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FIVE YEARS

—IN A—

SAILOR'S LIFE.

BY BIRGER BECH.

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FIVE YEARS — IN A — SAILOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in one of Norway's beautiful valleys, where nature fills the very air with music and poetry. What can be more pleasant and peaceful to mind and eye than to walk through a place where hillsides, sown with various kinds of trees, in which little Swiss cottages here and there make their appearance, and murmuring creeks, form a picture of perfectness and harmony?

Nature is, to a great extent, the making of man, both mentally and physically. My surroundings filled me with romance and poetry; the foaming waterfall, the trees and rocks were old friends of mine, with whom I spent all my spare time. Of course they understood my talk: did not the waving tree tops nod at me as they stood there proud and dignified? did not the water laugh as in its busy haste rippled along, throwing its shivering flakes of foam into my flushing face?

My father was schoolmaster in our village ; he took great pride in giving his children a good education, therefore I was (much to my mother's grief, being her favored child,) in my thirteenth year sent to college in the capital town of Norway, Christiania. It was my father's intention to make a minister of me, but he soon discovered the mistake he had made. I did not like studying at all ; my mind would wander from the books out into the great unknown world, where everything, in my fancy, was gold and sunshine. In the city the narrow streets seemed to choke me. Out, out into foreign lands would I go, oh ! so far, far away !

At last my longing to see the world became intense. After four years' school life, I wrote to my father, imploring him to take me out of college and let me go to sea. At first he remonstrated and begged me to stay, but finally he saw it was of no use. I was taken home, where I spent two months full of bliss and peace. My mother tenderly impressed on my mind the need and comfort in always doing what was good and right. Her prayers and her love softened my heart until I almost repented my rash resolution to leave home.

In the meantime my clothes were put in order, and the preparations for my departure completed. I was to go to Copenhagen in Denmark, where one of my father's friends had command of a vessel belonging to the king of Denmark, and which, along with ten others, went on their yearly summer trip to Green-

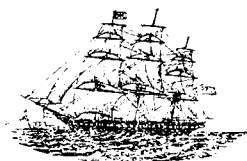
land, supplying the Esquimeaux with provisions, and taking back with them a cargo of oil.

My last interview with my mother is never to be forgotten. Above all she asked me always to remember that God in heaven saw all my doings, and rejoiced when I kept good. She begged me never to forget my mother, my home and the days of my childhood, but to let their sacred memory stand between me and all evil.

My father accompanied me down to Copenhagen, and we went to where the vessel lay. It was a beautiful little brig, clean and neatly kept. The captain, a tall and stately old gentleman, gave us a hearty welcome. It was then decided that I should go as cabin boy for twenty kroner (\$5) a month. The brig would not leave inside of fourteen days, and during that time I got an invitation from one of my father's early acquaintances, a noted artist, to stay in his family until the brig sailed. The fourteen days spent here in his house belong to the happiest in my life. His amiable wife and three daughters, widely known as "the three beauties of Copenhagen," did all they could to amuse "the stranger from the far north." Every day they would take me out in the lively Danish city, visiting the remarkable places, among which were the geological gardens, natural and historical museum, the art gallery of Thorvaldsen, and above all the picture galleries in the royal castle of Christiansborg (now burned down). In the last place I would stand musing for hours, looking at the wonder-

ful pictures, two of which especially drew my attention. One represented an imprisoned Danish king, who stayed in a small cell for twenty-two years. His proud and manly brow was deeply furrowed, and his eyes wore a look of sadness and despair. His right thumb rested on a little round table, which he in this way, during the many lonely hours, had walked round and round, leaving a deep furrow worn by the thumb. The other picture represented three little children sitting in front of a dining room stove, feeding the fire with pieces of paper. The reflection of the fire threw a radiant glance over the beautiful rounded little faces and over the opposite side of the room.

Soon after this the departure of the brig was to take place. We were to sail inside of two days. Much to my regret did I therefore part with my kind friends, and went on board the ship to take over my place as cabin boy.



CHAPTER II.

ON a bright June morning our brig raised her white wings and we started on the long voyage. The crew consisted of the captain, two mates, a cook, six able seamen, two ordinary seamen and myself. They were all sturdy, good-natured Danes, who during the whole voyage acted very friendly towards me.

We had just lost sight of the Danish coast when I, influenced by the sea air, was overcome by a great drowsiness and went to lay down behind the wheel-house. Soon after I was sound asleep, but was woke up by feeling somebody pulling at my legs, and heard the mate say: "What the —— are you doing here, boy? We have been looking all round for you and feared that you had fallen overboard. Come along now; get down and set the table for breakfast."

As we came out between Scotland and Norway a fresh breeze sprung up, the vessel commenced to roll and pitch, and at the same time I felt a nasty sensation run through my whole system that made me hot and cold in succession. At last I was driven towards the railing, where I, to use the mate's saying, "fed the seagulls." For three days I was seasick, after which it never came again.

It was my especial delight to climb the rigging,

and for hours and hours I would sit on the main royal yard looking over the immense space where nothing but water and sky was to be seen for miles and miles around.

As we came farther north the ocean became more lively. Huge whales would make their appearance above the surface, sending columns of water through their nostrils high up into the air, at the same time making a noise like a steamboat's whistle, while every now and then a seal would poke its round head up out of the water and look at us with its round glassy eyes as if to ask us, "Where do you come from, and what do you want here?"

Here in the Arctic ocean I saw an iceberg for the first time. At home I had read much about them, but the sight was far above my expectations. It was a bright summer morning; no wind stirred the blue deep, and all around us floated the huge masses of ice. They were of all shapes and forms and of all sizes—some like churches and castles with towering spires which, lit by the morning sun, shone like stars and steel.

A very natural question arises when we think of these beautiful northern swans, where do they come from? how do they come? Far up in Greenland's deep, sloping valleys are layers of ice formed on top of one another until it becomes a solid mass. When the sun in the three short summer months, warms up the ground, little brooks and creeks form themselves under the ice and carry stones and gravel with them;

the heavy mass of ice in this way undermined, pressed and pushed from the higher layer of snow and ice, commences slowly to slide down towards the strand. Here it breaks over the rocks and falls in smaller or greater pieces down into the water; the cold Arctic stream carries it along through the Strait of Davis into the Atlantic ocean, all the way down to Newfoundland, where it at last melts in the Gulf Stream. It is a popular opinion that whenever we have a hard winter in Norway there must have been a great number of icebergs in the Gulf Stream the season before.

After one month's sailing we caught sight of the coast of Greenland. Its snow-peaked mountains looked bluish in the great distance; the billows foamed and roared between the lower laying rocks. Two days after we had passed the southern point of Greenland, called Cape Farewell, and were well up in the Strait of Davis. Our destination was Rittenbenk, a colony near the most northern town in the world, Upernavik.

One day when we were near this place we saw a black point in the water about four miles ahead. It came towards us with great rapidity, and soon was heard the outcry, "An Esquimeau! an Esquimeau in his cajack! (canoe). It proved to be true. An Esquimeau considers it a great honor to be the first who sees and boards any vessel approaching their coast. This is not to be wondered at, as it is so very seldom they ever see either vessel or man from other countries. When our Esquimeau came alongside the brig the

bight of two ropes were thrown under both ends of his cajack, which, with the little fellow inside, in this way was drawn over the rail and gently placed on deck. He was a very small man, about five feet high, with finely shaped hands and feet; his hair was black, long, thick, coarse and greasy; his eyes were black and drawn downwards in the corners; nose and mouth plumb; skin yellow, oily and dirty; he wore no cap, a sealskin jacket, ditto pants and boots made of rein-skin with the hair inside. As this single individual, so are all the Esquimeaux of both sexes dressed, with the only difference that the women wear their hair longer and done up in a coil on top of the head.

The cajack is made of skin and whalebone, and so far closed as only to leave a small round hole in the top, in which the Esquimeau puts the lower part of his body. In this way, sitting in the bottom of the boat, he uses an oar with a blade on both ends, giving a stroke first to one side and then to the other. The cajack is very light, so-light that even a little boy is able to take it on his back and carry it home.

As we came close to Rittenbenk, two boats well manned and with a Danish merchant in one of them, met us with cheers of welcome. Soon the deck was full of the little fellows, whose merry laugh and constant chatter told us how glad they were to see us. A well buttered biscuit and a glass of brandy was served to each of them. Only one refused the brandy—a fine, intelligent looking little man. When the second mate offered him a glass he answered, “Nami oange ”

(not I). The entrance to the colony is very narrow, gray and solemn looking rocks guarding it on both sides, but once inside, a deep, large lagoon laid before us. It was surrounded with snow-clad mountains, and on the sloping side of the one right abreast of us laid scattered in the green grass a few Esquimeau dwellings. They were about twenty in number, besides the merchant's large wooden building, from which the Danish flag waved.

