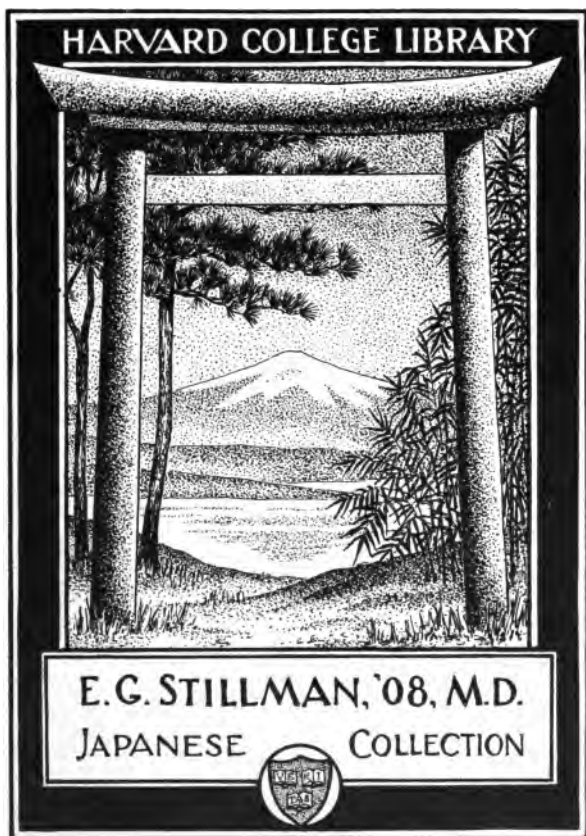




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rr
Jane Stillman

Stillwood Farm

Cornwall - on - Hudson

New York

E. J. Stillman

BY KIRK MUNROE

A SON OF SATSUMA ✓

BRETHREN OF THE COAST

MIDSHIPMAN STUART

IN PIRATE WATERS

WHITE CONQUEROR SERIES

WITH CROCKETT AND BOWIE ✓

THROUGH SWAMP AND GLADE ✓

AT WAR WITH PONTIAC

THE WHITE CONQUERORS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



The capital was plainly discernible from the mastheads.

A SON OF SATSUMA

OR

WITH PERRY IN JAPAN

BY

KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CONQUEROR" SERIES, "IN PIRATE
WATERS," "MIDSHIPMAN STUART," "BRETHREN
OF THE COAST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1922

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TO MY READERS

FROM the close of the War of 1812 until the battle of Manila Bay the United States navy was connected with but two decisive events in Asiatic waters. One was the punishment of Qualla Battoo for its piratical attack upon the American merchantman *Friendship*, and the other was the negotiating of a treaty with Japan by Commodore Perry. In order to bring both of these within the compass of the present story, I have taken a chronological liberty, of which I make this note in order that you may not become confused regarding historical dates.

The *Friendship* was captured and several of her crew were murdered at Qualla Battoo in 1831; while Commodore Perry's ships did not enter the bay of Yedo until 1853.

Although it is quite commonly supposed that the whole policy of the Japanese government was changed immediately upon the signing of the Perry treaty, this was not the case. The revolution by which the Mikado was restored to supreme power, and through which Japan entered upon a career of progress unexampled in history, did not occur until fifteen years later, or in 1868. The Perry treaty was, however, the first impulse toward that memorable uprising;

and that this is fully appreciated in Japan is shown by the fact that on the forty-eighth anniversary of Perry's first landing, the Japanese themselves unveiled a monument to his memory on the very spot. The sentiment of the nation was well voiced upon that occasion by a native orator, who said : —

“The visit of Commodore Perry was, in a word, the turning of the key which opened the doors of the Japanese Empire to friendly intercourse with the United States, and, subsequently, to the nations of Europe on similar terms, and may in truth be regarded as the most memorable event in our annals.”

To me it is a happy coincidence that the concluding chapter of this book was written on that same anniversary, July 14, 1901.

KIRK MUNROE.

**BISCAYNE BAY,
FLORIDA, 1901.**

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A SON OF SATSUMA

CHAPTER I

FARMER DUTTON'S BOUND BOY

"**SUCH** a life is simply hateful, and I can't stand it any longer!" exclaimed Robert Whiting as he finished stripping old Sukey and rose from his milking-stool. "It's nothing but a regular treadmill of work, without a ray of hope for anything better in any direction, and if I don't cut loose from it pretty quick, I never will, that's all. So I've just got to break away somehow, and the minute I see a chance I mean to make the most of it, law or no law."

Robert Whiting, or "Bob White," as he was called by all the boys of his acquaintance, was small for his age; but sturdily built, freckle faced, gray eyed, and his head was thatched with a mop of hair that his youthful comrades insisted was red, though a fond mother would have termed it "auburn." But Bob did not have any fond mother, or father either for that matter, and had not since he could remember. He had been born on board a Yankee ship bound from London to Salem, Massachusetts, and his father was an English clergyman, but beyond that nothing

was discovered concerning his parents. Nor was it known why they had decided to emigrate to America, since both died of ship fever before reaching the land of their hopes, and they had left no record. Thus their infant son was left to the mercies of a world that is sometimes spoken of as cold, and oftener as cruel. Its attitude toward Bob was that of indifference; for while he was not abused, neither was he particularly cared for or loved.

The ship on which he was born, and from which his parents had been buried, finally reached port after a long, disastrous, and heart-breaking passage. In Salem our young orphan was promptly transferred to the county almshouse, where he remained until he was ten years old. Then he was turned over to Farmer Dutton, who lived a few miles out of town, and to whom Bob was legally bound for service until he should become of age. In return for this service, Farmer Dutton agreed to give him board and lodging, furnish him with suitable clothing, and grant him the privileges of a common school education together with the strict religious training of the day, which was the earlier half of the last century.

On the Dutton farm therefore Bob Whiting lived from the time he was ten years old until he was nearly sixteen. He was lodged in a tiny attic chamber that was reached by a ladder from the kitchen, and he was bountifully fed on wholesome food. He was also comfortably though unbecomingly clad in made-

over garments, that while never ragged were always patched, and he was compelled to toil from earliest dawn to latest twilight at tasks coming under the general head of "chores."

Although our lad had been trained to work almost from infancy, he hated chores, more on account of their deadly monotony than anything else. Only on Sunday, the stern, cheerless, uncompromising Sabbath of his puritan environment, did he find the few that must be accomplished, such as the feeding and watering of stock, a blessed relief from the bitter infliction of the catechism with its awful suggestions, deeply hidden meanings, and bewildering phrases. Not only was he made to study this during every leisure moment of the intolerable day, but he was compelled to learn it word by word, and line by line, until the entire contents of its yellow covers had been whipped into, and thus indelibly impressed upon, his memory.

Besides himself the only other occupants of the house were Farmer Dutton and his wife, from both of whom every drop of affection and human kindness seemed long since to have been squeezed. Possibly they had squandered their scant store of such things upon their only son Ezekiel, who had vanished from the scene before Bob's arrival, and was only known to him as "our son now devoted to missionary effort in foreign parts."

The truth was that Zeke Dutton had run away from home, and shipped aboard a schooner chartered

to carry a company of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, since which time nothing had been heard from him. It was to make good the loss of his unpaid labor that Farmer Dutton had secured the equally cheap services of a bound boy, which, owing to Bob's aptness and desire to win the favor of his new master, soon became nearly if not quite as valuable as those of the lamented Ezekiel. Not that Farmer Dutton would acknowledge this. No indeed! He was not one to spoil a boy by injudicious praise however faint. Instead, he took frequent occasion to inform Bob that he was not worth his salt, let alone all the other benefits showered upon him. He also undertook to stimulate the boy's energies by applications of the rod so frequently repeated that finally they ceased to arouse any feeling in Bob's breast save that of bitter resentment. Thus from early spring until late autumn, the boy's life was a weary round of hated toil, varied only by punishments without which it was seldom that a day passed.

In winter, when farm work was slackened by the severity of the weather, there came to him a certain amount of happiness, for then he was allowed to attend school and gather a few crumbs of the world's wisdom for which his soul longed. Bob was a born student and could read and write before he left the almshouse. Since then he had so eagerly absorbed everything in the shape of printed knowl-

edge coming within his reach that before he was sixteen he had learned whatever the village school-master was capable of teaching. At this the boy would have been in despair, but for a happy incident that occurred just about the time he was discovering his teacher's limitations.

A new minister had been settled over the community, and his only child Hetty, a little girl of eleven years, was sent to the village school. Bob had never spoken to her until one day early in March, when a snowstorm of unusual severity swept over that part of New England. For some hours the teacher watched it anxiously. Then he dismissed school and commissioned several of the older boys to escort the younger children to their homes. In this division of responsibility it fell to Bob's lot to guide and protect little Hetty Lee over the mile of storm-swept road lying between the schoolhouse and her home.

For a time they had the company of another couple whose way lay in the same direction as theirs, and the boys walked in front to break a path through the growing drifts, while the two children, hand in hand, followed close behind them. Then came a division of roads that left Bob and his charge to pursue their course alone.

For a short distance the boy, with his head bent low to the blast, trudged sturdily forward, leaving the child to follow as before. Then a plaintive cry

of, "Bob! Bob White! Wait for me!" caused him to look around. Hetty, unable to keep up with him, had fallen some yards to the rear and looked as though ready to cry. At this Bob held out his hand, and the little girl grasped it gratefully.

To have a girl, even one so much younger than he, clinging to his hand and depending upon him for protection, was a decidedly novel sensation to Bob Whiting, though one that he did not find unpleasant. At the same time he was glad none of the other fellows could see him thus walking hand in hand with one of the sex they affected to despise. If they ever learned of it and should laugh at him, he would have to give them something else to think of, that was all. And this would not be an unusual proceeding, since, during each term of his brief school career, Bob had felt himself called upon to fight one or more boys, sometimes because they had spoken of him as a pauper, and again on account of slighting references to his red head. Nor had he always come off victorious in these contests, though the resulting consequences had invariably been the same. On each occasion he had been whipped by his schoolmaster for fighting, and well thrashed at home for having deserved punishment at school.

In spite of these discouragements Bob had always sought to retrieve a defeat by subsequent efforts until in the end victory had generally perched on his banner. In the present instance, therefore, no fellow seeing him



Bob carried her through the next drift.

would dare laugh outright, but he would be sure to tell all the others, and Bob knew that he would become an object of general ridicule. As his face flushed at the thought, there came a shout from one side. Glancing in that direction, his heart sank ; for there was "Skippy" Barstow, the very chap from whom he so recently parted, making a short cut across lots toward them. He evidently had safely disposed of his own charge and proposed to rejoin Bob.

For an instant the latter was tempted to drop the little hand that clasped his so confidently and resume the place "Skippy" had by example pointed out as the proper one when circumstances over which a boy had no control compelled him to walk with a girl. Then the cowardly impulse was indignantly rejected, and with a tighter hold than ever of Hetty's hand, he hurried forward at such a pace that the little girl stumbled and very nearly fell in the effort to keep up with him. At this Bob suddenly bent down, and lifting her in his strong young arms fairly carried her through the next drift.

Even as he performed this gallant act he knew, without looking back, that "Skippy" was perched on the topmost rail of a fence and taking exact note of his every movement. But what did Bob care? Hetty was whispering in his ear, "I think you are awful strong, Bob White"—and for this meed of praise the lad would gladly have repeated the act, even though a hundred boys were sitting on the fence to note and jeer.

CHAPTER II

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS

MRS. LEE was relieved of great anxiety by Hetty's safe return from school under the able protection of Robert Whiting, for she had been very uneasy concerning the child's safety. Her husband had gone early in the day to visit a distant parishioner who lay at the point of death, and ever since the breaking of the storm she had watched for his return that he might go for Hetty. As he did not come, she was about to oppose her own feeble strength to the gale in an effort to find her little daughter when the latter appeared, borne in Bob's arms through the last of the fast-piling drifts.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Hetty, as the door was flung open, "we've had such a time getting home, and I never should have got here if it hadn't been for Bob White; but he's the strongest boy you ever saw."

"Come into the house, quick," cried Mrs. Lee. "Come right in, Robert. Never mind the snow. It was ever so good of you to bring Hetty home. You can have no idea how anxious I have been. You see Mr. Lee is away, and there wasn't a soul to send for her. I had just about decided to go myself."

"It's lucky you didn't try," replied Bob, whose heart was beating happily with the unaccustomed sensation of being praised. "The snow's terrible deep already, and drifting worse'n I ever knew. Seems like it would take your breath, too, and it blinds you so you just have to feel your way along."

"Yes," chimed in Hetty, "it was so deep Bob had to carry me twice, and if he hadn't been so strong, we wouldn't have got here, ever."

"It must be splendid to be strong," sighed Mrs. Lee, as she bent over the wood-box to lift another stick to the fire.

"Let me do that," cried Bob, springing forward. Then, noting that the box was nearly empty, he added, "And if you don't mind, I'll bring in some more."

"I should be ever so much obliged if you would," replied Hetty's mother ; and in another minute Bob was happily engaged in doing the very chores he so hated at home. He fetched wood and water, milked the cow, and fed both her and the fowls. It was so pleasant to be thanked and made much of for rendering these homely services that the boy wished there were other tasks he could perform. As there did not seem to be any, he was about to bid his new-found friends good-by and start for his own cheerless home, when a muffled jangle of sleigh bells announced the return of the minister.

"Has Hetty got home?" he shouted, driving close up to the kitchen door.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lee. "Robert Whiting brought her, and he has been helping me splendidly ever since."

"Good for him!" cried the minister. "I was so anxious that I went round by the schoolhouse to fetch her, only to find it empty and closed. Is this Robert Whiting? Well, my boy, we certainly owe you a debt of gratitude. What! unharness the horse! Well, if you will, for I must confess to being nearly beat out. It is one of the very worst storms I ever encountered."

So Bob took to the stable the faithful old mare, who was nearly as exhausted as her master, rubbed her dry, provided her with ample food, plenty of bedding, and made her in every way as comfortable as a horse could be.

By the time this self-imposed task was completed, the short twilight had nearly faded, the storm was howling with increasing fury, and as Bob turned from the stable door he shivered in anticipation, both of the struggle that must be made to gain the Dutton farm, and the chilling reception that he knew only too well would await his late home-coming.

"I might as well grin and bear it, though," he said aloud, as he knotted his worsted tippet tightly over his cap and ears, "and the sooner the thing is over, the better. I must stop and say good-by, though, or they will think I am spending the night in the stable. How I wish I had a sister like that!"

Of course "they" referred to the Lees, and "that" meant Hetty, though to his own thoughts Bob did not find it necessary to mention names.

He went to the kitchen door and hesitatingly opened it a few inches.

"Come in! Come in!" cried a cheery voice; "we are waiting supper for you."

Bob went in to explain that he ought to be starting for home, but Mr. Lee would not listen to anything of the kind.

"Nonsense!" he said; "I can't allow you to go out in this storm again to-night. It would be as much as your life is worth, and I don't care to take any such responsibility. Besides, I want to get acquainted with you. It isn't every day that I meet a boy so full of pluck and also so willing to assume the burdens of others. So you might as well make up your mind to spend the night with us, and draw that chair up to the table. Even if you are not hungry, we are."

But Bob was hungry, and never in his life had a supper tasted so good. It was his first experience as a guest, and also the very first time he had ever sat down to a meal seasoned with laughter and sprightly conversation. Having decided to stay, he promptly dismissed from his mind all unhappy thoughts, and after the slight embarrassment of his situation wore off he became one of the gayest members of the little group.

After supper he and Hetty played games in the cosey sitting-room, and when it came time for the little girl to go to bed, she kissed her new friend good night as naturally as she did her father and mother.

It was a novel sensation to be kissed; for Bob could not remember that such a thing had ever happened to him before, and it caused him to blush furiously. At the same time it was a very pleasant sensation, and that kiss did more to counteract the hardening process of the boy's heart than anything else that could have happened.

After Hetty had gone upstairs, Mr. Lee entered into conversation with Bob and led him to talk of himself until the latter had unburdened to this sympathetic listener all his troubles, disappointments, and hopes.

"So you want to go to college?" remarked Mr. Lee, meditatively.

"Yes, sir, more than I want anything else."

"And you think you have learned everything the schoolmaster is capable of teaching?"

"It seems like it, though he doesn't say so; but he makes me go back over and over my old lessons, and won't start me on any new ones. I wanted to take up Latin, but he said it would only be a waste of time, because as a bound boy I wouldn't ever have a chance to go to college."

"There I disagree with him, for I believe that whatever a boy sets his heart on and is willing to

work for with all his might he will finally accomplish. Also, it would not be a waste of time to prepare for college, even though you should never get there. How would you like to come and study with me for an hour every morning? ”

“Oh, Mr. Lee !” cried the boy, his face flushing. “I should like it more than I can tell. But wouldn’t my coming bother you too much? ”

“My dear lad,” replied the minister, gently, “I am here to help, so far as lies in my power, every member of this community. I am not at all sure, nor can I be until I discover the sort of scholar you are, but what one of my chief duties is to prepare you for college. I am, however, convinced that I ought to make an effort in that direction.”

“Perhaps Mr. Dutton won’t let me come. He says I don’t earn my salt now.”

“But he permits you to go to school, and surely he could not object to the taking of an hour of your school time for the advancement of your studies. At any rate, if you think well of the plan, lay it before him and let me know what he has to say.”

Although Bob left the minister’s house with earliest daylight, and reached home in plenty of time to do up his morning’s chores before breakfast, his efforts did not mitigate the severity of his reception at the hands of Farmer Dutton. To begin with, he was soundly thrashed for staying out all night, before any question was asked as to why he had

done so. After administering what he considered the amount of punishment called for by the enormity of the offence, the angry man demanded :—

“Where have you been all night, you young rascal?”

“At the minister’s,” muttered Bob, sullenly.

“And what kept you there?”

“Mr. Lee, himself.”

“A pretty thing for him to be meddling with my servants. How came you to be at his house, anyway?”

“The school teacher sent me to see the little Lee girl safe home.”

“He did, did he? Took it upon himself to employ the time that belongs to me? Well, that settles it. I’ve long thought you’d had enough of schooling, and now I know it. Hereafter you’ll let school alone, and spend your whole time here where you belong. We’ll see if you can’t be made to partly repay the expense I’m put to in caring for you. Until now you haven’t earned your salt, as I’ve often said; but from this time on you’ll earn it and something more too, or I’ll know the reason why. For the rest of this day you may shell corn, and see that you don’t shirk a minute of your time either. Now come in to family prayers.”

So poor Bob’s bright but short-lived dream of daily study with the minister was rudely dispelled; for after his reception at home he knew better than even to mention such a thing to his exacting taskmaster.

CHAPTER III

STOLEN LEARNING

NOT until the following Sunday did Bob find an opportunity for meeting the minister and telling him of the edict that had compelled him to give up all thoughts of further study.

"It is too bad," said Mr. Lee, "but perhaps if I spoke to Farmer Dutton on the subject —"

"Oh, no, sir, please don't," interrupted Bob; "I am sure that would only make matters worse. He hasn't taken away my books yet."

"Do you have to work evenings?" asked the minister.

"No, sir. I must always be through with my chores before supper, and after that I can do as I please."

"Then you might come over and study with me two evenings in the week, say Monday and Thursday. Surely Brother Dutton could not object to that!"

"No, sir," hesitated Bob, "I shouldn't think he could."

"Well, you find out; and if he doesn't forbid your coming, I shall look for you to-morrow evening."

Although Bob had not acknowledged it, he was so certain of being forbidden to continue his studies under any condition, that he decided not to mention

the subject at home. On the following evening, therefore, he only did up his chores with extra care, that no fault might be found with him, and the last thing before going in to supper he cautiously raised a ladder to his attic window. Almost as soon as the meal was over he complained of feeling tired and said he guessed he would go upstairs. As no objection was made, he did so, and after walking about his room for a minute as though preparing for bed, he carefully opened the window and slipped down the waiting ladder.

As his cap, tippet, and mittens had been left downstairs, Bob was forced to go without them. He had, however, taken the precaution to wind a towel about his head, turban fashion, and thus arrayed he made his way with all speed to the minister's house. He received a cordial welcome from its inmates, who did not notice that he had come without his cap, for they supposed it to be the object he was stuffing into a pocket when the door was opened.

The minister said how glad he was Bob had been allowed to come, and almost at the same time Hetty shyly expressed her sorrow that he had left school, while Mrs. Lee saved him the necessity of replying to either, by urging him to sit near the fire and get warm. A few minutes later Hetty went upstairs with her mother ; but though she bade Bob good night, she did not offer to kiss him, greatly to his disappointment. This was quickly forgotten, however,

in the interest of his first Latin lesson, which was begun the moment he and the minister were left alone. The study hour passed only too quickly, and then our lad, filled with the happiness of a decisive step toward the realizing of his ambition, hastened homeward. He found the ladder still in position, and had no trouble in regaining his room without discovery.

This was but the first of many evenings spent in the same way, and through them life presented a brighter aspect to our lad than he had deemed possible. Not only did he have his visits to the parsonage to anticipate, but every moment of time that he could spare from his work was spent in preparation for them. So few and far between were the moments that he could give to study during the day, however, that whenever he could obtain a candle he devoted to this pursuit hours of the night that should have been given to sleep. As a consequence he often found it difficult to wake at daybreak, and on several occasions Farmer Dutton was obliged to visit the boy's room and hustle him out of bed long after Bob should have been at work in the barn. This happened so often that finally the man's suspicions were aroused.

"It ain't natural," he said to his wife, "for a boy that goes to bed quick ez supper's over, to want to sleep long after light in the morning, and it looks to me ez though something was wrong."

"Mebbe he's spending his nights somewheres else besides under this roof," suggested Mrs. Dutton.

"Cat's foot, no ! Tain't no ways likely. Where'd he go, and how'd he go, I'd like to know."

"I thought I seen something like a ladder leaning ag'in that side of the house t'other night when I was up with the toothache ; but when I looked in the morning, 'twarn't there."

"Umph !" growled the farmer. "If you'd made sure, we'd had something to go on ; but if there is any ladder business, I'll find it out and then we'll see."

So Farmer Dutton took upon himself the rôle of detective and began to watch his bound boy very closely. As a precaution he took charge of all the tallow dips in the house, and refused to let Bob have one even to go upstairs with.

"I never had a light to go to bed by when I was a boy," he said, "and I can't see ez you need one any more'n I did."

Thus cut off from night study, Bob found great difficulty in preparing his lessons. He dared not take his books downstairs, for fear of being questioned. Nor did he dare to remain downstairs even on the nights when he was not due at the minister's, for to retire as soon as supper on Mondays and Thursdays, while remaining up later on all other evenings, would certainly arouse suspicion. So he continued to retire as early as possible, and on the

evenings when he did not go out he would sit by his window mentally reviewing declensions, conjugations, and such words of the Latin vocabulary as he could recall. Also, to make up for lost study time he began to hurry his work, slighting many things, and leaving undone whatever could be neglected without too great danger of discovery. He also carried his exercises into the fields, and pored over them whenever he was driving a team.

In the meantime, Farmer Dutton laboriously climbed to the boy's room several evenings, after the latter had retired, to see if he were there, and always found him, having fortunately chosen for his spying, nights on which Bob had no reason for being out. Then, one day, the farmer picked up in a furrow that Bob had just ploughed a bit of paper on which was written a Latin exercise. The boy had been studying it as he followed the plough, and thought he had thrust it into a pocket on the appearance of his taskmaster.

Although the latter was unable to decipher the written words, he smiled grimly as he again dropped the paper to the ground, and started after Bob to chide him sharply for driving crooked furrows. While he had discovered that the writing on that paper was in a language of which he had no knowledge, he suspected it to be in Latin, and at once connected it with the minister, who was the only person in that community having command of any

tongue besides English. At any rate he had found a clew that he meant to follow up.

After he had gone from the field, and while Bob was still tingling from the severe reprimand he had just received on account of driving crooked furrows, the latter spied his lost exercise and hastened to recover it.

"I must have dropped it," he said to himself, "and it is a lucky thing old Dutton didn't see it, or I'd have got something worse than a tongue lashing. If he had found it and even guessed what it was, he'd have put an end to my lessons in a jiffy. I've got to be more careful."

That evening after Bob had retired to his attic as usual, Farmer Dutton, bidding his wife to keep on talking as though to him, put on his hat and stepped softly from the house. He reached the side overlooked by Bob's window in time to make out a dark form stealthily descend a ladder, and start off on a run as though in haste to keep an engagement.

Noting the direction Bob had taken, and with a snort of satisfaction, the farmer started to follow him. A little later, as our lad sat with the minister's family in the parsonage, there came a heavy step on the front porch and a loud knock at the door.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, "there's company, and just as I was going to put Hetty to bed. Come, daughter, say good night and let's get upstairs before they see us." So saying, she left the room.

Hetty kissed her father, as he, taking the lamp with him, was departing in an opposite direction to open the front door, and for a minute Bob and Hetty were left alone in the fire-lighted sitting-room.

"Why don't you kiss me good night?" asked our lad, emboldened by the situation. "You did once."

"Because mamma said boys didn't like to be kissed," answered the little girl.

"But I do," urged Bob; "that is, I like to have you kiss me, and no one else has ever offered to."

"Then if you'll promise not to let anybody else, I will."

"Of course I promise," agreed the boy, recklessly, at the same time bending down to the sweet face uplifted to his. A moment later footsteps and voices approached from the front of the house, and Hetty ran laughing from the room. Bob watched her disappear, and then turned to confront the unsympathetic gaze of Farmer Dutton fixed relentlessly upon him.

"As I was just saying, Brother Dutton," remarked the minister, restoring the lamp to its table as he spoke, "I am glad you have stepped over to see how finely Bob is progressing with his Latin, for he seems to me to be doing remarkably well, and I shouldn't be surprised if another year saw him ready for college."

"I should, then," answered the farmer, gruffly; "I

should be greatly surprised if another year saw him fitted to be anything except the farm-hand that I intend to make of him. And I don't thank you, sir, for meddling in my affairs without my knowledge. By enticing this boy to leave his home night after night without permission you have lowered the dignity of your cloth, sir, to say the least. The law has given him to me to bring up as I think best, and I have a right to be consulted concerning his education. Nor do I intend that his head shall be turned by any foolish notion of going to college, as though he were a gentleman instead of the town pauper he is. Now, sir, you may come with me," concluded the irate man, addressing himself to Bob, "and don't you ever dare set foot in this house again."

"But surely, Brother Dutton, you don't mean to say that you have been in ignorance of the fact that Bob was coming to me two evenings in every week for the purpose of study?"

"I do mean to say that very thing."

"Then, Robert, you have deceived me," said the minister sadly to his pupil; "you gave me to understand that you had gained your guardian's permission to come here for study."

"I did not mean to do that, sir. You said I might come if he did not forbid me, and he did not forbid me, for I never asked him. You see I was too anxious for an education to run the risk of his refusing."

"It was deceit all the same, my boy, and deception of any kind is too high a price to pay even for an education," replied the minister, in a tone that poor Bob felt to be much more severe than the case demanded.

CHAPTER IV

IN SALEM TOWN

OUR lad was made so unhappy by the minister's rebuke, and was at the same time so stunned by the suddenness of the blow that had shattered his hopes of gaining an education, that he followed Farmer Dutton from the parsonage without a word. He did not even bid Mr. Lee good night; and though he regretted this afterwards, it was a consolation to remember that his last farewell had been exchanged with Hetty. He did not care what happened now; and though he of course expected to receive a severe thrashing on reaching home, the prospect affected him so little that he hardly gave it a second thought. He could only repeat over and over to himself: "Never go to college. Never know anything. Never be anything but a pauper farm-hand. I'd rather die right here."

Bob was not thrashed on this occasion, but received instead a punishment of infinitely greater severity. Upon reaching home, Farmer Dutton procured a light, a hammer, and some nails, all of which he ordered the boy to carry up to his room, whither he followed. There his first move was to nail up the window, so that it could not be opened. Then

he made Bob collect every book, every scrap of writing, and every pencil in the room, and throw them down through the trap-door leading to the kitchen. "You'll never see them again," he said, and Bob never did.

"Hereafter," continued Farmer Dutton, "so long as you remain in this house, the only book you will be allowed to read is the Bible. It will furnish you a plenty of book learning for the station in life to which you are elected. Any other book found in your possession I shall destroy. I have carried out my part of our contract by providing you with a comfortable home, good clothing, plenty of wholesome food, a sound religious training, and a common school education. Now it remains for you to carry out yours by working for me the best you know how till you come of age, and so striving to repay a part of the expense I am put to on your account. That is what the law demands you shall do, and I will see to it that the law is enforced to the letter. It would be of no use for you to run away, for I could have you traced and imprisoned in any part of the United States. There is only one more thing, and that is from this time on you are not only to refrain from visiting the house of the Rev. Mr. Lee, but you will hold no communication with him or any member of his family. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand what you say."

"Yes, *sir!*" roared Farmer Dutton.

"Yes, sir," muttered Bob.

"I ruther guess I have taught that young cub a lesson he won't forget in a hurry," said the farmer to his wife, after he had returned to the kitchen.

"I'm glad you have," replied Mrs. Dutton; "for if ever there was a boy needed a good settin' down, it's him. I almost wisht you'd sent him packin' back to the place he come from. Boys like him don't never amount to nothing, and they ain't never anything but trials when all's said and done."

But Farmer Dutton had no idea of letting go his hold on this bound boy, for well he knew Bob's worth to him, though nothing could have induced him to admit it. He realized Bob's value more than ever at daybreak, on the following morning, when, lying awake with aching joints, he heard the boy descend from his attic chamber, light a fire in the kitchen, and go out to the barn. It would have caused the stricken man many severe twinges of pain to have done those things that morning, as he was well aware.

All that day Bob went about his allotted tasks lifelessly and with a heavy heart. There was none to sympathize with him, nor even for him to talk with on any topic; for Farmer Dutton, who had sat silent at the breakfast table, did not leave the house that morning, and at noontime Bob found him swathed in flannels, sitting beside the kitchen fireplace. His adventure of the night before had resulted in wet feet and an attack of rheumatism. He was still able

to give his bound boy a number of orders concerning the afternoon work, and his voice, sharpened by pain, sounded more rasping and tyrannical than ever.

So much had been laid on Bob's shoulders during the day that it was after dark before he finished his chores and, rising wearily from the milking-stool gave utterance to the sentiment with which this story opens. When, a little later, he walked slowly into the house, its master was nowhere to be seen, and Mrs. Dutton said his rheumatism had got so bad that she had persuaded him to go to bed. This new trouble had so softened the stern-featured woman that she was almost motherly toward Bob and admitted that it was a comfort to have him around now that the head of the house was prostrate. She even went so far as to say that she didn't know how she could get along without him.

Farmer Dutton was, however, as imperious as ever when, after supper, he called the boy to where he lay, and said : —

“Robert, I want you to sack potatoes to-night and take a wagon load of 'em into the city to-morrow morning. They are to be delivered on board the *Friendship* lying at Rust's wharf. You must get a receipt for them from the cap'n, and I'll collect from the owners afterward. Then you can go round to Doc Conant's and have him put me up a bottle of that rheumatiz medicine the same ez he give me before. Understand?”

"Yes, sir, I understand," replied the lad.

"Soon ez you get it, you come home in a hurry, for I expect to be bad enough by that time to want it powerful."

Bob sacked potatoes that night until so utterly worn out that when he finally tumbled into bed he had no time to consider the situation before falling asleep. He was convinced, however, that his present life was too hard and hateful for further endurance, and this was his first thought on waking in the morning.

He did up his chores and loaded the potatoes into the wagon, a task almost beyond his strength, before breakfast, immediately after which he hitched up the big grays and drove slowly away over the heavy roads toward Salem. On reaching the city a few hours later, Bob had no trouble in finding the *Friendship*, which lay at the end of a pier, deeply laden, and evidently nearly ready for a long voyage.

Although born at sea, our lad had never boarded a ship, nor even been on the water in any kind of a craft, since the first eventful voyage of his life. In consequence, he was about as ignorant concerning maritime matters as any young hayseed that ever lived. At the same time he was immensely interested in the busy scene of which he now formed a part, and thought longingly how fine it must be to go sailing away into the great world on such a craft as the *Friendship*.

He had ample time to look at her, for his wagon was so hemmed in by a jam of carts and trucks, all delivering cargo to the ship, that he could only move ahead at intervals a few yards at a time. As the gray team started up for one of these forward movements, a youth of about Bob's age, clad in sailor costume and evidently just come from the ship, darted from beneath them, calling out : —

"Mind your helm, Freckle-face, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

"Look out yourself," laughed Bob, good-naturedly. "Don't you know any better than to crawl under the bellies of a team of horses?"

"No, I don't," retorted the other. "How could I tell you were going to get 'em under way?"

"Well, you'd better not try it again. But say, where'll I find the captain of that ship?"

"Up to the Custom House perhaps, or maybe he's gone to Boston. I don't know."

"Who'll receive these potatoes, then, and give me a receipt for 'em?"

"Mr. Barry's the only officer on board just now."

"Will I have to go up on top of the ship to find him?"

"'Specs you will, honey, for I don't believe he'd come down here, even if you whistled for him. You might try, though."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Bob, as he noted the quizzical look on the other's face. "If you haven't

got anything better than that to do, you might as well stay here and watch my team while I go and hunt Mr. Barry."

"Certainly," agreed the other; "I'd just as soon."

"All right, get up here, then, and I'll be back inside of five minutes."

So Bob, thinking to save time, jumped down from his seat and made for the ship, while the young sailor scrambled actively into the place thus vacated.

If our lad had been bewildered by the scene on the wharf, he was infinitely more so by that presented on the ship's deck. Men were running in every direction, bales, casks, and boxes were being hoisted, lowered, or swung through the air, voices were bawling an unintelligible medley of words, pigs squealed, fowls squawked, winches clanked, and blocks creaked. Finally, in reply to Bob's oft-repeated question as to where he should find Mr. Barry, some one told him to look in the forecastle, and not knowing one end of the ship from the other, he headed straight for the cabin. There, second mate John Barry was so busy looking over a pile of invoices, that he listened to what the intruder had to say without looking up, and then told him he didn't know anything about his potatoes. That was an affair for the receiving clerk on the wharf.

So Bob, after an admiring survey of the comfortably furnished cabin, betook himself again to the wharf, where he finally discovered the receiving

clerk and succeeded in transacting his business. When the potatoes were unloaded and he was ready to drive away, the sailor lad, who had just returned after being absent for a few minutes on an errand of his own, said : —

“I’ll ride with you a bit if you don’t mind, seeing as I’m on leave for the rest of the day.”

“I’ll be glad to have you,” replied Bob, and thus it happened that the two new acquaintances drove away together in the direction of the place where Farmer Dutton’s rheumatism medicine was to be procured. To Bob’s dismay the doctor was absent and might not be back for two hours.

“Let’s drive around town,” suggested the sailor lad, “till he comes back.”

“All right,” agreed Bob. “I don’t mind driving about for a while, but we mustn’t go too far, or the horses’ll get tired. Besides, they’ve got to be fed.”

“Why, so have we,” said the sailor, as though struck by a happy thought.

“I’ve got a lunch of crackers and cheese,” intimated Bob, “and we can eat it while the horses are feeding.”

“Oh, hang such chuck on shore !” exclaimed the other. “Let’s go to a tavern and have a regular tuck-out. I’m primed for the shot, and will be glad to stand treat in return for your taking me on this bit of a land cruise.”

Thus it came about that half an hour later Bob sat down, for the first time in his life, to a tavern dinner in company of a talkative young sailor who was so much of a stranger that he did not even know his name.

CHAPTER V

THE SON OF A BLACK BALL SKIPPER

JOHN STICKNEY CLARK, generally called by his second name, was the only son of Captain Rufus Clark, well known to the maritime world and travelling public as the popular commander of a Black Ball packet ship plying between New York and Liverpool. As Mrs. Clark always accompanied her husband to sea, and made her home on board whatever vessel he happened to command, it happened that their son Stickney was, like our Bob, born on the ocean midway between ports. Here, however, the coincidence of their lives ended, for Stickney's parents were still living, and he, having been brought up at sea, knew little more of the land and its ways than a young porpoise.

Of country life he was absolutely ignorant so far as experience went ; for though he had been ashore in half the seaports of the world, his explorations had rarely extended beyond their corporate limits. Thus all his knowledge of the country had been acquired from such glimpses of rural scenery as he had caught while sailing in and out of harbors or up and down the estuaries of tidal rivers. To the ocean-born boy these fleeting visions of green fields,

shadowy woodlands, and nestling farmhouses had been as scenes from a fairyland that he longed to explore. He imagined that persons fortunate enough to dwell amid such surroundings must be the happiest in the world, and this belief was strengthened by the homesick tales of such runaway farmer lads as he had met on shipboard.

Stickney had been given a fair education by his mother, and had been compelled to serve before the mast by his father, until at sixteen he was an A No. 1 sailor. He was also familiar with the principles of navigation, though he had never taken kindly to serious study. Nor did he display the ambition to rise in the profession chosen for him that his father was anxious to observe. Finally, Captain Clark decided that his son would do better in some ship other than his own, and, in casting about for a skipper to whom he could intrust the boy, he heard that his old friend and shipmate Endicott was in port, loading the *Friendship* for a voyage around the world. Upon this he wrote to Captain Endicott, and besought him for the sake of old times to give Stickney a berth and make a man of him.

To this letter Captain Endicott replied that he should be only too happy to have a son of Rufus Clark form one of his ship's company. "I shall put him forward to begin with," he wrote; "but if he proves half as good a seaman as you say, I shall fetch him aft as third mate before we are off sound-

ings. Anyhow, send him along, and he shall have as good a chance as if he were my own son."

Thus it happened that Stickney Clark, coming on from New York in a coasting schooner, reached Salem on the very morning that saw Bob Whiting driving into the same town with a load of potatoes. Stickney went aboard the *Friendship*, and finding that the captain was on shore, had tossed his dunnage into a forecastle bunk, and decided to go in search of him. During the few minutes that he remained on board he did not make himself known to any one, and he had just left the ship for a visit to the owner's office when he encountered Bob Whiting with his load of potatoes. After holding the horses until Bob's return from the ship, Stickney ran up to the office, where, not finding Captain Endicott, he left his note of introduction, and hurried back, determined to have a run ashore in company with his new acquaintance.

