty of their little blaze the night before.

I had now been in China more than a month; some of this time I had spent at Canton and among the southern provinces. The war in the Transvaal had just broken out, and I made up my mind, if possible, to go there. Financially, I had nothing. I called on captains and chief officers of various ships but in vain; no one would give me a chance to work my passage. I went aboard the German, French, American and English liners with the same result. I was in despair, when one morning at the American consulate I met Captain Pendleton of the sailing packet, the "Mary L. Cushing." The moment I saw him my hopes began to revive. He was one of those good-natured, phlegmatic, big-hearted individuals the whole world loves. To him I told my story. Turning to the Chinese clerk he said: "Don't you think I have room for this boy?" The pig-headed celestial looked up and replied: "I can't see what need you have of him; he is no sailor." Captain Pendleton thought for a moment, then, smiling kindly, turned to me and said: "I will take you; go over there and sign the book."

Leaving Hong Kong.

The next morning I gathered up my few belongings, rolled them in my army blanket, bid farewell to the landlord, and walked down to the Victoria wharf where I hired a sampam to take me out to the ship. She was a mile out in the harbor. All the money I had left was a large copper cent. I put this into a string purse, in which I tied many knots. When we reached "the Mary L. Cushing" I gave purse and all to the boatman, who only felt it and dropped it into his pocket. I expect that fellow is saying unkind words about me yet for he,

no doubt, thought there was a fifty-cent piece inside.

As I stepped on board the mate came up and said, "Get your old clothes on and come aft here." I went into the fore-castle and there, for the first time, I met my shipmates. There were seventeen Filipinos and three negroes. I was the only white man before the mast, but, nevertheless, I was happy for, in my imagination, I could see a long neck of land stretching out into the sea and back in the hills a new town that the whole world was eagerly watching.

I remember the next morning we were up before daylight. They gave us salt meat, hard bread and black coffee for breakfast. Then with "Ahoy! my lads, the wind blows free," we went chanting around the capstan, lifted the ponderous anchor from its bed, all covered with sea grass and barnacles. The ship slowly drifted to windward. "Aloft, every mother's son of you, and unfurl the 'de gallants,'" sang out the mate.

At Sea.

I will never forget that morning we left Hong Kong; how the monsoon wind came down from the north, when the sails were set and the ropes in the rigging twanged merrily, the great sheet of white canvas bellied out before the breeze, and the man on lookout singing:

"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main
For many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere Jack comes home again."

With the ship leaning half on one side, the foam dancing from her bow, we moved out upon the long voyage over the high seas.

The crew were divided into two watches, the port and the starboard watch. We were on duty four hours and off the same length of time. From four until six and from six until eight were two short watches, called the first and second dog watch; so ran the days and nights away. It seemed one had only time to eat and sleep, but there is music in the wind and at times the tarred ropes seemed to laugh, and they made one forget the hardships, and sometimes, during the second dog watch, we would all gather under the fore-castle head and hear the mate tell stories of the sea.

The Second Mate's Story.

One evening we were all there when he came up, lit his little clay pipe, put the short, black stem in his mouth and said:

"Lads, it was just this kind of a day that I first went to sea, twenty years ago. I ran away from home and shipped on a whaler. I am getting to be an old man now. See! I am as bald as a needon block. Come! touch my left side. Do you feel anything there?" Taking off his jacket, he showed us a long scar running from shoulder to hip. "I got that down in the Java straits," he continued. "I left Liverpool, in April, 1887, as second mate of the bark

'St. Warren.' She was loaded with machinery for Singapore. Everything went well until we rounded the cape, when we ran into a choppy sea. The ship was sailing under full canvas and some had to come off. I sent John Neilson, a big Swede, aloft to furl the main royals. He started, turned back and said '—, if I will do it in this gale.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth before I struck him over the nose with an iron belaying pin. He jumped to the rigging, went up like a monkey, made them fast and came down, swearing by all that was good and holy that before we touched port I would be stowed away in Davy Jones' locker. Off the coast of Java a typhoon struck us. It was just after eight bells, midnight. The port watch had gone below. The sky was as black as the ace of spades. A heavy sea was running and the rain fell in torrents. I had not been on deck twenty minutes when the man on lookout sang out, 'Land to starboard, sirs.' I sprang to the wheel and sent her hard to port. It was too late. There came a dull grinding crash. I ran forward to find her drifting back from a coral reef, while the water ran in a big hole in her bow. 'Man the boats,' thundered the skipper, and, strange to say, Neilson, the cabin boy, and myself were the only ones who launched the forward boat. The others had already gone and taken the water casks with them. The cabin boy ran aft, broke open the steward's room and brought out a case of wine, while I secured some salt meat and ship's bread. We had scarcely left her side when the 'St. Warren' took her final plunge. Morning dawned cold and misty; land was nowhere in sight. We were tired out and thirsty. The next thing I remember was a sharp pain in my left side. Neilson had me down in the bottom of the boat trying to stick a marlin spike between my ribs, and he would have succeeded had not the cabin boy, at that moment, struck him a heavy blow over the head with an empty bottle. Neilson staggered and fell overboard. He sank and never came up again. To make a long story short, we drifted about for twenty days, catching a little rain water and at last made land on the Java coast, where an American ship, seeing our distress signal, came and took us off. When we reached New York we found that we were the only survivors of the ill-fated 'St. Warren.' That cabin boy today is Captain M. of one of the largest White Star liners running between New York and Liverpool."

Malay.

The sixth day out from Hong Kong we sighted land. It was the east shore of Malay, and then we sailed through mysterious waters, into which many a good ship went never to be heard of again, for, during the early part of the last century the notorious East India pirates held complete mastery over these waters and woe to the merchant-man they sighted.

Singapore.

Next we passed Singapore, encircled by a low, dense, impregnable jungle, and