Down by the strand were gathered women, men and children, who, together with a large number of dogs, jumped about, making the most unearthly noise to show how delighted they were to see us. Soon the rattling of the anchor chain was heard and the anchor dropped. The sails folded, deck cleared up and everything put aside, the first mate sung out, "All hands below; breakfast at six." To my astonishment I saw it was two o'clock in the night, and still bright as daylight. Then I remembered that here in the far north they have nine months winter with darkness ruling all over the land both night and day, and three months summer, in which the aurora-borealis lends its brilliant light to the nightly hours.

I could not sleep, so I took the boat and went ashore. I chose a pathway leading up over the mountains, and having arrived at a spot far above the rest I halted. The sight I now beheld was simply grand. From the north came a stream of light which spread itself all over heaven like a thread of silver and threw its pale rays over the snow-peaked moun-

tains and far over the endless fields of ice. Below me laid the town, the bay and the great ocean, and over it all there prevailed a deep silence—a silence which brought peace to the soul and left a lasting impression of God's greatness. I had for many days felt lonesome, being so far away from home, but, strange to say, here in the stillness of night, with the busy world thousands of miles away, I felt nearer to God than ever before. It was as if we stood face to face here on the lonely mountain.

Greenland is a vast desolated country where vegetation is almost out of question. Only in the lower laying valleys is there grass to be found, together with small blueberry bushes. No tree of any description grows here; the gray rocks and mighty mountains, where foaming, hissing waterfalls force their way in all directions, is all the eye does meet; still there is something grand and awful in this wild, vast nature. We feel this more strikingly when we let our thoughts fly down to the sunny South, where the air vibrates with song and is full of fragrance; where mother nature has provided abundantly to make life easy and peaceful.

The Esquimaux make their dwellings of turf and stones, and they are built in a square, very low, so low that only the little Esquimaux are able to stand upright inside; the walls are three feet thick, the entrance long, and so small that you would have to crawl on hands and feet to get in. The whole building consists of this long, narrow entrance and one

square room. They use no furniture. In a corner, raised a little above the ground, is a combination of stone and turf, on top of which reindeer skins are spread, the whole serving as a bed for the entire family; it is in truth a family bed. The stove is made of stones, and stands up to one of the walls, through which a long hole is made. As fluid and light they use whale oil. We can truthfully say that the Esquimeau's existence depends upon the whale and the seal. From these they get everything—clothes, food, light and tools. They are very clever in harpooning and catching these two sea monsters and they always divide their prey among one another. Summer time they fish a good deal; splendid salmon are to be got for a trifle. From the eider duck they get beautiful soft feathers (eider-down) which they sell to the Danes, getting rifles and powder in return. The only tame animal in Greenland is the well-known wolf-like Esquimeau dog, with its pointed nose and ears. What the reindeer is to the Lapp in Finland, the horse and steam power to the civilized world is the hardy Esquimeau dog to his master. With three or four hitched to the sleigh he travels fifty miles without ceasing, and no noise is heard as the sleigh flies past you on the glittering snow, as by the Northern light you catch a glimpse of the man's form and face; motionless and seemingly lifeless does he sit there, wrapt in his thick sealskin clothes.

We stayed six weeks in Rittenbenk, and went on shore every day, the natives always receiving us very

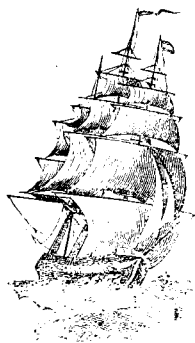
friendly and inviting us to their dwellings and nightly dances. It is characteristic of them that they love dancing above all other amusement, and they know all our ancient as well as modern dances, but wonderfully quick and well do they go through the different steps and the Irish jig, their little feet moving like sticks on a drum. They also know how to play different instruments, and in the bright summer nights they go up on the mountains, select a level place and dance as long as they can. Around the dancing pairs stand the lookers-on, generally the old and married.

The mothers carry the baby in a sealskin sack, fastened to the back with strings of sealskin. An old Esquimeau is an ugly sight; he looks like a wandering skeleton, over which the dry, yellow skin lays like parchment. As a rule they do not live to a greater age than forty or fifty years.

We visited two other places on the coast of Greenland, got our ship loaded with barrels of whale oil, and started for Copenhagen, where we arrived safe and sound after four months' absence.

When we think of the cold, vast Greenland, we naturally wonder how anybody is able to live up there. Still the little Esquimeau loves his native land—loves it warmly and tenderly. The Danes once took two of them down to Denmark to educate them, but they had to take them home again for fear that they would die of homesickness. The Esquimeau looks upon his land with other eyes than ours. He loves the long, cold winter season, when darkness and frost wraps

everything in its icy mantle : he loves the short summer months, with its brilliant nights, its green valleys and foaming waterfalls. Yes, to him there is music and poetry in the very air.



CHAPTER III.

THAT winter I sailed to Belgia, France and Russia. It was a very hard winter; once we laid eight days outside a Russian town waiting for an iceboat to come and break the ice for us.

When the snow lies deep the Russian towns are a lively sight. In a light sleigh, wrapped in costly fur, under ringing bells and merry laughter, the stout Russ drives past you, the small horses being noted for their activity and beauty.

In the spring I went on a large Swedish steamboat, bound for Odessa, in the Black Sea. It proved to be the most pleasant voyage I ever had. All through the Mediterranean the weather was beautiful and the sea was like a mirror. During the warm moonlight nights the first mate and I would sit on deck, either conversing or playing chess. Many were the yarns he told me about the ancient kings in his "Gamle Sverrige" (old Sweden).

After passing the Marmora Sea we came to the narrow strait of Bosphorus, with Constantinople on the left and the Asiatic fort, Skutari, on the right. We dropped anchor here to send papers ashore, and as it was just at the close of the war between Russia and Turkey, a large number of Turkish and English men-of-war were at anchor all around us.

Constantinople is situated on two hills, a small river called the Golden Horn separating the town in two parts. From the outside this city is very beautiful to look upon, nearly all the principal buildings, the churches and the harem are of snow-white marble, with golden spires, and here and there are open spaces with gardens and vineyards. Such is the city from the outside. Not to spoil any favorable impression you may have formed of the city by this description, I would rather not mention anything about the inside. (But never half do your work.) When you enter the city of Constantinople there are several things which seem strange to you. The manner in which the women dress, the large number of masterless dogs and the dirty condition of all the narrow streets.

Every female in Turkey wears a long white cloth which covers the body from head to foot, the only opening in it being two small round holes for the eyes. As long as they are outside of their house they are supposed to wear this cloth, and if seen without it they are considered partly disgraced. On the feet they wear beautiful little shoes, stitched with different colored pearls.

In regard to the streets, you will find them narrow and dirty; piles of dirt and bones lay about in every direction, filling the air with pestilence. But where does it all go to? The dogs eat it. Here in America we have our scavengers; in Egypt, the buzzard; in East India the alligators eat and carry off all dirt thrown in the streets, rivers and low places, but in

Constantinople the numerous masterless dogs act as the board of health.

The Turkish nation is immoral, dirty and lazy. It is a disgrace to Europe, and ought never to have been allowed as much as one square foot of land on the otherwise civilized continent.

.Odessa is a large city with broad, clean streets. It lies elevated on a hillside, sloping towards the Black Sea, and is surrounded with high thick walls, through which heavy cannons point in all directions. Nearly all nations are represented in Odessa. A lively trade (mostly in grain) is carried on, and the seaport is filled with vessels from all parts of the world. One thing filled me with disgust, namely, to see the restaurants and saloons filled with men and women, and even mothers with little babies on their knees, sitting around the tables with steaming glasses of rum punch in front of them. It shows how sadly the Russian nation is behind in civilization. Through the Catholic priests they are and have been kept in ignorance and darkness. Only lately have they seen the necessity of freedom and education, and now they try to throw off the cruel yoke of despotic power, which lames their actions and thwarts every attempt to become what God intended man to be.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE months after I found myself in Bremerhafen, Germany, where I joined a large Boston fullship, bound for New York. The crew was new and a mixture of all nations, from the Yankee to the Chinese and Manillaman. When we came on board dusk had set in, the lamp on the forecastle was lit, supper was prepared, and each man sat down on his box with his plate well filled with hash and a tin pot of steaming coffee.

Strangely sounded the different languages spoken at the same time. In one corner a little Frenchman gesticulated vigorously and his tongue ran like a millstone as he tried to make himself understood by a big Irishman. Opposite me sat a brown-skinned Manillaman and a stout Russian. The latter asked the Malay if they were man-eaters on his native island. The savage shook his head, muttering, "Me no savy" (I do not understand). This only served to make the Russ more eager, so at last, in desperate resolution of illustrating the meaning of his question, he grasped the Malay by the wrist and stuck his hand into his own shark-like mouth; but before his teeth could close over it the frightened Malay tore his hand out with a yell and was out on deck in two jumps. Ever after he kept a respectful distance from the Russian.