When the two lads thus accidentally thrown into companionship had agreed to dine together, secured a table in the tavern dining-room, and ordered their meal, they naturally fell into a conversation that began with an exchange of names. Then each told the other how he happened to be in Salem that day.

"My!" exclaimed Bob, "it must be fine to be a sailor and go from one part of the world to another, seeing new places and people, and —"

"It isn't half so fine as this dinner," interrupted

Stickney, who was already busily eating. "So far as I am concerned I would rather lay in one square meal like this than to sail the five oceans."

"This?" queried Bob, scornfully; "why, this isn't anything extra. It isn't one bit better than what we have out at the farm every day in the week."

"Every day in the week!" cried Stickney, suspending operations to stare in amazement at his companion. "Do you mean to say that you always sit down to fresh meat, half a dozen kinds of vegetables, soft bread with butter, pickles, coffee with cream in it, a pitcher of milk, and *pie*?"

"Of course we do," replied Bob; "only sometimes it's chicken or fish instead of meat, and pudding instead of pie; but we always have as much as this, and plenty of other things besides."

"Such as what?"

"Oh, waffles or griddle cakes with maple syrup, and eggs, and sausages, and berries, and doughnuts, and —"

"Stow it!" interrupted Stickney, "I don't want to hear any more. It just makes me hate to think of the chuck I've eaten all my life. But what makes them feed you like that?"

"Why, that's the way all the folks live where I come from. I suppose we are obliged to eat a good many different things, and plenty of 'em, to give us strength for the hard work we have to do."

"Are you at work to-day?"

"Yes ; why not ? Bringing a load of potatoes into town is no easy job, I can tell you."

"It looks to me as though the horses brought 'em in," remarked Stickney. "But what other kinds of hard work do you have to do ?"

"Well, ploughing, for instance," replied Bob, mentioning one of the tasks he most disliked.

"What makes that so hard ? Do you have to pull the plough ?"

"Of course not. Horses pull the plough, but I have to hang on to the handles and follow it."

"Umph," sniffed Stickney, "sounds like sailing a dingey-wallah, where it doesn't make any difference whether you're asleep or awake. But what other kinds of hard work do you have to do ?"

"Oh, chores such as milking, feeding the stock, riding to water, splitting wood, hunting eggs, weeding the garden, and all sorts of things."

"Sounds like a picnic," murmured the sailor lad. "And you say you always get three bang-up meals like this every day ?"

"Certainly we do."

"Do you have to stand night watches ?"

"How's that ?"

"I mean, what do you do at night ?"

"Go to sleep, of course. Nobody works after dark."

"Oh, don't they ? How about storms ? I suppose you have to do double duty on deck while they last."

"If you mean work outside on stormy days, not much; but there's always corn to husk, or harness to mend, or something like that to be done."

"But you work where it is warm and dry, don't you?"

"Certainly. You didn't suppose we'd stay out in the wet, did you?"

"Oh, I didn't know. Some folks have to. Sailors, for instance. But tell me, are there any other boys where you live?"

"Yes, plenty of 'em. Not in the same house, but on all the other farms."

"And girls?" asked Stickney, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes," answered Bob, with a vision of Hetty flitting across his mind.

"Do the boys ever speak to them?"

"I should say they did, whenever they meet 'em, and they keep meeting them all the time too."

"I wonder what I should say?" meditated the sailor lad. "Do you know, I hardly ever spoke to a girl in all my life? That is, a white girl, I mean. Of course I've chinned with brown and black and yellow girls in the Sandwich Islands, the West Indies, China, and such out-of-the-way places, but they don't count."

"And I never even saw any but white girls," said Bob, regretfully. "The other kinds must be awfully interesting."

"Oh, I don't know. You see as they generally

can't understand what you say to them, any more than you can what they say to you, it isn't so very much fun to talk with 'em. If they even talked pidgin it would be some help, but only the men learn that."

"What's pidgin?" asked Bob, who had never before heard the word.

"Trade talk," answered Stickney, a little contemptuous of an ignorance that had never heard of pidgin. "It's made up of a dozen languages and English baby talk, all mixed together like lobsouse."

"I should think it would be the hardest kind to learn."

"No, it's easy enough when you once get the hang of it."

"Did you ever see a whale or a shark?" asked Bob, feeling that he must make the most of this opportunity for acquiring useful information.

"Of course," replied the other, scornfully; "hundreds of both of them, and I've seen sea-cows, which are much rarer."

"Sea-cows?" repeated Bob, incredulously. "I didn't know there were cows in the sea."

"Well, there are, then, and not only sea-cows, but sea-horses, and sea-lions, and sea-bears, and almost every other kind of a beast, just the same as you have land-sharks and —"

"I never heard of them," interrupted Bob. "What do you mean by a land-shark?"

"Why, he's a kind of a land pirate who lives in port and skins sailors."

"That's another thing," exclaimed Bob, abruptly dropping the question of sharks. "Did you ever meet a pirate?"

"Yes, I've met 'em in China, only their heads had been cut off, and I've seen hundreds of 'em among the pepper islands, where every man jack of the natives is a pirate whenever he gets a chance."

"Where are the pepper islands?" inquired Bob, at the same time casting a glance at the cruet-stand in the middle of the table.

"Why, in the South Seas, — Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes, and all such Malay places."

"Have you been 'way off there?" asked Bob, in an awestricken tone.

"Yes, and expect to go again, for that's where the *Friendship* is bound."

"Have you been to China?"

"Yes, twice."

"And Japan?"

"Oh, no; white men never go there."

"Why not?"

"Because all Japanese ports are closed to foreigners. Why, the Japs are worse than pirates, and kill everybody who has the hard luck to be wrecked on their coasts. China used to be the same way, you know, only England made them open up some of their ports a few years ago."

"Why doesn't she open Japan too?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she will some day, or perhaps we will. It would be a great place for American whalers to make a harbor now and then."

"How I should love to be there when it happens," cried Bob, his eyes shining with enthusiasm. "And to think that perhaps you will go within sight of those coasts on this very voyage! Why, Stickney, I'd rather be a sailor with the chance you've got than anything else in all the world."

"While I was just thinking," replied the other, "what a fine life a farmer's must be, and how I'd like to change places with you."

At this startling suggestion Bob gazed at his companion for a full half minute without speaking.

CHAPTER VI

A SAILOR LAD ON A FARM

"Yes," said Stickney, finally breaking the silence during which both lads had been rapidly considering the situation. "I'm game to do it if you are."

"What?" asked Bob, who, while he believed he knew, wanted an assurance in words.

"The thing you are thinking of."

"I was wondering if it would be possible for us to change places."

"Yes, I know, and I don't see why not. You take a voyage on the *Friendship* in my place, and I try farming in yours until your return. Then, if we want to change back, we can. It's all simple enough."

"I'm not so sure of that," objected Bob; "you'd have an awful time with old man Dutton."

"No worse than you'd have with old man Endicott, and I'm willing to risk it if you are."

"Besides, you don't know anything about farm work."

"I expect I know as much and possibly more about it than you do of sailing."

"Perhaps you do," admitted Bob. "Anyway, old Dutton's got to have some one to help about the place, especially now that he's laid up with rheumatism. So

he couldn't turn you off before you'd had a chance to show what you were good for."

"No more could Cap'n Endicott get rid of you if you only managed to lie low until the ship was well outside, and had dropped her pilot. You'd be in for the whole voyage then, sure enough, and I believe it's a year's cruise around the world."

Bob's heart beat fast and his eyes sparkled. "I'll do it if you will," he said.

"Of course I will. I meant it from the very beginning. So shake hands and we'll call it a go."

An earnest discussion as to ways and means followed the agreement thus impulsively made, and it was finally decided that Stickney should start at once for the Dutton farm, toward which Bob would also ride a short distance so as to put him on the right road.

"After that," said Bob, "the horses will go straight home without stopping until they reach the barn door. Then all you've got to do is unhitch 'em, let 'em walk inside, and they'll go to their own stalls, quick as you've stripped off their harness. By that time it's more than likely Mrs. Dutton will be out after the old man's medicine, which, by the way, we must go and get right off. Of course you'll know what is best to do then; but if I were in your place, I think I'd manage to stay out in the barn till morning."

Settling for their dinner and leaving the tavern, the

boys first went to Dr. Conant's, where they obtained the required medicine, and then they drove to the outskirts of the town, where Bob proposed to bid his fellow-conspirator farewell.

"Before you let go," said the latter, "I wish you'd show me how to cast loose the running rigging and strip ship."

"How?" asked Bob, in a puzzled tone. "Oh, you mean how to unhitch, and get the harness off. That's easy enough. Look."

With this the young farmer deftly performed the various operations in question, while the sailor lad watched closely his every movement.

"I may be able to fetch it," he said, with a sigh, "but it looks dubious. I wonder if you'll find learning the fife-rail half as hard. Anyway, I've got a knife and can always cut away if things get too complicated."

Before separating, the lads exchanged clothing, and each transferred to the other all rights and title in whatever property he was leaving behind.

"I think you'd best make a sneak on board soon after dark, say about one bell," advised Stickney, "and turn into the first forecastle bunk you find empty. Then lie low and make believe be sick, or drunk, or anything you like, just as long as you can. You've got to do it at any rate till all chance of communication with shore is cut off. As soon as it grows light, though, or the first chance you get, you

want to hunt round and find my dunnage, which, of course, will be yours from that time on. You can't miss it, for it's in a new canvas bag with my name on in black letters. It's a pretty good outfit, if I do say so."

"I'm afraid you won't think mine is," remarked Bob, "but you are welcome to anything you can make use of. I've got a colt, though, all my own, that you can have. She's a yearling sorrel with a white star, and her name is 'Hetty,' only no one knows it but she and I. You'll find her running with the other colts, but she'll come if you call her by name. You must be sure and have something sweet for her, though, or else she won't ever trust you again. Now it's pretty near sundown and you ought to be off. So, good by."

"Good by, Bob. Luck go with you. Be sure and keep on the right side of the doctor, and don't fail to get on board about the end of the second dog watch. Good by! Cast loose! Start sheets, and off we go."

Robert Whiting, with mixed feelings of triumph and homesickness, joy and anxiety, watched the retreating shape of the heavy farm wagon until it was lost amid the shadows of the setting sun. Then he turned and walked slowly back into the city.

A few hours later, Stickney Clark was aroused from a light slumber, into which he had been lulled by the slow jolting of the wagon and the monoto-

nous hoof-beats of the unguided horses, by the sudden interruption of both. He had barely opened his eyes when he was startled by a shrill voice close at hand, exclaiming : —

“So you got back at last, you loitering young good-for-nothing ! A pretty time of night, isn’t it, when you ought to have been here a good hour before sundown ? And your poor master tormented with pain till he’s like to die, all for want of the medicine you was sent to fetch. Where is it ? Hand it out here, and the receipt for the potatoes that’s been a-worrying him as much as anything else. Then you may stay in the barn or where you like, for all I care, since into the house you don’t come this night. Oh, you’ll be a sorry lad before Mr. Dutton gets through with you !”

With this the voice ceased, and Mrs. Dutton, taking with her the things Stickney had mechanically placed in her hand, disappeared in the darkness. She had been watching and waiting for hours in a fidget of anxiety, until her vigil was ended by sounds of the home-coming wagon. As the lad on the covered seat had not spoken, she did not for a moment suspect him to be other than the bound boy whose place he had assumed, and so his secret was safe for the present.

He managed to unhitch the horses and then to open the barn door, whereupon, with jingling harness, which to save him he could not remember how

to remove, they hastened inside. For a moment Stickney hesitated. He knew vaguely that much more ought to be done, but had no idea of how to set about it in utter darkness, and amid totally strange surroundings. Finally he gave it up, secured the horses where they were by shutting the barn door, and regaining the hooded wagon seat, composed himself to sleep as comfortably as though in a forecastle bunk of his father's ship.

When next the sailor lad was awakened, it was by such a babel of sounds that for a moment he imagined the ship to be in some dire peril, with all hands summoned on deck. Rolling off the wagon seat, he rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The sun was just rising, and from all sides came the vociferous complainings of hungry animals. Pigs were squealing, cattle lowing, sheep bleating, geese squawking, and roosters crowing. From inside the barn came a tremendous banging and thumping that sounded as though the building itself were being demolished. Cautiously opening the door, Stickney glanced inside.

One horse was down on the floor, tangled in his harness, and making furious efforts to regain his feet. The other was sympathetically kicking with such energy against a stout half door on the opposite side of the barn that it was already sagging from hinge and fastening. Stickney left the front door open as he entered, and as soon as the kicker discov-

ered this he bolted through it toward the freedom thus offered. But the lad had no time to follow, since it was evident that his whole attention must be devoted to the struggling animal left behind.

The floor was littered with wreckage of every description, — farm implements, tools, cans, buckets, and a score of other things that the hungry horses had thrown down during their nocturnal search for food. From the raffle Stickney picked up a rope, made a running bowline, and deftly cast it over a hoof that was thrashing the air like an erratic piston. Another was caught in the bight, and then the two were drawn immovably together. A third leg was helplessly entangled in the harness, while the fourth was so doubled under the prostrate animal that it could not be moved. With affairs in this satisfactory shape, Stickney, aided by his ever-ready sheath knife, proceeded to clear away the tangle of harness and rope.

So dexterous were his movements that within half a minute the horse had regained his feet. As he did so, Stickney slipped another bit of rope over his head, and was about to make him fast, when with a squealing rush a score of hogs poured through the shattered rear door, scampered across the barn floor, and out at the front. The terrified horse broke from Stickney's hold, and also tore out of the barn, with the lad in hot pursuit. To crown all, one of the escaping swine, in struggling under a gate,

lifted it from its hinges, and in another moment a dozen panic-stricken cows, thus suddenly liberated, poured from their enclosure to join in the mad rampage of animals.

As Stickney raced past the farmhouse with a vague hope of heading them off, he caught sight of a woman brandishing a saucepan, and a man with a night-cap on his head running excitedly out of the back door, but he did not stop to introduce himself. He would not have paused just then to shake hands with a President; for he felt that his whole future as a farmer depended upon bringing back these runaway animals. So he sped on, intent only upon that one thing.

It was a day long to be recalled in the annals of that quiet countryside; for not only did Stickney's chase involve, before it was ended, nearly every man and boy of the community, but half the four-footed animals as well. First the dogs began to join him, then boys riding horses to water, and sturdy young ploughmen on their way to the fields. As the pursuit swept past farmhouses, their inmates sprang from newly set breakfast tables to join in the ever-growing tumult. Then other horses began to run away, while meek-looking cattle moving leisurely toward field or pasture would suddenly lower their heads, uplift their tails, and, with loud bellowsings, join in the mad race.

All day the excitement lasted, while the chase,

ever receiving fresh accession of both pursuers and pursued, swept on, through highway, cross-road, and lane, until finally, as the evening shadows were again gathering, Stickney Clark rode proudly back to the Dutton homestead on one of the wearied gray horses, leading the other, and driving before him a bunch of spiritless and exhausted cows. With him rode an admiring group of boys whom he had picked up during the exciting day, and won by his natural leadership to a loyal devotion.

“Wall, I’ll be jiggered !” exclaimed Farmer Dutton as, with his rheumatism completely forgotten, and a whip in his hand, he strode wrathfully forth to meet his delinquent bound boy, only to come face to face with Stickney, dressed in Bob Whiting’s clothes.

CHAPTER VII

STICKNEY MAKES HIMSELF "SOLID"

"WHO be you?" demanded Farmer Dutton. "What do you mean by racing my stock all over the country? Where'd you get them clothes? What's your name, anyway?"

"Yes," added Mrs. Dutton, who had followed her husband into the yard, "and where's Bob Whiting? What have you done with him?"

"I haven't done a thing with him, or to him, I assure you, madam," answered Stickney, politely. "But I have every reason to believe that he has departed from the happy life he led here, let us hope for a better one."

"For the land's sake! You don't mean he's dead!" cried the woman.

"Madam, I didn't say so, and I am by no means certain that he is dead," replied Stickney, gravely; "but, believing that he would have no further use for these clothes, he bequeathed them to me. So I am now wearing them in memory of our friendship. But excuse me, madam, if I make bold to say that your son Zeke is the living image of his mother."

"Ezekiel! My son, Ezekiel Dutton! Where

is he, and what do you know about him?" cried the old man, in a state of high excitement. "Speak quick, boy, before I make ye," he added, taking a forward step and raising his whip threateningly.

"Cap'n," remarked Stickney, calmly, "I should hate to have our acquaintance begin with hard feelings. Neither should I wish to disappoint your very natural desire for information concerning your son. But if you do not immediately lower that cat and assume a less warlike attitude, I shall be compelled to go away, carrying with me whatever knowledge I may possess of both your son and the young man who recently acted as your assistant in the management of this estate."

Thoroughly bewildered by this flow of words, Farmer Dutton mechanically dropped his whip, whereupon Stickney continued:—

"I am glad to see, sir, that you are not as unreasonable as some people claim you to be, and that you still retain some sense of what is fitting in your intercourse with a gentleman."

"Tell me about Zeke," growled the old man.

"Not now or here, Farmer Dutton," answered Stickney, soothingly; "this is neither the time nor the place for prolonged conversation. These poor, tired animals have a claim to our consideration, and besides, I myself am too hungry to talk. So let us first listen to the call of humanity and then have supper, after which whatever information I

may possess regarding certain persons shall be at your disposal."

"Give in jest this once, father," whispered Mrs. Dutton, laying a restraining hand on her husband's arm. "Get all his news out of him as easy as you can, and after that deal with the young rascal as he deserves."

For a wonder Farmer Dutton accepted this sensible advice, and swallowing hard as he went, turned away to attend to his cattle. Upon this, Stickney, waving a hand to his followers, who had listened with open-mouthed curiosity to all that had passed between him and the farmer, said : —

"Good night, fellows ; I am very much obliged for your help and am pleased to have made your acquaintance. Come and see me here whenever you can. You will always be welcome. Good night."

"The brass !" murmured Mrs. Dutton. "Come and see him here, indeed. They'll never see him here again, not if I can help it."

So saying, the irate woman turned into the house, while Stickney followed Farmer Dutton to help him with the stock. Although he did not speak to the old man, he watched his movements so closely that when the tasks of housing, watering, and feeding were completed, he felt that he could repeat them without a mistake. He also took note of the wood-pile ; and when, a little later, he followed the silent

farmer into the house, he cast such a searchingly comprehensive glance about the kitchen, that he had located nearly every object in it, before the trio sat down to their waiting supper. Eating with a keen appetite, but at the same time with a discriminating taste, Stickney realized that Bob had not spoken too highly of the food set forth by Mistress Dutton.

Both the farmer and his wife finished their supper long before he felt that he had made up for the lost opportunities of the day, and they watched his efforts to do this with a grim silence that would have proved disconcerting to a less self-possessed young man. But Stickney only smiled contentedly at them, and even disposed of one more piece of pie than he felt was quite necessary, just to make certain of having enough.

When it was at last evident that he could eat no more, Farmer Dutton pushed his chair back from the table and broke silence by saying : —

“Well, young man, with your hunger finally satisfied, perhaps your tongue is sufficiently loosened to answer the questions I asked you a while back. To begin with, what’s your name?”

“That was the last of your questions, sir,” protested the lad.

“No matter. Answer it.”

“Very good, sir. It is John Stickney.”

“Well, John Stickney, where’d you come from?”

“New York, sir.”

"And what are you doing here?"

"Working for you, sir."

"Oh, you be? Suppose you think you have been working for me all day, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Only I hope all your work won't be so hard as the sample I have tried."

"What in thunderation did you go racing my stock all over the country for, anyway?"

"Trying to catch 'em, sir, and bring 'em back. Didn't know as you'd care to have them wandering so far from home, especially at night."

"Umph! Where'd you get Robert Whiting's clothes?"

"He gave them to me, sir, in exchange for mine."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. You see we both thought mine would suit him better on shipboard, while —"

"Shipboard!" echoed Mrs. Dutton. "Do you mean to say that ungrateful young wretch has run away to sea?"

"Oh, no, madam. Nothing of the kind. He never for a moment thought of running away. We merely exchanged berths — that's all. He has taken mine aboard the *Friendship*, while I have taken his here."

"The mischief you have!" ejaculated Farmer Dutton. "And how'd you know I'd consent to the exchange?"

"We didn't think you could help yourself, sir."

"Why? Has the *Friendship* sailed?"

"I hope so, sir. She was to have dropped down with the tide last night."

"And what's to hinder me from kicking you out of my house this minute, and bidding you never to come near it again?"

"Several things, sir. Since Bob has decided to take up with another trade and has gone beyond your reach, it is necessary that you have some one in his place, and here I am ready to step right into his shoes; that is, if they fit."

"A nice lot of help you'd be," growled the farmer; "especially if this day's work is a fair sample of what you can do."

"Yes, sir. Thank you," replied Stickney, as though he had been complimented. "I believe I shall make a first-class farmer in a very short time, for I have always been considered handy at picking up new tricks. There is, however, still another reason why you should keep me. If you should not, I might tell elsewhere what I know about your son."

"What do you know about him?" asked the farmer, sharply. "Nothing but what is good, I'll warrant."

"I know that he is or was a South Sea pirate," replied Stickney, slowly.

"That's a lie," thundered Farmer Dutton; "my son Ezekiel is engaged in missionary work."

"I heard that his craft was a missionary schooner before he headed the conspiracy that captured her. Then he became El Pavura the pirate, and when I saw him he was about to be tried for his life in Macao. One of my shipmates told me his real name which I have remembered because it was such a funny one—sounds like 'button,' you know; so when Bob Whiting mentioned that your name was Dutton I asked him if you had a son. He said yes and that his name was Ezekiel, only you didn't know where he was, because he ran away to sea and shipped on a missionary schooner some years ago. Then, of course, I put two and two together, and when I caught sight of the Madam here I knew I was right, for El Pavura is a good-looking scoundrel and the living image of his mother."

"But you said he was on trial for his life," gasped the woman, whose face had gone deathly pale, and whose voice was but little more than a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, no, madam, I said he was about to be tried, but the trial never came off, for he got away. How he managed was never made public, but it is supposed that he bribed his jailers with a fortune, for he had plenty of money. Anyhow, he got safe off and hasn't been caught again since, that I know of."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Dutton, with the color returning to her face. "And you say he was looking well?"

"Fine, and dressed like a prince, till you couldn't hardly bear to look at him for the flash of his jewels and gold chains."

"Father," said Mrs. Dutton, "I guess we'll let this young man have Zeke's room. It'll be a heap handier for me to do up than the other one."

"Umph!" growled Farmer Dutton; "I suppose he'll have to stay ez long ez the notion suits him. It'll be a heap of trouble breaking him in to the work, though."

"Yes, sir, I know it will," remarked Stickney, "and for that reason I didn't mean to ask any wages for the first week or so, until I got the hang of things, you understand."

"Wages!" shouted the farmer. "Who said anything about wages? What wages did you expect to get outside of your keep and clothing?"

"About ten a month to begin with," replied Stickney, coolly. "That's what I've been getting for some time at sea, and it is little enough to keep me decently dressed."

"But we agree to furnish clothes," said Mrs. Dutton.

"Such as these I have on?" asked Stickney, indicating the patched and ill-fitting garments that had recently belonged to Bob Whiting.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dutton, confidently, for she was rather proud of that suit, it having been poor Bob's best.

"Well," said Stickney, "things like these may do to work in, but I shall want something very different when I go out in company."

"Go out in company!" cried Farmer Dutton, as though not quite sure that he had heard aright. "What kind of company do you expect to go into? President's receptions?"

"No," laughed the lad. "At least, not yet. For the present I shall be satisfied with huskings, singing-schools, spelling-matches, house-warmings, quilting-bees, picnics, and occasional dances. You see I've heard of all these things, and one reason for coming ashore was to find out what they are like."

"Young man," remarked Farmer Dutton, severely, "my help has always been permitted to enjoy religious services, including Tuesday and Friday evening prayer-meetings, but never any of the other frivolities you have mentioned. Ez for dances, I'd rather see a son of mine —"

"A pirate," suggested Stickney.

"There, there, father," broke in Mrs. Dutton. "Mebbe we've been a mite too strict. This young man is a good lad, I'm sure, and 'll do what is proper, even if we do let up on rules a little. Besides, we must remember our own dear son, and that it's our duty to protect his good name among the neighbors."

"I very carelessly dropped a hint to-day of having once met your son," confessed Stickney, "but I said nothing of the circumstances. Now, therefore, it is

rather important that I should know how to reply when questioned concerning him. Shall I speak of him as a — ? ”

“ Man of affairs, inclined to missionary effort,” said Mrs. Dutton, quickly.

“ Thank you, madam ; I’ll be sure to get up and light the fire for you in the morning.”

CHAPTER VIII

BOB CHOOSES A CABIN

WITH Stickney Clark, or John Stickney, as he was now called, thus established as an inmate of the Dutton farmhouse, we may safely leave him for a time, and follow the fortunes of his fellow-conspirator, Bob Whiting, who, when last seen, was walking meditatively back into the town of Salem.

"He's a mighty nice sort of a chap," thought Bob, referring to Stickney, "and he seems pretty well able to take care of himself, too. He isn't acquainted with Farmer Dutton, though, and he'll run across a tough old root that won't give way in a hurry, there. Shouldn't wonder if they send him packing soon as they find out that he don't know a thing about farming. Wish I could be there to see what'll happen. It's sure to be a circus of some kind. I'd sooner be here, though, or rather on board the *Friendship*. Queer that he should say first off for me to get aboard soon after sundown, and directly afterwards advise me to wait till one bell, which I suppose is his way for saying one o'clock. I should think about half-past eight would be a good deal nearer the mark. That was a funny thing, too, about the end of a second watch dog. I didn't know they had watch dogs

aboard a ship. Come to think of it, though, I have heard of old sea-dogs. Perhaps he meant one of them, only I don't exactly see the sense. Well" — with a sigh — "I suppose I've got a lot to learn. No more'n he has, though."

While thus thinking, Bob made his way across the city to the vicinity of the ship on which he proposed to sail. As it was still too light for his purpose, he loitered about the neighborhood, taking care not to attract attention from any of the *Friendship's* people. From a secluded point of observation he gazed admiringly at her towering masts with their crossed yards and bewildering intricacy of rigging all vaguely outlined against the darkening sky. In fancy he already saw them rising from a background of stately palms, slender pagodas, and gleaming temples. He could almost hear the tinkle of mosque bells, and the booming of Pacific breakers on beaches of snow-white coral. The perfume of spices was in his nostrils, and his heart beat quickly with the thought that in a short time all these things would be for him substantial realities instead of elusive visions.

From this dreaming our lad was awakened by the consciousness of a new note amid the sounds of preparation that came from the *Friendship's* deck. A small boat putting out from her side had carried one end of the longest rope he had ever seen to a distant mooring buoy well out in the stream, where it was made fast. At the same time, the heavy lines by

which the ship was held to the wharf were being cast off one after another. Even to Bob's ignorance it was plain that she was about to make a move of some kind, and for a moment he was in a most unhappy state of indecision. Should he go on board while she still lay at the wharf, with a good prospect of being detected and ignominiously driven ashore, or should he wait until it was wholly dark and take his chances of getting off to her in a shore boat? No; that would not do, for she might be going to sail at once.

Just as Bob had decided to make the most of his present opportunity for getting aboard and was starting toward the gang-plank, a man, who had at that moment driven up in a light wagon, hailed him, saying:—

“Here, young fellow, if you belong to that ship, help me get these things aboard. Be sry, now, for I see they are going to haul out.”

Quick to note the advantages of the chance thus offered, Bob readily complied with this request, and in another minute was following the man up the gang-plank, laden with certain cabin stores ordered at the last moment. The ship's steward was anxiously expecting these, and led the way into the cabin, where he desired the carriers to deposit their burdens in a vacant stateroom, the door of which he flung open.

The grocery man had no sooner laid down his packages than he presented a bill to the steward, and

the latter saying, "Come to my room where I'll settle with you," the two walked away, leaving Bob alone in the cabin.

"What a bit of luck," chuckled the boy, half aloud, as he glanced at the surroundings already made familiar by his visit of the morning. "Here I am in the place they call the forecastle, just where Stickney told me to hide, and not a soul in sight."

A minute later, when the steward and the grocery man again passed through the cabin, it was empty. Neither gave a thought to the lad whom they had left there, for the steward imagined him to be the grocery man's assistant who had already gone ashore, while the latter supposed Bob to be a member of the crew, and that he had gone forward. At any rate, the grocery man had no time to consider the case, for the crew were already walking around the capstan, the cable was hove taut, and he was barely able to regain the wharf as the ship reluctantly swung clear with her head pointed down the harbor.

With that first sluggish movement her eventful voyage around the world was actually begun, though for several hours longer she lay at the mooring buoy as though loath to leave her snug haven and plunge into the weary struggle with wind and wave that lay beyond. About nine o'clock the moon rose, and soon afterwards Captain Endicott came on board accompanied by a pilot. It was a glorious night, clear and warm, with just enough air moving to give

steerage way. The tide was near the top of its flood, and would soon turn ebb. For a minute Captain Endicott glanced silently about him, and his gaze lingered on the city in which he had just bidden a long farewell to his devoted family. Then, rousing himself, he said briskly to the pilot, who stood by his side : —

“No reason why we shouldn’t drop down and run out to-night, is there, Mr. Tynan ?”

“None at all, sir.”

“Then we’ll do it. Mr. Knight, have all hands called. Make sail and get under way. The sooner we start, the quicker we’ll be home again.”

“Very well, sir.”

So the good ship, bound for the other side of the world, let go her mooring in Salem harbor and slipped out to sea. A few hours later the pilot had been dropped, and the ship, under topsails, was dashing merrily along before a brisk northeaster that had set in with daylight. Headed for the extremity of Cape Cod, she was shearing through the green rollers of Massachusetts Bay at a rate that flung clouds of spray high above her catheads, only to fall on deck and drench all forward in glistening mist.

The crew was at breakfast, gulping down pannikins of black coffee, munching the flinty ship biscuit that would be their only bread for many a long day, and pawing over the beef kid for choice bits of salt horse, when the second mate’s attention was at

tracted by the sounds of a vigorous dispute in the fore-castle.

"Stow that guff!" he cried, walking briskly forward. "What's to pay here, anyhow?"

Two men were struggling for possession of a well-filled canvas bag.

"Reddy's a-trying to claim this 'ere, sir, cos it were found in his bunk, and haven't got no owner, while it were me, sir, diskivered that he hain't aboard," explained one of the men.

"Yes, sir, it were in my bunk, where I found it first, an' called out to know who were its owner. Of course, when nobody couldn't prove it to be hisn, I claimed it," protested the other.

"Give it here," demanded the mate, reaching out for the bag, which was reluctantly handed to him. "What's this?" he said, as he read the name painted on its side. "'John Stickney Clark.' That's the young fellow Cap'n Endicott was expecting. I heard him asking Mr. Knight if he had reported on board. Where is he?"

"Don't know, sir; we hain't seen nothing of him," replied one of the men. "Reckon he's left behind, in which case his dunnage becomes foc'sle property, 'cording to foc'sle law."

"I'll take charge of it," said Mr. Barry, "and if the owner doesn't turn up, I'll auction it off in the first dog watch this evening." With this the second mate walked aft, carrying with him the disputed bag

and entered the cabin, where Captain Endicott and his first officer had just sat down to breakfast.

"Here's a bag, sir, that was found in the foc'sle without any owner," he said. "The name on it is 'Clark,' and hearing you speak of expecting Cap'n Clark's son on board, I thought best to bring it to you."

"Eh?" remarked Captain Endicott, glancing at the bag and reading the name painted on it. "He must be somewhere in the ship, then. I found a note of introduction from his father awaiting me at the office yesterday. Have a thorough search made for the young man, Mr. Barry, and I will look further into the matter as soon as I come on deck."

"Very good, sir," replied the second mate, retiring from the cabin as he spoke.

"I hope," continued the captain, turning to his table companion, "that nothing has happened to that young man, for his father and I are great friends. I shall also be very sorry if he has been left behind, for I've held the berth of third mate open for him in case he proves to be half the seaman his father claims he is. Steward, what have you got in that spare room?"

"Nothing, sir, except some cabin stores that came aboard last evening too late for proper stowing, but I'll attend to them this morning, sir."

"Nonsense! cabin stores don't make a noise like a sick pig. Sure you haven't stowed away some pet animal in there?"

"No, sir, I hates 'em, less'n they's human, and I hope, sir, you wouldn't think I'd have the presumption to stow away a human in any part of the ship, more especial the cabin, sir."

"I should hope not; but just take a look behind that door and see what is making the noise I surely hear, unless my ears have gone wrong."

The steward flung open the door of the spare state-room and stepped inside. As he did so he uttered an exclamation of mingled anger and disgust. The next moment he emerged dragging by the collar our young friend, Bob Whiting, so wretchedly ill from sea-sickness that his trembling knees almost refused to support his body.

"So help me, I didn't know a thing of this, sir!" protested the steward. "I never set eyes on the filthy young pirate before."

"Is that yours?" asked Captain Endicott, with a sudden inspiration addressing our lad, and pointing to the bag Mr. Barry had left lying on the cabin floor.

Bob glanced unsteadily at the object in question, managed to decipher the dancing letters of the name painted on it, and weakly nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Don't nod your head at me!" thundered the captain, angrily. "Answer at once, or I'll have you keel-hauled."

"Yes, sir. It's my bag," said poor Bob, finding his voice. "That is —"

"That will do," interrupted the captain; "and if it were not that you are the son of one of my oldest friends, you should suffer sweetly for this caper. Of course you have been on a spree. No sailor such as you are would otherwise dare make himself at home in a ship's cabin. Your very sickness is proof that you have been drinking, and I am ashamed of you as well as disgusted. Now clear out of this. Take your dunnage and go forward where you belong, and where this caper will keep you for a long time to come. Move, sir! Not a word. I haven't the patience to listen to any explanation."

CHAPTER IX

A HAYSEED AT SEA

POOR Bob, taking the bag that the steward thrust into his hand, stumbled giddily up the cabin stairs, and out on deck.

"I declare!" said Captain Endicott, as he disappeared, "that is one of the saddest spectacles I have ever seen in all my years of sailing. A young fellow like him, coming of good stock, whose father is one of the finest seamen I know, and whose chances for rapid promotion were as bright as those of any chap afloat. Now he is simply flinging them to the winds, because he is too weak to resist the first temptation he meets. I surely am sorry for his father. As for the cub himself, I don't suppose he is worth wasting pity on. We must see to it, Mr. Knight, that he gets no liquor while aboard this ship, and when you relieve Mr. Barry, I wish you would set the young drunkard at whatever work you think will sober him quickest. Poor old Rufe Clark! What a blow this will be to him!"

The first mate having finished his breakfast went at once on deck, where he found Bob leaning on the taffrail in an agony of seasickness, and Mr. Barry watching him with an air of bewildered disgust.

"What shall I do with this thing, sir?" asked the latter. "Does he belong forward or aft? Is he an officer of the ship, one of the crew, or merely a sea-sick passenger?"

"He is one of the crew, confound him!" answered the first mate, wrathfully. "He is also a son of Cap'n Rufe Clark, the Black Baller, you know; but the young whelp has played it low down on our old man, who was ready to make third of him, by coming on board so beastly drunk that he blundered into the cabin instead of the forecabin, and made himself at home in one of the staterooms. Suppose he thought he was on his daddy's ship, and could do as he pleased; but he'll find out the difference before he is many minutes older. I'll relieve you now, Mr. Barry, and you may go to your breakfast."

As the second mate disappeared down the after companionway, Mr. Knight stepped to where Bob still leaned over the taffrail, seized him by the collar, walked him briskly to the forward end of the poop, shot him down the steps to the main deck with a vigorous kick, and flung his bag after him.

"Pick it up," he ordered roughly, "and carry it forward. Then come aft and report for duty. You're in the starboard watch, you understand, and your time for sojering is over. Cut along spry now, or I'll come down and make you."

Bruised, bewildered, and indignant, Bob walked unsteadily forward, dragging the canvas bag after

him. He stopped hesitatingly at the galley door and looked inside ; but an angry roar from the black cook, the very "doctor" with whom he had been advised to make himself "solid," caused him to hastily withdraw his head and move on. A shower of spray dashing high above the ship's side fell and drenched him. In seeking to avoid it he made a lunge for an open doorway, only to find himself in a low, dark room, full of foul odors and lined with bunks.

" Wotcher want in 'ere, ye pea-green lobster?" growled a voice.

"I am looking for a place called the forecastle," replied Bob. "Is this it?"

"No indeedy. This 'ere's the Queen's palace, but all the same you're welcome to stay and make yourself to home. Wot's your name?"

Ere Bob could answer, the mate, who had followed him, stuck his head through the doorway, saying sharply : —

"Come out of that, you Clark. Didn't I tell you to be spry and report for duty aft? What do you mean by loafing here?"

Dropping his bag, Bob slowly regained the deck, only to be greeted by a stinging blow from a rope's end wielded by the wrathful mate.

"I told you to move spry!" he cried. "You've got to learn that when I say a thing I mean it, and the quicker you do so, the better it'll be for you. You've

got to find out, too, that this is no daddy's ship, where you can do as you please just because the old man is your father. I expect he sent you here to be broke in, and the evidences are that you need breaking about as bad as any young cub afloat. As you claim to be an A 1 seaman, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, let us see what you are good for. Skip aloft and report to me the condition of the main skysail buntlines. If you are not on deck again inside of three minutes, I'll know the reason why. Skip, I say! Don't stand there staring at me with your mouth open like a half-drowned codfish."

With this the mate lifted the bit of rope that he still held, and to escape its sting Bob lurched toward the main weather rigging, guided by the direction of the officer's outstretched arm rather than by any knowledge of what he was required to do.

"Up you go!" cried Mr. Knight, impatiently, at the same time stepping forward and cutting at Bob's legs with the rope end to accelerate his movements.

To avoid another blow the young farmer made a convulsive effort at haste, and managed to ascend the lower rigging in fairly good time. When he came to the futtock shrouds, however, he paused irresolute, and then, climbing awkwardly through the lubber's hole, was momentarily lost to view in the top.

"Well, I'll be blanked!" exclaimed the astonished

mate. "If that don't beat the Dutch! And him the son of a sailor, bred to his father's trade, and shipping as an A 1!"