Having passed the English Channel, the severe November storms set in. Tearing and howling the wind went through the rigging; the greenish, foam-laden billows, the heavy, leaden colored skies boded no good, and we all felt that the voyage we had before us would be no pleasant one.

Soon the cold became intense, and the fresh breeze grew to be a storm. One night as we run under shortened sails, our watch (eight men beside myself) woke up as the mate sung out, "All hands on deck! Take in the sails!" It was pitch dark, the vessel rolled fearful, and outside the rain came down in torrents, while the mast and rigging swayed to and fro in the raging gale. No sooner had we set foot on deck than a sharp knell was heard, followed by a tearing, crashing noise. It was the sails; they had been torn to pieces and partly carried away. The big rags left on the yardarms fluttered hither and thither, and the blocks and stout ropes flew against each other in wild confusion, the whole combined with the roaring sea and the shouting of the crew, making a deafening noise. We were ordered up in the rigging to cut adrift the loose pieces of sails and ropes; at first none of the men seemed inclined to obey, for it was almost certain death to go up the swaying mast-tops among the loose hanging rigging, but, ashamed of our fear, first one went, then another, until we all went up with our jack-knives in our mouths. Dark as it was, we could see nothing but had to feel our way up, and with great difficulty did we escape falling overboard.

Through the rolling of the vessel, the darkness and the cold it needed all our strength and mind to fulfil the task. At last the rigging and yards were cleared from all loose gears, and one by one we descended. Every sail not blown away was then made securely fast, the wheel was lashed with stout ropes, and in this way we lay for eight days, driving before the wind. Then the weather commenced to moderate a little, and we were able to run with spanker, foremost-stay-sail and close reefed top-sail.

After two months of bad weather and hard work New York was reached at last. No sooner had the vessel been made fast than the agents from the many sailors' boarding houses made their appearance, swarming around us like so many bees. I always disliked those agents—by Jack Tar called "land sharks,"—in every possible way do they try to cheat the good-natured, liberal-minded sailor boy. Ten of us went to the New York sailors' home, a large building situated close to one of the docks.

My stay in this city lasted a month. My greatest amusement was to promenade through some of the principal streets, where the brilliant shops and dense crowds gave a constant variation to my thoughts. I visited several churches and Sunday schools, saw the then only half-finished Brooklyn bridge, and some of the most beautiful parks in the city.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE more I found myself afloat on a fine New York fullship, bound to Java in the East Indies. The captain was an old man of about seventy years, but a better seaman never walked a plank. He had been married twice, and on this voyage he took his wife and little child on board ; the latter, Maria, was only eight years old and a bright little child.

The crew was a mixture of all nations, twenty-five in all. Old Captain Stover and his wife were true, earnest Christians and did all in their power to lead the crew towards a better life. Whenever the weather would permit we had prayer-meeting down in the cosy little cabin, where Mrs. Stover had her organ and little library, with hymn-books and sermons of Moody and Sankey. Many a bright and starry night did the warm summer air vibrate with the tunes from the old cabin, as they rung out over the silent deep. Even some of the hardy old sailors, who had lived a whole life in sin and unconcern, were deeply moved by the captain's simple but touching words. Quite a new and different spirit seemed to exist in and among us, but still some few of the youngest hands had as yet not made up their minds as to which way to go ; they thought themselves too young and gay to give up the world and its pleasures. Among those was a seven-

teen year old lad from Liverpool, England, who was often heard to mock and scoff at religion and everything sacred and holy.

We had reached the southern point of Madagascar, and the heat was unendurable. No wind stirred the sultry atmosphere; slack and motionless hung the heavy sails. All hands were at work on deck, some sewing sails and some painting. The young Englishman stood at the main-mast, helping a big Russian-Fin at splicing a stout rope. They had just been talking about the captain, his wife, and their Christian work on board, in which the Russian-Fin greatly rejoiced, when all at once the young boy looked up and said: "I say, John, can you give me the address to hell?" The other rebuked him for his ungodly talk, but this only served to make the foolish boy worse.

Five minutes later the man at the wheel struck eight bells, and all hands went into the forecabin to take dinner, except the young Englishman, who had been told by the second mate to go up on the foreyard and fix a block up there. The second mate then went into the wheel-house, and no person was left on deck. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful when suddenly the cook heard a loud, agonizing cry, followed by a splash. He looked out of the galley and up at the foreyard, where he a short while ago had seen the boy, but the yard was empty. He cried out at the top of his voice, "A man overboard!" In an instant all hands were on deck, the yards were braced back, the

gig made loose, put out and manned with four men. In the meantime the captain's wife run up and down the deck, ringing her hands and crying out: "Lord, save that man! Oh! Lord, save that man!" To her dress clung little Maria, bathed in tears, as she asked her mother, "Will the sea not give back the poor boy?"

After fully ten minutes' search the boat came back. Nothing had been seen of the boy, but half a dozen greedy sharks lurked about over the spot where he had disappeared. This left a sad impression on all of us. Not twenty minutes before, this boy stood gay and strong among us; now his body served as food for the hungry monsters of the deep. Where his soul had fled to we shuddered to think, as we remembered the last words he ever spoke were sinful and mocking.

After seventy days' sailing, with good weather and fair wind, we were very close to our destination. Early on a bright June morning our vessel was surrounded by natives from the Malay Islands. Some were quite naked and sat in roughly made canoes, half filled with fish and fruit, which they tried to make us buy. One of the natives came on board to act as pilot, and he was a genuine type of the Malay race. He was of middle size, with slim, well-formed limbs, and coal-black eyes and hair; his skin had a shining bronze color, and the only garment he wore was a red and white cloth tied around his waist, reaching half way down to his knees; his hat was in shape and size as an ordinary shield, made of blue and red painted

weeds, and in manner and bearing he was graceful and dignified. I thought nothing would be able to make him lose his self-possession ; but presently the captain's little daughter stepped out of the cabin, dressed in white muslin, with a red ribbon round her waist, and her heavy yellow hair hanging over her shoulders. As the pilot caught sight of her he stepped back with open mouth and staring eyes, and stood gazing at her. Then he approached her on tip-toe, touched the dress with the ends of his fingers, as if to see if she really was a human being and not something that would vanish into the air. Again he stepped back, and walked all round her with the greatest admiration printed in his face. The girl at last lost all patience and laughingly took hold of the man's hat and pulled it off. This seemed to bring him to his senses ; he laughed, jumped about, grasped her hands and seemed just as pleased as a little child with a new toy.

We dropped anchor outside a small town called Sudabay, situated on the east side of Java. The vegetation on this island is beautiful indeed, the trees and ivy hanging over the rocks and throwing a deep shade far out over the calm blue ocean. The curling of the smoke from distant volcanoes, as it winds its way upwards, forming floating islands in the burning southern heavens, is a picture which would capture any artist's eye. It was on a Sunday that we reached Sudabay, and six of us went ashore. On the snow-white sand, between gray rocks and green seaweed,

lay shells of all sizes and of all colors. We gathered our handkerchiefs full of the rarest of these and took them down to the boat, but before returning half a dozen ducks, which were gathering food between the rocks, attracted our attention. One of the sailors mistook them for wild ducks and threw a stone at them, killing a big fat drake. The chase now became general, and soon every one of them was made a prey to our well-aimed stones. Each of us, with a duck and a heap of shells, returned triumphantly on board the vessel. Shortly afterwards a number of boats, filled with natives, came rowing towards us. They stopped a short distance from the ship and commenced a fearful crying and howling, every now and then shaking their bony fists at us. Captain Stover heard the noise and came up on deck. He asked them in their native tongue what they wanted. They answered that we had killed and stolen their ducks, and now they wanted payment or else we might expect the worst. The captain asked us what duck story this was. We told him, and to quiet the angry natives he gave them a barrel of pork and a sack of biscuits.

Three days after, our cargo of coal oil was unloaded, and we commenced to take in bags of rice, brought from shore by the natives in large, roughly-made boats.

The Malay race are very diligent. They work from morning till night under a burning sun, constantly keeping up a monotonous song. In the evening when their work is finished they take a bath, unfasten their

long black hair, clean their teeth with a stick, and then rub one another all over with cocoanut oil to keep away the numerous mosquitoes. Their meals consist of rice, which, after being cooked, is mixed with honey and served up on a big palm leaf. Around this they all squat down, take a handful of rice in the bare hand, form it into a ball and swallow it. Spoons, knives and forks are unknown. For dessert they have bananas, pineapples and cocoanuts. The Malays chew a plant called betel, which they put between the under lip and fore teeth, disfiguring the features and making the mouth and teeth as red as fire. The women are very fond of ornaments, and wear silver rings around their ankles, wrists, neck and fingers.

From Java we went up to the city of Rangoon, laying by the delta of the river Irravadi, whose yellow water runs through the city in several places. Rangoon is the principal shipping place for the productions of the rich surrounding country, the principal products being coffee, sugar, tobacco and cotton. One day I went ashore in our contractor's boat. He was a friendly, good-looking native, and invited me to his house, where we drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. Afterwards I went out to take a look at the city. The liveliest place in all Indian towns is the bazaar, where desk after desk is filled with beautiful Eastern workmanship, such as ivory fans, silk cloths and belts of all colors, gold-woven caps and steel daggers with diamond hilts. The seller, either male or female, is dressed in costly silk or satin robes, and caps made of

gold thread, and they show great shrewdness and activity. In a quiet street stood a two-story building with broad stone steps leading up to the principal entrance. The doors and windows were open, and, taking it to be a hotel, I walked straight in. In the large hall stood a round table, spread with a white tablecloth and set with plates. Alongside of these were long wooden sticks and on the centre of the table stood a big dish containing cooked rice. All around the walls were silk-cushioned divans, on which either sat or layed a number of Chinamen engaged in smoking opium in long stemmed pipes with very small bowls. They stared at me with open mouths as I quite unconcernedly walked in and around the table. Still none of them spoke a word, and after taking a good look at them I left the house the same way as I came.

In the outskirts of the town is a large park with a zoological garden. On the way out there I saw two elephants working in a timberyard. With wonderful strength and agility they would grasp the heaviest beams with their trunk and carry them to their destination. No person was looking after them, still they worked on diligently and silently. In the zoological garden were represented almost every specie of wild animal that Asia can produce. The most interesting was the cage of monkeys. In no part of the world are there so many different specimens or such large monkeys as in East India. In a separate cage was a big old gorilla, which when stretched to its full height

stood five feet five inches high. From ear to ear hung a long beard, and the low forehead, big mouth, wicked, restless and deep-laying eyes gave it a cruel aspect. All its time was occupied in trying to unlock the well fastened door of the cage. The padlock seemed to puzzle it a great deal; it would hold it in its hand, look at it long and wistfully, and then shake it violently. Close to the park, in a shady place, was a large tank of fresh, cool water. Native water-carriers are to be seen here at all times. They fill thick leather bags with water, hang them across their back by straps spent round the forehead, and in this way, bent almost to the ground, they take the water far into the city, supplying the people with water. The heat, combined with numerous mosquitoes, makes this southern region very unhealthy and disagreeable for Europeans, and it takes them a long time to get used to it.

We stayed one month in Rangoon, and then left for New York, where we arrived after a very tedious voyage of five months. I then shipped across the ocean to Hamburg, Germany, from which place I went on a long voyage, which I will try to relate as well as I can in my next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the month of May, 1882, I went on board a German barque called "Hero." It was an old vessel, but built mostly of oak, and very strong. There were four able seamen beside myself, all young and healthy ; a boatswain, carpenter, cook, cabin boy and two mates, which, with the captain, made twelve in all ; seven of the first mentioned occupied the fore-castle. The captain was a man of fifty years, somewhat over medium height, broad shouldered and well built ; his complexion was by nature fair, but exposure and long travels in southern oceans had bronzed and tanned him ; his hair, once thick, but now very thin, was yellow, soft and curly ; his eyes were light blue ; nose, large, sharp and crooked ; mouth, small, with thin blue lips ; he wore gold-rimmed spectacles and short-cut full beard. Some would say that he had been disturbed in mind for some years. The reason for this was the following :

On one of his voyages to Africa he took his wife and three children on board. On the other side of the Cape of Good Hope a fearful gale threw the vessel on the rocks, and in a short time nothing was left of her. With superhuman strength the captain succeeded in dragging his wife and two children up on a rock ; the third child was nowhere to be seen. Shortly after

a heavy wave broke over them, and as the poor man looked around he found that his wife and second child had been carried away. With the remaining little one in his arms, he waited all the long night on the rock, until the dawn of day brought some fishermen to his rescue. Ever since his mind had been somewhat deranged.

The first mate was an old Swede—a mean, narrow-minded old drunkard. The boatswain belonged to North Germany, and was a good sailor, but the biggest story-teller and boaster I ever knew. He thought himself perfect in everything. One of the sailors, who bore the name of Frands, was only nineteen, but tall and strongly built. His father had a situation in Hamburg as chief postmaster. Frands had received a splendid education, and we soon became good friends.

Our destination was Rio de Janiero; from there we were to go to the east coast of Africa, and then back to Germany. The whole voyage would take about a year. No sooner were we out of the English Channel than the first mate and the boatswain showed themselves in their true light. They seemed to have taken a particular dislike to Frands and myself. They said we were “stuck up” and ought to be taken down a peg or two, and in every possible way they would annoy us. One day the boatswain opened my box, where he found some pictures of my relatives. He had just been saying something profane about them, which brought forth a roar of laughter from the rest,

when I came into the forecastle. This was more than I could stand, and, raising my clenched fist, I struck him in the face, which brought him down with a thud. He afterwards went and told the captain that Frands and I had been plotting a mutiny.

On the beautiful moonlight nights, Frands and I would sit on the rail, talking of home and friends, but our conversation always ended with the decision that on no consideration would we stop on board the vessel after reaching Rio de Janiero.

The first mate and boatswain became more and more intolerable, and to be together with them for a year was more than we wished for. Little after little our plan was fixed. As soon as possible we would leave the vessel, go into the country to some big tea or coffee plantation and there try to be overseer over the workingmen.

Rio de Janiero is beautifully situated inside a large bay, with a small entrance. The city lays on the sloping mountain side, the centre towering high above the rest of the town, and only to be reached by steep winding stairways made in the rock by nature itself. On each side of the city is low land with a rich tropical vegetation, and watered by the Rio de la Plata. In the bay, on the right hand side, are numerous little islands, overgrown with palms and other southern plants, which makes them look like floating gardens. In sight a more lovely scene than Rio de Janiero is not easily found.

We dropped anchor in the middle of the bay, and

were soon busily engaged in taking down sails and running gears. I told Frands to go into the forecastle and pack up his things while we were all in the rigging taking in the sails, and if anybody approached the forecastle I would give a loud cough, as a signal for him to be on his guard. In half an hour's time he had all his clothes put into a bag, which he hid under the blanket in his bunk.

That night it was my watch on deck from twelve till half-past one o'clock. As soon as I had taken it over and knew everybody to be asleep, I commenced to make preparations for our flight. Two woollen blankets, a small axe, a loaf of bread, four sausages packed in canvas went all into my bag. Then the boat was made ready, and I went and called Frands. He was laying down in full dress, and jumped up as I touched him. Taking the bag under his arm and his shoes in his hand, we walked out without any noise, and with throbbing hearts lowered our bags into the boat. Frands went down first, and came very near upsetting the boat and spoiling the whole thing by his clumsy movements, stumbling over the oars and making a great deal of noise. Every second seemed an eternity to me. As soon as I got down the oars were put out and we pulled away as fast as we could. Soon the ship was left far behind us, looking like a black colossus on the silent deep.

Now the question was, where were we to land? It would never do to go ashore in any part of the town where the street lamps threw their light out over the

bay, because the customs officers would stop us to see if we had any smuggled goods in the boat. Therefore a dark spot in the farthest end of the town was selected, and after landing very quietly we tied the boat to a pole and went ashore. Everything around us was dark and we had to feel our way forward. (It must have been a closed wharf where steamships are built.) We went up a great many ladders, over a roof, down a stairway and landed down in a large cave or hall. Here Frands fell over a heap of iron staves, making a fearful noise.

"Who comes there?" shouted a voice in the dark. It proved to be a Portugese, who acted as nightwatchman. We explained as well as we could that we were sailors and wanted to go into the town, but had lost our way in the dark. He told us to go back again the way we came, but instead of doing so we pushed ahead, trying to find the entrance. Suddenly we heard the watchman blow loudly on a whistle, the shrill blast ringing out into the night air. We fled back in great haste, fearing to be caught if we stayed, and in doing so Frands lost his big sea boots. He swore in German that he would not go without them, and hastened back in search of them. In the meantime I had reached the boat, where I, with the greatest anxiety, awaited his return. At last he came, panting and blowing, with the boots in his hand and the bag over his broad shoulders.

Out we went again, this time making for the right hand side of the bay, and as we had the stream with

us we ran with great speed, leaving a broad strip behind us in which the foam and phosphorus sparks glittered like stars in a blue heaven. All at once a thick fog set in, hiding vessels, town and everything from us. An imminent danger was now at hand, for in the mist we had lost our way and did not know whether we were steering into the bay or out into the open sea. If the latter was the case, we were as good as dead men, because the stream would carry our little boat far out on the ocean, where we would surely perish. However, we trusted to our good luck, and kept on our course for three hours, rowing until the oars bent like reeds.