With this the disgusted officer walked aft, as though no longer interested in the movements of a lad who had so disgraced himself. On the poop deck he turned and cast one more glance aloft.

Bob had got halfway up the topmast rigging, but there his progress was arrested, for, happening to look down at the reeling deck and heaving seas, he became so helpless from giddiness and nausea as to be incapable of further motion. He could only cling desperately to shroud and ratline, and pray for help before his weakening grasp should relax. Several of the crew at work on chafing gear were watching him with broad grins and an exchange of derisive winks. To a couple of these the mate bawled an order:—

"Lash that lubber fast where he is. Spread-eagle him; d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" And in another moment two active fellows were at work upon our poor lad, securely seizing him to the rigging by rope yarns passed about wrist and ankle. They chuckled over their task and performed it without compunction; for in some way the news had already got about that this young landlubber had shipped as an able seaman, and there is nothing more despised at sea than one who sails under false colors.

While these men were busy with Bob, he begged them to help him down to the deck, but they only jeered at him, saying : —

“ Oh, no, pet, don’t think of going away. Stay up here along of us for a while. The view’s fine, and the breeze’ll do you good. It’ll blow the cobwebs out of your hair. And now that there’s no danger of your falling, you kin take a nap same’s a kid in a cradle. Ta ta, baby, smile and look pleased.” Then they left him and returned to their chafing gear.

For a short time the sense of security afforded by his lashings was a comfort to Bob ; but after a little he began to experience sharp pains, first in his wrists, and then along the whole length of his extended arms. Before long he was moaning with agony ; and then, what with illness, weakness, fright, and pain, he gradually lost consciousness and his body swayed limply with the motion of the ship.

About this time Captain Endicott appeared on deck, and with his first glance aloft spied the spread-eagled figure in the topmast rigging.

“ Hello ! ” he exclaimed, “ what’s the meaning of that, Mr. Knight, — one of my crew triced to the rigging without my knowledge ? ”

“ It’s that young Clark, sir,” replied the mate. “ I ordered him aloft, and when he got that far he refused to go any further. So I had him made fast until he should be ready to obey orders. While he

claims to be an able seaman, he crawled through the lubber's hole, and altogether there seems to be something very wrong about him."

"Crawled through the lubber's hole, did he?" exclaimed Captain Endicott, his face flushing with vexation. "When a man claiming to be a seaman does that, he richly deserves punishment, and I don't blame you for administering it promptly. At the same time you should have reported the matter to me. Now you may have him cut loose and order him down. I will investigate his case, myself."

"Cast loose that boy in the main rigging and send him down here," sung out the mate, and the men who had secured Bob in his present position hastened to undo their work.

"Seems to be helpless, sir, and I'm afeared he'll drop if we let go of him," reported the one who first reached the unconscious lad.

"Very well, fetch him down, then ; or, hold on, make fast the bight of a staysail halyard under his arms and send him down."

So Bob was lowered to the deck as though he were an inanimate object, while the mate took in the slack of the halyard and kept him from swinging.

"Most fool performance I ever heard of," he muttered ; while such of the crew as could witness the extraordinary proceedings watched them with broad grins and hoarse chuckles of merriment.

These suddenly ceased, however, as the limp form

came into plainer view and it was seen that the head hung lifelessly down on its breast. They laid him on deck and dashed cold water in his face, while the mate, who was by no means a brutal man, rubbed the boy's arms vigorously to restore their lost circulation.

Captain Endicott heaved a sigh of relief as Bob began to gasp for breath and give other signs that he was still alive.

"I could never have met Rufe Clark again," said the former, "if his boy had come to grief on board my ship, no matter how worthless he is. Now carry him to his bunk, get off those wet clothes, wrap him in blankets, and I'll send the steward with something hot. We will postpone that investigation until a more favorable time. Turn to! Turn to!" he added gruffly to a group of men who had gathered to watch proceedings, and they scattered like chickens before the pounce of a hawk.

Poor Bob was cared for, roughly, to be sure, but so effectively that a little later he had fallen into a heavy sleep that lasted, with brief interruptions, all that day and during the greater part of the one that followed.

CHAPTER X

RATED AS ASSISTANT COOK

ON the morning of the third day after leaving Salem, Bob Whiting, feeling that he could no longer stand confinement to his evil-smelling fore-castle bunk, and longing for a breath of fresh air, answered the call for his watch and with them tumbled out on deck. Following the example of his mates, he applied for and got his share of turn-to coffee from the galley. It was weak slops sweetened with molasses, and in vain did Bob look for the cream to which he had been accustomed, or even for milk to render it more palatable. For a moment it seemed as though he could not drink the sickish mixture; but with an effort he succeeded in getting it down, and to his surprise his stomach retained it. Moreover, it was hot, and so thoroughly warmed him that he began to feel better than at any time since coming on board the ship.

He had hardly finished the coffee before somebody thrust a broom into his hand and bade him get to work. A portion of the watch were deluging the decks with salt water from draw buckets, while others were scrubbing and sweeping all litter into

the scuppers. Here, then, was something that Bob could do, and he did it to the best of his ability.

After a half hour of this work the decks from knight-head to taffrail were beautifully clean, and beginning to dry under the warmth of the newly risen sun. Then Bob, given some polishing powder and a handful of rags, was ordered to shine the brass work of the poop-steps. This was a novel task for the farm-bred lad, and he set about it so awkwardly that the second mate, who was keenly watching him, demanded to know if there was any kind of work aboard ship that he could do better.

"I hope so," answered Bob.

"Say 'sir' when you answer an officer of this ship," thundered the mate.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, then?" continued Mr. Barry.

"Can you milk a cow, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And saw wood?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you can drive a straight furrow and hill a row of corn. Perhaps you can tell wheat from oats, and rye from barley. Perhaps you know that potatoes don't grow on trees, and that blackberries are red when they are green. Perhaps you have learned all those things."

"Yes, sir."

"Together with plenty more of the same kind, I

have no doubt, and imagine they'll do you a lot of good on shipboard. I thought so from the beginning, when I saw your hair bristling with hayseed. Now tell me honest, where did you steal that suit of sea-togs?"

"I didn't steal them, sir," replied Bob, indignantly. "They —"

"Didn't steal the dunnage bag you brought aboard either, I suppose," interrupted the mate. "Nor the name of its owner. And you are not trying to pass yourself off as Stickney Clark, able seaman, son of Cap'n Rufe Clark, the Black Baller. Not doing any of these things, are you?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"Then what are you doing, you thundering young hayseed? Who are you, and what are you here for?"

Ere Bob could answer there came a great commotion from near at hand that attracted the mate's attention. A crash, a yell, then an angry voice, and a shower of blows.

Captain Endicott was one of the few masters of deep-sea trading-ships who carried a cow on his long voyages. Now this animal, stalled under the gallows-frame, had kicked over the cabin steward as he awkwardly tried to milk her, and the angry man was beating her with a belaying-pin.

"Drop that, you duffer!" cried Mr. Barry, springing to the spot and seizing the man's uplifted arm.



"Say 'sir' when you answer an officer of this ship."

"But the beast kicked me, sir, and it's the third time she's done it, too."

"Served you right, you chuckle-headed idiot; you don't know how to handle her any more than a poll parrot. Any self-respecting cow would kick a fool that tried to milk her from the wrong side. Here, hayseed —"

Realizing that he was thus addressed, Bob obeyed the call.

"Take a turn at your regular trade, and milk that cow."

Wondering at finding this familiar task part of a seaman's duty, Bob obeyed; and inside of the minute was draining the last drop of strippings into the foaming pail.

When he rose from the box that had served as a milking-stool, he saw Captain Endicott leaning against the monkey rail, and watching him with interest.

"Come here," he ordered; and Bob, stepping aft to obey, started to ascend the weather side of the poop.

"The other side, you lubber," shouted the captain. "Didn't your father ever teach you any better than to try and pass to windward of an officer, especially on the poop deck?"

So Bob gained the sacred precinct by the lee steps, and stood cap in hand before the autocrat of the ship.

"Sobered up at last, have you?" was the skipper's first comment.

"I never was drunk, sir," replied Bob.

"What were you, then, if not drunk?"

"Seasick, sir."

"Tell that to the marines! A lad who has spent all his life on blue water doesn't get seasick — why, you were born at sea, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir, but —"

"That will do. Don't try to crawl out of a bad position by lying. I shan't add to the punishment you have already suffered for this spree; but hereafter you want to look sharp, or even my friendship for your father won't save you. If you had any idea of being made third officer of this ship, the quicker you drop it the better, for I'd as soon give the position to that cow as to one who has proved himself so ill qualified to fill it as you have. Now go forward and by prompt obedience to orders try and prove yourself worthy to bear your father's name."

"But, sir, I didn't expect —"

"Not another word!" thundered the captain so fiercely that Bob involuntarily recoiled. "I don't care to hear what you expected or didn't expect, and I only want you to clear out."

So saying, the irate skipper took a forward step with uplifted hand, which so frightened poor Bob that he fled to the main deck; on reaching which he stumbled and measured his length.

As he ruefully picked himself up, Mr. Barry was beside him, saying in a low tone, "The more you can

keep out of the old man's sight, the better off you'll be. Now go and report to the doctor, who'll find work fitted to your peculiar talents."

Bob, having by this time learned who the "doctor" was, obeyed without a word, and presented himself at the gallery door.

"Ki, yi!" laughed the negro, when he learned the lad's errand. "Dat am a perdickment fo' shuah. Cap'n's son come to be cook's boy. Wat yo' good fer anyway?"

"I am not the captain's son," began Bob, but again his attempt at an explanation was cut short, for his new master interrupted him savagely.

"Doan yo' gie me no back-lip, yo' low-down white trash. An' you say 'sah' ebberry time yo' speaks to me, too, or I'll split yo' wif er meat axe. Sho's yo' bawn, I will. Now take dat ar buck-saw an' go to sawin' wood fer de galley stove. When you've sawed hit, you kin split hit, an' when you've split hit, you kin pile hit, an' when you've piled hit, I'll fin' sum-pin' else to keep yo' outen meschief. So git ter work an' 'member yo' boss is er watching yo' wif bofe eyes all er time."

The "doctor" was quite as good as his word, for all that day he watched Bob so closely that the latter wondered how he managed to do anything else. If at any time the boy paused in his labor for a moment's rest, a flying billet of wood, a potato, or a volley of language served as a reminder that the eye

of his "boss" was upon him. And the number of his tasks was so endless that it seemed as though it were always to be his watch on deck and never his watch below. Besides sawing, splitting, and piling wood, he was made to fetch water and peel potatoes, attend to the wants of the live stock on board and clean out their pens, scrape out wooden mess kids and scour pans, serve meals to both watches, scrub the galley floor, and do a hundred other things all in a line with what he had done on the Dutton farm, only under conditions infinitely harder. And with it all he was given only the leavings of the coarsest kind of food after everybody else, including the black cook, had finished eating.

"No wonder that chap was anxious to change places with me," the poor boy reflected bitterly, "if this is the kind of life he used to lead. Why, Farmer Dutton's pigs are better fed than I am, and as for sleeping accommodations, a litter of straw in the barn would be luxury compared with my bunk in that hole they call the forecastle. Oh, what a fool I was not to stay where I was well off. Stickney warned me, too, but I thought I knew better than he. If ever I live to get back to a farm, though, I guess I'll know enough not to leave it again for any job of sailing."

During that day the boy's name was not mentioned in the cabin, nor were his affairs discussed by the ship's officers. Captain Endicott was too

disappointed in him, and Mr. Knight too contemptuous of him, to care to speak of him, while Mr. Barry had his own reason for keeping silence. He, however, watched the lad closely, and in the dusk of that evening sauntered over to where Bob was still at work scouring a very black kettle. The rest of the crew had knocked off some time earlier, and were now grouped about the deck, lounging, smoking, chatting, or spinning yarns. Even the negro cook was squatted comfortably on his heels, puffing at a short pipe and watching the labors of his white slave.

"Knock off there," ordered the mate, addressing Bob. "Your day's work is done."

"Mr. Barry, sah, I hope yo' isn't gwine interfere 'tween me and mah boy. Dar's a heap er wuk ter be did yet," expostulated the cook.

"Do it yourself, then," replied the mate, adding to Bob, "Come with me. I want to talk with you."

Leading the way to a spot out of hearing of the others, Mr. Barry suddenly asked, "What's your name?"

"Robert Whiting, sir."

"Were you ever at sea before?"

"No, sir. That is, not since I was a baby."

"Brought up on a farm, wasn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what made you be such a fool as to try and pass yourself off as a sailor?"

"I didn't mean to, sir. I've tried to explain who I am and how I came here, half a dozen times, but am always told to shut up and hold my tongue."

"Well, now is your chance ; so fire away."

Thus encouraged, Bob told his story in full to the second mate, who listened to it with evident interest.

CHAPTER XI

LEARNING THE ROPES

MR. BARRY chuckled more than once during Bob's narrative, and seemed to extract a good deal of amusement from it, though to the lad himself it seemed little less than a tragedy. When it was concluded, the mate said : —

“What do you suppose that other chap is doing on the farm?”

“I'm sure I can't imagine, sir.”

“Well, I can. He's getting into no end of scrapes, same as you are here. I've no doubt he has tried to yoke heifers to the plough instead of steers; has left gates open and set the stock to rampaging all over the young crops; has driven the hens into the duck-pond for a swim; has attempted to ride a yearling colt to water, and has raised particular Cain in a hundred ways with everything he has undertaken. I only wish I was there to see him and the farmer breaking tacks in their sailing. There'll be no end of squalls, to say nothing of typhoons and hurricanes, but Clark'll come out all right in the end, and even now he's having lots more fun as well as a heap easier time than you are. But you want to be a sailor, don't you?”

"I thought I did, sir."

"What do you think now?"

"I don't know, sir."

"When you find out, let me know. I don't mind telling you that I was a farmer's boy myself before I came to sea, and so I know pretty nigh how you feel."

"Will I have to keep on working for the cook, sir?"

"Certainly, until you learn to make yourself useful in other ways."

"And take orders from the men in the fore-castle?"

"To be sure. Why not? You are the weakest among them, and the most ignorant of such things as make a man valuable on shipboard. It is an unbreakable law of the sea, of the whole world too, for that matter, that weakness and ignorance must always submit to strength and knowledge. So the only way for you to get on is by making the very best of the situation. Obey all orders promptly, and bear all hardships patiently. Make up your mind that so long as you are shipped for the voyage, and can't get out of it, you'll turn it into a paying venture and finally land from it rich in profitable experience."

"Do you suppose, sir, that I could ever get to be a ship's officer?" asked Bob, thoughtfully.

"Even stranger things have happened," replied John Barry, dryly. "Now you may go for'ard and turn in with your watch at eight bells."

"But, sir," hesitated Bob, "the cook said I was to scour that kettle bright if it took till morning."

"Then the doctor was overstepping his authority," laughed Mr. Barry, "and you need not mind him. Even the sorriest sailor has some rights, one of which is that he is not to be called upon for work during his watch below unless in an emergency that demands the services of all hands."

With the long interview that satisfactorily established Bob's position aboard the *Friendship* thus ended, he returned to his kettle scouring, only to drop it promptly at the striking of eight bells. The cook remonstrated, and even followed him to the forecabin with threats of dragging him back to work by "de har ob he haid." But Bob, stating the case to his fellow-watchmates, appealed to them for protection, whereupon they charged the cook in a body and drove him yelling with terror to the shelter of his galley. By this Bob made one enemy, but gained half a score of friends, for the strong have always a warm feeling toward the weak whom they protect.

Mr. Barry took an early occasion to report the true state of affairs in our lad's case to the cabin authorities; and though Captain Endicott was provoked that such a trick as the exchange of a smart young sailor for a clumsy young farmer had been played upon him, he was so relieved to find out that the son of his old shipmate was not the fraud he had

supposed, that he could forgive it. Mr. Knight remained indifferent, saying that as all boys were nuisances, he couldn't see but what one was as bad as another. He only hoped this hayseed would steer clear and give him a wide berth.

Accordingly the second mate was left to deal with the young farmer as he saw fit, and lucky it was for Bob Whiting that he had fallen into the hands of one who not only understood his case and sympathized with him, but who was at the same time a just man and a thoroughgoing sailor. He gave our lad every possible opportunity for learning a seaman's duties, even taking pains to teach him how certain things should be done; but giving him clearly to understand that a lesson once learned was to be remembered.

If Bob forgot, as he sometimes did, a punishment prompt and adequate was certain to follow. He was not kicked, knocked down, nor even sworn at, as only too often happens on shipboard; but was given double watch aloft, denied a Sunday duff, or made to perform some piece of work so peculiarly disagreeable as to indelibly impress its cause upon his memory. These occasions were, however, few and far between; for as Bob's liability to seasickness wore away, and custom rendered his situation more bearable than it had seemed at first, his old desire to learn things returned in full force.

The management of a ship under sail, at first an

incomprehensible mystery, became a subject of engrossing interest as soon as he began to comprehend its details, and he found himself swelling with pride whenever called upon to assist in even the simplest and most mechanical of its operations. Thus no one among the crew tailed on to sheet, brace, or halyard with more cheerful alacrity than our Bob; who with equal readiness applied his strength to capstan bar and winch, or took in the slow slack of refractory ropes.

But all this, together with much scrubbing, polishing, sawing of wood, and the like, was deck work; while Bob's ambition from the moment of that shameful seasick failure to gain a topmast-head was to be employed aloft. He was supremely envious of the active topmen who threaded the mazes of the ship's rigging with such absolute certainty, sprang aloft with the ease of so many squirrels, or, perched at the extremities of slender yards a hundred feet above the deck, performed difficult tasks with all the nonchalance of those who tread solid earth. Thus when Mr. Barry finally sent him to join them, though it was only to do a trifling bit of work on a lower topsail, he was prouder than he could remember feeling during all the years of his farm life. From that moment Bob seized every opportunity for going aloft, and, being a born climber, was soon as much at home on the main-topgallant-mast yards as he had ever been among the uppermost branches of shagbark and chestnut trees on the Dutton farm.

With this much accomplished, he had next to learn the myriad of ropes that, coming from aloft, were belayed in bewildering confusion along the rails. Not only must he know their names and uses, but he must be able instantly to lay hands on any one of them, in absolute darkness or amid the confusion of a tempest. This was a science so difficult of attainment that Bob labored at it for several months before mastering its details.

In the meantime he was taking special courses in knotting and splicing, palm and needle work, the compass, handing, reefing, and steering, and many other things that he had never even heard of before coming aboard that wonderful creation known as a ship.

Besides studying and practising all these things, our lad was still compelled to act as assistant cook, and jump to do the bidding of his forecastle mates. Thus every waking hour was so crowded with things that must be done, together with things that he wanted to do, that he had not an idle moment, and was consequently happy, for there is nothing on earth so productive of content as plenty of work that one likes to do.

During all these weeks and months that were transforming our "hayseed" into an alert and capable young sailor, the *Friendship* sailed steadily southward into tropic waters, crossing the line with the usual rough-and-tumble frolic, in which Bob

was the principal sufferer, and putting into Rio for water. Here our lad, with the true spirit of a traveller, felt repaid for all the hardships he had undergone by his first glimpse of a foreign city. His one liberty day on shore was so thoroughly enjoyed, that it was no sooner ended than he began eagerly to plan for the next, though assured that months might elapse before another such chance would be given him.

From Rio, the *Friendship* skirted the eastern side of South America almost to its southern extremity, and passing through the narrow tide-swept waterways of the Magellan Straits, voyaged northward over the broad Pacific for many days with varying fortunes.

No one in the forecastle knew exactly whether she was bound other than for a cargo of pepper, but it was surmised that she was first to do a bit of trading on the northwest coast. Bob hoped this might be true ; for to him that unknown region possessed a peculiar fascination, and he looked forward with impatience to the sight of its marvels.

Finally, a symmetrical white cone rose from the blue of a far-distant horizon, and after scrutinizing it carefully through his glass, Captain Endicott altered his ship's course so as to pass it, and on the following day it was over the quarter, with another peak looming into view on the starboard bow. So they ran from peak to peak until the crew had about

decided that they were bound for the North Pole, when one day the ship was braced sharp on the wind and headed for land. As the coast line became recognizable, Captain Endicott mounted halfway up the mizzen weather rigging. From that point of vantage, he conned his vessel, laying a course directly toward what appeared an unbroken range of forest-clad hills.

All hands were on deck watching, with silent expectancy, the fast-nearing shore. Not until the ship was within a cable's length did an opening present itself, and as they shot into it, the shadows on its placid waters were so sharply outlined that it was impossible to tell where they merged into reality; while the open channel seemed but a mere thread winding between them. So nearly was the breeze cut off, that courses and topsails hung limp against the masts, but the light upper canvas was still bellied by an air current sufficient to waft the ship ahead.

"Port! Hard aport!" ordered the skipper.

"Hard aport, sir," replied the man at the wheel, whirling it over as he spoke.

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir!"

"Keep her away. Steady! Luff sharp! Shoot her through. There, steady so! Good. Stand by and let go your anchor, Mr. Barry."

With this, the skipper descended from the rigging,

and walked aft. As his eye fell on the man at the wheel, he stood still and stared.

"Was it you brought her in through that passage?" he almost gasped.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob Whiting, flushing under his coat of tan.

"Well," said the captain, regarding the young sailor from head to foot, as though now seeing him for the first time, "I wouldn't have believed it possible."

CHAPTER XII

ON THE NORTHWEST COAST

"LET go your anchor!"

"Let go, sir!" came the prompt reply, and thirty fathoms of chain cable rattled swiftly out through the hawse before the ponderous mass of metal reached bottom. Then Bob, relieved from the wheel, found time to look about him.

The ship lay in a land-locked basin of about a mile in diameter, from which rose abrupt hills densely forest-clad to the water's edge. The water was of such depth as to be blue save where it showed dark green with reflected foliage or lay black in shadow. At one side was a narrow beach of pebbles on which were drawn up a number of strangely shaped boats or canoes hewn from great logs. All of them were painted black, though their overhanging sterns and projecting beaks were ornamented with grotesque designs in red and white. Beyond the beach stood a row of huts built of logs and wreckage. In front of them were reared a number of totem poles, some as large as the ship's maintopmast, and all carved from base to tip with strange devices. Many of these carvings were outlined in color, and all were hideous. Only in the eyes of

those who had conceived and executed them were they beautiful and full of meaning, since they recorded deeds of ancestral prowess, and served as monuments of family pride. At one side of the village a mountain stream, foam-flecked and riotous, tumbled into the bay, and near its mouth lay a wreck of such strange shape as to excite much curiosity aboard the *Friendship*.

The appearance of the ship in that remote and almost unknown harbor created the greatest excitement on shore, and before she was anchored, half a dozen canoes loaded with natives were paddling swiftly toward her.

They surrounded the ship, and their greasy occupants would have swarmed on board had they been allowed. But Captain Endicott had been on that coast before, and knew better than to permit the treacherous natives to board his vessel in any numbers. So he motioned for them to keep their distance, several muskets were pointed at them over the ship's rail, and one who attempted to clamber into the fore chains was promptly pitched overboard by Mr. Barry. This had the desired effect; for, while the natives laughed prodigiously as they drew their dripping comrade into one of the canoes, they remained at a respectful distance awaiting developments. Then the skipper, who had been examining them through his glass, called out, "Black Jack."

"Ay, ay, cap'n; me here," answered a voice from

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one of the canoes, in which a strapping young fellow with an exceptionally ugly face stood up.

"Come aboard for talk," commanded the captain ; and in another minute the individual thus singled out was climbing up over the side.

Hè had once made a voyage in an American trading schooner as far as the Sandwich Islands, and had picked up a fair working knowledge of English that rendered him valuable as an interpreter. Thus he was a man of influence among his own people, and though he was known to be as great a rascal as ever went unhung, Captain Endicott was determined to make a cautious use of him in his present venture.

So Black Jack was received on board, given plenty to eat and drink, and a few presents with the promise of more if he should make a good trade. He answered readily enough all questions concerning the stock of furs in the village or obtainable from other points within a short time, and rejoiced the skipper's heart by stating that one hundred sea-otter skins, the most valuable pelts known to commerce, were waiting on shore to be exchanged for rum and such other luxuries as the *Friendship* could supply. When he was asked about the wreck visible from the ship, his answers became so unintelligible that no information could be gained from them.

Determined to solve the mystery, Captain Endicott, while still keeping the native on board, despatched Mr. Barry with a well-armed boat's crew

ostensibly to fill a water cask, but in reality to examine the wreck and report. While they were gone, Black Jack was shown the ship's battery of four and six pound guns to impress him with her strength. He was also allowed to examine a portion of her stock of trade goods, concerning which he would be certain to spread marvellous tales upon going ashore.

In less than an hour the boat returned, and Mr. Barry reported the wreck to be that of a junk, whether Chinese or Japanese he could not tell, badly broken up, partially burned, and with nothing of value left on board.

"It's all right then," said Captain Endicott, who had feared she might have been some trading vessel captured and destroyed by the natives. "It is not uncommon for junks blown off the Japan coast to drift to this one with the Kuro Shiwo. I once knew a crew of twelve Japs to be taken from such a derelict, within sight of land not very far from here, and yet people wonder where the American Indians came from. It would be a much greater cause for wonder if this coast were not inhabited, when to the drifting junks you add the fact that Behring Strait is only about forty miles wide, with islands midway across."

Amicable relations having been established through Black Jack, a brisk trade sprang up between ship and shore, to the great satisfaction of both parties,

each of whom felt that it was getting the better of the other. News of the ship's presence spread rapidly along the coast, and strange natives, coming in fur-laden canoes, arrived almost daily from distant villages.

Although in the daytime many canoes hovered about the ship, the rule that not more than half a dozen natives should be allowed on board at once was strictly enforced. The Indian village became a populous community with many visitors, and it presented an endless variety of entertainment to the crew when, in small parties, warned never to lose sight of the ship, they were permitted to go on shore. They were compelled to be on board again before sunset, and thus missed the dancing, feasting, singing, and general revelry that the natives kept up night after night with tireless energy. None of this could be seen from the ship, because the fires around which all orgies centred were located on the farther side of the huts in the edge of the forest. Thus the envious sailors could only watch the reflected glow of firelight, and listen to the confusion of barbaric sounds that came to them on the still night air.

One night, while Bob Whiting, forming one of the anchor watch, was thus listening and wishing he could see what was taking place, there came a new note into the medley of sounds. A loud yell and a confusion of fierce cries were followed by a launch-

ing of canoes, and the furious dip of many paddles. Then came the sound of a brief struggle, followed by a chorus of triumphant howlings and a gradual lapse into silence.

Bob gave the alarm when he heard the launching of canoes, and the whole ship's company was mustered on deck in fear of an attack ; but when, after a time, the natives were heard to regain the beach, they were dismissed to their bunks, and the remainder of the night passed without incident. When in the morning the Indian known as Black Jack came on board, as usual, to make trade, he was questioned as to what had taken place a few hours earlier, and answered without hesitation : —

"Tlinkit man come Sitka way, git plenty drunk, try steal Chinook squaw. Me no like. Ketch um, hit um plenty."

"Nothing but a beastly native row," said the skipper, disgustedly. Then turning to the Indian, he said : "Jack, my men go ashore get water, eh. You like it ?"

"Yas, me like," replied Black Jack, indifferently.

The trading was nearly ended, and Captain Endicott, satisfied that nothing was to be gained through a longer stay on the coast, had determined to sail on the morrow, but wished first to fill up with the excellent water afforded by the stream so close at hand. So the second mate was sent ashore with a boat's crew and a long string of empty casks in tow.

It so happened that Bob, much to his delight, was among those assigned to this duty. To the farm-bred lad a run ashore had become a treat to be eagerly enjoyed, and he knew that many weeks must elapse before another could be had.

After all the casks were filled and tightly bunged, half of them were rolled into the sea, lashed together, and started toward the ship in tow of the boat, Mr. Barry and Bob remaining behind to see that the others were not stolen. Pulling a pipe from his pocket, the mate lay down under the lee of a great rock for a smoke, while Bob strolled slowly along a bank of the forest-bordered stream, intent on watching the salmon that were fighting their way against its swift current in search of quiet spawning-beds.

Attracted by one object of interest after another, our lad wandered much further inland than he had intended. The leaping and rushing of the steel-blue fish was so interesting, there were so many strange birds, flowers, and ferns to be watched and examined, that he went eagerly from one thing to another till suddenly, on turning a sharp angle of the bank, he came face to face with a huge shaggy animal that he instantly knew to be a bear. For a moment both Bob and the bear, which had also been watching the leaping salmon and trying to catch them, stood rooted with terror. Then the boy uttered a hysterical yell, the bear sounded a hoarse "woof," and both fled crashing through the underbrush. Bob



He came face to face with a bear.

ran until he tripped over a root, and sprawled at full length in a bed of great ferns that closed above him.

Believing the bear to be close behind him, and that he was better off, thus hidden, than in flight, Bob lay for a few minutes perfectly still, trying even to stifle his panting breath and wishing that his heart would not beat so loudly. After a while, as nothing happened, he cautiously lifted his head, then he stood up and peered anxiously among the tree trunks. There was nothing in sight—no sound and no motion.

“I’ve thrown him off the trail,” thought Bob, feeling quite proud of the masterly inactivity that had led to so fine a result. “Now if I can only strike the stream a good bit lower down, I shall be all right.”

With this he began to walk as though treading on eggs, cautiously parting the branches before him, and peering beyond them as though each one might conceal the bear. All at once he was abruptly halted by a long-drawn moan that came from directly ahead.

What kind of an animal made that kind of a sound? How Bob wished that he knew more about bears and their habits. He started off at an angle so as to give the sound a wide berth, and again it came to his ears, apparently as directly ahead as before. But this time he was certain that it must be uttered by a human being.

"Somebody is in as great trouble as I am," he thought, "and if I were sure that bear wasn't anywhere round, I'd find out what it is all about. I'll make a try for it anyhow." With this he advanced a few steps further, and then came upon a sight so strange and so pitiful that he gazed at it with fear-distended eyes.

CHAPTER XIII

A WAIF FROM JAPAN

A NAKED human figure which Bob took to be that of an Indian youth lay on the ground before him. Across its breast was a stout sapling, with the young man's arms, rigidly extended, lashed to its extremities. His ankles, stretched as far apart as possible, were bound to standing trees. Over the naked body swarmed countless myriads of gnats, black flies, and other stinging insects. The face, upturned to the pitiless glare of the noonday sun, had clean-cut features, but was of a deep purple, showing a congestion of blood, while the long-fringed eyelids were closed. Although the youth was to all appearances dead, another of the piteous moans that had attracted Bob's attention gave evidence that life still lingered within the tortured frame. There was no sign of any other human being in that vicinity.

For a moment Bob stared uncomprehendingly at this terrible spectacle. Then moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he drew his sheath knife and sprang forward. With half a dozen strokes of the keen blade he loosed the captive from his bonds; then, picking up the senseless form, which was wasted to such a light-

ness that he could easily carry it, he bore it to a place of dense shadow and laid it down on a bed of cool ferns. Bob now noticed that on the youth's naked breast was tattooed in vermillion a small design that seemed to be a cross inscribed within a circle.

Hardly giving this a thought, our lad stood for a moment irresolute, wondering what he should do next. His fear of the bear was wholly forgotten; but its place was taken by a new terror. The wretches who had planned this torture might return at any moment to witness its effects, and in that case what would become of him? His impulse was to fly, find the stream, and regain his companions as quickly as possible, but it was overcome by another glance at the helpless figure before him. The dark eyes had unclosed, and were gazing at him with such an agony of appeal that he could no more have deserted the stranger than he could have cut off his own right hand. As he again glanced irresolutely about him, he spied a dim, ill-defined trail that seemed to lead in the direction of the stream.

If the injured youth had only the use of his legs, they might make their way to the boat together, but alas! he had not; for as Bob lifted him to his feet, the tortured limbs gave way, and he dropped in a heap. He must be either carried or left behind, and picking him up, our sturdy lad started down the only trail leading from the place. It was a blind path, little used, and but recently made, as was shown by the

freshly broken ferns that marked it, but it took them straight to the stream, beside which Bob stood a few minutes later breathless from his exertions.

From this point a plainly marked pathway led both up and down the creek, but our lad realized that he had not strength enough to bear his burden along it to the boat, for the stranger had again lapsed from consciousness and hung a dead weight in his arms. Besides, he would be almost certain to meet some of the natives on the trail or at least some of the numerous village dogs, which would be quite as bad.

To be sure, he might hide the helpless youth, hasten alone to where Mr. Barry waited, report the case to him, and beg for assistance. But would it be rendered? Would he not be blamed for interfering with Indian affairs and compelled to return at once to the ship? Yes, that was exactly what would happen. So he must either take the unfortunate youth with him or leave him to his fate. "And that I won't do," muttered Bob, sturdily.

If only he had a raft, how easily he would float his awkward burden to the mouth of the stream; but there was neither time to construct one, nor were materials at hand. The water might help, though, by partially supporting the load of senseless humanity that was proving so embarrassing. Acting upon this suggestion, Bob stepped into the ice-cold flood, and gently lowered the inert form

that he carried until it floated half submerged. The swift current swept it downstream, and he followed, supporting it by the shoulders, so that the youth's head was lifted above the surface. In this way, slipping, stumbling, and once swimming for a short distance, but always moving forward more easily than he could have done on land, Bob finally reached the point from which he had started.

His absence had been noted, only a few minutes earlier, by Mr. Barry, who had fallen into a doze over his pipe, and had not wakened from it until the return of the boat. Then he had looked about for his young companion, called him, and was much bothered by his non-appearance. He walked to the wreck and sent men into the village, but of course neither he nor they discovered the missing lad. The mate was growing decidedly uneasy over the situation when Bob suddenly appeared, hatless, dripping, exhausted, and staggering under the burden of a naked youth apparently dead, also dripping water as though just drawn from the river.

"What under the canopy!" exclaimed the astonished mariner, as he stared at this amazing tableau. "Where'd you get that dead siwash? Did you kill him? and if you did, what in thunder are you lugging the body round for?"

"He isn't dead, and he isn't a native," gasped Bob

as he half fell over the gunwale of the boat and deposited his freight within it. "Please let me keep him, Mr. Barry, and please get him off to the ship as quick as you can. I found him being tortured almost to death, and I've had an awful time fetching him here, but I am sure we can save him if you will only take him on board."

The rescued youth had been so revived by the cold water in which he had floated as to again regain consciousness, and was now lying in the bottom of the boat with wide-open eyes.

"He doesn't look exactly like a siwash, that's a fact," remarked the mate, glancing at the clean-cut features. "Looks more like a Jap. 'Pon my word! I believe he is a Jap."

"And you will take him off to the ship?"

"Well, I don't know. What'll the old man say?"

"We'd best either take him or leave him in a hurry, sir," suggested one of the men. "The natives seem to be getting excited."

An inquisitive urchin while watching the strangers from a place of concealment had noted Bob's surprising arrival, and scampering to the village had told of it. The effect of his news was like the poking of a hornets' nest, and a score of Chinook warriors, brandishing hastily snatched up weapons, were running toward the boat.

"Shove off and tumble in lively!" ordered Mr. Barry. "Never mind the casks! Cast 'em loose!"

Give way. Hump yourselves, men! They'll be after us in canoes directly. A nice mess you've got us into," he added to Bob, who sat near at hand, supporting the head of the Japanese youth on his knees.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir; but I know you'd have done the same if you'd been in my place and seen the fix he was in."

"Mebbe so, but I wouldn't have been in the place you were, and you hadn't any business to see him."

"I shouldn't have, sir, only the bear scared me so."

"Bear! what bear? Look out! Now you've caught it. Pull, men! Pull for your lives!"

One of a flight of arrows, shot after the retreating boat, had pierced Bob's left arm. From the wound blood dripped on the naked body he was supporting. Half a dozen canoes were in chase; but the fugitives gained the ship ere they could be overtaken, and the angry voice of a six-pound gun warned the natives to keep their distance.

As the boat dashed up to the *Friendship*, Mr. Barry helped Bob over the side, while two of the crew followed with the stranger who was the innocent cause of all this commotion.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Captain Endicott as the leading figures gained the deck.

"Don't know exactly, sir," replied the second mate. "It seems that Whiting here discovered some of the natives torturing this prisoner, whom I

take to be a Jap. Seeing fit to interfere, he rescued him and brought him down to the boat in his arms. Before I could decide what to do with him they were upon us, yelling and shooting. As I didn't want to get into any row without orders, I thought best to come aboard and report. So here we are. I've only one man wounded, and that's Whiting."

"Serves him right, too," growled the skipper, glancing severely at where Bob stood holding on to his left arm as though fearful it might escape. "Where are your casks?"

"Left 'em ashore, sir."

"Well, go back and get them. Take eight men with you, — four to row, and four armed with two loaded muskets apiece. Hold on! I'll give you something else that'll be even better than muskets. Fetch your prisoners here, Mr. Knight."

In obedience to this order the first mate came forward, driving before him three Indians whose arms were tied behind them. One was Black Jack; and they, being the only natives on board when trouble was discovered ashore, had been promptly seized, bound, and held as hostages.

"Who this man, Jack?" asked the skipper, pointing to the naked stranger lying on deck, where he had been dropped.

"No sabby," answered the Indian, indifferently.

"That's a lie," said the skipper, cocking a pistol as he spoke.

Black Jack heard the ominous click and looked interested. "Who is he?" again demanded Captain Endicott.

"Him Sitka man, — samee I tell you try steal my woman las' night."

"That's another lie," said the skipper, slowly raising his pistol until it pointed straight at the Indian's head. "He's no Sitka man. He's a Jap, and you know it. Now tell me all about him, for I shan't ask you again."

"Mebbe him Jap. Mebbe not. Me no sabby. Allee same him my man. Mebbe I like kill him. Mebbe not."

"And mebbe you like give him to me, eh?" suggested the skipper.

"How muchee?" inquired Black Jack, slyly, his trade interest being stronger than his fear of death.

"One gallon of rum," was the reply.

"Two. You gib um two gall, you take um Jap."

"All right," agreed Captain Endicott. "I had intended giving you as much as that for your services anyway. But hark'ee, Black Jack. I'm going to send one of your mates ashore in my boat to tell your people that if they so much as fire a single arrow at it, I'll blow out your worthless brains. You sabe that?"

"Yep, me sabby."

"See that you give him his orders straight then, for your life will depend upon how he obeys them."

Black Jack talked earnestly in Chinook to the man chosen to convey his message ashore, and he was still talking when Mr. Barry came aft to report the boat in readiness for departure.

"Take that image with you," ordered the skipper, pointing to one of the three hostages, "and shoot him at the first sign of trouble."

"Very good, sir. Shall I also take back the Jap?" asked the second mate, who knew nothing of the bargain just made.

"No; so long as you brought him aboard in face of opposition, I guess we'd best keep him. They'd take it that we were afraid of 'em if we let him go. Besides, the cook needs a new assistant now that your young hayseed has become an able seaman."

CHAPTER XIV

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

CAPTAIN ENDICOTT's plan worked like a charm. The Indian sent ashore with Mr. Barry, having his own life at stake, as well as the safety of his companions left on board the ship, pleaded so eloquently with his fellow-savages that they kept their distance, and allowed the water casks to be towed off without interference. Then the ship herself was towed by three boats out through the narrow passage. When she was well clear of the land, Black Jack and his fellow-hostages, together with a two-gallon runlet of spirits, and a few trifling presents to restore friendly feeling, were lowered into a canoe and allowed to depart.

"Good-by, Jack," shouted the skipper; "you want to have a lot of furs ready by the next time I come."

"Good-by, cap. Me ketch um plenty sea-ott. Mebbe me ketch um plenty Jap, too. You buy um, eh?"

In the meantime, the one Jap already caught and bought had been placed in a forecabin bunk, where Bob, with a bandage about his own arm, became his devoted attendant. He begged blankets and broth from the cabin steward, fed him, chafed his numbed

limbs, and was unremitting in his attentions until he finally had the satisfaction of seeing his patient fall asleep.

From that time on, Bob found a sincere pleasure in his new companion, who quickly became friend as well. He proved a bright fellow, and after a few days of convalescence was again up and about, anxious to be employed. Within a week he had taken upon himself all of Bob's galley work, and the "doctor" was boasting of him as the very best assistant he had ever known. His name, as he gave it to Bob, was Shimadzu Katto San, and the latter called him "Katto," though the rest of the crew dubbed him "Mr. San," which, if they had but known it, was the same as calling him Mr. Mister.

He was very anxious to learn English, and acquired it with such facility that before the ship reached Honolulu, which was her next port of call, he was able to give Bob an intelligible outline of his story. From this it appeared that he had belonged to a junk that had been blown to sea while coasting between two Japanese ports. After many days of helpless drifting a strange land was sighted, and as the battered craft drew slowly near the coast she was discovered and boarded by several canoe loads of savages. These towed the unfortunate vessel to the beach where she was afterwards seen by the *Friendship's* people, and there looted her. Some of her wretched crew were put to death, while others

were distributed along the coast as slaves. Katto himself fell into the hands of Black Jack, and was the only one retained near the place of landing.

He had been subjected to the harshest treatment and made to toil unceasingly to the full limit of his strength. Upon the arrival of the American ship he had been hidden away and given to understand that he would be killed if he attempted to escape. Despite this threat he had made the effort, had secured a canoe, and had gained half the distance to the anchored vessel before being recaptured. This was the incident that had alarmed the *Friendship's* people during the last night of their stay.

Upon being retaken, poor Katto was shamefully beaten, and carried into the forest, where he was left to die of slow torture ; in which condition Bob had so strangely discovered him. Now the gratitude of the young Japanese toward his rescuer knew no bounds, and he would gladly have given his life to serve him.

When the *Friendship* reached Honolulu, her cabin steward, who had been for some time ailing, became so seriously ill that he was sent on shore for treatment, and being still unfit for duty at the time of sailing was left behind. To the vacancy thus made Katto was promoted, much to his own satisfaction, as well as that of his friend Bob. Nor did the ship's officers, who thus gained a better service than any heretofore rendered in the *Friendship's* cabin, ever

find cause to regret having rescued from death this deft-handed, capable, and always cheerful son of old Japan.

Captain Endicott, with a desire to visit the forbidden kingdom, had intended, when he first took Katto on board, to make his return to his own country an excuse for touching at some Japanese port on his way to China. Later, however, he decided to forego this pleasure for the sake of retaining the best steward he had ever shipped. When he explained this to Katto and asked if he were willing to remain in his present position for the voyage, which would not end until the return of the ship to Salem, he was somewhat surprised at the young fellow's ready affirmative. His surprise was lessened, however, by Katto's reason, for this given in his funny broken English.

"My go if Bob go, anywhere," he said. "P'haps my go my country, my peop" (here the lad drew his hand swiftly and significantly across his throat) "quick. My no¹ rike it."

Then he went on to explain that by the law of his country every native was forbidden to leave it under penalty of death if detected in an attempt to do so, or if, having succeeded, he should attempt to return.

Bob overheard a portion of this conversation, and that evening he questioned his friend concerning so strange a condition of affairs.

¹ Katto could not pronounce the letter *l*.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that if a poor chap gets blown to sea from your country, the same as you did, but finally gets picked up and carried back again, he would be killed for what he couldn't help?"

"Yep. Head off," answered the young Jap, briskly, but with a cheerful chuckle as though at a good joke.

"Do they kill foreigners too if they go ashore?"

"Foreign man no go shore. No can."

"I mean, supposing he was shipwrecked on your coast, and couldn't help himself."

"Head off, quick. Everybod,—Chinese, Engris, Meric, Dutch, Spaniard, everybod. No can hab in Dai Nippon."

"Well, that is the worst I ever heard of!" exclaimed Bob. "No wonder you aren't anxious to go home. Another fellow told me that same thing once, but I didn't quite believe him. What makes your people act that way?"

For answer Katto entered into a long explanation from which Bob gathered that at one time Japan was as open to foreigners as any other country, while its own people were free to travel abroad as they pleased. Then came missionaries, Spanish and Portuguese, who converted vast numbers of the natives to Roman Catholic Christianity. They were followed by English and Dutch missionaries who planted the seed of another kind of Christianity that they called Protes-

tantism. They also made thousands of converts. These two varieties of Christians, who were fighting and killing one another at sight everywhere else in the world, extended their quarrels to Japan until its devoted islands became the scene of as bloody religious wars and persecutions as are recorded in history.

At the same time hordes of the lowest class of adventurers from every part of Europe flocked to the country like foul birds attracted by the scent of blood. Finally a deep-laid plot to overthrow the government and divide Japan among several foreign powers was discovered.

Then the Japanese, realizing their imminent peril, rose under Iyeyasu, the greatest of their fighting Daimios, determined to stamp out this throng of murderers and anarchists. They overthrew the Christians in several pitched battles, killed them by the hundred thousand, drove out the priests, and forbade them to return under penalty of death. A little later, or in 1624, this sentence of expulsion was extended to all foreigners, and at the same time all natives were forbidden to leave the country. To render this almost impossible all large sea-faring Japanese vessels were destroyed and an edict was issued that thereafter none but small coasting junks of one universal pattern should be built.

Thus did Japan purge herself of the foreign devils who came so near to destroying her, and for two

hundred and fifty years she remained practically sealed to the outer world. During that time, however, the Dutch, by submitting to the most degrading restrictions, were allowed to retain a trading station on a tiny island off Nagasaki. To this they were rigorously confined, and it might be visited by but one ship in each year. The Chinese held a similar privilege, and might send one junk annually to Nagasaki. At the same time no person coming on these vessels was allowed to land on Japanese soil or to see anything of the country.

When Katto finally succeeded in conveying a crude idea of all this to his friend, Bob declared that, under the circumstances, he didn't blame the Japs for hating foreigners and keeping their country to themselves. At the same time he imagined that, just because it had been shut up for so long, it must be the most interesting land in all the world to visit, and wished more than ever that he might some time have the chance. From that moment he became an ardent student of the Japanese language with the ever-patient Katto as teacher. And very soon their conversations were carried on in a polyglot of English and Japanese that none but themselves could understand.

Having taken in a quantity of sandalwood at the Sandwich Islands, the *Friendship* again spread her tireless wings and slipped away into the vast Pacific solitudes. For two months she sailed steadily west-

ward with only sky and water to be seen until even a naked rock rising from the ocean would have appeared to our farm-bred lad one of the most beautiful of sights. The novelty of life on shipboard had worn away, and he was sick for the feel of earth under his feet, the green of grass and of trees, the smell of land, and the taste of its fruits.

Sixty days out from Honolulu the joyous cry of "land ho!" rang through the ship, and every one who could be spared from the deck mounted into the rigging to gaze at a few distant specks which as they drew nearer resolved themselves into islands.

"Do they belong to Japan?" asked Bob of the second mate.

"Bless your ignorance, no," laughed Mr. Barry. "One would think you had got Japan on the brain to hear you talk. Why, lad, them's the Bashees, and they lie a good two hundred and fifty miles south of the nearest island to which Japan has even a shadow of a claim. The sight of them means that we've crossed the Pacific, though, and now nothing but the China Sea, or a matter of ten more days, lies betwixt us and the land of pig-tails."

According to the mate's prediction ten days later saw the *Friendship* lying off Whampoa in the muddy stream of the Canton river, surrounded by a fleet of the queerest-looking boats in the world. Into them she was discharging a mixed cargo of furs, sandalwood, and American goods, and at the same time

taking in silks, tea, nankeens, rice, and other Chinese products for Singapore. Another month found her at anchor off that busy port amid a great fleet of ships representing every mercantile nation of the world.

From Singapore she sailed with a full specie chest and empty hold for the northern end of the great island of Sumatra, where, at a place called Qualla Battoo, she was to load pepper for Salem.

She had now been from home nearly a year, and among her seasoned crew there was no more active or efficient seaman than the lad who had come on board ten months earlier as a "hayseed."

CHAPTER XV

A MALAY WITH GRAY EYES

UNTIL 1795 the pepper trade of the world was in the hands of the English and Dutch. Then the Americans went into the business, and very early in the nineteenth century were handling more pepper than all the others put together.

A Yankee skipper, Jonathan Carnes by name, commanded a schooner that in 1793 fitted out at Salem for a trading voyage to the East Indies. Having drifted as far as the port of Bencoolen in southern Sumatra, and while wondering what cargo he had best take in for his return voyage, Captain Carnes overheard a bit of conversation between two English skippers that gave him his first idea that pepper was to be had very cheaply somewhere to the northward. He at once sailed away and went poking along the uncharted coast in search of such a place. At Padang he found enough pepper that had been brought there in proas to load his little vessel, and learned that the source of supply was still farther to the northward.

On his homeward voyage, Captain Carnes was so unfortunate as to lose his schooner in the West Indies, but making his own way back to Salem, he

told his owners of his discovery in Sumatra ; and, on condition of his keeping the secret from all others, they fitted him out with a ship called the *Rajah*, and sent him off again to the far East.

This time, instead of looking for a cargo at Padang, the Yankee skipper sailed boldly northward through unknown and uncharted waters, amid a myriad of islands and submerged reefs, along a hostile coast, until at length, away up at the northern end of the great island, he found the most extensive pepper region of the world. For \$18,000 he loaded his ship with a cargo that sold in Salem, some five months later, for \$126,000, or at a profit of seven hundred per cent. At this all Salem became wildly excited, and every one wanted to know where the wonderful cargo came from. But neither Captain Carnes nor his owners would tell, and every one of the *Rajah's* crew had been promised a lay in the next voyage if he held his tongue. So the secret was kept, and again the lucky ship sailed away for the pepper coast on the other side of the world.

Several other vessels were fitted out to follow her and discover where she went, but Captain Carnes gave them the slip, and they were forced to return home again without the coveted knowledge. So well was this golden secret retained that not until five years later had it become generally known. Early in the new century, however, a score of ships from Salem, Boston, and other New England ports were engaged

in the lucrative trade, and Yankee skippers had become as familiar with the dangerous coast of Sumatra as they were with that of Cape Cod.

This trade was continued for nearly forty years, during which time no American man-of-war was ever seen in those far-away waters, and the Malays did not believe such a thing existed. They had seen the fighting ships of the English, Dutch, Spaniards, French, and Portuguese; even the war-junks of China occasionally cruised to that point; but so far as the natives knew, the flag of stars and stripes was borne only by merchantmen. Accordingly, while willing enough to trade with Americans, they had conceived a profound contempt for them.

While most of the Yankee ships sailed direct from their home ports for Sumatra by way of the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Endicott, who was an experienced pepper trader, had, as we know, come by the Horn on this present voyage, and had already done a good bit of shrewd trading on the way. By this he had accumulated a large sum of money above expenses, and this was snugly bestowed in a stout chest that he kept in his own room.

Qualla Battoo was a large and important settlement, protected by several palisaded forts mounting a great number of swivels and some heavy guns. They were located on both sides of a small river that flowed tumultuously down from a range of lofty mountains, rising above jungle-covered foothills a

few leagues back from the town. On their elevated tablelands the pepper was grown, and it was brought to the coast on rafts of bamboo, skilfully navigated down the impetuous torrent.

On the palm-fringed beach the vast green rollers of the Indian Ocean ceaselessly thundered in foaming cataracts. Only where the river forced its way through their serried ranks might boats, expertly handled, pass to and fro. There being no harbor, the ship lay at anchor in an open roadstead, half a mile off shore, and her cargo must be brought off in small boats through the surf.

No sooner was the anchor down, sails furled, and awnings stretched fore and aft, as some protection against the almost intolerable heat, than a well-manned proa from the shore dashed alongside. In it was the principal rajah of the town, who was an old-time acquaintance of Captain Endicott, together with a fierce-looking Malay, who was a stranger. These two, allowed to come on board, were at once taken into the cabin for refreshments and a trade talk, but their attendants were compelled to remain in their own boat.

After a short space the strange Malay reappeared on deck alone and strolled leisurely forward, closely scrutinizing every detail of the ship's armament as he went.

Bob Whiting was leaning on the forecastle rail, gazing landward over the mighty rollers, across the

dazzling white of the surf, at the quaintly peaked roofs of the town, half-disclosed amid columnar trunks of stately palms, or rising from glowing masses of riotous tropic bloom. Beyond them stretched the black-green of the jungle, and still farther inland were uplifted the great mountains bathed in blue haze that suggested coolness. A year ago Bob had been battling with New England snowdrifts, and now he was sizzling in equatorial heat.

It was so intense that it blistered paint and caused the pitch of deck seams to simmer and bubble. Other members of the crew lay gasping in shaded places, and Bob was the only one of them all who seemed interested in the beautiful scenery outspread before them. It was a typical bit of these tropics he had so longed to visit, but that was not why he found it so interesting. He had seen enough of the tropics and already longed for a change. Qualla Battoo's chief charm for him lay in the fact that it marked one end of the voyage, and from there the *Friendship* would be homeward bound.

How he thrilled with the thought, and how desirable the farm that he had once hated now seemed. He wished he knew how Stickney was getting along, and what "Skippy" Barstow and the other boys were doing; who was helping dear little Hetty Lee home through the snowdrifts. "Whoever it is, I don't believe she will kiss him as she did me,"

thought the lad, and his sun-tanned face flushed at the recollection. Then, as the unbearable heat warned him to seek a place of shade, he exclaimed aloud : —

“Oh dear ! I wish I was shovelling a path through the snow in Farmer Dutton’s back yard at this very minute.”

As Bob uttered these words he turned, and was startled to find standing close beside him a white-turbaned Malay, one of the two whom he had seen enter the cabin a short time before.

The stranger was staring at him with an intentness that was disconcerting, but Bob returned his gaze with interest. The man’s hair was concealed beneath his turban, but his face was brown, and his thin mustache was jet-black. He was clad in a loose robe of spotless white, girded about his waist by a crimson sash, through which was thrust the crooked blade of a jewel-hilted Malay kris. It was a striking costume, and one well calculated to arrest the attention of a lad from far-away New England ; but Bob was paying no attention to it. He was gazing straight into the man’s face and trying to recall if among all the Malays he had already met there was another with gray eyes.

Only for a moment did the two stare at each other, and then the man passed on, strolling leisurely aft to the poop deck, while Bob sought a place of shade in which he might dream of snowdrifts.

All arrangements for the purchase and loading of a cargo of pepper were made that day, and on the next the work of delivery was begun. The desired commodity was to be brought off from shore in the ship's own boats, but they were to be manned by crews of Malays who understood the surf.

Captain Endicott, taking Mr. Barry and four men with him, went ashore to weigh the pepper and superintend its lading. The warehouse in which they labored stood on a bank of the river a few hundred yards from its mouth.

The first boat was loaded and sent off in charge of its Malay crew. As the Yankee skipper stood in front of the warehouse watching its progress, he was in turn the focus of hundreds of glittering eyes, that peered at him from innumerable places of concealment. Unconscious of these, and puffing calmly at a fine Sumatra cheroot just presented to him by the rajah, Captain Endicott followed the course of his boat to the mouth of the river. He was somewhat surprised to see it run ashore at one of the points forming the entrance and take aboard a number of men; but believing this extra force necessary to force a passage through the rising surf, he turned back to superintend the weighing. At the same time he bade one of his men watch carefully the movements of the boat and report anything unusual.

The boat was seen to run alongside the ship and its crew to clamber on board. They disappeared

over the side, and for a time all was quiet. Suddenly the watcher, who had been gazing seaward with a listlessness caused by the overpowering heat, was startled by seeing a man leap from the *Friendship's* rail into the sea. He was followed in quick succession by three others, and at the same time a faint tumult of yells and shrieks was borne landward.

The man sprang to the warehouse door. "Something's gone wrong aboard the ship, sir," he reported, and Captain Endicott, who was ever on the alert for treachery, instantly ordered all hands into the second boat, that still lay beside the warehouse platform.

"Give way for your lives!" he cried, as, with a great shove, he sent the heavy craft well out into the stream.

At the same moment a throng of armed men rushed, with yells of rage and with brandished weapons, toward the place the Americans had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVI

SEIZED BY PIRATES

ON the day that the *Friendship* was to begin taking in cargo, Bob Whiting was detailed to keep tally of the pepper bags as they were lowered into the hold. Consequently, when the first boat-load came alongside he was ready for duty with tally sheet and pencil in hand. As the boat approached, some comment was made on the unusual strength of its crew; but Mr. Knight said the extra hands were to work in the hold, and so no suspicion was aroused. The mate did protest against the entire boat's crew coming on board, and made an effort to prevent some of them from clambering over the side; but in one way or another twenty of them succeeded in passing him and gaining the deck. As they were apparently unarmed and instantly scattered to different parts of the ship as though to gratify their curiosity, he let them alone and devoted his whole attention to getting the pepper aboard in safety.

The heavy bags were swinging in, and Bob, standing beside the main hatch, had begun to make his entries, when the consciousness of a human presence close at hand caused him to look up. The gray-eyed Malay whom he had noticed the day before stood be-

side him, apparently interested in the items he was jotting down. At the moment of noting this, Bob also caught a glimpse of three white-clad figures advancing with the noiseless swiftness of panthers toward the mate, who leaned on the poop railing, with his back turned to them. Bob tried to utter a shout of warning, but it was stifled by a stunning blow that felled him to the deck. At the same instant three daggers were plunged into the mate's back. He whirled about and made an effort to defend himself, but was quickly done to death by his cowardly foes.

Two sailors near at hand attempted to rush to his assistance, but were overtaken and killed by the swarming pirates. Four of the Americans thus surprised, unarmed and confronted by overwhelming numbers, leaped into the sea, where they struck out for land, with little hope of reaching it alive. Nor had they any hope of escaping if they should gain the shore, for, lifted by the inrolling seas, they could make out hundreds of yelling figures dancing frantically on the beach. They also saw a ship's boat, followed by a fleet of canoes, pulling in their direction. It might contain friends or foes, — they could not tell which, — but as it offered the only visible chance of escape, they swam so as to intercept it.

A few minutes later they were dragged aboard, and with feelings of profoundest thankfulness found themselves among friends. Captain Endicott, Mr.

Barry, and the men with them had escaped the shower of missiles hurled at the boat from the river bank, as by a miracle. Then they had urged their craft forward with the strength of desperation, in a double effort to elude the warriors swarming on the beach and gain the ship before she should fall wholly into the hands of the pirates. Now it was seen that to recapture her would be impossible. Nor did it seem that they could long escape the fleet of proas already dashing through the surf in hot pursuit.

In this emergency Captain Endicott headed his boat to the southward; and, with two men at each oar working for their lives, she was driven down the coast at racing speed. At first all the proas followed her; then one gave up the chase as being unprofitable, and stood away for the ship, where much gain was to be had. Its movement was instantly followed by all the others, none of the Malays being willing to relinquish the looting of an American ship for the prospect, however good, of killing or even capturing a handful of white-skinned sailors.

So the boat was left to go where it pleased, and a few minutes later the pirates who had so treacherously captured the ship, and who were now yelling and gesticulating tidings of their victory from bulwark and rigging, were joined by a swarm of their fellows. Getting up her anchor, the Malays let the *Friendship* drift inshore till she grounded, and then began to strip her of everything movable.

Among the first things taken was her specie chest, which was found and carried away by the gray-eyed pirate, who had acted as leader throughout the whole affair. Its contents were divided between him and the rajah, each of them also taking one of the two prisoners who had been captured, — Bob Whiting and the cabin steward. The rajah took the latter, willingly yielding the one white captive to his fellow-conspirator. Everything else in the ship was given over to the rabble, who stripped her so bare that they even carried away her brass work, and whatever copper bolts they could tear from her timbers.

When Bob Whiting recovered his senses, he found himself lying on a bamboo couch in a room deliciously cool and dark. Some one was fanning him, while another person gently urged upon him a cooling drink. His head had been bathed, and bandaged with aromatic salves, while his attire had been changed, so that he was now enveloped in a robe of softest silk. He tried to recall what had happened and how he came in so strange a position, but the effort was beyond his strength, and he fell asleep instead.

Upon his next awaking, attendants were on hand to bathe him and robe him in fresh linen. After that, they fed him and gave him pleasant drinks.

When everything possible had been done for the lad's comfort, his silent attendants disappeared, leaving him alone with his own bewildering reflections.

He could not imagine where he was, why he was treated with so much consideration, nor what had happened. He had a confused idea that the first mate of the *Friendship* had been in some sort of danger, but could not remember what it was. Also he felt so weak that he wondered if he had been ill, and if so, for how long.

While he lay thus, racking his brain to account for his present situation, a tall white-robed Malay entered the room, and approaching the couch, sat down cross-legged on a mat. For a few moments he remained silent; regarding the lad attentively. Bob also kept silence, for, much as he wished to ask questions, he did not know how, being ignorant of the Malay tongue. But at length the visitor spoke, and, to Bob's amazement, addressed him in English, saying:—

“Well, young man, how are you feeling now?”

“Pretty comfortable, thank you, sir,” replied the lad. “But tell me—”

“Wait a moment. I want you to answer a few questions before you ask any,” interrupted the Malay. “Tell me who you are, where you came from, how you happened to be on board the *Friendship*, and in fact, all about yourself. Then perhaps I will tell you what you want to know.”

As Bob had no reason for concealing any facts of his own history, he readily told all that he knew concerning himself, and the stranger listened with-

out comment until the brief tale was ended. Then he said : —

“So you are English and not an American, after all.”

“No, sir, I am not,” replied Bob, hotly, for he was particularly proud of the country that he claimed as his own. “I was born on an American ship under the American flag, and have been brought up in America. I love the country, and shall become one of its citizens as soon as I am old enough.”

“And be a poor miserable dog of a sailor for the rest of your days ; or if you elect to live ashore, a poor miserable dog of a farmhand,” sneered the other. “What is the name of the old Yankee farmer you said you worked for before you ran away to sea?”

“Dutton,” replied Bob.

“Just so. Well, didn’t old Dutton used to beat you?”

“Once in a while,” admitted Bob.

“And he’d do it again if he had the chance. And he’d keep you from learning anything except farm work for fear you would get too smart for him. It’s the same way on shipboard. I know, for I’ve sailed in both English and American ships. You’d be nothing but a slave all your life in either place, earning a bare existence by doing a slave’s work, with blows and abuse thrown in. Now I don’t mind saying that I took a fancy to you when I first saw you aboard the *Friendship*, which is one reason I had you brought here and cared for, instead

of leaving you to be killed by the niggers who captured her."

"Captured the *Friendship*!" exclaimed Bob. "Who captured her, and why? What has become of her and her people?"

"Never mind the ship just now," replied the other. "Perhaps we will talk of her another time. As I was saying, one reason why I saved your life was that I liked your looks. Another is that I want some smart young white fellow like you for a sort of a private secretary, and believe you'll fill the bill. If you want to take the berth on a five-years contract, I will pay you one thousand dollars gold a year, and when your time is up, give you enough more to make you independent of the world for the rest of your life."

"What is your business?" asked Bob.

"Well, I'm a sort of a trader, and have become, in a way, king of this coast, so that I do with it pretty much as I please. I am making money hand over fist. So fast, in fact, that I've got to have some one I can trust to look after it, and of course I prefer to have one of my own color."

"Then you are not a Malay?"

"To all intents and purposes I am, and I want some one who speaks English to interpret for me when I go aboard Yankee ships, or perhaps to make trade talk in case of my absence."

"Where is the *Friendship*?" asked Bob.

"Hard and fast aground just off this town."

"And what has become of her crew?"

"Oh, they went off in their boats all right, and will get picked up somewhere down the coast."

"You didn't kill them, then?"

"Certainly not, I don't kill anybody unless I'm compelled to. I only wanted possession of the ship."

"Then you are a pirate."

"Oh, no. I only take from an American ship, now and then, a small portion of the money the Yankees have made out of us. That same *Friendship*, for instance, has paid for herself a dozen times over with what she has taken from this very coast."

"Aren't you afraid the American government will send a man-of-war out here to punish those who have taken part in her capture?"

"Not much, I'm not," sneered the other. "The Yankees are traders first, last, and always. They haven't got any navy worth speaking of, to begin with, and then it would cost too much to send one of their old tubs away out here on so trifling an errand. But that's neither here nor there. How about my proposition? Will you accept it?"

"No, sir, I will not," answered Bob, with unexpected energy. "I'm pretty poor, and I don't suppose I have much chance of rising in the world, but I'd rather stay as I am and accept the consequences, than to possess all the gold any pirate like you can gather in between now and doomsday."

CHAPTER XVII

TWO SIDES OF LIFE IN SUMATRA

"THAT'S pretty bold talk," said the man whom Bob had already recognized as the gray-eyed Malay seen on board the ship. "Do you know that your life isn't worth two copper cents in this place, and that by saying the word I could have you put to death in any way I chose?"

"I know," replied Bob, "that no matter what you *can* do in that line, you won't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because to kill a helpless prisoner who has never done you any harm would be cowardly, and I have heard it said that persons with gray eyes are never cowards, no matter how mean they may be in other ways."

The man actually laughed. "You are as impudent as you are keen-witted," he said, "and almost persuade me to raise my bid for your services."

"It wouldn't be of any use," replied Bob. "I've said I wouldn't turn pirate, and I won't, not for all the gold in Sumatra."

"Very well," said the man, "if gold won't work, we'll have to try something else, more effective per-

haps, but less pleasant to take." With this he rose from his mat and left the room.

A little later, Bob, desirous to know something more of his surroundings, left his couch and, stepping to the doorway, cautiously drew aside its curtain of finely split bamboo. He found himself gazing out on a shaded veranda, and directly at two half-naked Malay guards who, with drawn daggers, had sprung to their feet at the first movement of the curtain. With fierce gestures they motioned him back, and he hastily withdrew.

That single glance outside had, however, shown his luxurious prison house to be enclosed by a stout wall of palisaded logs, as well as assure him that he was very closely guarded.

While he lay with half-closed eyes, wondering how he might escape from this unpleasant predicament, and watching curiously the soft-footed attendants who came every little while to do what they might for his comfort, he was startled by the appearance in his room of a covered litter borne by four men. With it came the gray-eyed Malay, who said : —

"My young friend, I wish you to accompany me to my country place, a few miles inland, and fearing that you are not yet strong enough to ride on horseback, I have provided this more comfortable mode of transportation. Will you then be so kind as to enter this litter, that we may set forth at once?"

Realizing that resistance or even protest would be

worse than useless, Bob did as required, the blinds of the litter were closed, and he was borne away without having the least idea of direction or of the country through which he was passing. He only knew by the sound of many voices and by the frequent change of litter-bearers, that he was accompanied by a strong escort, some of whom were on horseback. It was a tedious journey that lasted well into the night; but when it was concluded and Bob was permitted to alight from his conveyance, he again found himself in a spacious and luxuriously furnished apartment. Soon afterwards, a bountiful and well-cooked meal was served, at which Bob had his gray-eyed host for company. The latter encouraged our lad to talk of himself, and seemed particularly interested in his descriptions of New England farm life. That night Bob slept so soundly and well that in the morning he awoke greatly refreshed and with his strength very nearly restored.

After breakfast, which, like the meal of the evening before, was eaten in company with his host, the latter invited him to ride over the estate.

"It may interest you," he said, "to see how pepper is grown."

For several hours they rode across the great plantation, which occupied the whole of an extensive plateau, well up on a mountain side. Large fields cleared of their jungle growth were covered with pepper vines, trained on stout poles, after the man-

ner of hops. These were being tended by gangs of slaves who, notwithstanding the fierce heat of the sun, worked nearly naked, and were driven around by taskmasters with pig-skin whips.

Other gangs were employed in clearing away sections of forest for new fields. In them were men of every color excepting white, and all wore the appearance of abject misery. Bob pitied them from the bottom of his heart, and the sight of their wretchedness took much of the pleasure from what would otherwise have proved a delightful morning. His affable host, with an apparent desire to show him everything worth seeing, even led him through the filthy barracoons in which his slaves were housed and guarded at night, a part of the show that Bob thought might very well have been omitted.

When they finally returned to the main dwelling-house of the estate, a spacious broad-verandahed bungalow, set high on stone foundation posts, they were refreshed with cooling drinks before sitting down to lunch.

These several meals had been eaten from tables provided with knives, forks, spoons, and glasses of European make, and at them the guests sat in comfortable chairs,—all of which was so unusual among Malays that probably not a score of Sumatran houses could boast similar conveniences. Bob did not realize this at the time, nor could he then appreciate

at their real value the luxuries of his novel surroundings.

When lunch was over, and while Bob was considering what it all meant, as well as what would happen next, his host tilted back in his chair, lighted a cheroot, and gazed at him for several seconds before speaking. Then he said : —

“My young friend, I have shown you two sides of life in Sumatra, the pleasant and the unpleasant, the comfortable and uncomfortable. A choice between them now rests with you. Which will you take?”

“I don’t think I exactly understand you, sir,” stammered poor Bob, filled with a foreboding of evil.

“Then I will explain more fully. “By the fortune of war you have fallen into my hands, and I may exact from you any form of service that pleases me. Desiring an English-speaking companion who is at the same time sufficiently intelligent and well educated to be useful in my business, I have offered you a confidential position to be held for five years. It would be an easy, well-paid berth with plenty of chances for acquiring a fortune, and while filling it you would be surrounded by every comfort, not to say luxury. You have refused this position once, but I would not accept your refusal as final until I had shown you the alternative.”

“And that,” said Bob, “is —”

“The life of a slave laborer in my pepper-fields,” concluded the other, sternly.

Bob turned pale and his courage very nearly failed him as he recalled the hopeless misery that he had seen that morning.

"If I should accept the position you offer, would I be expected to aid in the capture and robbery of American vessels?" he asked.

"You would be expected to obey without question or hesitation any order that I should give you," was the answer.

"Then," said our lad, his face flushing, and a brave light shining in his honest eyes, "I'll stick to what I have already said. Even to save my life I won't turn pirate."

For a moment the man made no reply to this bold defiance. Only his eyes hardened as they penetrated the depths of that other pair of gray eyes that so unflinchingly returned his gaze.

All at once both started and listened. The silence had been broken by a distant sound of heavy firing. Apparently both artillery and musketry were engaged, and it was evident that something very serious was taking place in the neighborhood of Qualla Battoo.

The master of the estate clapped his hands, and a servant appeared as though by magic, received an order, and hastened away. Three minutes passed, during which time those who still sat at table listened to the far-away but sustained sounds of conflict, without speaking.

Then came a clatter of hoofs outside. The master's horse waited to bear him at breakneck speed down the mountain side, and his escort were already in saddle. Two overseers, armed with pistols, crooked daggers, and the whips that indicated their office, entered the room. The host pointed toward his young guest, and the overseers, seizing him, dragged him away in the direction of a barracoon. As Bob was thrust in through its horrid doorway, a cavalcade of horsemen dashed past, and a mocking voice called out, in the last English our lad was to hear for many a day : —

“Good-by, Yankee. Hope you'll enjoy yourself !”

Captain Endicott, with the survivors of his crew, rowed their heavy boat twenty-five miles from the place where the *Friendship* had been captured, and early on the following morning reached another pepper port, where they were so fortunate as to find three American vessels, the *James Monroe*, *Governor Endicott*, and *Palmer*. These vessels were armed with muskets and a few light guns, as was the fashion of that day and each carried a crew of fifteen men. Their commanders became very angry as they listened to Captain Endicott's story of piratical outrage and murder, and promptly determined to try and recover his ship. So the little fleet sailed away for Qualla Battoo, and anchored off that town the same evening. The next morning they sent ashore by a friendly native a demand that the

Friendship be given up to them, and received an insolent reply from the rajah to the effect that she would never be surrendered, but that they were welcome to take her if they could.

Upon this, the three vessels were worked in as close as possible to the unfortunate ship, which swarmed with armed natives. Soon after noon, they opened fire on her with all the guns they could bring to bear, and it was promptly returned, not only by the *Friendship's* battery, but also by the much heavier guns of the Qualla Battoo forts. After an hour or so of this bombardment, which did no serious damage to either side, the Americans despatched three boats, manned by eager volunteers, to board the stranded vessel.

As these dashed toward her, their crews yelling with excitement, the Malays on the *Friendship* greeted them with several volleys of musketry, so ill-aimed that no one was hit. Seeing that they could not thus stop the irrepressible Yankee advance, and being further demoralized by the explosion of an open keg of powder, from which they were loading their guns, the pirates became panic-stricken, and dropping over the opposite side of the ship like so many rats, abandoned her and swam ashore.

A few hours later she had been kedged off the shoal and restored to her own crew, safe and sound though stripped to the bones. In this predicament,

and without money to purchase a cargo, Captain Endicott refitted as best he could, borrowed enough stores to carry him back to the United States, and set sail for Salem, which port he reached in safety some months later.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE PEPPER FIELDS

MANY months dragged slowly by, and the end of each one found Bob Whiting still toiling, without reward or hope of relief, in the pepper fields of the man whom his fellow-slaves called El Pavura. It was the most terrible period of our lad's life, and was filled with suffering, both physical and mental, that at times seemed unbearable. He was clad in rags, and every part of his body was blistered until burned black by the tropic sun. He did not mind the actual labor that he was called upon to perform ; for the stints given him were no greater than those allotted to his much weaker fellows, and he could easily have done twice as much had he been so inclined. Nor did he suffer for lack of food, the slaves being allowed an abundance of rice, yams, mangoes, and such other vegetables and fruits as were grown on the estate.

His great trials were the filth amid which he was compelled to eat and sleep, the lack of companionship, and the awful hopelessness of his position. He could have made an escape if only he had known where to go, but he did not. So far as he was aware, there was not a man on the whole island

who would not kill him on sight, if he were known to be a runaway slave, or, at least, gladly assist at his recapture. The jungle was a labyrinth in which he might wander for weeks, without finding a place of exit, and it swarmed with fierce animals, including tigers, that would make short work of any unarmed man overtaken by darkness within its deadly limits.

But little news from the outside world ever found its way to the pepper regions, and none at all came to Bob, owing to his ignorance of the language spoken by his associates. Life had become a mere existence divided into days of monotonous toil and nights of wretchedness. The only suffering meted out to his fellows that our lad escaped was the lash. This fell freely on the backs of all the other slaves, but only once had it been lifted against him. On the very first day of his servitude, rendered desperate by the blistering heat, he had quit work long enough to plunge into the cooling waters of a stream that flowed through the field. An overseer, attempting to drive him back, raised a whip to strike him, when, with a ferocity born of despair, Bob sprang at the man's throat. He did not quite strangle his victim, but came so near it that after he had loosed his hold the man lay motionless for some minutes with lolling tongue and spasmodic gaspings for breath. After that, the "gringo," as Bob was called, was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased so far as the overseers were concerned.

A SON OF SATSUNA

It happened that when his stint of
was finished at half his allotted time, he would
the shade, dreaming of far-away New England,
or to pursue some plan of escape from his
situation.
He would think of but one, and that was entire
ly to the will of the gray-eyed pirate who
ruled his master. But each time that his
survived at El Pavura, Bob would spring
his work with clenched teeth and a
determination never to give in. "I will
he would exclaim: and that he meant
he said he proved over and over again
the term of his slavery.
the first day of every month El Pavura visited
to improve his operations, and on each of
would he caused his one white slave to be
into his presence. Every time the pro-
was the same. The man would ask:
"You had enough?" Are you ready to accept
and always the had answered: "No."
the two parts of gray eyes, one belonging to
in his vast domain and surrounded by every
she would stand with other's depths in
may an indelible memory of will that only
could break. With that the interview would
the two would part, not to meet again for
months.



Bob sprang at the man's throat.

Thus it sometimes happened that when his stint of work was finished in half its allotted time, he would rest in the shade, dreaming of far-away New England, or trying to puzzle out some plan of escape from his unhappy situation.

He could think of but one, and that was entire submission to the will of the gray-eyed pirate who called himself his master. But each time that his thoughts returned to El Pavura, Bob would spring up and resume his work with clenched teeth and a renewed determination never to give in. "I will die first!" he would exclaim; and that he meant exactly what he said he proved over and over again during the term of his slavery.

On the first day of every month El Pavura visited his estate to inspect its operations, and on each of these occasions he caused his one white slave to be brought into his presence. Every time the programme was the same. The man would ask: "Have you had enough? Are you ready to accept my offer?" and always the lad answered: "No."

Then the two pairs of gray eyes, one belonging to the master in his cool linens and surrounded by every comfort, the other to the slave, unkempt, toilworn, and hopeless, would search each other's depths in which lay an inflexible obstinacy of will that only death could break. With that the interview would end, and the two would part, not to meet again for another month.



Bob sprang at the man's throat.