Towards morning we touched a big pole, where some fishermen had their nets fastened, and here we stopped until the break of day. As the first rays of the sun broke the darkness, we could see that we were in the bay between all the little islands we had seen the day before. With great haste we pulled in among them so as to reach the mainland. We had rowed about a quarter of an hour, when the boat struck a sand bar close to one of the islands. The shock was so violent that the boat run deep into the sand, and with all our efforts it was not to be moved. The only thing left for us would be to leave the boat and wade ashore. This we did, after first writing the name "Hero" in the stern, and also the name of the town it came from, so that any person who found it could take it back to the vessel to which it belonged. It was a very small island that we had landed upon. Only

one house was to be seen, and everything seemed peaceful and quiet. We spread our blankets between two large palm trees and took our breakfast, which consisted of bread, biscuits and sausages. After smoking a pipe we looked around to see if there was any way of getting over to the mainland, which, in our opinion, was right abreast of us, not more than one hundred yards off (which proved afterwards to be also an island). Great was our joy when we found an old canoe laying between the bushes down by the beach, in the bottom of which lay an oar with one blade. We put a bag in each end of the canoe, and, sitting ourselves on top of them, I paddled away. To my fear would Frands every now and then make a clumsy movement, causing the boat to roll as if it were going to capsize and throw us, bags and all, into the muddy water.

We reached the other side in safety, but now a new danger confronted us in the form of big greedy buzzards, which by the thousand guarded the swampy ground over which we had to pass to reach the dry higher laying land. With their long naked necks outstretched and flapping their wings, they dared us to advance. We swung our bags to the right and left, forcing our way through the crowd, and with the loss of our boots, which got stuck in the mud, we gained the dry land. The large trees of all kinds, palms, green vines and gigantic flowers helped to cheer us up.

We had walked about an hour when we came to a large house amongst the trees. Outside were two

donkeys grazing, and in the entrance stood a portly old Portugese woman engaged in feeding her ducks and hens. Unperceived by her, we passed the house and crossed a large garden containing all kinds of vegetables and fruit, and in centre of which was a deep well. No human being appeared as we went along on a narrow path, overshadowed by green branches and bushes. Suddenly we heard somebody cry out from behind us, and turning saw a Portugese following us on a run and swinging his arms violently. It frightened us considerably, because we feared he might try to hinder our further progress. Still we stooped until he caught up to us, when he asked us in his native tongue who we were and where we wanted to go. These questions were answered by signs, assisted by the little Portugese we knew. He soon discovered that we thought ourselves on the continent, instead of an island, and it took a great deal of labor and patience on his part to convince us of the opposite. He pointed all around and over to the far distant mountains, exclaiming, "*Esta terra firma*" (this is the fast land). Now at last we understood him, and saw that we were in just as bad a fix as before. The Portugese made signs for us to follow him, and we obeyed. A little while after he disappeared in the bushes, and then again turned up, followed by six stout men, each one carrying a basket filled with fruit. They seemed to be his workingmen, and walked behind him in a long string. Soon after we reached the same farm house we had seen before. The Portugese and his men

entered a large hall or dining room, where we were invited to sit down among them at a large table spread with fruit and other eatables. Having finished dinner Frands and I made our landlord a present of a cap and a blue shirt. To his wife we gave a tin pot and a package of matches, and to his son, a bright, intelligent looking lad, I gave a book of Thomas Moore's poems. The Portugese took us down to the strand, where three fine boats lay in the sand, and, selecting one, told his son to row us over to the fast land. This the son did, and we left with many thanks.



CHAPTER VII.

NOW at last we had reached the much desired fast land, and commenced our travels with good cheer. In a tavern we sold some of our clothes, for which we got sixteen dollars. In the same place we bought some biscuits, onions, pork and a bottle of white wine (vino blanco), which we put into our bags.

That day we passed through some very beautiful villages. Here the little whitewashed cottages, with green painted open window shades through which soft music floated out on the warm air, were surrounded by orange and dark green banana trees. The population is principally Creole, the finest featured race living, especially the young women. Their hair and eyes are raven black, the teeth are like pearls, and the mouth and nose are beautifully formed. But at the age of thirty they have lost all their former beauty and become old and ugly.

That night we spread our blankets under a large rose bush, took our supper, smoked our pipes and slept soundly until next morning, when we woke up somewhat cold and stiff, for the dew had fallen heavy that night and our blankets were almost wet through. After a hearty breakfast we turned to the nearest mountains. Steep and slippery the path wound away

up under the tall trees. On top of the first mountain was a garden, hedged in by a snake fence, and at the entrance stood two Portugese. We picked up some orange peelings which were scattered on the ground and showed them to the men, at the same time pointing to our mouths. Our signs were understood, and as they asked us to follow them, we entered the garden. Close by stood a long row of orange trees, one of which (a big tree loaded with the finest fruit) the Portugese approached, shook the branches and brought down a rain of oranges, which we were not slow in gathering into our bags. We made the two friendly men a present of a package of cut tobacco, and journeyed on.

On the other side of the mountain lay a long valley thickly overgrown with palms, banana trees and other trees bearing sweet smelling flowers of various colors. Through the centre ran a little stream of clear, cold water, and on the mountain-sides lay here and there a bamboo cottage, a perpendicular pillar of smoke ascending from the roof and gradually disappearing in the clear blue sky. Down in the valley an old negro woman was gathering dry branches. She wore a cloth bound round her head like a turban, a thin cotton dress but had no shoes. At the sight of us her face took on an expression of deep astonishment. Silently she took the short clay pipe out of her toothless mouth, and stood staring at us. A handful of tobacco offered to her disappeared in her sack-like pocket. With a grin which brought the corners of her

mouth wonderfully near both ears, she shouldered her bundle and strode off with stork-like steps.

Towards evening we came to another beautiful valley, in which a village lay half hidden in a large grove of palm trees. We stopped on a hillside where we could see out over the place and also be seen from the village. Here we made a bed of our blankets and bags. Darkness had set in by the time our supper was over, and we lay down to smoke and talk, looking up into the starry skies, while the woodpecker worked steadily on an old tree near by, and the fire-flies glittered among the bushes. We were tired, and enjoyed the rest and peace, our thoughts wandering far away over the ocean to our home and friends. Plans were laid as to what to do when we were far enough away from the city of Rio de Janiero, and had found what we sought.

We had ceased talking and prepared for sleep, when we heard voices near by. As the sounds came nearer and nearer we could see two men, one a Brazilian, finely dressed in white waist and pants, a black coat and broad-rimmed straw hat, and the other a negro. They stopped as they came close to us, and seemed to consider what to say. At last the Brazilian asked us who we were. (He labored under the impression that we were political spies, which seemed quite likely as at that time there was war between all the different countries of South America.) We answered the question as well as we could, but still they did not look satisfied, and returned silently to the village. I did

not like the look of those two inquisitive persons, and fearing they might return to trouble us, I told Frands to help pack up our things, and we would proceed further away from the village. This he did very unwillingly, as he was tired from the long journey. We had only gone about five hundred yards from the place when Frands threw down his bag, and sitting himself upon it said that he "neither could nor would go any farther." It had just commenced to rain, the ground was cold and damp, and I knew if we stayed there we would either be brought into trouble by the villagers or sickness would overcome us by laying on the wet ground. I therefore told Frands that I would go on whether he followed or not. This I did, as he paid no heed to what I said. The rain fell lightly but steadily, and nothing was left for me but to keep on walking. A great many roads were crossed, valleys past and woods gone through when at last the moon broke out, spreading its silver beams bright and clear over forests and mountains, and I found myself on a road leading to a little village. A white stone church with a fine spire, and the high chimney of a sugar factory towered above the rest of the buildings. On the left hand side of the road ran a little creek, over which was a bridge leading to a small house. Right opposite it were two large rocks, on one of which I sat down to rest and wait for the break of day, when I would try to get work in the village. To while away the time I lit my pipe, but had not been smoking more than five minutes when a person dressed in a

white robe came out of the house and walked slowly down to the bridge, where it stopped, looked attentively at me and then turned and went back into the house. Soon after, the same man came out again, followed by another, and in the bright moonlight I saw the glitter of two long knives stuck in their belts. This time they crossed the bridge and came slowly towards me. I did not see them come without fear ; still I thought it the best policy not to seem afraid, so I smoked away and put on an air as if I owned the whole of Brazil. The two stopped in front of me and asked : " Who are you, sir, and where do you want to go ? " I told them that I was a sailor and intended to get work on some plantation. They pointed at the road leading out of the village and up between the mountains, saying, " Port la Fond." I understood this to be a town where plenty of work was to be found. To make friends with the men I offered them a bottle of wine which I carried in my bag, but they shook their heads, though a handful of tobacco was gratefully accepted. One of them laid his head in the hollow of his hand, saying, " Dormis, dormis," at the same time pointing towards the house. I soon understood that they invited me to sleep in their house. I accepted their invitation, at the same time resolving to keep my eyes open in case foul play should be at hand.

Out under the veranda a mat was spread and on this I made my bed. The rest did me good ; my eyes closed unawares, and it was as in a dream I heard the rain splashing and thundering on the roof of the

veranda. I thought of Frands, and wished he had sense enough to seek shelter somewhere. Then weariness overcame me and I fell into a long, deep sleep. Early next morning I was wakened up by a slight noise near by which was made by one of the two men who had invited me hither, and who had brought me a sweet drink in a tin pot. Perceiving that I had never drank anything like this before, he brought me two thick sugar canes and showed me that it was from the juice of these the drink had been made. I put the two canes in my bag to chew them on the road, and then, giving the friendly man some silver coins and thanking him for my night's lodging, I started out again, taking the direction which would bring me to Port la Fond.

The morning was cold, wet and dreary, and I walked briskly on to get warm. The road led through a large forest, and as I traveled on I came to a little clearing where the grass grew high and thick, and there I saw, stretched out upon the ground, the form of a human being. Nothing can describe my astonishment when, on approaching it, I discovered my old friend Frands, laying face downwards, fast asleep, with his bag beside him. It took me a long time to waken him up, and he seemed just as surprised to see me as I had been to see him, for we were many miles away from the place where we had separated the night before, and had crossed a great many roads, valleys and forests. I asked him how he had got to this spot, and he told me the following story :

"I had remained only ten minutes where you left me last night when the same two men against whom you had warned me came back again and told me to follow them. They led the way into the village and took me inside a large building, where I remained for two hours. They asked me a great many questions, half of which I did not understand, and seemed very eager to know where you had gone. This, of course, I could not tell. At last the old negro came and told me to follow him. He took me out of the village and pointed to a road which he thought you had taken. I then kept on walking until a heavy shower came on, and to protect myself from the rain, I sought shelter in the woods, but soon the rain came pouring through the branches, and I was compelled to continue my wandering.

"With my face and hands torn by the bushes and my clothes wet, I reached an open field, separated from the woods by a small creek. This creek I followed for some distance when I discovered on the opposite bank a little hut. It was only a moment's work to cross the stream and reach the door. I knocked, but receiving no answer I opened the door and looked in. It was simply a tool house I had come to, which I could tell by the sickles, spades and rakes that were hanging up or leaning against the wall. I entered the hut, shut the door, and after spreading my blankets I took some dry clothes out of my bag, put them on in place of the wet ones, and lay down to sleep. About four o'clock next morning I awoke, and, packing my

bag, commenced my wandering again. I passed through a village" (the same in which I had spent the night), "where I bought some provisions and a bottle of brandy in a store. Being cold and wet, I drank the bottle half out, which made me very sleepy, and going through this forest I lay down to rest in the grass, where you by good fortune found me."

We promised each other never again to separate, and then I told Frands about the place I had heard of where we could possibly get work, and we proceeded on our way.

Never shall I forget that day's travel. We went ever upwards, following narrow, slippery pathways, over which the rocks hung dark and heavy. In the valley lay the mist like a thick grey mantle, hiding everything from our view. Through a low place between two mountains ran a creek, swift and swollen by the recent rain. At the crossing place lay several large stones about three yards apart. I jumped over first and reached the other side in safety. Frands then tried to follow, but when he got half way the heavy bag caused him to lose his balance and fall into the water, where he, bag and all, was swimming about in a vain effort to get ashore. With great difficulty I got both drawn up. Frands looked like a drowned rat, and protested against going any further, but by reasoning with him and coaxing he at last consented to follow on.

On the side of a high mountain we met an old negro woman gathering wood. The rain had wet her through

and through, and her thin cotton dress clung to her body like a wet rag. Giving her a handful of tobacco we asked her if she could tell us the way to Port la Fond. She nodded her head and bade us follow her. The path on which we walked was so steep that we almost had to climb upwards. At last we reached the top of the mountain, which was quite level and surrounded by a thick wood. In the middle of the open place stood four large houses, all around run herds of pigs, grunting and rooting in the ground. To our surprise and great disappointment the old woman pointed to the houses, exclaiming, "Esta Port la Fond." This, then, was the town upon which we had depended for work. We went inside a large, barren room, where an old negro, his wife and child, sat round the stove. To them we sold some of our clothes and got some hot coffee and bread. We asked them if we might stay the night over, but they seemed afraid of us and shook their heads. Nothing was therefore left but to commence our travel again, and we had to go back the way we came, as there was no other road leading from the place. Dusk was setting in as, wet, cold, bare-footed and tired, we again started out to look for work. Still the retreat began with both of us determined to walk on, even if we should have to go all night. We descended the hill somewhat quicker than we came up; still we did not reach the lower laying land before dark. The rain had ceased, but the distant thunder and bright flashes of lightning, as it broke through the heavy clouds, showed that the bad

weather was raging not far away. We had went some distance when we came to a place where the road forked, and as both looked alike we were at a loss to know which one to take. The one on the right was selected, but after half an hour's walk we discovered it to be the wrong one. Where it led to or how long we would have to walk before a house or village was reached we could not tell. I therefore thought it best to turn and take the other road leading to the place where I had slept the night before. Frands almost despaired at the sad discovery, and threw down his bag, swearing that he would not move. In the dark he had hurt his foot by stumbling over rocks and stones, but as he saw I was determined to keep on, he followed.

It cheered him up a great deal when we at last came to the spot where I had found him in the morning. "Oh, now I know the way," he exclaimed, "and perhaps I shall be able to find the little tool house where I stopped last night." He now took the lead, and by good fortune found the little hut, where we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Next morning we were wakened by a strange noise outside the hut. It sounded as if several voices were speaking at once, but the conversation was carried on in a very low tone. Presently the door opened a few inches and a black head came into sight, to disappear again in an instant. It was followed by another and still another. I jumped up and told Frands to pack

our things together while I went out to see who our visitors were. As I opened the door I saw half a dozen negro women, each with a tin bucket in her hand, and behind them stood three negros, looking anxiously at the hut, as if they expected the evil spirit to appear next. I now understood that they were workingmen and women, to whom the tools in the shed belonged, and that they had come to fetch them so as to commence their morning work ; but the foot-prints in the soft clay outside the hut had scared them from going in, hence the low discussion and looking in through the half-open door. I gave them some tobacco and a drink of wine, in return for which Frands and I received all the warm coffee we could drink, their tin buckets being filled with that beverage. This did us a great deal of good, and we started out with renewed vigor and hope, taking a different direction from that of the previous day.

Towards noon we came to quite a large village, where we went into a barber shop to get our hair cut and a shave. On entering the street again we noticed a tall, stout Creole standing in the middle of the road, leaning on a big umbrella. He wore a broad-rimmed straw hat ; a shawl reaching to the knees, with a hole in the centre through which to put his head ; his pants were of white cotton, and on his feet he wore slippers with wooden soles. As soon as he perceived us he came and asked us where we came from and where we wanted to go. " I see you have left your ship in Rio de Janeiro," he said, " but come with me to my house,

where you can stay as long as you please, and I shall try to get you work." This looked rather suspicious; still we accepted the invitation, as we dreaded any more nights in the open air.

The Creole, who gave his name as Peter, having considerable shopping to do, took us into several stores, where he bought provisions, and in a restaurant we had a good supper. On our way to Peter's house we met an old Brazilian from the backwoods carrying a large parrot chained to a stick, and Peter being a great lover of parrots, he bought it for two dollars and took it to his home.

The Creole's home was in the outskirts of the village. A fence surrounded a large garden containing principally orange trees, which at this time were loaded with beautiful fruit, and a straight path led to a little whitewashed cottage, the door of which Peter opened with a large key which he carried in his pocket, and let us in. There were two rooms and a kitchen. A sideboard, a round table, three chairs, and a bed, with a rug for a mattress, was all the furniture the first room contained, and the second, a little smaller, served as Peter's bedroom. We made him a present of some clothes and a pair of shoes, and he went to bed very much pleased. After telling us to make ourselves at home, he told us, if anybody should trouble us during the night, to shout "Peter! Peter!" "That will drive them away," continued he, "for every person in town knows me."

Next morning we got up greatly refreshed and con-

siderable stronger than we had felt the day before. Peter had been up before us preparing our breakfast, which he now brought in to us, consisting of boiled beans with meat, Indian meal, coffee and bread. Breakfast over, Peter told us duty called him out in the village, and that in all probability he would not return before night, but we were to make ourselves at home, cook the meals and eat all the oranges we wished.

Frands was in good spirits, and after going into the garden and almost stripping an orange tree of its fruit, he entered Peter's bedroom, loosened the big parrot, took it into the front room, and there the two played and jumped about until chairs, table and everything else was upset.

Next day we gave Peter some more clothes, and he went off, promising to go and see if he could find work for us somewhere, but in the afternoon he returned quite out of breath, telling us to leave as quick as possible, because our captain in Rio de Janiero had heard that we were here and had sent some of the crew after us. Whether he spoke the truth or not we could not tell, but if the story was true, in all probability he was the one who had given us away. In less than two minutes we had everything packed and had left our friend Peter, never again to see him.

CHAPTER VIII.

RANDS and I, so that we might easier escape notice, parted, each going in different directions, and were to meet a month later in Rio de Janiero, when the brig and Captain Wrick had left the place.