It was only by these visits of his tyrant that Bob formed any idea of the lapse of time; for, in that region of perpetual summer, he had not yet learned to distinguish seasons by the wet and dry monsoons. He did not even know that two crops of pepper were produced in each year, and was so puzzled by the rapid succession of planting, tillage, and harvest, that, but for El Pavura's visits, of which he kept mental account, he would have imagined his slavery to have lasted for two years instead of something less than one, when the time of his release came. It all happened so quickly that one minute he was a slave, hopeless of escape, while the next he was free, with his slavery put forever behind him; and the way of it was this:—

All the slaves were allowed to lie by for two hours during the hottest part of the day, when no man might labor beneath the fierce sun-blast and retain his strength; but Bob, working faster than any of the others, took double their time of rest, and this had become a custom. Thus, on a certain day, after his fellows had returned to their toil, as he lay dozing in the shade of a peepul tree, not far from a border of the field, his attention was attracted by the sound of his own name, uttered in a tone but little above a whisper. At first he thought he must be dreaming; but again it came to him, distinct and unmistakable.

“Who calls?” he asked, keeping his voice within

bounds by a mighty effort, though longing to shout aloud in his excitement.

"Sh-h ! It is Katto, you frien. If you can make come with my veree easy, then we may go."

Slowly, and without raising himself from his recumbent position, Bob crawled toward the voice, his heart beating furiously with hopeful excitement.

Until this moment, he had heard nothing concerning his young Japanese friend, since the capture of the ship. He did not know that the latter had been made prisoner, nor even if he were alive or dead. Now, therefore, the voice of the faithful fellow came to him like that of an angel, full of hope and joyful promise.

In the space of a few seconds the long-separated friends were crouched side by side, clasping hands and gazing into each other's eyes. Those of the Yankee lad were filled with tears, nor were Katto's wholly free from moisture. They exchanged no word, only Katto whispered, "Come," and stooping low, they stole cautiously through the screening rows of friendly pepper-vines until they gained the jungle. Then Katto said : —

"Now mebbe we run."

And run they did, along a well-worn trail that finally led them to a mountain torrent. In its shallows they waded down stream for nearly a mile, until at a quiet pool they swam to the other side, and Katto drew himself up into a tree by means of

overhanging branches. Of course Bob followed, and climbed to an upper limb that projected over a ledge of rock some thirty feet above the river. A cautious scramble up the face of the cliff brought them to a narrow opening, which in turn admitted them to a dimly lighted cavern, spacious enough for them to stand up and move freely about.

"Hi!" exclaimed Katto, speaking aloud for the first time, and bubbling over with triumphant laughter. "No kin ketch um now. Man no can. Dog no can. How you rike it, eh?"

"My dear fellow, I like it better than anything in all my life," cried Bob. "Better than I can ever tell you. Now tell me all about everything. Where is the *Friendship*? How did you happen to be here? How did you find me? What are we going to do next?"

"Eat!" answered Katto, laconically, but still laughing joyously.

With this he produced a small store of provisions that he had previously concealed in the cavern, and, without awaiting a further invitation, Bob joined him in feasting on them. After that, Katto told briefly—for he still lacked an adequate command of English, and Bob had forgotten much of his Japanese—of what had happened since he was taken from the *Friendship* to serve in the rajah's establishment. He had been harshly though not cruelly treated, and had picked up enough of the Malayan tongue to

comprehend most of what was said to him. He told of the ship's recapture, and of her sailing away, though with how many of her original company he did not know. When that happened he believed he was the only one left behind, for he had neither seen nor heard anything of his friend Bob since an hour before the capture of the ship.

It was months later before he discovered by the merest chance that a white captive had been brought ashore from the *Friendship* and sent to the pepper fields. El Pavura himself furnished the information, while dining with the rajah, and discussing the obstinacy of his white captive, who chose the life of a slave rather than that of a pirate. From El Pavura's description of his prisoner, Katto felt certain that it must be his friend Bob, and from that moment was determined to find him. As a preliminary step, he had run away and taken refuge with a neighboring rajah, called by the whites "Po Adam," who was said to be friendly to Americans. There he had been received with suspicion, and forced to serve Po Adam for some time before gaining his confidence. At length he obtained permission to go in search of his friend; but had been obliged to come alone because none of Po Adam's people dared venture into the enemy's territory. But he had been told of the cavern in which they were now hidden, and given directions how to reach it, as well as how to find El Pavura's pepper estate.

So he had come, and had at length succeeded in rescuing his dear friend from slavery.

That night the lads spent in the cavern, which formed a tunnel-like portion of a very narrow but deep and precipitous gorge, or seismic rent, that extended clear across a range of lofty hills. They found plenty of dry wood and made fires on either side as a protection against wild beasts, and early the next morning Katto led the way to the farther end of the gorge, from which they would descend to the country of Po Adam.

As they reached this point and looked out, the view was so entrancing that Bob insisted upon stopping to enjoy it. Far away, across the jungle-covered hills and plain, he caught a sparkle of blue that he knew must be the ocean, and after the unhappy months just past during which he had been cut off from it, it seemed almost like a vision of home.

As the two gazed at it in silence, each thinking of what lay beyond its leagues of blue, they were startled by a rustling in the jungle close at hand, and both sprang back to a place of concealment. A little later the head of a naked Malay armed with a spear came slowly into view, cautiously scanning the place where they lay, and almost at the same moment they caught the sound of voices coming from the rear.

CHAPTER XIX

A DASH FOR FREEDOM

WHILE Katto had imagined his chosen place of refuge to be so hidden from possible pursuers that they would never discover it, this narrow gorge formed in tearing asunder the hills by some long-ago earthquake was so well known to the natives that it was often used as a short cut from one side of the range to the other. Thus it had been one of the first places thought of by El Pavura's overseers when they discovered the escape of their white slave and arranged to search for him. They had come far enough the night before to catch a reflection of the fires kindled by our lads, and two men had been hurried across the mountains to guard the outlet of the gorge. With the coming of dawn, those who remained behind would explore it from the other end. Now the cruel jaws of this well-set trap were about to close, and for a moment it seemed as though nothing could save our unarmed young fugitives from capture.

But Katto, quick-witted and full of expedients, picked up a pebble and a bit of rock the size of his fist. He tossed the first so that it should fall to one side of the warrior who was watching for them

to come forth, and instantly transferred the bit of rock to his right hand. Startled by the drop of the pebble, the man made a quick turn in that direction, and a moment later was felled to the ground by Katto's second missile, which took him squarely on the ear. As he dropped, another man sprang up beside him, only to receive and be overthrown by the rush of our lads as they dashed down the slope.

In all this there was no outcry to alarm those who came behind, and who reached the outlet of the gorge a minute afterward, unconscious that anything had gone amiss with their plans, though much disappointed at not having discovered the fugitives, whom they were confident had passed that way. When, in casting about for the trail, they ran across their comrades, one still lying senseless and the other just recovering from the effects of his sudden overthrow, the latter declared they had been attacked by a war party numbering at least a score of armed men. Upon this the slave-hunters, who were but six in all, gave over their pursuit and hastened from so dangerous a locality, leaving our lads to pursue their flight unmolested.

Thus it happened that on the following day, weary with travel, hungry, ragged to a degree, and torn by briars, they reached Po Adam's friendly fort. It took some time to convince him that Bob was indeed an American, so brown was he, and so

entirely different in appearance from any white man Po Adam had ever seen. When, however, his identity was established, the good-hearted rajah did everything in his power for his guest's comfort, and promised to keep him in safety until the coming of some American ship to which he might be transferred. So Bob and Katto settled down to a period of inactive waiting, that was almost wholly spent on the highest point of Po Adam's fort, from which they could watch the sea.

One day, while they were thus occupied, and were discussing what they should do if ever they escaped from that hated coast, they were startled by the distant sight of a large ship. At first they thought from her size that she might be a man-of-war, but as she drew nearer and they noted her stumpy topmasts, slack rigging, and the small number of her painted ports, Po Adam, who had been summoned to join them, pronounced her to be a merchant vessel, probably a large Indiaman. At the same time, the broad ensign floating lazily from her mizzen peak was a puzzle, since it was neither American, British, Dutch, French, Spanish, nor Portuguese, and they were equally certain that it belonged neither to China or Japan. After awhile the stranger passed from sight, working up the coast in the direction of Qualla Battoo, and leaving our lads bitterly disappointed that she had not come near enough for them to signal her.

Some months before this, President Andrew Jackson had received in the White House at Washington a delegation of merchants from Salem, Massachusetts. They had come to tell him of the murder of three American sailors, the capture of others, and the looting of the American ship *Friendship* by certain Malay pirates on the coast of Sumatra, and to demand protection for their vessels trading in those distant waters. With them was a man named Barry who had gone out as second mate of the *Friendship*, but had come home first, in place of her chief officer, who had been killed. John Barry's story was told with a straightforward simplicity that carried conviction, and when it was finished the President, slapping his thigh vigorously, exclaimed : —

“By the Lord Harry, gentlemen ! You have done well to report this outrage, and I shall take especial pleasure in administering a punishment to those rascals that they will not forget in a hurry.” Then he sent for the Secretary of the Navy. “Woodbury,” he said, as the latter appeared, “what frigate have you available for immediate service on the coast of Sumatra ?”

“None, Mr. President,” replied the Secretary, “the *Guerrière* now on the South American station is our only representative of that class in the Pacific, and her time being nearly expired, she will return home as soon as she can be relieved by the *Potomac*, which, as you know, is now at New York ready to sail.”

"Why can't the *Potomac* touch at Sumatra on her way out?" demanded the President. "The errand that I want her to do won't take more than a couple of days."

"Because, sir, in that case she would be obliged to proceed by the Cape of Good Hope, whereas she is now under orders to go by way of Cape Horn."

"What difference will it make if she does go by Hope instead of Horn?"

"Very little, sir, probably not more than an extra month of time, if she should sail direct; but you seem to have overlooked the fact of having already ordered that the *Potomac* convey to England the Hon. Martin Van Buren, our minister to the court of St. James, before proceeding to her station."

"Oh, hang Van Buren!" exclaimed the President, testily. "Of course I didn't mean that," he hastily added, "but the matter I have on my mind is of importance; while it makes but little difference how or when Mr. Van Buren gets to England, so long as he gets there. I tell you what it is Woodbury, the *Potomac* has got to go to Sumatra. Moreover, she's got to start at once and get there as quickly as possible, by the most direct route. Why, man, those niggers out there are murdering American seamen, looting American ships, and wagging their fingers at us with their thumbs to their noses. By the Lord Harry, sir, it is something I cannot and will not stand. So you may cancel Captain Downes' existing

orders, and immediately prepare new ones to be forwarded to him by express."

"But, Mr. President, perhaps Congress—"

"Congress be hanged! I will settle with the Malays first, and with Congress afterwards."

Thus, owing to the prompt action of "Old Hickory," the splendid frigate *Potomac*, then new and considered one of the finest ships in the American navy, that had been selected to carry our envoy to the most powerful court of Europe, was despatched to the other side of the world to punish an act of piracy committed against an American merchantman.

The *Potomac* sailed from New York late in August and reached the Sumatra coast during the first week of the following February, or exactly one year from the date of the outrage whose perpetrators she was sent to punish.

Before leaving this coast the year before Captain Endicott had promised Po Adam that, within a twelvemonth, he would see an American warship in these waters.

Now, the friendly rajah, remembering this statement, confided to Bob Whiting that, after all, he shouldn't be surprised if the supposed Indiaman which had just passed were a disguised frigate.

"American, do you think?" asked Bob, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Mebbe so. Melicans got big ship same as him, you tink?"

■

"Yes, plenty of them," answered the lad from Salem.

"Why he no come before, den?"

"I don't know. But if that ship is a man-of-war, something is going to happen up at Qualla Battoo that I for one want to see. What do you say, Adam? Can't we make a sneak up that way and perhaps get a front seat for the show?"

"All light."

Po Adam's only vessel, a fine armed schooner, had been captured some months before by El Pavura, and taken to Qualla Battoo, so the proposed expedition must go by land, which would add to its danger and difficulties. Notwithstanding this, Po Adam and our two lads, accompanied by a strong escort of half-naked retainers, set forth that very evening, hoping to reach the neighborhood of Qualla Battoo undetected under cover of darkness. They were still a few miles from it when daylight began to appear, and almost simultaneously there came a sound of heavy firing from directly ahead.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob, "the fight's begun. Hurry up, Adam! Hurry, Katto, or we'll be too late for any use."

With this the excited lad broke into a run, and the others streamed after him. In another hour they came to a point of land from which they could overlook the site of Qualla Battoo and its open roadstead. In the latter lay the great ship they had

sighted the day before ; but instead of the disguising foreign flag (Danish) she had then displayed, she now rode at anchor under the stars and stripes.

"A Yankee frigate, by all that's fine !" gasped Bob.

"Me tink so," replied Po Adam. "Qualla Battoo tink so too, putty queek, eh?" he added, pointing to dense clouds of smoke rising above the tree-embowered town.

"Great Cæsar ! I should say so," exclaimed Bob, in an awe-stricken tone. "And listen to the shooting. Aren't they just having a hot old fight down there? Come, let's get where we can see what's going on."

So saying, the speaker plunged down the side of the bluff in a bee-line for the river that separated them from the scene of action in which he so longed to take part.

CHAPTER XX

UNCLE SAM'S LONG ARM

WHEN the disguised frigate appeared off Qualla Battoo, El Pavura, recalling Captain Endicott's threat, and rendered suspicious by her size, sent four men in a fishing-boat to board her, under pretence of wishing to sell their wares, and thus discover her real character. As the first of these men, holding a couple of fish in his hand, climbed up over the frigate's side and caught a glimpse of her deck, on which a crew five hundred strong were grouped about a number of guns three times longer than any he had ever seen, he nearly tumbled over backwards with fright. As it was, he slid down into his boat, which was about to shove off, when an athletic young topman sprang into it through an open port and made prisoners of all four of its occupants, who were taken on board and kept in confinement.

Then one of the frigate's boats, holding a party of officers disguised as a merchant captain and members of his crew, pulled toward shore to discover and report upon the condition of the town; but El Pavura, made more suspicious than ever by the failure of his own spies to return, had so

lined the beach with armed men, that they did not deem it expedient to attempt a landing. So they returned to the ship, having gained but little information.

During the remainder of that day El Pavura, still doubtful as to the true character of the great ship that lay so threateningly off his stronghold, but fearful that she might mean mischief, made all possible preparations to repel an attack. Women and children were sent back into the hills, while all able-bodied men, together with everything procurable in the shape of arms and ammunition, were gathered behind the walls of the five forts by which the town was guarded.

While all this was going on unseen from the frigate, her decks presented scenes of similar activity. Muskets were being cleaned, cutlasses sharpened, ammunition served, and men detailed for special duties. At two bells (five o'clock) in the afternoon everything was in readiness and all hands were knocked off for rest until midnight. Then boats were got alongside and an embarkation was begun. A strong expedition was to go ashore, surprise the forts if possible, and prevent the escape of the chief men, from whom ample indemnity for the outrage upon the *Friendship* was to be demanded. No assault was to be made by the Americans unless they were first attacked, and they were cautioned not to fire a shot unless first fired upon.

In absolute silence, under cover of the midnight darkness, and with muffled oars, the boat flotilla pulled ashore, passed the surf in safety, and effected a landing on the beach more than a mile north of the town.

Daylight was at hand by the time the divisions were formed and a line of march taken up, through heavy sand, for the nearest fort. As the Americans approached it, a shadowy figure suddenly appeared, and darted away before them. Two minutes later a startling roar of musketry and swivels announced that the invaders had been discovered and that their advance would be contested without parley.

With this the division detailed to attend to that particular fort opened fire, and the fight was on. It was two hours before the position was captured, and by that time many of its defenders had been killed, many others wounded, and the survivors were in full flight. Two other forts had also fallen, and the village was in flames.

A vigorous assault was now made on the fort of El Pavura, which, located near the river, was by far the strongest of all the Qualla Battoo defences. Lieutenant Shubrick, commanding the expedition, led this attack in person; and with him was John Barry, formerly mate of the *Friendship*, but now acting as sailing master of the *Potomac*.

For half an hour a heavy fire was maintained by both sides without much damage to either. Then,

finding this mode of attack ineffective against the stout barricade, Lieutenant Shubrick divided his slender force, and leaving half of it to keep up the fire in front, led the remaining forty men on a circuit through the jungle to assault the rear of the work. As they approached the river, they discovered three armed schooners, filled with Malays, anchored in the channel. The Americans had with them one six-pound gun, and opening with it, supported by a brisk fire of musketry, they quickly drove overboard the crews of two of the vessels. The third and largest, which was that formerly owned by Po Adam, hoisted sail and fled up the river, where in a supposed place of safety she was made fast to the south bank.

In the meantime, Bob Whiting and his companions had gained that same bank of the river a short time before ; and, still concealed by the jungle, had been vainly casting about for some means of crossing. Now they followed the flying schooner, hoping for the very thing that happened, and the moment she touched the bank they rushed on board with terrific yells and a deadly fire from their muskets. Although the crew of the schooner outnumbered them two to one, they were so completely taken by surprise as to be quickly overpowered. Five of them were killed, many more wounded, and Po Adam was once more in possession of his own.

At Bob's earnest request, he was now set across

the river, and, closely followed by Katto, he hastened in the direction of the fighting. The Americans had just succeeded in chopping a breach through the stockade, and were rushing in as Bob joined them. The first man through the opening fell dead with a bullet in his brain, and our lad snatched up his cutlass. Then he plunged into such a pandemonium of fire, smoke, shots, blows, fierce yells, and screams, that he became utterly oblivious of his own actions, until he found himself leaning dizzily against a post, and mechanically wiping away a little stream of blood that trickled persistently into his eyes. All at once a figure loomed before him with an uplifted cutlass.

"Don't hit me," cried Bob. "I'm an American."

"You don't look it," replied the man, hesitating.

"I am, though," insisted our lad. "Can't you tell by the way I talk?"

"You can't go by that in this shindy," argued the other. "There's a man lying over there who talks United States as well as you do, but at the same time he seems to be the leader of the whole bloomin' gang and has fought us like a devil let loose."

"Show him to me," cried Bob, with a sudden inspiration. "Perhaps I can tell you who he is. See, I am unarmed." Here the lad flung away his cutlass.

"Will you go as my prisoner and swear not to play any monkey tricks?" asked the seaman.

"Of course I will, and glad of the chance."

"Who's this nigger wot's a follering you like a pet dog? Perhaps you'd like to make me believe he's a white man, too."

Bob turned quickly and found Katto close at hand regarding the situation calmly, but evidently ready for instant action in case his friend should be assaulted.

"No, he isn't white any more than he is a nigger; but he's a Japanese and my best friend. You can have him for a prisoner, too, if you want, for he'll do what I say."

"All right; I'll take him in," replied the man. "You want to get a move on, though, for we hain't got no time to spare; our bullies are getting ready to fall back, and it won't do for me to get left behind."

A moment later Bob Whiting knelt beside El Pavura, who, desperately wounded, lay dying in a rapidly widening pool of his own blood. At sound of our lad's voice the gray eyes opened and a flash of recognition brightened the swarthy features.

"Water," he whispered.

"Fetch water, quick," commanded Bob, sharply, at which both Katto and the seaman started in search of the precious fluid.

"Good lad," whispered the dying man with his wide-open eyes fixed on Bob's face. "Sorry — take — home — father — mother — forgive."

With this he made a feeble effort to remove something from his throat.

Following the helpless movement of the man's hand, Bob discovered, and lifted from about his neck, a slender gold chain to which was attached a rudely painted miniature of two faces. As the man saw that Bob had secured this, he smiled, tried to speak, partially raised himself by a mighty effort, and fell back dead.

Just then the seaman came hurrying back. "Can't find no water," he said, "and we hain't a minute longer to stay here. Everything's on fire, and everybody's getting out before the bloomin' magazine catches. We can't do nothing for that pirate, anyhow."

"No," replied Bob, gaining his feet. "We can't do anything for him, and I'm ready to go. Where's Katto?"

"Here my," replied the young Japanese, appearing with a calabash of water, which Bob, nearly perished with thirst, drank as they ran.

The Americans had not gained more than one hundred yards from the blazing fort, when its magazine blew up with a roar that shook the solid earth, and the body of El Pavura found fitting sepulchre amid the ruins of his own piratical stronghold.

"How's this, Larkin? Who are these men?" demanded an officer in charge of one of the boats.

"Prisoners, sir," replied the seaman, saluting as he spoke. "An—"

"Turn 'em loose. We've nothing to do with prisoners."

"But, sir, one of 'em says as how he's white and belonged to the *Friendship*."

"What's that? Belonged to the *Friendship*?" cried a voice. "Let me look at him."

Whirling around, Bob found himself face to face with John Barry, who stared at him without a sign of recognition.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Barry?" gasped the lad, overwhelmed by the joy of this unexpected meeting.

"No, hanged if I do," replied the other. "Never saw you before in all my life, and yet your voice sounds kinder natural."

"I'm Robert Whiting, the 'hayseed,' of the old *Friendship*, and here's Katto. We've been slaves in this awful place, but Po Adam—"

"Bless my soul! So you are," interrupted the astonished sailor. "But who'd ever thought to find you alive, and togged out like a Malay pirate. It's all right, Mr. Totten. These are our lads, fast enough, and this is the best part of this bully day's work. Tumble in, boys, and we'll have you aboard the frigate in no time."

"'Twas me captured and fetched 'em in, sir," remarked seaman Larkin, fearful lest his claim to glory should be overlooked.

"It'll be credited to you in the report, my man, never fear; though I reckon you wouldn't have had so easy a job if they hadn't wanted to be captured."

Not long afterwards, Bob, trembling with happiness, stood once more on an American deck, under the folds of the starry banner that was to him the most glorious emblem on earth. He and Katto were the heroes of the day, and were so plied with kindly attentions, that it was some hours before he found a quiet opportunity for examining the miniature that he had taken from the dead pirate. Then he discovered scratched on its back the names "Abel Dutton—Hannah Dutton," and knew for a certainty, what he had already suspected, that El Pavura was one and the same with the Ezekiel Dutton who had sailed away from New England in a missionary schooner years before.

CHAPTER XXI

ON BOARD THE FRIGATE "POTOMAC"

THE *Potomac's* commander, Captain John Downes, who had begun his naval career under the redoubtable Paul Jones, and had taken part in that most wonderful of sea-fights, when the old patched-up merchantman, *Bon Homme Richard*, vanquished the splendid new frigate *Serapis*. Next, he had served under Preble in the Mediterranean against the Barbary corsairs, and a few years later acted as Porter's first lieutenant during the famous cruise of the *Essex*, when that sturdy little frigate swept clean the South Pacific. With Porter again he had helped overthrow the powerful association of West Indian pirates known as Brethren of the Coast, and in all these schools of naval warfare he had been impressed with the lesson that the more thoroughly a punishment is administered, the longer will it be remembered. So, in the present case, he realized that, while he had dealt the Malays of Qualla Battoo a heavy blow, he must do something more in order fully to impress them with the power of the American government.

A year earlier they had been moved to merriment by being told that an American ship with big guns

would be sent to punish them for their misdeeds, and had replied : —

“ Big gun, Melican ship no hab got.”

Even now with their town in ashes and four of its five forts destroyed, they had no faith in the big gun story. On the following morning, therefore, the *Potomac* was moved to within a mile of shore and anchored, so that her larboard battery bore on their sole remaining fort. As it was located on the south side of the river, the land force of the day before had been unable to reach it, and now it was crowded with armed men sullenly awaiting the boat attack they supposed was to be made.

Suddenly, and with a tremendous roar, a 32-pound shot was sent hurtling above their heads and went crashing into the forest a mile beyond them. In another instant the amazed and terribly frightened occupants of the fort were scuttling through the jungle, and for the next hour shot after shot from the big guns tore huge holes in that fort until a large portion of it was reduced to match-wood. Then the cannonading was suspended to cool the guns, and at once white flags were displayed on the beach, from the jungle, and from the smoking ruins of the town. An answering flag of truce was run to the frigate's masthead, and a boat, also bearing an emblem of peace, ventured to put off from shore. It brought the three remaining rajahs of the place humbly anxious to sue for peace and beg that the terrible American



Shot after shot tore holes in the fort.

guns be no longer turned in the direction of Qualla Battoo.

During their interview with Captain Downes, Bob Whiting had the pleasure of acting as interpreter, and it is certain that the stern words of the American commander lost nothing of their severity in translation.

Thus was ended the episode of Qualla Battoo, by which the power of Uncle Sam was for the first time made manifest in that part of the world. The next day the *Potomac* sailed for Po Adam's town, where the faithful fellow, invited to dine on board, was treated with every courtesy on account of the friendship he had shown toward Americans.

Then, with all her duties on that coast duly performed, the frigate took her departure, and proceeding to the eastward, touched at Batavia on her way to Canton. By the time she had crossed the troubled waters of the China Sea, Bob and Katto had been on board a full month, and the former was rejoicing at the prospect of a quick run to the United States, though the latter looked dubious whenever he thought of going to such an immense distance from his own land.

"My rike first go my home," he would say, whenever the two lads discussed the subject.

"That's all right, and I don't blame you one bit," Bob would reply. "I should like mighty well to visit your home too ; but as that cannot be, why, the next best thing is for you to come to mine."

On the day before the ship was expected to sight the China coast, Bob, in talking with Mr. Barry, learned for the first time that the frigate, instead of being on her way to the United States as he had supposed, was bound for a three-years cruise off the Pacific coast of South America.

"I hope," Mr. Barry had said, "now that you've seen something of man-of-war life, you like it well enough to enlist and take the whole cruise with us."

"I don't know about that," replied Bob. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Barry, I've had about as much of this sort of thing as I care for just now, and am pretty anxious to get back home again."

"I don't know as I blame you, after the experience you've just gone through with, but the question is, how are you going to get home?"

"Couldn't I find a chance at Canton to ship aboard some homeward-bound American?" asked Bob.

"I don't know, but we'll see. I expect the cap'n'll be disappointed, though, for he asked me only to-day if I thought you would enlist, and I said I was pretty sure you would. He wants to get hold of your friend, too, for a cabin steward."

Mr. Barry had reported this conversation to Captain Downes, with a result that the two lads were summoned aft for an interview. Bob was rather nervous at the prospect of facing the man concerning whom he had recently heard so many thrilling stories,

but Katto entered the cabin with the calm confidence of one who visits an equal.

"So, young man," began Captain Downes, addressing Bob, "you don't consider that the American navy offers a career worthy of your talents?"

"Oh, no, sir! — I mean oh, yes, sir," stammered Bob. "I believe it offers a career worthy of the very best talents in the country, but not before they have been developed by education."

"Oh ho! That is the trouble, is it? So you want an education, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how do you propose to obtain one?"

"By hard work, sir. With your permission I shall ship to the best possible advantage at Canton, on some homeward-bound vessel. Then, on reaching an American port, I should have enough money to give me a start at some college, through which I should hope to work my way."

"H—m! What put all this idea of education into your head? I understood from Mr. Barry that before going to sea you were only a farm hand, and a bound boy at that."

"So I was, sir, but I also am the son of an English clergyman, consequently my father must have been both a gentleman and a scholar. I have always loved to study, and was fitting for college when the farmer to whom I was bound said that I was educated enough and forbade me having anything more to do with books."

"Didn't you once tell Mr. Barry that you would be satisfied if you could ever rise to a position as high as the one he then held?"

"Yes, sir, but that was before I knew anything about the navy, and realized how much a naval officer ought to know before being fitted for his position."

"I acknowledge the compliment to our service, my lad, and I would to heaven that more young Americans ambitious to enter the navy were imbued with your ideas. Our profession demands a more general knowledge than any other, and I am inclined to think that if you carry out the programme just outlined, you will become one of the very men we want. I will start you in that direction by aiding so far as may be your return to the United States, and in after years I shall hope for good accounts from you."

"Thank you, sir," said Bob. "I will try my best to be worthy of your kindness."

"No one can do more," replied Captain Downes, smiling, "and by the way, here is something I want you to take and keep, read, and re-read, until you know it by heart. It is a printed copy of the letter written by my old commander Paul Jones — God bless him — to the naval committee of the first Continental Congress, defining his idea of what an American naval officer should be. It holds as good to-day and will hold as good for all time as it did then. And now, my young Japanese friend," he added,

turning to Katto, "how is it with you? Are you willing to ship with us for a three-years cruise?"

"My go where Bob go," replied the lad, without hesitation. "My rike go my own country. Mebbe Bob come. Mebbe some time many Meric man come and Nippon peop be grad see 'em. Now no rike 'em. Then mebbe say 'brother.'"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Downes, "that is an idea worth considering, and I shall certainly suggest it at Washington. It would be a glorious thing if, through American influence, Japan could be opened to the world. At the same time, I don't see exactly how you are to get back to your country, since I am informed that no native of Japan, once leaving it, is ever allowed to return. As for your American friend here, it would be the same as committing suicide for him to set foot on Japanese soil, and so I cannot give my consent for him to make the attempt. You hear, young man, no matter what else you may do, on no account must you go to Japan."

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, "I understand; at the same time, I would rather go there than anywhere else in the world."

"No doubt," laughed Captain Downes; "you would not be human if your chief desire was not for forbidden fruit. Now you may go, and when we reach Canton I will see what arrangements I can make for getting rid of you, since you so evidently prefer other company to ours."

On the following day the *Potomac* anchored in the roads off the Portuguese trading settlement of Macao. Here Captain Downes chartered a small schooner for the sixty-mile run up to Canton, which city he desired to visit. He was absent a week, and upon his return sent for Bob Whiting.

"My lad," he said, upon the appearance of the latter, "I find that there is no American ship in this port at present, but one is daily expected. If you choose to await her arrival, you can do so safely and with great comfort at the Canton factory of the American merchants, Messrs. Heard and Lattimer. I mentioned your case to them, and Mr. Lattimer very generously invites you and your friend to be his guests until such time as you may depart for the States. If you choose to accept this offer, you can go up on the schooner which is to return at once to the city."

"I do accept it, sir, for both of us," replied Bob, heartily, "and am more grateful than I can ever express for your exceeding kindness to us."

"Don't mention it, my boy. I have done little, and only ask in return that you so conduct yourself abroad and at home as to reflect credit upon the name of American. Good-by, and may God bless you."

CHAPTER XXII

BOB PERFORMS A MIRACLE

"I SAY, old man, this sort of thing is beastly slow, and I'm getting awfully tired of it, aren't you? I almost wish we'd stayed on the *Potomac* and gone to South America instead of taking our chances in this hole."

Such was Bob Whiting's complaint, made to his Japanese comrade after a week spent in Canton at the factory of the American merchants who extended to him their kindly hospitality. As foreigners were not allowed within the city walls, and as it was not considered safe for our lads to explore even the suburbs without a strong escort, they were confined to the house and grounds of their entertainers.

The *Potomac* having departed, Bob felt himself very much alone in an exceedingly strange land, and longed for a chance to get away. Mr. Lattimer, though most kind, was too busy a man to devote much time to his unimportant guests, and being thus thrown upon their own resources, they spent most of their waking hours on the water front of the narrow American reservation, watching the swarming life of the yellow river. Here they found a never-failing source of interest in myriads of junks

of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions, occupied by uncounted thousands of human beings, many of whom passed their whole lives on them without ever stepping ashore.

It was on one of these occasions, and while the lads were sitting on the stone landing steps of the compound, that Bob uttered his complaint. For some minutes Katto had been intently gazing at a large sea-going junk that displayed from one of its mastheads a white flag emblazoned with a red disk. No other vessel bore this symbol, nor was its like to be seen on shore.

At the conclusion of Bob's remarks, Katto turned to him as though rousing from a deep revery, and asked significantly, —

“How you rike go my country, eh, Bob San?”

“I've already told you that I should like it very much indeed; but what is the use of talking or even thinking of such a thing when it is impossible?”

“Dunno. Mebbe my make go,” said Katto, reflectively, with just a trace of excitement appearing in his usually placid features. Then, without a word of explanation, he turned and walked toward the house. Bob, wondering what had come over his comrade, remained behind to continue his watch for an American boat, whose coming would announce an arrival at the river's mouth of the ardently desired Yankee ship.

On reaching the house, Katto procured a cake of ink, a pencil-like brush, and a sheet of paper, on which he carefully sketched two columns of Chinese characters. He had written a letter, and, at its conclusion, in place of a signature, he drew a circle, within which he inscribed a cross. Rolling this letter and tying it with a silken thread, he hunted up the comprador, or house steward of the establishment. To this man he intrusted it, and contrived to make him understand that it was to be delivered with all haste. Then he returned to the apartment that he occupied with his friend, and waited.

Within an hour a handsome palanquin, borne by two perspiring coolies who had evidently travelled with speed, and accompanied by several servants, drew up at the entrance to the American factory, and was promptly admitted to the grounds. From it alighted with great dignity an elderly Chinese merchant, richly robed in blue silk. That he was a person of consequence was shown by the deference of the comprador, who greeted him with the profoundest of salaams, and walked backward as he ushered him into the house.

A minute later the merchant and Katto stood face to face, after an exchange of bows, and after each had cordially shaken his own hands, gazing at each other in silence. The young man waited for his guest to make the first move, which the latter did by producing from one of his flowing sleeves the letter written

by Katto, and pointing significantly to its strange signature.

For answer Katto drew aside his robe and displayed the similar device tattooed in vermillion on his breast. The moment the merchant saw this, he fell to his knees, and bowed so profoundly that his forehead touched the floor ; but Katto, springing forward, raised him, and conducted him to a seat. Directly afterward servants arrived with the tea and confections reserved for distinguished guests.

When they were gone, the merchant and Katto began an animated conversation, each using certain words of the other's language with which he was familiar. While it was in progress, Bob, not knowing of the presence of a visitor, entered the apartment. He hesitated at sight of the stranger, and would have withdrawn, but Katto prevented him.

"Hol on, Bob San," he said. "This man Wo Sing. Him rike you, rike me. Makee talk. Bimeby you know. Mebbe you like too."

Then the speaker turned to his visitor and explained that Bob was his friend, whereupon the merchant bowed to the young American and affably shook his own hands.

So Bob remained, and greatly wondering how Katto had made this swell acquaintance, listened interestedly, but without comprehension, to their conversation. After a while Mr. Wo Sing took a ceremonious departure, and Katto escorted him to

his palanquin. When he returned, his eyes glowed with excitement.

"I rike go my country, you rike go my country, can go," he declared.

"You don't mean it," cried Bob. "How?"

Then Katto explained that the great junk to which his attention had been attracted by the Japanese flag displayed from its masthead, was the one allowed to make an annual trading voyage between China and Japan. Until seeing her he had not remembered that she sailed from Canton, but, as this flashed into his mind, he also recalled the name of the hong, or business house owning her, and immediately sent a message to that address. It had been promptly answered by the head of the firm in person, and he had offered our lads passage on his junk, which would sail for Nagasaki a few days later.

"But how are you going to manage it?" asked the still bewildered Bob. "I thought your people would kill you if you tried to go back after being in a foreign country, as quick as they would me for being a foreigner."

"My fix um good," replied Katto, confidently. "You come, my fix um. You no die, my no die. You come, eh, Bob San?"

"Yes," replied our lad, slowly, "I suppose I might as well, for I do want to see your country awfully, and a chance like this isn't to be tossed overboard as though it could be had every day in the year. You

are going to risk as much as I am ; and after all, if they won't let us land in Japan, we can come back here again with nothing lost but a little time. So I'll go with you, old man, only we must tell Mr. Lattimer what we are up to. He has been too kind for us to give him the slip. I don't see, though, how you ever persuaded Mr. Woo Song, or whatever his name is, to give us a passage that we can't pay for."

"My fix um," cried Katto, laughing joyously, and what was the only answer Bob could get. He told Mr. Lattimer that very evening of their newly made plan, and though that gentleman said it would be of no use, since they certainly would not be allowed to set foot on Japanese soil, he could urge no valid objection to their taking the voyage if they chose, and so that part of the affair was straightened out.

For the next two days Katto was as busy as he was happily excited, and was constantly despatching or receiving messengers, who ran on all sorts of errands. Once Mr. Wo Sing came in his palanquin, bringing two complete Chinese costumes in which our lads were to disguise themselves before sailing.

At length all was in readiness for departure, the monsoon was favorable, and word came one afternoon that the junk would drop down the river at daylight. In the dusk of early evening a sampan ran alongside the anchored vessel which bore the remarkable name of "Most Excellent Appetite,"

and delivered on board two passengers. One of them, evidently a very aged man, was clad in the robes of a Bonze or Buddhist priest. He was bent with the weight of years and leaned heavily on his staff as well as upon a shoulder of the servant who accompanied him. His eyes were shielded by great goggles of green glass, set in horn rims, and a thin, snow-white mustache drooped from his upper lip. The servant was a stout young fellow clad in ordinary peasant costume. These arrivals were evidently expected by the captain of the *Appetite*, who, walking backward before the bonze, conducted him to a cabin of honor at the stern of the junk, where the passengers were lost to sight from the gaping crew. These were filled with curiosity, it being a most unusual thing for a priest to go to sea; but it soon became known among them that the old bonze was a famous worker of miracles, and was to visit some of the less civilized of the Loo Choo islands, — claimed by both China and Japan, — where his marvellous powers were to be used for frightening the savages into an adoption of Buddhism.

Of course this was a perfectly proper as well as a most natural thing to do; and the crew of the *Appetite* congratulated themselves that the safety of their present voyage was assured by the presence on board of so powerful a being.

That their confidence in him was not misplaced was shown on the third day out from Canton, when

the junk, being in the dangerous vicinity of the Ladrões, was overhauled by a swift-rowing craft, that, filled with armed pirates, shot out from behind a bushy islet and ran alongside. There was no possibility of escape ; for not a breath of air was stirring, and the *Appetite* was only drifting lazily with the tide. Her crew made such preparations as they might for repelling the pirates, but with little hope of success, for the latter not only outnumbered them, but were better armed. An irregular volley from gingals and antiquated matchlocks failed to intimidate the enemy, and before its smoke had cleared away they were clambering aboard with knives held between their teeth. Step by step the crew were driven aft, and their fate was apparently sealed, when, of a sudden, the old bonze appeared standing on top of his cabin with uplifted hands. He was nearly enveloped in a dense cloud of incense that rose from his feet, and his struggling shipmates besought him with loud cries to save them.