After two days' march, I came to a large plantation, on which the stately buildings were surrounded by palm and banana trees. I walked up under the veranda of the main building, where a beautiful young Creole woman was swinging to and fro in a hammock and chasing the mosquitoes away with a finely shaped ivory fan. She arose on hearing me asking for the master, and went inside to call her husband, who was owner of the plantation, and was a fine looking young man of twenty-three. When he heard what I wanted and saw that I could not speak their language, he brought me an English-Portugese dictionary, by the help of which we made ourselves understood by one another, and it was at last decided that I should stop there for my board and a dollar a day. He would furnish me with a horse and saddle, and I should look after his working men.

While we were talking together his wife and child, his mother, two brothers, three cousins, his two sisters, one with her husband and then child, came out to see

me, and a larger and finer family I never saw. They appeared to be greatly amused at hearing us talk.

I gave my name as Hugo, and they showed me the room I was to occupy. Shortly after, a colored servant brought me a whole suit of new clothes as a present from his master. Every evening, when my work was finished, the family would ask me to join them under the veranda, where we would sit talking until the bright starry skies and rising moon reminded us of a late hour, and everyone retired to rest. Whenever visitors came they would, accompanied by the family, take a ride out on the plantation where I was engaged with the men, and be introduced to "Mr. Hugo." As Europeans are very seldom seen in that country, they had a great many questions to ask me about Europe, and especially Norway, where I had told them I came from.

The master one day proposed that we should commence studying together; he would teach me Portuguese and I in return would teach him what English I knew. I agreed, and from that time on he never came out to speak to me without bringing his dictionary with him.

One fine Sunday morning he and his three cousins came to ask me if I would go to church; it took them some time to find the right words in the dictionary, but at last, satisfied that they had the sentence correct, they looked up triumphantly and asked: "Do you wish to go and love your God?" I accepted the invitation and joined the family, who were already

mounted and about to start. After a ride of four miles through beautiful meadows and dense forests, in which a narrow road had been cut, we reached the church, which was constructed of different kinds of colored wood. It was built on top of a hill, and the peals of the bell, as it swung to and fro in the high tower, sounded sweet and melodious as they rang out into the mild summer air, rolling further and further away until they seemed to lose themselves beyond the distant mountains. I did not understand much of the sermon, but I saw it was a Roman Catholic church, and that very few attended, those who did come being principally plantation owners from the surrounding country, all of whom, both ladies and gentlemen, coming on horseback. After the service was over I was introduced to several families and received invitations to visit them on their plantations.

Two weeks had rolled by when I commenced to feel the effect of the hot climate, and I went to the master and informed him of my intention to leave. He seemed very sorry and entreated me to stay, but as he saw I was resolute and heard that the climate did not agree with me, he gave me my pay, saw me down to the station and bade me good-bye.

My destination was Rio de Janeiro, where I expected to join Frands and go on a ship to the United States. One day, shortly after I reached the city, as I walked along by the quay, I was surprised to see the old brig "Hero" lying in the same place as when I left it, but the water mark on its black tarred sides showed that

it was ready to sail at any moment. While I stood gazing at the vessel, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and on turning round I was confronted by Captain Wrick and two sailors. The captain asked me why I had left his vessel and taken the boat away, and told me that Frands, whom he had found in the city and compelled to return to the ship, was now on board. The whole affair had cost him two hundred dollars, as he had to give a reward for returning the boat and had kept workingmen on board in our place for five weeks. I explained the reason why I had left the brig, and the captain promised to see that everybody treated me well. Furthermore, if I would go on board right off and promise not to leave the vessel in any other seaport before the voyage was completed, I should, on our arrival in Germany, receive all the money that was due me. I thought I could do no better than submit, as he could force me to go if he choose, so I promised to do as he asked, and in half an hour I was again on board the brig. The first person I met was Frands, who seemed overjoyed to see me back again, and the rest of the crew treated me ever after with great kindness and consideration. The captain bought clothes and boots for me instead of those I had lost in my wanderings, and shortly after we set sail and started again on our voyage.

The trip from Rio de Janiero to Port Elizabeth passed off quietly and lasted about a month. Frequently during the moonlight summer evening, when I stood at the wheel, it was the captain's delight to

sit on the quarter-deck in his easy chair and listen to the description of my travels in South America and our flight from the vessel, but when I had finished my story he would always remark: "Well, you did very wrong in running away: it cost me a great deal of money, but I suppose it was mostly longing for romance that drew you away."

In Port Elizabeth we unloaded our cargo and took in two thousand bags of rice. From there we went through the Straits of Madagascar and came by night to the island of Zanzibar, where we dropped anchor in the harbor of the capital town, Zanzibar, named after the island. Here, for the first time in my life, I saw an electric light, which adorned the tower of the Sultan's palace, its bright silver rays shining out over the bay and on the many vessels.

The island of Zanzibar lays close to the line and is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait. It has a rich soil, which yields various kinds of grain and fruit, palm and banana trees being quite common. In the interior of the island the natives are as yet in an almost savage state, using bow and arrow, tomahawk and spear. Their food consists of rice, fruit and such like; still they are strong and healthy. The town is not very large, and has narrow streets in which the three-story building almost meet above. The many shops are filled with Eastern workmanship and the finest fruit, while silk in every shape and form appeared to be a favorite article among the people. They also ship a great deal of raw amber and raw hides to other

countries. A Sultan governs the island, and has a life-guard of one hundred men, well armed and well drilled by hired English officers; but, sad to say, he also keeps slaves of both sexes, all of whom are held together by a long chain fastened around their ankles, and are made to do all the heavy work, such as carrying stones for buildings, and bringing water and wood. The Sultan also has a harem, with forty or fifty wives.

In front of the palace is an open place with a pump standing in the centre, which is kept constantly going, for from this pump every family get their water. At all times of the day, women, old and young, may be seen with a stone jar—and sometimes two—on their head, and so accustomed are they to carry water in this way that they never spill a drop. Men who act as water carriers have a large jar hanging from the middle of a bamboo pole, each end being carried by a water carrier, and as soon as the jar is filled they start off on a peculiar dog trot, the dry pole squeaking and bending and making a great noise, which can be heard quite a distance off.

The Sultan owns about a dozen men-of-war, made in England, the crews of which, with the exception of the officers, are negroes. An officer on one of these vessels is well paid and supplied with every comfort and luxury.

On going ashore one day I was immediately surrounded by a number of boys, who wanted to act as pilots in showing me about the city, and thus earn a few coppers. I selected an intelligent looking lad

dressed like his comrades in a long white robe and a cap made of woven gold thread, and with a long staff in his hand. We first went to the Sultan's stables, the entrance to which was guarded by two soldiers with pistols and knives in their belts, and as I passed they presented arms and made room for me. In the stable stood about forty beautiful Arabian horses, while three gigantic ostriches walked up and down, stretching their long necks and tossing their small heads as if they owned the whole place.

In the outskirts of the town we saw a mill for making oil of palm nuts, two blind-folded camels supplying the power, and as they walked round and round the hopper their huge bodies made the earth tremble. In an old curiosity shop I bought a tomahawk, a spear and two ostrich eggs.

From Zanzibar we went further north to two towns on the coast of Africa, one of which was called Brava. The houses here are built of clay and rocks, and a gloomy aspect rests over the whole place, nothing but the sandy desert meeting the wandering eye, while a scorching sun weakened the brain and made one feel sleepy and lazy. Between the town and the brig were three long rows of breakers, one inside another, and in rowing the captain ashore we passed two of these but the third was so near the surface of the water we had to wait until the natives waded out to us and carried the captain ashore on their shoulders. The people living in this place were half negros and half Arabs, having a fine, well knit body, with dark brown skin,

and appeared to be very clever. The better class wear a turban, a long white robe and a belt, in which are carried beautifully made knives and pistols, while the lower class of people go naked, with the exception of a cloth reaching from the waist half way down to the knees. They all pass a great deal of their time in the water and are excellent swimmers. During our stay, the chief of Brava made our captain a present of a fat bull and a bottle of rose water, a rare kind of scent prepared from African rose leaves.

Shortly after Christmas we hove anchor and started on our homeward voyage. We had worked hard that day and were all tired. It was the first mate's watch below at ten o'clock in the evening, and four of us retired to rest as soon as we were relieved. We had been sleeping about two hours when a fearful noise awoke us, and a sudden plunge threw us out of our bunks on our heads. We jumped up on deck, where the cause of the disturbance was soon discovered.

The vessel had struck a sandbar and was laying on her side, tossing and plunging in the shallow water. Every time her keel struck the sand the masts, spars and rigging shook, trembled and swayed to and fro, threatening every moment to go over the side of the vessel. To the right of us were breakers, and in the dark the foam glittered and sparkled as it rose and fell thundering over and among the rocks, while to the left, dark, gloomy rocks towered high above the surface of the water. On deck everything was in confusion, the sailors running hither and thither, not

knowing what to do. Captain Wick stood at the wheel, thinly dressed, as he had just got out of bed, and it was with difficulty he spoke, for in the excitement he had come on deck without his false teeth, which he always wore. The first and second mate were standing beside him when he in an almost weeping tone, cried out: "Ah! poor Hero, I thought this would be the end of you."