For a moment the battle lulled, even the pirates waiting to see what would happen. Then the form of the bonze wholly disappeared behind the veil of smoke, and the assailants were about to renew their attack, when from it dashed, not an old man, but two youthful figures naked to the waist. One was white and the other brown, while the former was armed with pistols and a cutlass.

Yelling in an unknown tongue, these sprang into

the fray like beings to whom fear was unknown, and so fierce was their aspect that the terror-stricken pirates tumbled over each other in their frantic efforts to escape. Within two minutes the deck was cleared of all save the dead and those who rightfully belonged there, and the jubilant crew were hurling spears after the retreating boat. When they could no longer reach it, they turned to worship their mysterious deliverers, but these had disappeared, though the smoke of incense still enveloped the cabin of the bonze whose miracle had saved them.

CHAPTER XXIII

ADRIFT WITHOUT OARS

"WHEW! But that was hot work!" exclaimed Bob, as, panting and perspiring, he flung himself into the cabin to which he and Katto had retreated through the friendly veil of smoke, the moment they saw that their presence on deck was no longer needed.

"Quick! Make bonze," gasped Katto. **"Smoke mos' gone."**

"That's so," replied the other, as he hastily donned his disguise. Then he hurried outside and stood for a moment in the dissolving smoke cloud, with uplifted hands, so that as it cleared away the superstitious crew could plainly see him. His attitude was the same as when they had besought his all-powerful aid, and now every last one of them was ready to swear that he had not stirred from that spot nor altered his position.

"Which," said Bob a little later, while talking over the situation with his friend, **"makes easy sailing for us so far as this crowd is concerned. I tell you, Katto, you've got a great head, and though I hated this priest business at first, I can see now that it is working out all right. But I say, old man, what a fighter you are! I didn't think it was in you. I**

was too busy myself to notice all you did. Same time I saw you pick up that biggest fellow, and pitch him over your head into the water, as if he were a sack of potatoes; and it seemed as if I saw you break another chap's arm just as he was going to jab you with a knife. How did you manage?"

"What you make say trick," replied the Japanese lad, smiling. "Nippon man not big. Mus' know 'um trick, or mebbe some time big man make die."

"Well, it's a trick I'd like to learn," said Bob, "for you handled them as though it wasn't any trouble at all."

"Mebbe my show you some time," laughed Katto.

After this discomfiture of the Ladrone pirates, who in those days lay in wait for the commerce of Canton in great numbers, the voyage of the *Appetite* was continued for something more than a month without incident or interruption. To our lads, confined for the most part to their cabin, that they might not be subject to a too close scrutiny from the crew, it was a voyage of such tedious monotony that they would have regarded even another pirate attack as a welcome diversion. But nothing of the kind occurred as their clumsy craft wallowed slowly up the coast, keeping within sight of land as far as the island of Hao-tan, from which it rolled across the strait of Formosa, skirted the northern end of the great island of the same name, and soon afterwards was among the Loo Choos.

Katto's plan, which, long ere this, had been discussed with Bob in every detail, was that they should be landed on one of the uninhabited islands of this archipelago, and left, together with an ample supply of provisions, until word could be got to his father at Kagoshima, when he felt certain that the latter would send a Japanese junk in search of him. Of course the story to be told was that the craft in which he had originally sailed from home had been driven southwest, instead of northeast, by a typhoon and wrecked among the Loo Choos, where all her company except himself had been killed by the savage natives. He had been saved by a priest, and, after many adventures, they two had escaped to the island on which they were discovered. For many weary months no vessel had come near enough to be hailed or even signalled, until at last they had the good fortune to attract attention from the "Most Excellent Appetite." Even then her master had refused to receive them on board as, under no circumstances, was he allowed to carry passengers to Japan. In fact, it was only with the greatest reluctance that he consented to receive and transmit to Kagoshima the message announcing their unhappy predicament. He had been induced to sell them, at an enormous price, a small quantity of provisions and some other articles that they greatly needed, which would account for Chinese goods being found in their possession.

Such was the story concocted between Katto and

Mr. Wo Sing in Canton, to be repeated later to Bob and the captain of the junk. Upon the strength of it the young Japanese hoped to return safely to his own country, taking with him the dear friend who had already shared so much of his fortunes and adventures. There was little fear that it would be contradicted by any of the junk's crew, or that they would make mention in Japan of the passengers left among the Loo Choos, because not only were they unfamiliar with the Japanese language, but no one of them would be allowed on shore, or even to hold communication with those who came off in boats.

At length the happy day of relief from the tedious voyage dawned ; and late in the afternoon the master of the junk announced to his passengers that the island selected for their temporary residence was coming into view. A small boat was got overboard and hauled close up under the stern of the junk, where, the sea being smooth, it was laden with all it could carry of useful articles, passed out through the cabin window unnoticed by the crew.

As darkness fell, all was in readiness, and the lads who were of their own accord to become castaways on a desolate Pacific islet partook of their last meal in the cabin of the friendly craft that, in spite of her clumsy appearance, had brought them thus far in safety. During a final interview with the captain, he promised to touch at the island on his return

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voyage, and if they had not been taken off, to give them passage back to Canton.

About midnight they were notified that the junk was abreast of the island, and that their time for departure had come. So, with sincere thanks for the captain's courtesy, our lads bade him farewell, slipped down into their waiting boat, cast it off, and sat motionless until the junk had vanished into the night. When they could no longer distinguish her, Bob broke the silence by saying : —

“ Well, we are in for it now, and couldn't get aboard the old *Appetite* again if we wanted to. So let's out oars and make for that blessed island, on which we are to do the Robinson Crusoe act.”

But there were no oars. They had been lifted from the boat while her cargo was being stowed, and carelessly left on board the junk. When a brief search convinced our lads of this startling fact, they were filled with consternation. Until then they had not realized the terrible risks of their situation. The island was so close at hand that they had expected to gain it without trouble, and once ashore to remain in safety, until taken off either by a Japanese junk sent on purpose, or by the returning *Appetite*. Now, through one little oversight, the whole situation was changed, and their feeling of security was exchanged for one of vague terror. Already the form of the island was so dim that they could barely make it out. It was evident that they



The lads sat motionless until the junk had vanished into the night.

were drifting from it ; and both lads, leaning over the sides, began to paddle furiously with their hands, hoping thus to urge their craft in the desired direction. They worked until exhausted and then looked up. The island had utterly disappeared, so that they no longer knew even the direction in which it lay.

"It's of no use!" exclaimed Bob, bitterly. "We can't do a thing now until daylight, even if we can then. Oh ! what blamed idiots we were to consider such a crazy scheme in the first place ; and then, in trying to carry it out, to start off with such an inexcusable bit of carelessness. If ever I get back to a country where lunatics are shut up, I shall expect to spend the rest of my days in an asylum. What do you say, old man ? did you ever know of two bigger fools than we have been ?"

"My say, no rike it," replied Katto, in a troubled tone. "No can see. No can do. Bimeby, mebbe, sun up, can see, can do."

"I suppose, while the sea is smooth and there isn't a thing to be done, we might as well go to sleep," reflected Bob. "We may be too busy after sunrise. At any rate I'd rather sleep and dream that I was a person of sense, than to keep awake and know that I'm a fool. It's cold, too, and I don't suppose we're called upon to freeze to death if we can help it."

Thus saying, Bob followed the example already set by his philosophical companion, and snuggling down in the bottom of the boat, drew over him such

portions of her cargo as were suitable for covering. In another minute he was fast asleep, and their cockle-shell was left to drift unguided with the current that in those parts always sets northward.

It was broad daylight when Bob awoke with a start, to find Katto standing in the bow and sweeping the whole horizon with eager gaze. "No can see," he remarked in a hopeless tone.

"No," admitted Bob, when he too had taken a comprehensive look on all sides. "I can't even see the island on which we hoped to land last night, which shows how fast we must be drifting. I shouldn't wonder if we were in the set of a powerful current. But let's get something to eat and then consider the situation."

There was plenty of food in the boat, but the supply of drinking-water was wofully meagre, the whole of it being contained in a joint of bamboo stoppered at one end and holding about half a gallon. It was somewhat surprising that even this pitiful supply had found its way into the boat, for there was known to be plenty of water on the island to which our lads had been bound.

After eating almost in silence, and without any great relish, the castaways again stood up and scanned the horizon. Suddenly Bob, gazing eagerly, with hand-shaded eyes, shouted, "Land ho! See, Katto, over the starboard bow. It looks like a cloud, but I'm sure it's land. To make it, though, we've got

to have steerage way, for the set of the current doesn't seem to be quite in that direction."

Filled with hopeful excitement, they managed to tear out several strips of the boat's sheathing. Bob used the widest of these as a steering oar, while Katto bound the others into a rude frame to which he attached a bit of cloth. Then he stood up and held this makeshift sail so that the light breeze of the southwest monsoon should strike it fairly.

All day they sailed thus, the living mast being frequently relieved, while the land before them spread out on either side until it assumed the proportions of a large island. Shortly before sunset they drew near what appeared to be a narrow entrance guarded by lofty headlands, and determined to run into it for shelter. To their dismay, as they rounded the nearest point they found themselves drifting into a harbor crowded with junks and backed by houses, about which many people seemed to be gathered.

It was evident from a commotion aboard the nearest junk that they were already discovered and could not escape, even had they been possessed of oars. So they lowered their rude sail and allowed their boat to drift, while anxiously awaiting whatever fate might hold in store for them.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN A JAPANESE GUARD-HOUSE

AT the startling sight of shipping, houses, and people where nothing of the kind was expected, Bob had hastily resumed his priestly costume, which, though laid aside ever since leaving the junk, was fortunately close at hand. He could not find his white mustache, and by Katto's advice, the pigtail that depended from his otherwise bald wig was coiled in a knot and concealed beneath an umbrella-like straw hat. Thus arrayed, he sat like an owl, gazing solemnly through his round goggles at a boat from one of the anchored junks, that was coming in their direction.

"Pretty pickle we've got into now," he muttered. "I say, Katto, are they Japs? I mean, are they your country men?"

"Yep. Nippon man."

"Then they'll kill me if they find out I'm white, won't they?"

"Mebbe make die. Mebbe make go way in boat. No can say," replied the other, despondently.

"Well, I'm not going to give myself away, at any rate. So remember that I'm deaf and dumb. No hear, no speak, you understand?"

"Yep, my know."

"And I can't see very well either."

"Ssst," warned Katto, with a gesture toward the approaching boat.

So Bob subsided ; and, as the boat ranged alongside, its occupants saw in him only an addle-pated old bonze who was gazing contemplatively at his own brown-stained and meekly folded hands. Without paying much attention to him, they turned to Katto, and plied him with questions as to who he was, where he had come from, and how he happened to be in a boat of Chinese make.

Assuming a stiff dignity, the lad refused to reply, saying that only to the governor of the island would he talk. They then tried to extract some information from Bob, but desisted upon learning that he was not only deaf, dumb, and nearly blind, but weak-minded as well. Katto further insisted that he and his companion be at once taken before the governor, for whose ear he had information of the utmost importance. He had not made up his mind as to the story he should tell the governor, since that would depend entirely upon what sort of a man the latter was, but he knew that it would be better to deal with one responsible person than attempt to satisfy the curiosity of a number. So he stoutly refused, in spite even of threats, to answer questions, and his captors were finally persuaded to tow his boat ashore.

At the water's edge it was met by a throng of people eager to learn the news concerning this strange arrival. Among them were a number of soldiers; and when Katto announced in a loud voice that he bore a communication for the governor's private ear, several of these pressed forward, drove back the crowd, and, surrounding the newcomers, marched them away, Katto supporting his elderly companion and carefully guiding his footsteps.

Bob, peering through his goggles, saw that they were in an exquisitely neat and tree-shaded village of considerable size, though most of its houses appeared ridiculously small. The streets, in which were neither vehicles nor animals, swarmed with people, among whom were many soldiers. Every one was on the move, banners and streamers were displayed on all sides, and the whole place was so pervaded by an air of festivity as to impress even Bob's ignorance. "Must be a Japanese Christmas or Fourth of July," he thought, "only they are too quiet for the last, and the weather isn't quite right for Christmas. Hello! I wonder who that funny little chap is. He looks like a big doll with eyes made to open and shut, but not in very good working order. He must be somebody important, though, from the way people are getting down on their knees in front of him. Reminds me of Farmer Dutton's heathen bowing down before Baal."

The man who thus attracted Bob's attention was

just stepping into a waiting norimono, or upper-class palanquin, as Bob and Katto were marched up to him by the soldiers.

"What is this?" he demanded testily.

"Suspicious characters, your excellent Highness, who have demanded to be brought into the honorable presence of the governor," replied one whose swords showed him to be an officer.

"Take them away and lock them up for the night," screamed the governor. "Am I to have no peace in life, nor a moment for my own affairs? Even now I go to dine with the most noble lord of Satsuma, and without haste I shall be late. Take them away, I say, for I will not be delayed."

Saluting, the officer wheeled about and led his little company to a guard-house, where our lads were hustled into a stone-walled room before which a sentry was stationed.

Katto's face had assumed a very curious expression while he listened to the governor's words, and now, when all was quiet, he addressed the man standing guard over them. "What meant the governor by saying that he was going to dine with the Prince of Satsuma?" he asked.

"What he said," answered the man, shortly.

"Is he then going to Kagoshima?"

"Certainly not, pig of no understanding. He merely goes as far as the palace of Shiru, where the great prince lays his head."

"Here, on this island?" demanded Katto, incredulously.

"Of course; why not?"

"How comes the prince here?"

"To visit his loyal subjects. Why not? Is it displeasing to you, little pig? If so, you would do well to notify his Highness, that he may hastily leave," chuckled the soldier.

"I will notify him, and you shall bear my message," cried Katto, stepping toward the sentry with blazing eyes and quivering features.

"Ho, ho!" sneered the soldier, "we shall see. Stand back, or I shall be obliged to kill you."

So saying, he assumed a threatening attitude, with his short spear brought to a charge; but Katto regarded it no more than if it had been a blade of grass. Uttering the single word "Hinin" (outcast) with an accent of supremest scorn, he pushed the weapon aside, and planting himself squarely before the bewildered soldier, opened an upper fold of his own robe.

The man gave a single glance, and then staggered back as though shot. In another moment he was on his knees, with forehead touching the ground.

"Rise," commanded Katto, at the same time kicking the prostrate figure; and the man arose, trembling. Katto uttered a few more sharp words, and the soldier fled from the building with the haste of one who is pursued by a deadly fear.

"Well, if that don't beat anything I ever saw or heard of!" remarked Bob, who had drawn near, ready to spring to his friend's assistance in event of a conflict. "You simply paralyzed him, old man, but how did you do it, and what comes next on the programme?"

To our lad's amazement, his friend Katto, who heretofore had always responded so promptly and with such uniform courtesy to his questions, now took no notice of him, but paced up and down the narrow room in a state of extreme agitation. Bob stared at him curiously for a moment, and then realizing that he was in no mood for conversation, retired to a corner and sat down to await developments.

The great Prince of Satsuma, ruler of the most southerly province of Dai Nippon (kingdom of Japan) and nominal Lord of the Loo Choos, one of the most powerful and progressive of Daimios, had for reasons of state been voyaging among the latter islands. He had gone as far south as the great Loo Choo, where he had been regally entertained, and now on his homeward way was making a brief stop on the island of Oshima, which he proposed leaving on the following day. The fat little governor of Oshima was greatly excited over the visit of the all-powerful prince, and had very nearly lost the few wits he had ever possessed in attempting to entertain him with becoming dignity and a proper etiquette. He had walked backward before the great man until

he had tripped on his own skirts and rolled in the dust. He had worn a patch of skin from his shining forehead by bumping it against the ground in token of his humility. In his nervousness he had poured a tiny cup of scalding tea over his noble guest and had nearly put out his eyes in attempting to hold an umbrella over the august head. These and a hundred other things he had done, but all had been forgiven, and at last he was to be rewarded for his efforts by a banquet given in his honor by the prince himself.

The feast was spread and the guests were seated, cross-legged, on soft mats, each with a tiny table before him. The puffy little governor, as the guest of honor found himself at the left hand of the host. It was the proudest moment of his life; and to emphasize it, he began to tell of the incident that had so nearly delayed his coming.

"They had the impudence to demand a hearing at the very time when I was setting forth to pay my respects to your most noble Excellency," he said, "those pigs who came from no man knows where in the sea. But I closed their ill-favored mouths in a hurry, and consigned them to a place of such strength that it is certain they will be found when wanted. At the proper time they shall be taught the respect due a representative of your never-to-be-excelled-in-all-the-world Highness, I can promise you, for in no portion of the sun-kissed domain of my lord of

Satsuma is respect for his authority so rigidly exacted as in his most honorable island of Oshima."

"Indeed," remarked the prince, with absent-minded politeness, "they must be curiosities, these people who came from the sea, and I should like to look upon them."

"Of course, if the most Illustrious wishes, though I must warn him that a sight of such loathsome objects would be most unpleasant. One of them is a crazy bonze, and the other an ill-favored youth of the lowest class. But —"

Here the governor's oily patter of words was cut short by the arrival of a soldier who forced his way into the hall and prostrating himself before the prince, uttered a few impetuous sentences, overheard by no one else.

"What ! In vermilion, say you !" cried the prince, springing to his feet in sudden and unwonted excitement. "Lead me to him instantly."

With this he rushed from the banquet hall, leaving his astonished guests to gaze at one another in speechless bewilderment. A handful of the prince's body-guard, noting this sudden departure, hastily followed him, and one of them bore a lighted torch.

Two minutes later, a voice full and strong but trembling with emotion called at the guard-house entrance : "The Shimadzu, where is he ?"

For answer a slender form sprang forth from the darkness, crying : —

“Here am I, my father,” and in an instant the Prince of Satsuma was straining a long-lost son to his bosom, while down his stern face streamed the first tears that he had known since childhood.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PRINCE OF SATSUMA

ALL this time our friend Bob, still uncomfortably disguised as a bonze, had no more idea of what was taking place, than he had of the religion he was supposed to represent. He of course realized that Katto had exerted some strong influence over the soldier set to guard them, and had wondered at it; but then Katto had been growing so mysterious ever since they reached Canton that almost anything might be expected of him. Still, it was somewhat surprising to see his friend rush into the arms of the middle-aged gentleman who was now embracing and weeping over him. He must be a stranger, of course, for only two hours earlier Katto had not known that the island was even inhabited; but it seemed funny for strangers to act that way even if they did live on the other side of the world.

All at once Katto disengaged himself from his father's arms, and pointing to where Bob stood, said in a low tone, of course in Japanese: "It must not be forgotten in our own exalted happiness, that one here is my best of friends, and also my life-saver. But for him I should never have come to thee, oh my father."

"Bring him to me, my son, that I may know him ; for if he is thy friend, I am his friend, and in saving thy life he has saved mine a hundred times."

Then Katto led his comrade forward, whispering to him, "It is my father, Bob San, the Prince, of Satsuma."

Bob could hardly believe that he heard aright.

"Your father a Prince of Satsuma," he stammered, slightly holding back ; "why didn't you tell me, Katto ? I don't know how to meet a prince."

But he was already face to face, with the great man, who was smiling on him through the tears that still glistened in his eyes. Being overcome with amaze and embarrassment, and having no idea of the social requirements of the situation, but realizing that the utmost of his politeness was demanded, Bob seized one of the daimio's hands, and as he heartily shook it, exclaimed : —

"I'm awfully glad to make your acquaintance, Prince, for Katto and I have sailed shipmates so long that I feel as though any of his folks were the same as my own. I must say, though, that this is a surprise."

"Is he English?" asked the daimio, gazing at the supposed bonze in consternation.

"No, my father, he is of the powerful and most honorable nation called American," replied Katto.

"Say it not aloud," warned the prince, at the same time casting a hurried glance over his shoulder, to

observe if any were within hearing. Fortunately none of the great man's followers had dared approach within earshot, and thus Bob's identity remained undiscovered.

"Let him, for a time, remain a bonze without hearing or speech, as he has already appeared," added the daimio ; and Katto translating this request to Bob, the latter nodded his head in token of understanding.

Then the prince led them away to the palace where he was lodged, and where his guests, consumed with curiosity, but not daring to move until he should dismiss them, still sat in the banquet hall, anxiously awaiting his return.

There was much profound bowing as he reappeared, and led the two young men to the upper end of the room. There they stood on either side of him while he addressed the assembled company.

"So long ago that since then the cherry trees have twice blossomed," he said, "I sent this, my son," — here he placed a hand affectionately on Katto's shoulder — "forth on his travels that he might discover the vastness of our country. From end to end of it was he to go, from the land of the hairy Ainos in the far north, to the great island of man-eaters in the south, that the glory of the sun-round flag might be known to him. Among the islands of the Riv Kiv he innocently incurred the displeasure of Fu-Ten (the wind god), who beat his ship to pieces. But the lad calling upon Kuanon, she sent a bonze to save him,

and after many adventures they reached this place with the going down of to-day's sun. Not knowing of his father's presence, my son demanded to be taken before the governor, to whom he would declare his name, with the not surprising hope of being hospitably entertained. But the governor, who is commanded to give ear at all times, and under all circumstances, to petitions, no matter how humble, was too busy to listen to my son, and cast him into prison, there to await his leisure. A soldier, who is also the samurai Ichi no Butzo, discovered the lad in this infamous prison, and brought me word that he whom I had mourned as dead was not only alive, but close at hand. I went to him, and have returned, bringing him, together with the good bonze sent by Kuanon to save his life. Now, my friends, what should be done with a ruler who, because of the prospect of a dinner, refused to listen to a petition, and so sent the son of his prince to prison?"

By this time the wretched governor was prostrate before the daimio, begging for mercy.

"He should lose his head," shouted the guests in chorus.

"In which case he would die before he had learned the lesson of life," objected the daimio. "No; he shall live, but degraded from the rank of those who rule, to the lowest caste of them who are ruled. He shall become hinin, and thus outcast for the rest of his days."

As the man grovelling on the floor heard this terrible sentence, he gained his feet and, with a great cry, rushed from the hall.

"That for the punishment of an unjust ruler," said the Prince of Satsuma; "now for the reward of a faithful servant. From this moment shall the samurai Ichi no Butzo be governor of Oshima. Let the news be proclaimed, and let this banquet prepared for the unjust ruler be carried to its end in honor of him whose service has been rewarded. As for me, I will withdraw with my son, knowing that such a thing will be permitted by the honorable guests assembled."

With these words, the prince passed from the banquet hall to his private apartments, taking the two young men with him. Not until they had been furnished with a bath, fresh clothing, and food, did he question them. Then, with all attendants dismissed, he demanded and received from Katto a full account of what had befallen him during his wanderings, and when the long account was ended, he not only embraced his son, but Bob Whiting as well.

"Thy adventures, my son, are as wonderful as those of Nitta Yoshisada of blessed memory," he said; "and when they may be published will make thy name famous throughout the land. As for thy friend of the white skin, it is a privilege to know him, though his honorable presence here is a danger to us all. Nevertheless, for what he has done in saving a Shimadzu, not only from death, but from slavery, he shall

be protected from harm by the full power of the Satsuma, and entertained as an honored guest until such time as a safe departure to his own country may be effected. Now, my sons, let us sleep, for on the morrow we depart."

Thus it happened that Farmer Dutton's one-time bound boy became the guest of a Japanese daimio whose son was already his best friend, and when he left the island of Oshima, to which he had come as a castaway only to be immediately thrust into prison, he was borne to the shore in a silken-curtained palanquin that followed directly after that of the prince. A barge of state conveyed him to the largest junk of the Satsuma fleet, on which a luxuriously furnished cabin had been set apart for his use. It being deemed best that he should keep out of sight as much as possible, he remained in this cabin during the whole of the short voyage that ended that same evening in the harbor of Kagoshima. There he was taken ashore and carried in another palanquin to the castle of the daimio, where Katto, who had preceded him, was waiting in the middle gateway, or entrance of honor, to bid him welcome. It was all so like a fantastic dream that Bob almost expected to awake from it and find himself in the little attic room at Farmer Dutton's, or turning out with his watch on board the *Friendship*. It was absolutely incredible that he, Bob Whiting, should have entered the forbidden kingdom, which, so far as he knew, held no other

of his race, as the honored guest of one of its most powerful princes.

Probably under no other auspices could such a thing have happened ; for in all Japan, the Prince of Satsuma was the only one of his class sufficiently progressive, bold, and powerful, to assume the risk of harboring a foreigner. Even he dared not do so openly, and took every precaution to conceal the identity of his guest, for the Japanese people had learned to hate foreigners so bitterly that the majority of them would have killed one at sight without waiting for official authority. Realizing this, Bob submitted to have his whole body stained brown, and allowed his head to be shaved in the most approved Japanese style. As the color of his eyes could not be changed, he continued to wear dark goggles, and of course he dressed in Japanese costume. He acquired the language with facility and, that he might use it freely, it was given out that through constant prayers to Buddha his powers of hearing and speech were gradually being restored.

Bob's time was by no means spent in idleness ; for, besides studying Japanese customs and language and taking long horseback rides with Katto, he found himself regularly employed as a teacher of English to half a dozen young Shimadzu nobles who assembled every morning to learn of his wisdom.

At that time Japan was governed by two rulers. A Mikado or Emperor was the nominal ruler, but

he was controlled by the Shogun, — afterwards called “Tycoon,” — or general of his army, who was thus the actual ruler. Naturally, under such conditions, the people of the country were divided between two great parties, one of which stood for progress, wished to have the Mikado resume his full powers, and favored a certain amount of foreign learning. The other party, that of the Shogun, preferred that things should remain as they were, and resisted all attempts at change, or the introduction of foreign ideas.

Now it happened that the Prince of Satsuma was a leader of the progressive party, and desired above all things to have his beloved country take an honorable place among the world’s great nations. His pet project was to send abroad — secretly, of course — a number of bright young nobles who should study in America, England, France, or Germany, and in course of time return to their own Japan, ready to use the education thus gained to the best advantage. He planned that his own son Katto should be one of these, and had already chosen half a dozen others to accompany him. As yet, however, no way had been found to get them out of Japan, nor was the prince himself sufficiently acquainted with the outside world to know where to send them if their escape could be effected.

Thus the coming into his very household of a young American who could at least instruct in

English speech, reading, and writing the eager youth selected to be Japan's pioneers into the world, was little short of a miracle of which he meant to take the fullest advantage. So, to the amazement of Bob Whiting, whose greatest ambition was an education, he found himself acting as teacher to a lot of young men who regarded him as a fountain of all knowledge, treated him with the utmost deference, and addressed him as "Professor." That is, they called him "Senshi," which means elder born or teacher, though in point of years some of them were older than he.

CHAPTER XXVI

A HERMIT NATION

THE outside world was becoming very curious about Japan. So many stories were current concerning the wonders and wealth of the hermit nation, that all others longed to penetrate its guarded mysteries and witness its marvels. They also wanted to trade with it, and open its closed ports as harbors of refuge and supply.

When Columbus discovered America, he was trying to reach Japan, or "Zipangu," as it was then called. Although he failed, his way being barred by the vast continent, of whose very existence he was ignorant until it rose from the sea to oppose his farther progress, others who succeeded him in the same quest not only reached Japan, but were hospitably received by its people. For more than a century were the foreigners allowed to come and go as they pleased. So outrageously did they abuse these privileges that they were finally withdrawn, and Japan, sufficient unto herself, refused to have any further dealings with the outer world. For two centuries she succeeded in maintaining her privacy. England, Russia, France, and Spain tried to invade

it, and failed. She would have nothing to do with them.

In the meantime a new nation had sprung into existence on the continent discovered by Columbus, and had grown until it spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then, looking across to the farther shore, this youngest nation, the only one who had never abused Japan's hospitality, invited an interchange of confidence. But Japan had suffered greatly, and was not anxious to treat with any foreigners. Besides, these new people spoke English, and were therefore objects of suspicion. So the friendly advances were declined.

A Japanese junk was blown off the coast and wrecked, but its crew were picked up, and carried to Canton. Here, thought certain American merchants, was an opportunity for making a favorable acquaintance with the Japanese people, and perhaps of securing their grateful friendship. So they chartered the American merchantman, *Morrison*, to carry the castaways to their own country. In evidence of her peaceful mission, the *Morrison* was stripped of her battery, and sailed without offensive weapons of any kind on board.

Proceeding to the Japanese coast, she confidently entered the bay of Yedo, and sailed toward the capital city until she was stopped by a number of guard-boats that surrounded her and forbade her further progress. Then a Japanese official went on board,

learned her humane errand, discovered that she was unarmed, and took his departure. Early the next day she was, without warning, fired upon from a shore battery commanding her anchorage. At this, her captain took his departure and sailed for another Japanese port, where his ship was again fired upon, and he was ordered to leave or run the risk of total destruction. So he returned to Canton and reported the failure of this first American attempt to win Japanese friendship.

Six years after this the United States government sent two men-of-war, the *Columbus* and the *Vincennes*, under Captain James Biddle, to open negotiations with Japan, if it were possible to do so without using force. These ships also sailed into the bay of Yedo and remained there ten days surrounded by guard-boats that forbade all communication with the shore. At the end of that time a message was received from the Shogun to the effect that neither trade nor intercourse with the United States was desired ; and with this curt answer, Captain Biddle was forced to sail away.

The next visit of a United States ship was made three years later, when the frigate *Preble*, Captain Glynn, was sent to demand the release of sixteen American seamen, who, wrecked on the Japanese coast, had been held in close confinement, with harsh treatment, for a year and a half. The *Preble* entered the harbor of Nagasaki and was opposed by the usual

cordon of guard-boats, from which she was ordered to leave, but having a fine breeze and a clear conscience, Captain Glynn held his course, broke through the guard line, and continued up the bay until he reached an anchorage that suited him.

At first the Japanese treated with contempt a demand for the release of their prisoners, and attempted to frighten the Americans away. They established batteries on the bluffs commanding the *Preble's* anchorage until more than sixty heavy guns were pointing their black muzzles in that direction. They also poured thousands of soldiers into Nagasaki. At this, Captain Glynn became provoked and sent word ashore that if the men he desired were not on board his ship by noon of the following day, he should immediately report to his government that Japan had declared war against the United States. As a result the shipwrecked seamen were restored to their countrymen an hour before the time limit expired. With them thus happily on board, the *Preble* saluted the Imperial flag and peacefully departed. She was the last American ship seen in those waters up to the time of Bob Whiting's arrival at Kagoshima, and it was believed by most of the Japanese that no other would ever dare enter their ports.

But the people of the rising sun reckoned without a knowledge of the young western giant, who, having leaped across his continent, now sat by its golden gate looking out over the Pacific and planning steamship

lines to Asia. An open Japan had become a necessity to the commerce of America. Captain Downes had seen this and had written to Washington on the subject. Other navy men had also seen it, and the opening of Japan was a favorite topic for discussion at the wardroom mess of every United States ship. Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, brother to Oliver Hazard Perry, who in 1813 won the battle of Lake Erie, had for years been a close student of conditions in the far East and had read everything he could get hold of pertaining to Japan. He longed to visit that country, and at length, when ordered to the command of the American Asiatic Station, applied for permission to try and negotiate a treaty with the hermit nation. The President thought so well of this scheme that he not only gave him authority to attempt it, but intrusted him with a personal letter to the Emperor of Japan and charged him with its delivery.

Commodore Perry had fought through two wars; but never in all the years of his eventful life had he embarked upon any undertaking so important as the present. By the world at large, the commercial opening of Japan was considered as difficult an achievement as the discovery of the North Pole. Men of all nations had tried it, only to meet with failure, and success would carry with it enduring fame.

So Matthew Perry meant to carry that letter from

his President to the Emperor of Japan if he had to fight his ships the whole length of Yedo Bay to do it. At the same time he believed he could accomplish his purpose by more peaceful methods. With high hopes, and attended by the best wishes of his countrymen, the gallant commodore set forth from Annapolis one fine November day in the side-wheeler *Mississippi*, the first steam frigate ever built for the United States navy ; while her sister ship, the *Powhatan*, was under orders to follow as soon as she could be got ready for sea.

In the meantime, our young friend, Bob Whiting, had been a resident of Japan for so long, and had become so identified with the household of Satsuma, that he was no longer regarded as a stranger. The daimio had conceived a great liking for him and sought every opportunity to engage him in conversation from which he might extract further knowledge of the outside world.

During one of these talks the prince asked his guest if he would be content to spend the remainder of his life in Japan, or if he were still desirous of returning to his own people.

"I have no own people," replied Bob.

"No father nor mother, no brother nor sister?" queried the prince.

"No, your honorable Highness, I have none of those ; my parents being dead and I having been an only child."

"Then, my dear young friend," cried the generous-hearted daimio, "from this time forth let me be your father, and be you to me as a son. I know that Katto already loves you as a brother, and would joyfully welcome you as such in reality as well as in name. Shall it be as I desire, even from this very minute, my son?"

For a moment Bob did not reply; but a suspicious moisture dimmed his eyes as he realized the great kindness and sincere affection that prompted this offer.

"Is not the proposition to your liking?" asked the daimio, in a tone of disappointment, as he noted the lad's hesitation.

"Yes, my lord, indeed it is," cried Bob, "and I thank you a thousand times for the unheard-of kindness of your offer. There is no one in all the world whom I would rather call father than you; while long ago Katto and I swore to be to each other as brothers. It is not that. It is only —"

"What?" asked the other. "Fear not to speak freely. I shall not take offence."

"Then," replied Bob, "it is this: while it is true that I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, I still have a country that I love and long to revisit. This land of Dai Nippon is very pleasant, and I love it, but not as I love my own country, which I cannot give up even for the honor of being your son."

"It would not be needful," answered the prince, smiling at the lad's earnestness. "It would only be that you would have two countries instead of one. It has long been my desire that Katto should go out into the great world and learn of its wisdom. I am grateful for the misadventure of his first voyage, that carried him so far as he went. But I wish him to go still farther, even to your country, and there remain until he has learned whatever its wise men may be willing to teach him. I mean that he shall do this as soon as an opportunity offers; but if he goes alone, he will be friendless in a strange land. Therefore I seek for him a companion who shall be at once friend, guide, and brother, who is acquainted with the strange land, its people and their ways, and who will so lead him that trouble may not follow. You are of that people and land, also you are of this. You know the ways of both. But you have told me that in America you were friendless and without the means of attaining the learning you desire. Now, then, why may we not give to each other? You of your wisdom and friendship for Katto; I of my name and wealth. Would it not be easier for you to gain what you desire even in that distant land if you sought it as a prince of the Shimadzu and a son of Satsuma?"

"Indeed it would, my lord," cried Bob, his eyes shining with excitement, "but I could never carry it out. I should not know how to act as a prince."

"A prince is but human," replied the daimio, "and the tricks of his trade are easily learned. Katto could quickly teach you all that is needful for this country, while in your own you have said that there are no princes."

"No, there are none ; or if there are, they are only known as simple gentlemen."

"And are you not a gentleman?"

"I try to be," answered Bob, flushing, "and I am at least of gentle birth."

"There is then no reason why you should not become my adopted son, and every reason why you should," said the other. "Therefore, from this time forth shall you be known as a prince of the Shimadzu and a son of Satsuma."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE INITIATION OF BOB

THE daimio of Satsuma was not afraid to make public anything that he chose to do, and had no idea of concealing from the world the fact that he had taken to himself a new son. So the formal act of Robert Whiting's adoption was made an occasion for much display, ceremonial feasting, and general rejoicing. All the Samurai of the clan were invited to be present that they might meet the new Shimadzu, prisoners were set free, and presents were distributed among the poor. As the time was also that of the Feast of Flags, the most popular of all Japanese matsuri or festivals, the entire population of Kago-shima took part in welcoming the adopted son of their prince. At this feast it is customary for every house in which a son has been born during the past year to make known the fact by displaying a gayly colored paper fish depending by a string from a tall bamboo. From the daimio's castle, therefore, floated a huge fish made of tough paper overlaid with gold leaf that glistened in the sunlight, swam with the wind, and announced to the world that there was a new son of Satsuma.

Everywhere painted, embroidered in gold thread, carved, and emblazoned in every conceivable manner on houses, banners, silken garments, sword hilts, and saddles appeared the ancient emblem of the Shimadzu, a cross inscribed within a circle, — in reality a horse's bit ring, — and the most solemn part of the whole ceremony of adoption was the imprinting of this symbol on Bob's breast. Our lad had objected to being tattooed; but when he reflected upon the powerful influence exerted by Katto's similar mark, he finally consented to wear it stained in vermilion on his body. Although he had not known it at the time, a recognition of that emblem by Po Adam had saved Katto's life and set him free to go in search of his friend in Sumatra. It had enlisted the services of the Canton merchant, and had transformed into a humble servant, eager to do his young chief's bidding, the sentry set to guard them on Oshima. So the vermilion seal that should forever mark Robert Whiting as belonging to the noble family of Satsuma was imprinted on his body, and with solemn vows he promised never to disgrace it by act or word, and to serve with his life, if necessary, any person wearing it.

The concluding feature of the ceremony was the young man's investment with the two swords that should everywhere and at all times proclaim his rank. The weapons used on this occasion were most exquisite specimens of the sword-maker's art, encased

in scabbards of inlaid red lacquer, and having the Shimadzu crest emblazoned in gold on their shark-skin hilts. They were a gift from Katto; who, when he had thrust them into Bob's silken girdle, embraced his newly made brother and kissed him on both cheeks, much to our lad's embarrassment.

The festival of rejoicing lasted for several days, and Bob was heartily thankful when it was all over. He still wore in public his disguising goggles, and his whole body was freshly stained brown every month to conceal from the world at large that he was of white blood. The immediate family of the prince, as well as Bob's pupils in English, had known this from the first, and had on that account always treated him with a certain degree of reserve. Now, however, this disappeared, and the young nobles who had regarded him only as an instructor in something they wished to learn, became his intimate friends, eager to serve him and to initiate him into the secrets of their order.

They taught him sword play, and impressed upon him the various nice points of sword etiquette. They warned him never to withdraw a sword from its sheath in presence of a friend except upon special request, or in an emergency; as to exhibit a drawn sword was equivalent to a threat. They explained that, in order to challenge a person to mortal combat, all one had to do was, turn his back on his enemy and allow their scabbards to clash. Upon the pass-

ing of this deadly insult they must immediately fight until one or the other was dead.

They posted him as to how he might take a most cruel and satisfactory revenge upon an enemy by simply ripping open his own bowels, which act they called hara-kiri, or happy despatch. They even taught him how to cut off his own head, which, they said, was a thing he would naturally desire to do if defeated in battle.

All this greatly interested Bob, though the idea of being a fighting possibility, and wishing to cut off his own head, caused him much secret amusement, as did the simple scheme seriously proposed for securing a satisfactory revenge on one's enemy.

In spite of their sanguinary ideas and conversation, he enjoyed the company of these merry, kindly hearted Japanese youths, and found in it frequent forgetfulness of the homesickness for his own country that grew on him the longer he remained away. He often discussed with Katto their chances for making the educational visit to the United States that both of them so eagerly anticipated. Sometimes the daimio himself joined in these conversations; but as yet time was not ripe for the undertaking.

All at once this pleasant life at Kagoshima was interrupted by an imperative order from the Shogun to the Prince of Satsuma, that the latter's family should immediately take up residence in Yedo for an indefinite length of time. This was in accordance

with a precaution adopted by the Shoguns of always having within their power hostages for the allegiance of the daimios. The mandate stated very politely that, owing to the reported loss of his only son, the Lord of Satsuma had for a long time been without a family representative at the capital. Now, however, it having reached the Shogun's ears, not only that his son had been marvellously restored to him, but that he had adopted another who was a stranger to court, it would be esteemed a favor if he would permit both the young men to occupy, for a time, the Satsuma yashiki in Yedo.

The Prince of Satsuma fretted and fumed over this order ; for in spite of its politeness of tone, he knew that it was meant to be promptly obeyed. Otherwise an army would be sent to fetch the young men, and himself as well. If such an army should be successful in its mission, he and his sons, together with all his family connections, would be beheaded. If it failed, the whole country would be plunged into civil war, an event for which he was not yet prepared. So he must submit, and with a heavy heart he started the young men on their long northward journey.

Travelling on horseback, Bob and Katto were followed by two kagos, or open palanquins, to which they could change whenever they felt so inclined, an imposing retinue of guards and servants, and a long train of pack-horses. Thus escorted, and being everywhere received with the utmost respect and

most friendly hospitality, they made a slow but pleasant progress from Kagoshima to the port of Okada, at the northern end of Kiusiu island. There they embarked in waiting junks, and for another week floated amid the enchanted scenes of the Inland Sea, the most exquisitely beautiful land-locked body of salt water in the world, until at length they came to the bustling city of Osaka. Here, after a brief stay in the Satsuma yashiki, or residence such as the leading daimios always maintained in the chief cities of the kingdom, they again took to the road, and soon found themselves on the Tokaido, or great national highway of Japan that connected the two capitals, Kioto and Yedo.

It was a magnificent thoroughfare more than two hundred years old, broad and smooth, lined with ancient pine trees, and traversing an almost unbroken succession of villages strung along its length like beads on a thread. Tea-houses, bath-houses, and relay stations, in which the traveller could find rest and refreshment, fresh pack-horses and palanquin-bearers, appeared at frequent intervals, while he was rarely beyond hearing of the bronze temple bells, whose mellow notes sounded from the cool shade of sacred groves. Stretching away on either side as far as the eye could reach were fields of rice and millet, tea or yams, all irrigated, all under intense cultivation, and most of them agreeably diversified by clumps of feathery bamboos.

Along the great highway swept two opposing and unbroken streams of travel: the gorgeous processions of proud daimios, long strings of heavily laden, straw-shod pack-horses, naked coolies bending beneath burdens of country produce, soldiers, sleek priests, prosperous-looking merchants, beggars, showmen, tinkers and peddlers—the whole life of the hermit nation passing in unconscious review before the eyes of the one to-jin (foreigner) who was there to see it.

And Bob enjoyed it all immensely: the life, the color, the constant movement without confusion or distressing noise, the long noonday halts in shaded tea-gardens, and the moonlit evenings in the rest houses, where dainty geisha girls sang, danced, or drew plaintive notes from tinkling samisens for the entertainment of the young men. He enjoyed the happy, rollicking children, always in evidence, who seemed never to cry or to quarrel; who treated their elders with deference and those younger than themselves with loving forbearance. He enjoyed crossing the rivers in clumsy, flat-bottomed ferry-boats, put together without a nail or bit of metal work, but capable of transporting any number of men and horses that could crowd into them, besides immense quantities of goods.

Katto also enjoyed the journey and found great pleasure in explaining to his companion everything that they saw. Always, however, their happiness

was marred by the thought that each step was taking them farther away from their much-desired trip to America. They did not discuss this for fear of being overheard; but each knew the other's thoughts on the subject and sympathized with him.

At length they crossed the picturesque Hakone range and came within sight of glorious Mount Fuji, lifting his snow-crowned head twelve thousand feet above sea-level.

On that same day two breathless government runners whizzed past them, going in the same direction with themselves, and at the next relay station they found everybody in a high state of excitement over the news that was being borne from Nagasaki to Yedo. A fleet of foreign warships had been spending some time among the Loo Choo islands; and at last accounts were about to start for greater Japan, though which port they would enter was not known. Nor could it be told if their intentions were peaceful or hostile. But the whole country was to be aroused, all ports were to be carefully watched and guarded, and all Japan must hold itself in readiness to fly to arms, in resistance of the threatened invasion of its privacy.

Here was news to stir one's blood, and afford ample topic for speculation. Of what nationality could the strangers be? Katto thought it most probable that they were Russians; while Bob said English. Doubtless they would learn all about them

in Yedo, and this hope caused our lads to press impatiently forward.

As they advanced, the excitement grew, beacon fires blazed from the hill-tops at night, and hurrying troops thronged the roads by day. Finally, word was borne from mouth to mouth, like wildfire, that four monstrous ships, pouring forth smoke like volcanoes, and moving with great speed directly against the wind, had actually entered Yedo Bay, and might already be seen from the heights of Uraga. As this point was close at hand, Katto and Bob, bidding their followers await their return, headed their horses in that direction, and joined the excited throngs hastening to catch a glimpse of the fire-breathing monsters.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A YANKEE FRIGATE SHOWS THE WAY

"It is the flag of the United States! The dear old stars and stripes! Oh, Katto, my brother, they are Americans! They are my own people!"

Thus exclaimed Bob Whiting as, with tears of uncontrollable emotion streaming down his cheeks, he stood on the crest of an eminence just gained, and with eager gaze took in the thrilling spectacle unfolded before him.

Four great black warships, two of them steam frigates, displaying from every masthead and peak the starry banner of the western Republic, were moving grandly up the bay toward an anchorage off the town of Uraga. A fleet of government guard-boats that evidently had tried in vain to check their progress, but had been passed and left behind, streamed after them. The ships were cleared for action, with gun-ports triced up, ammunition served, and every man of their swarming crews at his assigned post of duty. They were the United States steam frigates *Mississippi* and *Susquehanna*, and the sloops of war *Plymouth* and *Saratoga*. It was the squadron of Commodore Matthew Perry, and he had

come to open Japan to the world. Would he succeed? Not if the Japanese could prevent him.

As our lads, quivering with excitement, watched this mighty progress, the paddle-wheels of the *Susquehanna* ceased to revolve, and they heard the roar of a great chain cable through its hawse as her ponderous anchor sought the bottom. Tiny balls flew to her masthead, and broke into bits of gay bunting. She was signalling her consorts. They answered, and shortly afterward the whole squadron lay at anchor in extended line of battle with their great guns commanding five miles of shore. The town of Uraga with its puny forts and hundreds of junks lay at their mercy.

Even before they anchored, Japanese signal guns, answering each other from point to point, and soaring rockets, had borne the startling news of this momentous arrival to Yedo, and beyond. The moment it was seen where they intended stopping, a fleet of strongly manned guard-boats shot out from shore to form a cordon about each of the foreign ships. Their crews were armed, and each man was provided with a sleeping-mat and a warm kimono in which to pass the night. This was Japanese custom. Foreign ships were always surrounded by guard-boats to prevent any person from going ashore. Also the Japanese authorities always boarded foreign ships and stationed their own men about the decks to observe everything that took place. All other

foreigners had submitted to these things, but Commodore Perry had determined upon a different policy.

So, as some of the boats ran alongside his ship, their lines were promptly cast off, and when their occupants attempted to clamber on board by the chains, they were confronted by such an array of pikes, bayonets, and cutlasses, that they hurriedly tumbled back into their boats.

From one of these boats an official held up a scroll on which was written in French: "You cannot anchor here. You must leave at once." But not the slightest attention was paid to him, although he carried his paper from ship to ship until all had seen it.

Another official made signs that the *Susquehanna's* gangway ladder should be let down; but it was not done. Then the vice-governor of Uraga went out, announced his official rank through an interpreter who could speak a little Dutch, and requested an interview with the commander-in-chief of these impudent ships.

A lieutenant was detailed to meet him, and he, with his interpreter, was allowed on board. Then the lieutenant informed him, with the utmost politeness, that those ships had come from America on purpose to bring a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan, and the American commander would confer with no person of less rank than his own, which was the highest in

the naval service of his country. For these reasons he desired to meet, at a time and place to be appointed, an official of the highest rank, to whom he might present his credentials as well as his President's letter.

To this the vice-governor made reply that such business could only be transacted at Nagasaki, for which port he desired the ships immediately to take their departure.

For answer the lieutenant said that his commodore had come to Uraga because it was much nearer the capital than Nagasaki, and that if his letter could not be delivered there, he should take his ships up to Yedo itself, and hand his letters to the Emperor in person.

When this had been slowly translated to the vice-governor, he looked staggered, and as though he did not know what to reply. "Furthermore," continued the lieutenant, "we have come from a friendly nation with a peaceful message, and our commodore does not propose to submit to the indignity of having his ships surrounded by guard-boats, which he says he will disperse by force, if they are not immediately sent away."

The vice-governor looked about the deck. Already were crews of armed sailors taking their places in the ship's boats. Evidently these Americans meant to do as they said. He stepped to the gangway and shouted an order. In another minute the

guard-boats were pulling toward shore, nor did they again undertake to surround an American ship during the whole stay of the squadron in those waters. The Yankees had won the first move of the game.

A little later the vice-governor departed, saying that he had no authority to act in this important matter, but that on the morrow an official of higher rank than himself would visit the ship for a conference.

All that July night the American squadron lay quietly at anchor on the unruffled bosom of Uraga harbor. From it the stillness was only broken by the roar of its nine-o'clock gun, a great sixty-four pounder, whose deep-throated voice echoed among the mountains, far and wide, until it reached even to the city of Yedo, thirty miles away.

On shore, however, the hours of darkness were filled with feverish activity. Beacon fires burned from end to end of the kingdom, while bursting rockets filled the air with their ominous warnings. On every side boomed the solemn temple bells, and in all directions sped swift-footed messengers, stripped to their girdles and running as they had never run before. All night long troops poured into Uraga, infantry and cavalry, armed with spears and matchlocks, cross-bows, halberds, and swords. Cannons of antique mould were dragged to the heights and planted in wide embrasures, earthworks were thrown up, and ancient fortifications repaired.

To inspire the foreigners with added terror long widths of canvas were stretched on tall posts and painted to represent fortified walls. Swift despatch boats sped by sweating rowers glided through the shadows of the shore between the danger point and the distant capital. The whole night was filled with anxious preparation for the morrow.

But when the morning came all was quiet ; only its rising sun lit hundreds of fluttering banners that had not been there the day before, flashed from the weapons and armor of a host gathered since its last setting, and brought into view apparently impregnable fortifications that seemed to have sprung into existence like mushrooms. The American officers gazed at these things with amazement ; but detecting many of the shams through their telescopes, they imagined others, and were not in the least dismayed.

In the meantime the two lads, whom we left excitedly watching the arrival of the American ships, had been unable to resume their journey, or even to leave a place of such fascinating interest.

“ We’ve got to stay and see this thing out,” Bob had said, and Katto had answered : “ It is so, my brother. Now we cannot go.”

So their servants and pack-horses had been sent for, and a daimio’s yashiki blazoned with the emblems of Satsuma was pitched in the edge of a cedar grove beside a stream of running water. While the tents were being erected and other arrangements made,

Katto and Bob went down into the town to pay their respects to General Yezaimen, the governor of Uraga. Although driven nearly distracted by the worries and perplexities of his situation, he still consented to grant them a brief interview; for sons of the powerful Satsuma must be treated with consideration even at such a time. After an interchange of bows and compliments, Katto said: —

“We did not come, most honorable governor, to take idly your precious time, but to offer our services in any way that you can use them.”

“It is kindly thought of,” replied the governor; “but unless we come to a fight with the barbarians, I do not exactly know how —”

“I can speak of the American tongue a few words, —” broke in Katto.

“Is it so?” exclaimed the governor, his anxious face lighting. “Then you might accompany me as interpreter when I go to call on this pig-headed to-jin.”

“While my brother here,” continued Katto, “has so learned it that he would understand almost everything said.”

“Good!” cried the governor. “Then shall both of you accompany my visit. You shall talk, and he shall listen to all that is said without giving sign of comprehension. In that way shall we learn much that is unexpected. Is such a plan agreeable to my honorable lords?”

"Perfectly," replied Katto.

"In the morning, then, when the sun is halfway up the sky, will I be ready to set forth, and if you will condescend to go as members of my suite, two mats shall be reserved for your use."

"That's an awfully good scheme," whispered Bob, after the two had backed themselves out from the governor's presence. "If we once get aboard one of those ships, it will be a queer thing if we don't manage to have them carry us back to America. Why, things couldn't have worked out better if we had planned them, and this trip to Yedo, that we thought was going to knock everything higher than a kite, is proving to be the very best thing that could have happened. You'll go, of course, if I can get them to take us."

"My 'fraid you find it hard get away," replied the prudent Katto. "Everybod now is watched rike you say a cat a mouse, and it may not be so easy. Then, there is my father. He must know if I am to go from him to the far country."

"Oh, well, we'll fix it somehow. I know we will," declared the sanguine young American.

The next morning our lads dressed themselves carefully so as not to attract overmuch attention, and rode down to the place of boat landing, each with a betto or runner in attendance. Leaving their horses in charge of these men, they took the places assigned them under the awning of the governor's barge.

Here they fanned themselves as though languidly indifferent to what was passing, and so were borne swiftly out over the glistening waters to the American anchorage.

And then Bob Whiting found himself once more beneath the stars and stripes in the presence of his own countrymen, in hearing of his own blessed mother-tongue, and so thrilled by the situation that it was all he could do to keep from proclaiming aloud that he, too, was an American.

CHAPTER XXIX

"BECAUSE I AM AN AMERICAN"

As not even the governor of Uraga was considered of sufficiently elevated rank to be received by the commodore himself, this duty fell to Captains Buchanan and Adams, who welcomed him to the ship and escorted him, together with his young interpreters, to a cabin. Here the latter were presented as two princes of Satsuma, one of whom could speak a little English. So the talking fell to Katto, while Bob, longing to declare his nationality, was forced to remain silent.

To the governor was displayed the President's letter and Commodore Perry's credentials. Both were bound in blue velvet and to each was attached by silken cords terminating in bullion tassels the great seal of the United States done in gold. The letters were enclosed in rosewood boxes of beautiful workmanship, lined with satin, banded with gold, and having golden hinges, locks, and keys.

After allowing the governor to be sufficiently impressed by the appearance of these precious documents, Captain Adams asked what arrangements could be made for their prompt delivery to the Emperor.

"They may only be received at Nagasaki," replied the governor. "Even were they to be received here, the answer must be delivered there, and it is the wish of the Japanese government that all your ships instantly take their departure for that port."

"The commodore desires me to repeat," rejoined Captain Adams, "that he will do nothing of the kind. He will deliver his letters here at Uraga, or in the city of Yedo, but nowhere else."

"Then must I send to Yedo for further instructions," declared the governor.

"When may they be expected to reach you?"

"In four days."

Here Captain Buchanan retired for a moment to the commodore's cabin. When he returned, he announced that four days was too long a time to wait, and that only three could be allowed. Upon this the governor rose, bowed stiffly, and, followed by our lads, took his departure.

"They are the most pig-headed of all the to-jin who have ever come to these shores," remarked the governor, when he had once more gained his own craft, and she had left the ship. "Their boldness is unaccountable. It would seem as though they had some reserve strength that is not shown. Did you hear anything that would lead you to suspect this?" he asked, turning to Bob.

"Yes, your honorable Excellency," replied the son of Satsuma, "I overheard a remark about eight more

ships that could be quickly brought if they were necessary."

"By the great toe of Buddha!" exclaimed the startled governor. "Eight more! twelve in all! Such a force could destroy every city on our coasts. Certainly the barbarians must be deeply in earnest about presenting their miserable letters, and it will probably be best to receive them. Did anything else come to your intelligent ears?"

"I heard one of the to-jin chiefs remark," replied Bob, "that your Highness looked like a person of great understanding, and if he could meet you at tiffin over a bottle of saké, he was confident the whole business could be quickly settled."

"It is evident that some of the foreign pigs are capable of discernment," answered the governor, much pleased.

During the three days that followed, many messengers sped back and forth between Uraga and Yedo, while troops and notable personages continued to pour into the former place. At the same time, no one from shore was permitted to board any of the ships, nor did the Americans attempt to land. The latter were by no means idle, however; for, from dawn till dark, their boats were to be seen taking soundings, and making surveys of the bay, especially in the direction of Yedo. Once the governor sent out word that such a practice was forbidden by Japanese law, only to receive reply that it was a

practice commanded by American law, and could not be discontinued.

In all this time our two lads were in a state of ill-suppressed excitement, which, fortunately for them, was shared, though not for the same reason, by every person in their vicinity. Immediately upon returning from the *Susquehanna*, Katto had despatched a trusty messenger with a letter to his father. In it he described the arrival of the American ships, and said that if a chance offered for Bob and himself to go to the United States with them he believed they would accept it. He assured his father that he had funds sufficient to support them for a long time, and he named Wo Sing, the merchant of Canton, as a medium through whom they could correspond.

After this letter had been written and sent, our lads spent most of their waking hours on the water in a small junk that they had chartered. In her they sailed round and round the great ships that so strongly fascinated them, or watched the survey boats at their work. Once they even attempted to visit the flagship, but were sternly ordered off, and told that no natives were allowed on board.

So time dragged heavily with them, as it did with the American officers, until the important third day arrived. On its eventful morning, our lads once more found themselves seated on the deck mats of the governor's barge, which on this occasion was escorted by two other boats all bearing official flags,

but when they reached the ship only General Yezaimen and his interpreters were invited on board. Here, as before, they were received with honors and conducted to the presence of the captains who awaited them.

The governor at once opened the conference by stating that the Emperor had consented to send a high official of his court to receive at Uraga the most honorable letter of his Serene Excellency the President of the United States. To it, however, no answer could be sent except by way of Nagasaki, where it would be transmitted through either the Dutch or Chinese resident agents.

This was communicated to the commodore, who, within five minutes, sent out the following memorandum : —

“The American commander-in-chief will not go to Nagasaki, and will receive no communication through either the Dutch or the Chinese. He has a letter from the President of the United States to deliver to the Emperor of Japan, or to his Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and he will deliver it to none other. If this friendly letter of his President is not received and duly replied to, he will consider his country insulted and will not hold himself responsible for the consequences. Moreover, he will receive such reply nowhere but in this neighborhood.”

When the interpreters had translated this unmistakable declaration of intention to the governor, he

declared that he must go ashore for consultation before replying. This he did, but three hours later was again on board the *Susquehanna*. This time he was all smiles, and assured the Americans that everything should be as they wished. Within a week a high official from Yedo would arrive to receive the American admiral and his letters in a house built especially for the purpose. Also, in due time, a reply to the President's letter might be expected at the same place.

Thus point number two was scored in favor of the Americans, who were so pleased at their success that they invited the governor and his interpreters to accept the hospitality of the ship for that evening.

The governor would be only too happy, and, while refreshments were being prepared, the hosts entertained their guests by showing them revolvers, breech-loading rifles, and many other objects of novel interest. Finally, they produced a large globe on which they pointed out the position of the United States. To their surprise, the governor readily located on it, not only Japan, China, and Russia, but England, Holland, Spain, and other countries, showing that he had a very clear idea of the geography of the world. Then Katto farther astonished them, by pointing out San Francisco, Washington, New York, and Boston ; while Bob capped the climax by indicating an obscure little dot, and uttering the single word, "Salem." As he had not spoken before this during the several inter-

views, the Americans had suspected him of being dumb, and had wondered among themselves why he was brought along. Now they regarded him with a new interest, and when a little later it was proposed to show the guests over the ship, Captain Adams took the young man with goggles under his especial escort.

“Paixhan,” murmured Bob in a low tone, as they passed a big gun on deck, and his companion stared at him. Then he said:—

“You speak English, do you not?”

“Yes,” whispered Bob, in reply, “but wait until we are alone.”

Captain Adams took the hint, and a little later managed to separate himself and his companion from the others, and lead the way to an unoccupied cabin. “Now,” he said, when the door was closed behind them, “what is it? for I am sure you have something to communicate.”

“Prince Idzu, appointed to receive the President’s letter, is already in Uraga,” replied Bob, speaking very rapidly. “If you insist, it may be delivered at once; but they want to put you off until they can get a lot of heavy guns here from Yedo. Then they hope either to sink your ships or to drive you away.”

“Why do you tell me this?” asked Captain Adams, suspiciously.

“Because,” answered the lad, snatching off his disguising goggles and flashing his honest gray eyes full upon his companion, “I am an American who

wants his country to succeed in whatever she undertakes. On the night of the day that the letter is delivered, I shall come off in a small boat, and hope to be received on board, for I have much to tell. Now we must rejoin the others at once, or I shall be suspected."

Two minutes later the whole party was reunited in the engine room, where the governor was so interested in the massive machinery that Bob's absence had not been noticed. While they were still there, Captain Adams excused himself on the plea of going to see if the refreshments were ready, and hastened to the commodore's cabin.

When he reappeared, he announced that tea was served and led the way to the room with which they were already familiar. The meal to which they sat down was accompanied by much good-humored laughter, and many mirthful attempts at conversation. At its conclusion, however, the visitors were startled into silence by a communication from the still invisible commodore to the effect that on account of the exposed position of his present anchorage, he dared not have the ships remain there longer than was absolutely necessary. He had decided, therefore, if his letter could not be received in Uraga on the following day, to take his ships up to Yedo, where he would open direct communication with the palace.

As the governor gradually comprehended this message, he became very grave and remained for



"Because I am an American."

several minutes buried deep in thought. Then he said, "But the house of reception cannot be made ready so quickly."

"A tent will meet every possible requirement," promptly answered Captain Adams.

The governor had drunk so much wine that he could not think of another excuse. So he finally gave over the attempt, and agreed that the all-important reception should be held on the next day at high noon.

Thus was point number three scored for the Americans.

CHAPTER XXX

COMMODORE PERRY CARRIES HIS POINT

IN spite of the governor's declaration that the building which it was proposed to erect for the reception of the President's letter could not be made ready in time, the rising sun of the next morning found it standing in all its completeness. Under the deft hands of hundreds of workmen it had sprung into existence during the night like Aladdin's palace. Other swarms of workmen had toiled by lantern light all through the hours of darkness with a result that a transformation little short of miraculous had been effected upon a tract of hitherto vacant land adjoining the hamlet of Kurihama a few miles south of Uraga.

About the reception pavilion stood rows of living shade trees, besides flowering shrubs, palms, and bamboos, in full vigor. The interior of the pavilion was divided into three halls all softly carpeted in red and white, while their walls were hung with silken tapestries. A vast outer space was enclosed by lengths of painted canvas bearing innumerable repetitions of the imperial crest, and within this were drawn up a dozen regiments of Japanese cavalry and infantry, every man bearing a burnished

shield that flashed with dazzling radiance in the morning sunlight. Above their heads fluttered hundreds of pennons and nine great silken standards drooped heavily in the light breeze.

Early in the morning the American frigates moved out of Uraga harbor and into that of Kurihama, where, under shadow of the very headland from which the *Morrison* had been fired upon a few years earlier, and within easy range of the reception building, they again dropped anchor.

Shortly before noon strains of martial music from the water announced to the thousands of spectators gathered on shore that the American flotilla was in motion. A little later the heavy booming of thirteen guns from the *Susquehanna* told that the hitherto invisible commodore had entered his barge and was actually about to set foot on Japanese soil. The leading boats had already gained the temporary wharf built for the occasion, and three hundred American sailors landing from them were hurrying into line. Their officers were in dress uniform, the marines were in blue, and the jackies in white. All were fully armed, and every man among them would have entered joyously into a scrimmage with the thousands of Japanese troops massed against them, well satisfied that ultimate victory would rest with his side.

But there was no evidence of a desire for a scrimmage on the part of the Japanese, who were as

deferentially polite as though these uninvited to-jin were most welcome guests. As the commodore landed, the American officers uncovered, the double line of marines and sailor lads snapped their muskets to the "present," and the combined bands of the two frigates crashed forth the music of the "Star-spangled Banner." At the same time a group of Japanese officials respectfully prostrated themselves before this representative of the American government, and a few light-weight Japanese guns somewhere in the rear banged forth a sulphurous salute.

In entering the reception pavilion, the governor of Uraga, robed in gorgeous, gold-threaded brocade, led the way. Behind him walked two ship's boys, bearing the rosewood letter-boxes in envelopes of scarlet cloth. Then came the commodore, closely attended by two gigantic negro sailors armed to the teeth, who acted as his immediate body-guard. The American officers followed, each escorted by a richly robed Japanese official.

At the upper end of the central hall stood a large box of red lacquer, supported by golden feet. On its left sat like statues the Princes Idzu and Iwami. On the opposite side were chairs for the commodore and his captains. As these entered the room, the two princes rose, bowed, and remained standing in silence until the commodore had taken his seat. Then they also sat down, looking as blank as two graven images, while General Yezaimen, who acted

as master of ceremonies, knelt, with his interpreters, beside the red-lacquered-box.

The titles of the two princes and their authority from the Emperor to receive the honorable letter of his august Highness the President of the United States having been proclaimed, the commodore motioned for the boys bearing the rosewood boxes to come forward. As they did so they were closely followed by the two stalwart blacks. These latter received the boxes from their bearers, opened them, displayed the letters with their golden seals, closed them again, deposited them in the red-lacquered receptacle, and retired. Then the governor of Uraga received from the Prince of Idzu a document in which was acknowledged, on behalf of the Emperor, the receipt of the letters. It also intimated that as the commodore's official business in that place was ended, the Japanese government would be pleased to see him take his departure.

To this Commodore Perry replied that he proposed to depart very shortly ; but that he should return again in the following spring for the Emperor's reply to his President's letter. At that time he should also hope to negotiate on behalf of the United States of America a treaty with Japan similar to that existing between his country and China.

The governor of Uraga asked if on his return the commodore would bring all four of his ships.

"I shall bring all of them," was the reply, "and perhaps twice as many more, as these now here form but a portion of the force under my command."

With this the momentous interview, that had not occupied more than twenty minutes in all, came to an end; and as the commodore rose to take his departure, the two princes, who had remained as immovable as posts, and as dumb as oysters, also gained their feet and stood in rigid attitudes until he had left the building.

Acting under instructions to keep close watch on the Americans to the last, the governor of Uraga and his suite, to which the sons of Satsuma were still attached, escorted the commodore back to his ship. They remained aboard until she had regained her former anchorage off Uraga, where they took, with great formality, what the governor fondly hoped was their final leave of the Americans whose presence had occasioned him such a world of anxiety. Only Bob Whiting knew better, but for the present he kept his knowledge to himself.

Commodore Perry had not been pleased at being told to go away now that his business was finished, and the more he considered this, the more provoked he became. Finally he sent for Captain Buchanan, to whom he said: "I am determined to have a look at Yedo before leaving these waters. Consequently you will direct the course of the *Susquehanna* up the bay and signal the others to follow."

"Very well, sir."

Shortly before the guests left the flagship, Captain Adams, who was still on board, found an opportunity to whisper to the Japanese who wore goggles: "The commodore will receive you, but not to-night. Come off the third night from this. We are going to Yedo."

An hour later, while the governor of Uraga, having changed his uncomfortably heavy robes of state for a light kimono, was comfortably reclining on a pile of soft mats, puffing contentedly at a cigar presented to him by his American friends, and thanking his lucky stars that the ticklish episode of their visit was so happily concluded, his pleasant reverie was interrupted by the entrance of an official.

"Well, what is it now?" demanded the governor, as the newcomer prostrated himself, and his panting breath gave evidence that he had come in haste.

"May it please your august Excellency," stammered the man, "the ships of the to-jin have taken their departure."

"For which the beneficent gods be praised," replied the governor, calmly.

"But not in the direction expected."

"How then?" demanded the startled governor.

"Have they not put out to sea?"

"No, your Excellency; they have gone up the bay and are already out of sight."

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"Now may the foul fiends seize the pig-headed barbarians!" cried General Yezaimen, as he flung away his half-burned cigar and sprang from his comfortable couch. "What new craze is possessing them? Order my swiftest boat to be in readiness, and send to me the young lords of Satsuma."

When Bob and Katto appeared in answer to this summons, the governor asked the former:—

"Heard you anything, while we were on board the ship of the to-jin, concerning their intention of making a longer stay?"

"Yes, most Honorable," replied our lad. "I did overhear a few words of a plan to visit Yedo, but believed it might be made for the time when they shall come again."

"Yedo!" screamed the horrified governor. "If once they go to Yedo, then will my head grin from the roadside. Oh, why are the barbarians of the world thus allowed to vex its chosen people? Make ready to accompany me at once, for we must follow after them and seek to turn them back before the mischief is done. Alas! It is like seeking to appease a Kappa without cucumbers."

Late that afternoon, while the American squadron lay peacefully at anchor in a well-sheltered cove, some ten miles above Uraga, the Yezaimen barge, with its stout rowers ready to drop from their exertions, dashed alongside the flagship, and again the anxious governor was courteously received on board.

"Why do you come here?" he demanded.

"To seek a better anchorage than that off Uraga, for the many ships we propose to bring next year."

"But this is farther than any other foreigner has ever dared come, and you must go back."

"Very well, we will."

"When?"

"As soon as we have finished our surveys."

This was all the satisfaction the Americans would give, and the next day Commodore Perry increased the Japanese ferment by proceeding in the *Mississippi* still farther up the bay, until he obtained a clear view of the imperial city. Then he took all his ships back to an anchorage within five miles of Uraga, and comforted the perturbed soul of Governor Yezaimen by sending him word that they would put to sea the following morning.

The day so impatiently awaited by our lads, the one on which they believed they were to escape from the narrow confines of the hermit nation into the limitless fields of the great world, had come at last. Shortly before midnight a small boat containing two muffled figures drifted silently up to the starboard side ladder of the *Susquehanna*.

"Boat ahoy! who are you? and what do you want?" challenged the marine sentry.

"Friends, on business with the commodore by appointment," replied Bob.

An officer was called, lanterns were flashed in the faces of the newcomers, and they were closely questioned before being allowed on board and led aft.

Half an hour later Commodore Perry, scanning closely the faces of his visitors by the bright flame of his cabin lamp, was saying to Robert Whiting: —

“My dear lad, I fully believe your story, and am grateful for the assistance you have already rendered me in this great undertaking. Gladly would I grant your request and carry both of you away from here, but the thing may not be done. Your friend is a Japanese. To aid him in leaving his native land would be to violate its laws and destroy all chance of negotiating the treaty in which our government is so deeply interested. You are supposed to belong to the same nationality, and if I carried you away as a Japanese, the outcry would be equally great. On the other hand, if I declared you to be an American, not only would my word be doubted and the proposed treaty endangered, but the friends who have been so good to you, and whom you must leave behind, would be plunged into no end of trouble. Besides, I want you to remain right here until I come again; for, in your present position you can obtain information that will be of incalculable value to your country. On my return in the spring, there is little doubt but what I can arrange to carry you away with me and provide for your passage to the United States, though I may not be able to do as much for your friend.

Under the circumstances, then, don't you think you had better stay where you are?"

"I suppose so, sir," replied Bob, in a low tone that gave evidence of his bitter disappointment.

"Of course you had, and you want to face the situation cheerfully. Remember that you will be rendering your country a most important service, while at the same time living true to the sacred obligations of friendship. After all, to remain among these kindly people for a few months as a son of Satsuma does not appeal to me as such a terrible hardship. Does it seem so to you?"

"No, sir, it does not," answered Bob, bravely. "And of course I'll do it. At the same time, I thank you heartily, sir, for showing me my duty and putting me in the way of performing it."

"Spoken like a man, my boy. Always live up to that tone, and you will come out all right in the end."

CHAPTER XXXI

BOB IS LEFT BEHIND

As our lads, not having the slightest idea that they would further need their skiff, had let it go adrift upon reaching the *Susquehanna*, one of the ship's boats, in charge of a midshipman, was ordered to carry them to land, and its youthful officer was enjoined to take every precaution against being discovered. He believed he had done this so effectually that when they reached shore he imagined the presence of his boat to be unsuspected by any of the numerous spies who constantly watched the American ships. So certain was he that no human being was in that vicinity that, as he parted from his passengers, he said to Bob, whom he knew to be an American : —

“Good-by, old fellow, and good luck to you. I only wish I were in your shoes. See you again in the spring, I hope.”

“I hope so,” replied our lad ; “good-by.”

For several minutes Bob stood gazing at the dim form of the receding boat, and realizing that, with her departure, the only link connecting him to his own country had been severed. But, after all, he had no reason to be cast down. He was regularly

enlisted in that country's service, he occupied a position of splendid possibilities, and he was among friends, one of whom was as dear to him as an own brother. He turned to look for Katto, thought he saw him standing at a short distance, and started in that direction.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning of danger, the man whom he supposed to be his brother, sprang at him and knocked him down, while a dozen others, who seemed to rise from the ground, fell upon him with resistless weight. He had no chance to make an outcry or a struggle, before his head was smothered under a cloth, his limbs were securely bound, and he was being carried rapidly away through the darkness.

Apparently, the cloth thrown over Bob's face was saturated with some stupefying drug; for when next he began to notice his surroundings he found himself lying on a mat in a small room that had stone walls, a stone floor, and but one small heavily grated window. He had a ringing headache; and so confused were his ideas that for a long time he could not recall what had happened. At length he managed to gain his feet and move stiffly to the window, which was set so high, and in a wall of such thickness, that he could see only a patch of blue sky cut into squares by the bars of its grating. While gazing blankly at this unsatisfactory view, Bob's attention was attracted by a sharp click,

and turning in that direction he saw a peculiar wooden structure that looked something like a massive door, set deep in the stone wall at one side of the room. So far as he could see, it had neither lock, knob, nor hinges. He pushed against it, and to his amazement it gave way easily, seeming to revolve on a central pivot. It was a counterpart of the four-leaved turnstile storm-doors now so common in this country, though at that time Bob had never seen one.

As the door gave way before his push, the prisoner, without quite comprehending how the thing had happened, found himself in another room exactly similar to the one he had just left; only there were things in this one that had been wanting in the other. There was a small table, for instance, on which was a platter of fish, a bowl of rice, and another of steaming hot tea. There was a good supply of water both for drinking and bathing, as well as a complete outfit of fresh clothing.

At sight of these things Bob realized how very thirsty he was, and at once drank the whole bowlful of tea. Then he turned to the food and ate it to the last morsel, after which he felt strong enough to take a bath and change his clothing. This was a great comfort, as the suit he had worn was distressingly torn and soiled.

"Now," he said aloud, "I am ready to receive visitors, and I wish some one would hurry up and

come, so that I can learn the meaning of this mysterious imprisonment. I should like to know whether I am held as a Jap or an American, as a son of Satsuma or an agent of Commodore Perry. I wonder if they caught Katto too, and if he is shut up the same as I am. I wonder where I am, and how this thing is going to end. In fact, my thoughts seem to be pretty much made up of wonderings that don't appear to be in a way of getting satisfied."

Stepping to the window, he made a spring for the lowest bar of its grating, caught it, and pulled himself up until his eyes were on a level with the stone ledge. He could only hold himself in that position for a minute ; but when he again dropped to the floor, one of his wonderings had been answered. He knew where he was ; for his view had been that of housetops stretching away as far as the eye could reach toward the lofty peak of Fuji, and he knew that he was in the great city of Yedo.

Thinking that he would go back into the first room and take a look from its window, he attempted to do so, only to find the turnstile door immovably fastened. With an impatient exclamation, he flung himself down on a mat, where, after a time, he fell asleep.

When next he awoke the day was waning, and, as he sat up, a click similar to the one heard in the morning drew his attention once more to the mys-

terious turnstile. Curiosity impelled him to rise and go to it. He pushed at it, and it swung as easily as before, promptly ushering him into room number one. Here a tiny table was spread with food, and other arrangements had been made for his comfort. No one beside himself was in the room, nor was there any apparent place of exit or entrance save the turnstile door and the grated window.

"It's a little the queerest way of shutting a fellow up I ever heard of," cogitated Bob; "I suppose I shall find out all about it some time or other, but the waiting is beastly tedious."

Our lad's imprisonment did indeed prove tedious; for as the days wore themselves into weeks, and the weeks into months, its maddening monotony was continued until summer had passed and winter was at hand. In all this time, however, his physical needs were promptly satisfied and he always found the things necessary to a fairly comfortable living awaiting him in one or the other of the two rooms between which he gravitated. Once quite early in his captivity he was startled at finding a freshly plucked rose lying on the floor of one of the rooms as he entered it, and after that he often found single flowers awaiting him.

So frequently did these dainty messengers from the outside world come to him that he learned to expect and watch eagerly for them. At length, on a certain morning, when he had been disappointed at

not finding one of them in what he called his number two room, which he had just entered, he was startled by hearing something drop softly on the pavement behind him. Turning quickly, he saw a chrysanthemum lying on the floor, and to his further amazement discovered a tiny, tightly twisted note attached to it by a silken thread. With trembling hands he smoothed it out and read :—

“You no fraid. Keep brave. You frien work every day, every night. Bimeby you get topside.”

The brief message was unsigned, but Bob instantly recognized its cramped handwriting and its queer English. It was from Katto, and the knowledge that this stanch friend was not only aware of his wretched plight, but was able to communicate with him, filled our lad with a new hope.

In all these days he kept up his strength by constant exercise at the bars of his windows, where he spent hours in drawing himself up and maintaining his outlook upon the world for ever-increasing lengths of time. He derived great satisfaction from watching the ants that came to his rooms after crumbs of food, and once a tiny bird, chased by a hawk, darted in between the bars and fell exhausted into his hands. This pet he treasured and tended for several days ; but at length it found its way out and flew joyfully away, leaving him disconsolate.

The most startling episode of his imprisonment happened one morning when, summoned by a click of

the turnstile door, he passed through it, impatient for the breakfast that he knew awaited him on the other side. At the moment of entering room number two he was seized by brawny hands and held while his eyes were tightly bandaged. Then he was led away. So utterly helpless did he feel that he submitted without opposition, but instinctively drew back when he had taken the number of steps that he knew from long experience would carry him to the solid wall. But he was forced forward, and to his amazement moved on without encountering the expected obstacle.

As Bob was thus led through long passages and down flights of steps, he was so agitated that he could scarcely breathe. Was he being taken to execution, to trial, to liberty, or merely to another place of confinement? He pleaded with his guards in the best Japanese he could command, to tell him; but they preserved an unbroken silence.

At length he was halted and the bandage was removed from his face. For a few seconds he was so blinded by the sudden flood of light that he could not distinguish surrounding objects. Then he became aware that he was in a great hall, closely facing a group of silent but keenly observant men, who, from the richness of their dress, he took to be of high rank.

Bob had barely grasped these facts when one of them made a gesture; the bandage was replaced

over his eyes, and he was led away. When he next halted, the hands of his guards relaxed their grasp, and he stood for a moment, anxiously wondering what was to happen next. As nothing happened and he heard no sound, he ventured to lift the bandage from his eyes, and to his astonishment found himself in the familiar prison from which he had been taken only a few minutes before. There stood the little table with his breakfast still waiting, and everything else was as it always had been, but he was alone. Moreover, the walls enclosing him were as impenetrably solid as ever. It was all so incomprehensible that he began to wonder if the incident just closed were not the vagary of a dream, instead of a tangible reality.

CHAPTER XXXII

KATTO AND Ô-KAMA-SAN

AND now for an explanation of all this mystery. As has been said, every movement of Commodore Perry's ships and of the boats sent out from them was watched by a cloud of spies. These were posted along the shore, filled the line of guard-boats continually patrolling it, or, in the guise of fishermen, circled as close as they dared venture about the anchored men-of-war. Although Bob and Katto had managed to evade these keen-eyed watchers in going off to the *Susquehanna*, so prominent an object as a ship's boat coming from the frigate could not escape detection. It was seen from the moment of starting, and closely shadowed to the shore. Its object in seeking the land was a mystery to the Japanese until they heard the midshipman's farewell words, and a reply to them in English from some one on shore, who evidently had been left there by the boat. Of course this person must be an American spy, who, under cover of darkness would attempt to make his way inland, possibly to Yedo itself.

While Bob paused to bid his countrymen farewell and watch their departure, Katto, realizing the

dangers of the beach, had promptly hastened from it and plunged into a thick growth of cedar, where he endeavored to locate his position and discover a path leading from the shore. He supposed that Bob was following him, and when he discovered that such was not the case he returned to the beach in quest of his friend.

In the meantime Bob had been seized and borne away almost without a sound, and of course Katto could find no trace of him. Could he have sprung into the boat at the last moment and returned with it to the frigate? He might have done so for a further consultation with the commodore; and thus thinking, Katto waited in hiding until daylight began to appear, with the hope of his friend's return.

At length, in the growing light, he could make out the forms of the great ships, and, even as he watched them, they lifted their anchors, and, with the sloops-of-war in tow of the steamers, quietly took their departure from Japanese water. Not until then did Katto sorrowfully make his way back to the camp near Uraga.

While Katto thus watched, Bob, drugged into unconsciousness, had been taken aboard a government despatch boat that remained in that vicinity until the American ships steamed away, when it bore the joyful tidings with all speed to Yedo. It also carried the prisoner, who, by daylight, was unmistakably identified as an American.

For the sake of impressing Commodore Perry with his nationality, Bob had, before going aboard the flagship, laid aside his goggles, vigorously scrubbed with lemon juice at the stain on his face and hands, and had arranged his hair as well as might be in civilized fashion. Thus his present appearance was that of an American who had attempted very crudely and imperfectly to disguise himself as a Japanese.

"It is just like those fools of to-jin to imagine they can deceive us by methods so clumsy," remarked an officer of the despatch boat, as he gazed contemptuously at the unconscious young foreigner.

The capture was considered to be of such importance that, arrived at Yedo, Bob was at once taken in a closely curtained palanquin to the castle of the Shogun. There he was placed in the secret rooms reserved for such distinguished prisoners as the government desired to retain beyond a chance of escape, and at the same time to treat with leniency until their cases should be tried.

Both the Shogun and his advisers were greatly puzzled as to what they should do with this prisoner. The law of Japan bade them put him to death both as a foreigner and a spy; but there was that terrible American "admiral" who had shown himself to be fearless and rash, to the point of declaring war, if he did not obtain what he wanted. He had gone away, to be sure; but also he had promised

to return with a vastly more powerful fleet of ships ; — would he not demand to know what had become of the young man whom he had left behind ? Also, if the prisoner were beheaded so that he could not be produced when wanted, would not the pig-headed “admiral” direct his great guns against the wealthy seaports of Japan until they were destroyed ? These things must be considered.

So Bob’s imprisonment was continued from month to month, while his case was gravely or stormily discussed ; and all this time, though he saw no one, he was kept under constant scrutiny. In the ceiling of each of his rooms was an aperture ingeniously hidden from below, through which the whole interior was visible, and at one or the other of these some one watched Bob most of the time. Among others who thus looked down on him was Ō-Kama-San, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the governor of the Shogun’s castle. Being an only child, she was the idol of her father’s heart, and so was privileged to do many things that might not otherwise have been allowed. Among these privileges, she assumed, without asking anybody’s leave, that of taking an occasional peep at the state prisoners of whom her father had charge. In this way she discovered Bob and immediately became interested in him ; for he was the very first white foreigner she had ever seen.

At length out of curiosity to note what he would

do with it, Ō-Kama-San dropped a rose into Bob's cell, and after that she often dropped flowers where he would be sure to find them. It was such fun to see his bewilderment at their unexpected appearance.

While all this was going on, Katto had reached Yedo, reported his arrival, and taken up his residence in the splendid Satsuma yashiki. When asked concerning the adopted brother who had been expected to accompany him, the young Shimadzu was obliged to report that he had mysteriously disappeared from Uraga, and was supposed to have sailed away with the Americans. Here was a new complication. If the barbarians were impudent enough to carry off Japanese subjects, would it not be better even to risk fighting with them than tamely to submit to further insult of that kind? The Shogun thought so, and declared in favor of war rather than a treaty, but many of the daimios failed to agree with him.

During this time of tumult and bitter discussion it became whispered abroad in Yedo that an American prisoner was confined in the Shogun's castle, and finally the rumor reached the ears of Katto. At once he was filled with anxiety. Could it be possible that his dear brother had been captured and brought to the city instead of leaving with the American ships, as he had supposed? It might be; and if so, what should he do? The first thing was to discover the prisoner's identity. The governor of

the castle was one of his father's friends. Also the governor had a daughter whose friendship might be cultivated.

Katto called and presented his compliments to Ō-Kama-San. On another day they walked in the gardens, and together fed the golden carp in the fish-pond. They exchanged confidences. Katto told of the strange white men he had seen at Uruga. Then it came out that Ō-Kama-San had also seen one of the snow-skinned to-jin, and after a little Katto was possessed of her secret, even to the detail of the flower-dropping. She was so sorry for the young prisoner who was to lose his head.

Was the white youth English, American, Dutch, or French?

Ō-Kama-San did not know.

Could she not lead Katto to the place where he too might see the prisoner, and make a guess at his nationality?

No indeed. It would mean death for both of them if they should dare do such a thing and be discovered.

Well then, Katto had learned a few words of American talk. If he should put them on paper and Ō-Kama-San should happen to drop another flower with the paper attached, she might discover the prisoner's nationality by his manner of receiving it. If he seemed much pleased, it would show him to be an American. If he looked puzzled and did not

understand, then he must be either Dutch or French. At all events, it would be a most interesting experiment that could not result in any harm.

Ō-Kama-San, always ready for mischief, agreed that this would be great fun. So the note was written and delivered as has been related. The next time Katto met the governor's daughter she seemed ill at ease and greeted him coldly.

What was the matter?

Oh, nothing at all. Only she was afraid the young lord of Satsuma had a greater knowledge of the prisoner they had spoken of than he had confessed.

What made the honorable Ō-Kama-San think so?

Only that when the prisoner read the note she was so foolish as to drop, he seemed greatly affected and had said aloud in Japanese, "My brother!"

"Is that all?" laughed Katto. "Then he was merely repeating the words on the paper, for that is what I wrote."

"Oh!" remarked the girl, relieved of her anxiety, and ready to smile once more upon the young Shimadzu.

That very evening Katto sent off a letter to his father, begging him to come with all haste to the capital. But he need not have troubled himself; for two weeks earlier the Shogun had sent to command the presence of the Prince of Satsuma. Thus it happened that he reached Yedo on the very next

day, and at once learned from Katto his suspicion that the American prisoner in the castle and his adopted son Bob San were one and the same person.

"That we will quickly discover," remarked the Prince of Satsuma, sagely ; and when the daimios were summoned by the Shogun to give him their advice as to what should be done with his troublesome prisoner, he raised a question as to whether the captive were a white man.

"Of course," replied the Shogun, testily ; "what else could he be?"

"I have been told," said Satsuma, calmly, "that he is yellow like those who come from China."

"It is a question easily settled," declared the Shogun. "I will have him brought for you to look upon."

So Bob was brought before the assembled daimios that they might decide upon his color, and the moment the Prince of Satsuma saw him, he knew him to be his adopted son. He did not say so, though, but merely remarked, after the prisoner had been withdrawn : "His skin appeared to me to have in it quite as much of yellow as of white. In fact, he looked very like one of my own people from the Riv Kiv islands. Thinking thus, and knowing that if he be put to death, it will cause a very bitter feeling against the government in both Satsuma and Choisiu, I advise that he be set free."

"But he came from an American ship, and has

been heard to speak that language," argued the Shogun.

"Undoubtedly you were so informed," replied the daimio of Satsuma; "but I believe the whole story to be a tissue of lies designed to stir up a bitterness against us of the South."

Upon this the controversy waxed hot, some of the daimios demanding that the prisoner be immediately put to death, and others protesting against such a sentence. Finally, the Shogun, in a rage, dismissed the assembly, declaring half of them to be cowards, the other half traitors, and that he would deal with the case according to his own judgment, which meant that our friend Bob San was doomed to lose his head before the rising of another sun.

But the Shogun was an elderly man, very stout, and he had been so unduly excited by the controversy that these words were hardly uttered before his face turned a livid purple, and he seemed to be strangling. He was hastily borne from the council chamber, and three days later the city rang with news of his death.

After that, for a long time, prisoners, treaties, and such minor matters were forgotten in the all-absorbing question of who should succeed to the Shogunate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

JAPAN STEPS INTO LINE

COMMODORE PERRY at Canton learned of the death of the Japanese Shogun, or "Emperor," as he was persistently, though erroneously, called, and was told that on account of it he need not hope to transact any business with that kingdom for at least a year. Thus it would be quite useless for him to return in the spring. About the same time he learned that both the Russians and French had sent ships to Nagasaki, where they were endeavoring to obtain a hearing with a view to negotiating treaties.

As a consequence of these reports, the American commodore promptly sailed for Yedo, though it was the stormy season of midwinter, and three months earlier than he had expected to return. Thus it happened that about the middle of February, 1854, to the consternation of the Japanese, a powerful fleet of nine American warships, three of them, the *Susquehanna*, *Mississippi*, and *Powhatan*, being steam-frigates, appeared in the vicinity of their capital. Disregarding the swarms of guard-boats sent out to warn them off, they moved steadily and majestically on past Uraga, past the American anchor-

age, and never paused until they had gained a snug harbor off the fishing village of Yokohama, only eight miles from Yedo. The capital was plainly discernible from the mastheads, and at all times the striking of its temple bells could be distinctly heard.

No sooner were anchors dropped than Japanese officials began to arrive in hot haste from all directions, demanding that the Americans at once move down the bay to Uraga, where an answer to the President's letter, for which it was taken for granted they had come, would be given them.

Commodore Perry sent word from his cabin that as the Uraga anchorage was unsafe at that season, he preferred to receive communications from their government where he was, unless indeed they would rather have him proceed to the capital itself.

For ten days the Japanese persisted in their efforts to have him return to Uraga, vehemently declaring that their Emperor would not permit negotiations to be conducted at any other point. Finally, Commodore Perry's patience came to an end, and he informed them that unless they immediately named some place near at hand, he should, on the morrow, move up to Yedo.

Upon this they named the hamlet of Yokohama as being a place where the high officials might be permitted to meet him, provided time was allowed for the erection of a treaty house. Having thus gained

his point, the commodore readily agreed to give them all necessary time for preparations, and named March 8 as the day on which he would go ashore.

So it was arranged; and on the appointed day the scene enacted at Uraga a few months earlier was repeated, only with infinitely more of pomp and ceremony. Five princes were delegated to meet the commodore this time, and when he went ashore he was preceded by a flotilla of thirty boats carrying an honorary guard of five hundred American sailors. The treaty house was much larger than the one at Kurihama, and much more elaborately decorated.

Here was received a formal reply to the President's letter, in which for the first time in Japanese history the Shogun was named "Tycoon," or supreme ruler. Here, too, after many days of consideration, a treaty, the first Japan had ever negotiated with a foreign power, was accepted and signed. By its terms three Japanese ports, Hakodate, Simoda, and Napha (for the last two Yokohama and Nagasaki were soon afterwards substituted) were to be immediately opened to American vessels visiting them in distress or in quest of supplies. To this list two more ports were to be added, and at the end of five years all five of them were to be free to American commerce.

The whole month of March was spent in discussing the terms of this treaty, in exchanging presents, and in the paying of official visits. Among the

presents sent by the United States government to the Emperor of Japan, those attracting the most eager curiosity were a complete telegraphic outfit, supplied with ten miles of wire, and a train of steam cars, Liliputian in size, but perfect in every detail, provided with a tiny locomotive and half a mile of track. Both of these, on being taken ashore, were set up and operated by American engineers, to the huge delight of thousands of spectators.

At length, early in April, the treaty was signed, the flag of Japan, displayed at the foremast head of the *Powhatan*, was saluted by twenty-one guns, and the Americans, with their momentous mission happily accomplished, prepared to take their departure. Some of the ships were to return to China, some were to accompany the commodore on a visit to the several newly designated treaty ports, and one, the *Saratoga*, was ordered to sail to the United States with Bob's friend, Captain Adams, who was to carry a copy of the treaty to Washington.

For some days before the one appointed for these sailings a rather shabby-looking fishing-junk had been observed hovering about the American ships as though to gratify the curiosity of her crew; but as she was only one of many, no especial attention was paid to her. It was somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to the people of the *Powhatan*, now become the flagship, when, soon after dark, on the last evening of their stay in those waters, the shabby-looking

junk glided quietly alongside, and one of her crew, hailing in English, asked if he might come on board.

"Not unless you have business," replied the officer of the deck.

"But I have, and that of importance, with the commodore."

Upon this the required permission was granted, and in another minute two meanly clad young Japs were standing on the deck.

"Whom shall I announce?" inquired the officer of the deck, eyeing his visitors suspiciously.

"A son of Satsuma will, I think, be sufficient," replied he who spoke English.

The officer hesitated, but walked away, and returned a few minutes later with a decided change of demeanor.

"If you gentlemen will follow me," he said; and then the two young fishermen were led directly to the after-cabin.

Not until the officer of the deck had retired did the commodore speak. Then, regarding his two visitors quizzically, he asked:—

"Which is the real and which the make-believe son of Satsuma, for, 'pon my word, I can't tell?"

"We are both real," replied Bob.

"Oh! you are the impostor, are you?" laughed the commodore. "You certainly have improved your disguise since our last meeting. But why have you not been on board before? I not only wanted

your aid, but have been anxious concerning you. One of my first inquiries was for my former interpreters ; and General Yezaimen told me that both of you had returned to Kagoshima, where I had determined to look you up before leaving the country. Sit down and tell me all about it."

As we are familiar with Bob's story up to the time of the Shogun's death, we will resume it with him at that point.

"Upon the sudden death of the Shogun without a direct heir," he said, "it rested with the Prime Minister to select a successor. Most of the daimios were in favor of the son of the Prince of Mito ; but the Prime Minister was determined to make a Shogun out of a twelve-year-old boy, whom, as regent, he could control for many years. To carry his point he beheaded some of those opposed to him, on charges of treason, imprisoned others, and won the rest over by various concessions. The Prince of Satsuma held out the longest of all ; but finally offered to withdraw his opposition if the Prime Minister would deliver into his power any one of the castle prisoners whom he might choose. The latter agreed to this, thinking, of course that some daimio, who was either a friend or an enemy of Satsuma, would be chosen ; but when I was named he was awfully put out. He said if it were discovered that he had released the foreigner, not only the city, but the whole country, would rise against him. My father replied

that he would disguise me so perfectly, and carry me off so secretly, that no one need ever know. At any rate, that was the only condition on which he would consent to Iyesada being made Shogun. So the Minister finally gave in, and I was set free. After that we didn't stay a minute in this part of the country, but got back as quick as we could to Kagoshima, where I was to remain in hiding until you should come again in the spring. Then, the first thing we heard was that you were already here. When that news came, Katto and I started for this place by sea, hoping that even if you had left, we might still meet you, and we have been hanging around here a week, afraid to come on board till the very last minute. Now, sir, I hope you are willing this time to take me with you to America."

"According to your story," said the commodore, ignoring this plea, and with a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead, "the treaty I have just negotiated has not been signed by the Emperor."

"Oh, no, sir," replied Bob, "only by the general of his army. The Mikado doesn't know anything about it."

"Then all my work goes for nothing?"

"I think not, sir; for if I understand the matter rightly, your treaty bears the Emperor's seal, which is the important thing, after all, and is binding on the government, no matter who uses it. That is what my adoptive father, the Prince of Satsuma, says."

"Yes," said Katto, now speaking for the first time, "the sear is everything."

"Its use by the Shogun has raised an awful row, though," continued Bob, "and the daimios are so angry at his allowing himself to be called Tycoon that it looks as though there'd be war in the land before you've been long gone."

"'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,'" remarked the commodore, thoughtfully, and then, abruptly changing his tone, he said :—

"And so you want to get out of here before the fighting begins, do you?"

"No, indeed, sir. It isn't that. I'd like well enough to stay and take part in it, but I want to get back to America a heap more. You see I've got an awful lot of studying to do, and the sooner I get at it, the better."

"And how about your friend? Does he also feel called upon to go away and study at a time of such importance to his country?"

"No, sir, he does not. He wants to go just as much as ever, but feels that he ought to stay here until he sees how things are going to turn out."

"And both of you are quite right," rejoined the commodore. "In event of a civil war you, as a foreigner, have no business to be in it, and he, as a native, has no business to be out of it. Moreover, I couldn't take him away with me because I promised the commissioners that no Japanese should be given

passage on my ships. Nor can I take you to America," — here the speaker paused and regarded Bob severely while the latter's heart sank within him, — "because," he continued, "I am not going that way. But one of my ships is ; and if you should happen to be in the vicinity of what we call the American anchorage to-morrow night about this time, I think you will find lying there the sloop-of-war *Saratoga*. Then if you should happen to go on board, I shouldn't wonder if you discovered an old acquaintance bound for the United States, who would be pleased to have your company on his long journey."

"Thank you, sir, more than I can ever express !" cried Bob. "I understand, and give you my word that no one, that is, no Japanese besides Katto, shall ever know what has become of me."

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOMEWARD BOUND

"SAYONARA, my brother."

"Good-by, my brother."

On the deck of the *Saratoga* the sons of Satsuma, who for more than two years had been inseparable comrades, embraced and parted. Katto went over the side to the fishing-vessel waiting to carry him back to Kagoshima, the place of his duty; while Bob Whiting remained on board the great ship that was to bear him homeward. Captain Adams stood beside him as he gazed with dimmed eyes into the darkness, trying to catch a final glimpse of his friend.

"Seems a fine chap, that Japanese chum of yours," remarked the former, "and I wish we could take him with us."

"Indeed, he is one of the dearest and best fellows in all the world," cried Bob; "and if I thought I should never meet him again, I don't believe I could leave him. But he has promised to come to America as soon as things have quieted down here, and I know he will keep his word if he lives."

"Are you going to continue to wear these togs?" asked Captain Adams, changing the subject, "or

shall we fit you out with some that are more civilized?"

"I suppose I shall have to shed these, and comfort with them, for the sake of your so-called civilization," replied Bob, ruefully, "though it is too bad that one can't wear what he chooses, so long as he is decently covered."

So our lad was furnished with an outfit from the paymaster's stock of goods, and for the first time in two years wore the outward appearance, as well as the heart, of an American.

With the coming of dawn the *Saratoga* got under way, and by nightfall she was sliding over the long Pacific rollers with a course laid for distant Honolulu, which port she made twenty-five days later. A steamer was about to leave for San Francisco, and as Captain Adams had been ordered to make all possible speed to Washington, he decided to take passage on her.

"Can you afford to do the same?" he asked our lad.

"Yes," replied the latter, smiling; "no son of Satsuma need worry over travelling expenses."

Accordingly, Bob's queer-looking Japanese boxes were transferred, together with the captain's more modest luggage, to the *Golden Gate*, and after ten more days she steamed into the harbor of San Francisco. At that time there was no transcontinental railway by which one might reach the Atlantic

coast within a week ; so our friends must still travel by water via the Isthmus of Panama, across which a railway was then in process of construction. On this portion of the journey they experienced such vexatious delays that it was the 12th of July, or just one hundred days since leaving Yokohama before the treaty was handed to the President in the city of Washington. In September, it having been ratified by the Senate, and signed, Captain Adams again took the precious document in charge and started back for Japan, by way of England, India, and China. Embarking on the *Powhatan* at Canton, he reached the Japanese treaty port of Simoda during the following January, or nine months and twenty-two days from the date of his departure.

During the first half of this round-the-world journey, the naval officer conceived a great interest in his travelling companion, and through many talks on the subject of education fired him with an ambition to enter the Naval Academy which had been established at Annapolis some ten years earlier. From his own experience he coached Bob in the studies required for an entrance examination and promised to use whatever influence he might possess toward the procuring of an appointment for him.

Thus it happened that on the second day after their arrival in Washington Bob was immensely pleased to receive an invitation to a reception at the White House. The note also intimated that he

would confer a favor by appearing in Japanese costume. Of course he complied with this request; and, attending the reception in company with Captain Adams, attracted an embarrassing amount of attention, since this was the first time the peculiar and richly beautiful costume of a Japanese noble had ever been seen in the United States. During the evening he was introduced to the President, who asked him many questions concerning Japan and the condition of affairs in that country. Finally the latter said : —

“I understand, Mr. Whiting, that it is your desire to enter the naval service of the United States through our Academy at Annapolis.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Bob ; “I would rather do that than anything else I know of.”

“Well, I don’t know why so laudable an ambition should not be gratified, seeing that I have a vacant appointment at my disposal which I should be pleased to have you accept. Suppose we speak to the Secretary about it.”

With this, Bob was presented to the Secretary of the Navy, who, after a few moments’ chat, invited him to call at his office the next day.

“There isn’t the slightest doubt about it now,” said Captain Adams, exultingly, as he and his gorgeously robed protégé drove away from the White House. “A presidential appointee always goes through with flying colors.”

When Bob presented himself before the Secretary of the Navy, that gentleman asked him many questions, all of which were answered with gratifying promptness. Finally he said: "I believe, my boy, that you are of the right stuff from which to make a naval officer. You say you have served an apprenticeship before the mast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anything of navigation?"

"I have studied it, and practised it to some extent."

"Are well up in the studies required for entrance examination, I suppose?"

"Captain Adams says I am, sir."

"And, above all, you are probably better posted than any other American concerning Japan, a country with which we are, apparently, about to have extensive dealings. So, taking it all in all, I don't see but what I might as well commission you a cadet midshipman at once."

Bob seemed to feel himself swelling with pride and unadulterated happiness.

"There is one thing more, though," continued the Secretary. "You are not yet of age, I believe?"

"No, sir, but I am almost nineteen."

"Then it will be necessary for us to have the written consent of your parents or guardian before we can receive you into the service."

Bob's heart seemed to weigh like lead. "I have no parents," he said, in a low tone.

"Then, of course, you have a guardian?"

"No, sir. That is, not exactly; but when I was a small boy I was bound out to a farmer near Salem, Massachusetts."

"Did he formally release you from that bond, when you went to sea, or did you take French leave?"

"I am afraid I did, sir," replied poor Bob, not quite sure that he understood the expression.

"Then this farmer still has a legal claim to your services; and until he voluntarily relinquishes it in the presence of a notary, we can take no step towards placing you in the Academy. I am very sorry, but the law is explicit on this point, and cannot be disregarded. You must go to him, and when you have explained the situation, he will doubtless be glad to sign your release."

"You don't know Farmer Dutton, sir," said Bob, in a melancholy tone of voice. "There isn't one chance in ten thousand that he will release me. In fact, I might as well give up all hope of the navy from this minute."

"I don't believe it is as bad as that," rejoined the Secretary, kindly; "unpleasant things never look half so bad at close range as they do at a distance."

"All right, sir; I'll go and try to have him let me off. If I don't come back again, you'll know I haven't succeeded."

"I shall expect to see you back within a week," laughed the Secretary.

Bob was so unhappy over the unexpected result of this interview, that he did not care to see any of his newly made Washington friends. So, merely leaving a line for Captain Adams, saying that he had been suddenly called to Boston on business, he took his departure on the first north-bound train. As he had no hope of returning, he carried with him all his belongings, including the things he had brought from Japan.

After a tedious journey, during which he was obliged to change cars at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Springfield, there being no through trains in those days, he reached Boston, and making one more transfer, found himself at the hailing-port of the *Friendship* that same evening.

In all this wearisome journey he had had but one bright anticipation, and that was the meeting with Hetty Lee, the dear little girl whose face, on that long-ago evening when she had kissed him, had been a steadfast memory during all his years of wandering. So impatient was he to see her again, and to receive the warm welcome that he knew would be extended by the inmates of the parsonage, that he engaged a carriage in Salem to take him and his belongings out there at once.

How familiar the road looked in the bright moonlight, and how few changes had been made ! There was the very place where he had parted from Stickney. How often had he wondered about the sailor

had turned farm hand, and tried to picture to himself what he was doing. Now he wondered if he would find him still on the Dutton farm.

At length the carriage drove up before the well-remembered parsonage, and Bob, springing out, went quickly up the lilac-bordered walk and knocked at the door. In a minute it was opened by a tall girl whose features were undiscernible in the dim light.

"Is Mr. Lee at home?" asked Bob, in a voice that had a slight tremor in spite of his efforts to steady it.

"No, sir, but he has only stepped over to a neighbor's, and may be back at any moment. Won't you come in and wait?"

Yes, Bob would wait; and he followed the tall girl to the sitting room, where he hoped to find Hetty and her mother, but to his disappointment it was empty.

His companion turned up the light a bit and then offered him a chair; but instead of taking it he stood staring at her.

"Can it be," he asked, in a bewildered tone, "that you are little Hetty Lee?"

"I was," replied the girl, smiling. Then she in turn gave him a searching look, while a slow flush crept into her cheeks. "I do believe you are Bob White—I mean Mr. Whiting," she said.

"Yes, I am Bob White."

Then they shook hands, and Hetty, to hide her embarrassment, said she would go and call her mother.

Bob had fully meant to kiss little Hetty Lee as soon as he saw her, but this tall girl was so different that he did not dare.

“Isn’t she pretty, though !” he said to himself, and somehow the prospect of being compelled to live in that vicinity did not seem such a terrible hardship, after all.

CHAPTER XXXV

JOHNNY RAW AT THE ACADEMY

No boy could have received a warmer welcome to an own home than was given to Bob Whiting by Mr. and Mrs. Lee, while Hetty flitted in and out of the room, making ready a late supper for the returned wanderer. She said little, but her eyes danced with happiness, while every few minutes a tiny smile dimpled her flushed cheeks. As they insisted that Bob should consider the parsonage his home as long as he remained in that part of the country, his boxes were brought in and the carriage was dismissed.

How they did talk ! How much there was to tell and to hear ! What a hero Bob appeared in the eyes of those simple New Englanders, as the tale of his adventures on the other side of the world was gradually unfolded. They almost gasped with amazement when he told them of his formal adoption by the Prince of Satsuma, and from that moment unconsciously treated him with an added respect.

Late as it was, he could not resist the temptation to open his boxes and display some of the many beautiful things he had brought home, including

his wonderful Japanese costumes, at all of which they marvelled with exclamations of delight. Coming across an exquisite jewel cabinet of inlaid work that he had brought for Hetty, Bob presented it to her, then and there, though she declared it dainty enough for a princess, and far too fine for the use of a simple little country girl.

With all that he had to relate Bob managed to tell of his own prospects, and how important it was that Farmer Dutton should consent to his entering the Naval Academy.

"Of course he'll do it," said Mr. Lee, confidently. "I can't imagine his refusing. I'll go with you to see him in the morning."

"Will we find Stickney Clark there?" asked Bob.

"Who?" inquired Mr. Lee, with a puzzled expression.

"Why, the chap who took my place."

"Oh! John Stickney, that addle-pated young sailor? No indeed. He only stayed about a month, during which time he managed to turn the Dutton farm upside down and inside out, besides driving the whole community wild with his outrageous performances. Then he left, saying that life on shore was altogether too exciting for him, and we haven't heard a word from him since."

True to his promise, Mr. Lee went with Bob to see Farmer Dutton the next morning. The old man

received them graciously enough ; but the moment he discovered who Bob was, his face hardened. When their errand was explained, and he was asked to give his bound boy a written release from his service, he declared promptly and emphatically that he would do nothing of the kind.

"Pretty thing to ask after all I've lost on him already, ain't it?" he cried. "No, sirree, not one minute does he get from me till the day he's twenty-one. Maybe I won't have to let him go then neither ; for if there's any justice in law, it'll compel him to make good the three years he's stole from me, and work right here till he's four and twenty."

"But, Mr. Dutton," began Bob's friend, "consider —"

"I won't consider nothing," broke in the farmer, "'cepting that it's the middle of hayin', and I want help the wust kind. So my young gentleman can't git into his workin' close none too quick. If he tries to run away again, I'll shut him up in jail till he larns what's what, and who's who."

Nothing that could be urged served to move the farmer a hair's-breadth from this position, and it was only upon Mr. Lee's assurance that he would be responsible for Bob's return, that the latter was permitted to go back to the parsonage for his belongings.

"I'll run away and go to sea again as a common

sailor before I'll stay here and give that old skin-flint the best years of my life," declared Bob, bitterly, as he and his companion slowly retraced their steps toward the parsonage. "I might as well have remained a slave in pirate Zeke Dutton's pepper fields, as to come home and be one on his father's farm."

"Who did you say, and what did you call him?" demanded Mr. Lee, stopping short, and squarely facing the angry lad.

"I said Zeke Dutton, and I called him a pirate, which is exactly what he was," replied Bob, stoutly. "And what's more, this whole community shall know it before I've been here many days."

"That is a very grave charge, and one that might have a serious effect on the old people if it were made public. Have you any proof that it is a true one?"

"Yes, I have," answered Bob. "In one of my boxes is a miniature likeness of old Dutton and his wife, that I took from the neck of their pirate son just before he died."

"If you have such a miniature," said Mr. Lee, meditatively, "I believe Mr. Dutton would give almost anything you asked him for it, especially if you added an offer of silence concerning what you have just told me."

Bob's face shone with excitement. "I declare, sir, I believe you are right!" he cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Let's hurry and find it."

But search as they might, the miniature was not to be found. Boxes were turned upside down and their contents thoroughly examined, without result.

"I am afraid it is lost," said Bob, despondently.

"Then I am afraid your cause is lost as well," rejoined Mr. Lee ; "since a charge of piracy against one who has for years been credited with missionary labor is too serious to be accepted without proof."

Mr. Lee and Bob had thus far conducted this search without mentioning its object to the other inmates of the parsonage, and now, being called to dinner, they returned to the sitting-room where Mrs. Lee and Hetty awaited them.

"Here is something that I think must belong to you," said the latter, as Bob entered the room. At the same time she held out to him a small object wrapped in a bit of silk and securely tied with silken thread. "I found it in one of the drawers of that lovely cabinet," she added.

"Oh, you blessed girl!" cried Bob, taking the packet eagerly from her and tearing off the envelope. "Here it is, Mr. Lee. The very thing we have been looking for—see."

It was indeed the missing miniature that Bob had laid carefully away in the cabinet more than a year before and then forgotten. Mrs. Lee and Hetty wondered at his caring for it, and also how it came into his possession ; for the minister did not think it fair that even they should learn its history

before Mr. Dutton had been given a chance to redeem it.

And redeem it he did, gladly enough, when, an hour later, Mr. Lee and Bob carried the miniature to him with the story of how it had come into our lad's hands. He himself made the offer of Bob's freedom in return for it, together with their perpetual silence on the subject of his son, and they promptly closed with his proposition.

Thus Bob Whiting, again raised from the depths of despair to the heights of happiness, was enabled to return to Washington within the week, bearing with him a paper, sealed by a notary, that formally released him from all future service to Farmer Dutton.

After that, but three events occurred in this portion of our friend Bob's career that must be recorded before we can part with him. The first took place on the day after he was admitted to the Academy. He was crossing the parade, feeling very conscious of his recently assumed closely fitting uniform, and gazing about him with all the curiosity of a new-comer, when he encountered three jaunty third-class men who halted before him.

"Hello, Johnny Raw;" cried one, "how dare you walk the same earth with us? Off with that new cap and make three pretty bows. Quick, sir, before I consign you to the monkey watch."

"Overhaul your jaw-tackle and get your bearings

John Stickney," remarked the new man, calmly, as he gazed steadily into the other's face; "the last time I sighted your figurehead you were bound for hayseed town yourself, and they do say that you milked the pump and watered the cows till you couldn't tell one from t'other."

"What do you mean, sir? Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"Mean what I say, and have just come from the country of politeness called Japan," replied Bob, ignoring the second question.

"You aren't the son of Satsuma we've been hearing so much about, are you?" asked one of the others.

"I am permitted the honor of calling the Prince of Satsuma my father by adoption."

"But they said his name was Robert Whiting, and he's the very chap we are looking for," exclaimed the first speaker.

"While mine is merely 'Bob White,'" laughed our lad.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" cried Stickney Clark, seizing Bob by the shoulders and gazing searchingly into his face, "you don't mean it! And yet you must be, for I begin to trace the resemblance. Why, matey, I've been wanting to meet you and hear all about it, more than I've wanted 'most anything else I can think of. But how, in the name of the Horse Marines, did you ever drift into this latitude?"

Never mind, though. 'Come along of hus,' as they say in 'Lunnon,' and we'll dock where we can gam till the cows come home."

In another moment four square-shouldered young men might have been seen marching stiffly across the parade, as though impelled by a single soul, and one of them was our Bob.

For three months after entering the Academy Bob, aided by Stickney, studied night and day. Then he applied to be examined for a third-class rating, passed with flying colors, and the two lads who had once exchanged places ranked together.

It was about a year after this that the grand old frigate *Mississippi* steamed proudly into Annapolis harbor with a prodigiously long homeward-bound pennant streaming from her maintopmast head, and looking as spick and span as though just out of dock instead of just ending a voyage from the other side of the world. The cadets crowded the pier to welcome her first boat, and they gazed curiously at a little brown chap, unbecomingly clad in the garments and tall hat of civilization, who sat aft with the officer in charge.

"The heathen in his blindness bows down to coat and pants," remarked Stickney Clark to Bob Whiting, who stood beside him; but the latter paid no attention. He was staring too intently with a face of mingled hope and doubt at the odd-looking chap in the stern sheets. Then all appearance of doubt

vanished in the glad light of recognition, and as the stranger stepped hesitatingly ashore, Bob rushed toward him, and without a thought of the amused spectators flung his arms about him in the embrace of loving brotherhood.

Of course it was Katto, and as they drew a little apart for a better look into each other's face, a kindly voice from behind said : —

"I thought it would be a happy surprise for you, Whiting, when I arranged with the Japanese government for him to come and enter our Naval Academy. Now look out for him and see that he never has cause to regret leaving his own country for a sojourn in ours."

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," replied Bob, whirling around and saluting. "You have done much for me, but this is the best of all."

A little later Commodore Perry, who had returned from China by way of England some weeks earlier, and had now hurried down from Washington to meet his home-coming ship, was rowed out to the *Mississippi* and received with a thunderous salute from her great guns. He was in full service uniform, and when he mounted the side ladder to a shrill piping of boatswains' whistles, the whole ship's company was waiting to receive him. As his broad pennant was once more flying to the breeze, a mighty cheer broke from five hundred lusty throats, the band on the quarter-deck struck up "Hail to the

Chief," and the brave old commodore, who had gained for the United States without the shedding of a drop of blood one of the greatest of her victories, was again in command.

For an hour his flag snapped proudly in the sunlight. Then, amid a profound and sorrowful silence, it was hauled down for the last time. The commodore went ashore, never again to go to sea, and his staunch old ship, that had so nobly performed her part, was put out of commission.

Two more years passed happily and quickly. Then one day old Fort Severn, now the Naval Academy gymnasium, was converted into a bit of fairy-land for the crowning festivities of a graduating class. Two spectators discussed the brilliant scene of the graduation hop.

"There," said one of them, "goes the belle of the ball, by far the prettiest girl here. Who is she?"

"I don't know her name," replied the other, "but I believe she is the daughter of a New England parson. The chap she is dancing with, though, is the honor man of his class, and has just graduated number one."

"Indeed," remarked the first speaker, gazing with renewed interest at the handsome young couple. "Is that Whiting?"

"Yes, that is Robert Whiting," was the reply, "though here at the Academy he is always known as the 'Son of Satsuma.'"

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A son of Satsuma, or With Perry in J

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