We now got orders to square the yards, as the wind came right from abaft. This done, the vessel commenced slowly to raise herself, the sails swelled, and she was soon dragged off the bar into deeper water. Five minutes later we had the brig under control and were clear of the breakers. After everything had been put in order, the carpenter sounded the pumps and found a foot of water in the hold. Great anxiety betook us all, for it was evident the vessel had sprung a leak in dragging along the sand bar, but how large or where the leak was we did not know. The pumps were put to work, and the first day we had to pump the water out every four hours, but the leak gradually grew worse and worse and we had to pump every two hours, then every half hour, until, at the end of a few days, we could not leave the pumps at all, for fear that more water would run in than we could pump out.

The future did indeed look very dark for us now. We had a long voyage ahead of us, and did not know whether the leak would grow worse or not. As it was, we were just able to keep above water. One watch, consisting of four men, relieved each other night and

day. As long as we were near the African coast it did not seem so dangerous should anything serious occur, for then we could reach the shore in the boats, but what would it be when the Cape of Good Hope was passed and we were hundreds of miles away from land or any human being?

The captain owned half the vessel and a large part of the valuable cargo, which consisted of palm nuts, hides, different kinds of grain, rice and ivory. If he sought refuge in any other port than our destination in Germany, the vessel would be confiscated, and that would be the ruin of the captain. Therefore, miser as he was, he would rather keep on sailing, trusting to good luck and risking his own and our lives, than lose his interest in the brig and her cargo.

Long, weary days of hard labor now followed, and when two months had passed, some of the men complained of a pain in their back, and were unable to work as before, while all the men looked thin and worn. Then the sailors began to speak of forcing the captain to seek refuge in the nearest port, the first mate and boatswain secretly keeping the captain informed of all that passed between the men in the forecastle, and to stop us from causing a mutiny, he told us he would land in Spain, at the same time promising each of us a handsome reward if we would only keep up our spirits and work on.

Two months had passed in this way when the Canary Islands hove in sight. Another month would bring us to Germany, but how much could not happen

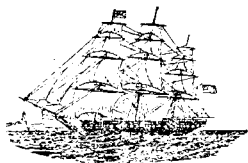
in that time? The crew were almost worn out, and now a new calamity faced us. The provisions were running short. But fortunately the captain had a large quantity of fine wine, which he used to smuggle into foreign ports, and this, together with boxes of cigars, was freely served out to the men. Night and day the cabin boy would bring us fresh bottles of different kinds of wine and sherry, which helped and strengthened us wonderfully.

Spain was passed without our knowledge, and still the captain did not seem inclined to land until we reached Plymouth, in the English Channel. But when we arrived in that port he made some excuse for not landing, and promised for certain to seek refuge in Dover, the last port before entering the North Sea. Even here this man, who virtually held our lives in his hands, refused to land, and we were compelled to pass by, knowing full well that there was no other refuge until we reached Germany, on board a vessel which might at any moment go to the bottom and probably carry us with it. Half of the men now gave out, being totally unable to raise their hands, and the captain and boatswain took turns in steering, while Frands and I worked at the pumps.

Four days' good sailing brought us at last in sight of the German coast, and great indeed was our joy at seeing the first tow-boat coming towards us. Soon a line was thrown out and our sails were made fast, while the tow-boat, hissing and steaming, brought us nearer and nearer the place we, in three hard, bitter

months, had risked our lives and almost lost our health in reaching. The entire voyage had lasted a year, and had been full of adventure, hardship and anxiety.

As soon as the vessel had been made fast, we packed our chests and went ashore, two sailors and I going to lodge with a countryman of mine, who had just been married and had started a sailors' boarding house. Two days later, the whole crew belonging to the Hero were paid off, each man receiving, besides his wages, fifty dollars in reward for saving the vessel and cargo.



CHAPTER IX.

IT was in the month of May ; nature looked its loveliest ; vale and hill, forest and meadow, were dressed in their beautiful fresh green garments, and the water, the air and the sky seemed more blue, more pure than ever before. The fact that I had come so near losing it all, so near reaching a cold, watery grave, made me enjoy all this more, perhaps, than would otherwise have been the case.

After a stay of one month in Hamburg, I shipped again on board a large barque bound for Galveston, Texas, and one month's fair wind brought us, without any adventure, to that city. On our arrival, I asked the captain to pay me off, as I wanted to try my luck in this part of the world.

Texas, with its endless prairies, its immense herds of cattle, its mixed population, wild cow boys and wiry sportsmen, is a wonderland, a progressive and promising country, and the destination of many a young, crafty and bright spirited young man. Here money is as easily earned as spent ; here speculation, chance and ruin go hand in hand. Cattle raising is the chief industry of the country, especially in the western part of the State, where the prairie is well fitted for this business. Many a ranchman who came to Texas a poor man, is the owner of a herd of several

thousand head of cattle. They would first buy a small number of cows, let them out on the prairie, and after a few years the herd is so increased that they can afford to buy land, which is then made into pasture, with wire fences all around. Soon they are able to sell a large number of their cattle, and then a ranch is built and cow boys are hired.

A Texas cow boy is furnished with a pony, saddle, blanket and lasso, and gets a dollar and a half a day, his business being to drive the herd which is to be shipped, from the ranch to the shipping place. A herd numbering two or three thousand is generally guarded by twenty or thirty cow boys. Imagine a real Scotch highwayman on horseback and you have a true picture of a Texas cow boy. Sunburnt, dusty, with long uncombed hair, a large broad-rimmed hat, a blue shirt open in front, a handkerchief tied around his neck, high boots, with long, narrow heels and spurs, a belt well filled with ammunition and pistols, and a rifle slung across the saddle, he certainly does not look very amiable; still you will in many of them find a generosity and true bravery which would put many of our city swells far, far behind. The first is a man in every sense of the word, the second only an imitation of one.

A Texas pony is light and smaller than ordinary horses, but very spirited and remarkably tough, being able to run for hours at a time, and if let loose to seek food, they return at their master's call. Very often a herd of cattle has to be driven a hundred miles, and

such a journey is not completed without suffering to both man and beast. Their daily travels are divided and picked, according to the watering places, which in many places are very scarce, and a large herd requires a great deal of water.

Imagine yourself out on the prairie, standing on rocks which throw their shadows far out over the clear, smooth surface of a large water hole. The sun makes you believe the very air is in flames, and not a sound breaks the death-like stillness. But what is this which slowly rises on the distant horizon? Is it the smoke from some far off camp fire? No, it cannot be, for it comes nearer and nearer, until you see two horsemen on a gallop. They are cow boys looking for water. Ah! now you see the dust breaking, and thousands of bodies appear in sight, making their way toward the water hole. Soon you hear the roaring of the thirsty beasts. They are almost dead from want of water and rest. Some give out and fall heavily to the ground, and are left a prey for the hungry buzzards, who do not even wait until they have expired before making an attack on their shivering bodies. The cow boys shout, and the cracking of their whips and the roaring of the approaching mass make the air and ground tremble. Now they have almost reached the place where you stand. The foremost smell the water and are inspired with new life. They sniff, start to run, see the place and throw themselves deep into the clear, cool water, which in a short time is transformed into a muddy pool, filled with sweating, dusty cattle,

who fight for every square inch of the surface. Some of the cow boys guard the herd, while others prepare for supper. Dry branches are gathered, a camp fire lighted, provisions taken from the wagon, which follows the herd, and soon you see a happy, laughing crowd gathered round the fire, smoking, drinking and eating. Preparations for the night are easily made, a blanket being their bed and a saddle their pillow. Should a thunderstorm come up during the night, great danger is at hand ; the whole herd become panic stricken, and stampede, and the cow boys have great difficulty in keeping them together, the cow boys being often surrounded by the frightened animals and actually trampled to death.

A third part of the people in Texas are Mexicans, who seem lazy and treacherous, and move about with their tents from one place to another. They gain a living by hunting and fishing, and their chief amusement is dancing, cock-fighting and gambling.

In Galveston I bought a strong mule, a saddle, rifle, a leather bag well filled with provisions, and a water bottle. Where I intended to go to I did not know—perhaps the desire to see the country was uppermost in my mind. On a beautiful summer morning I started on my journey, taking a road leading in a northerly direction. The azurr-blue heavens, the fragrance of the flower-sprinkled fields, and the sweet, glad music of the thousands of little birds, as they, with gleeful, coquettish motions, danced from branch to branch or swung high in the fresh summer air, filled me with joy

and life. From rich fields of cotton, rice and corn, I gradually came to wild woods and prairie. Still it was hard to tell which looked the best. The endless plain seemed alive with prairie dogs, each family having a sentry on post, which sat quite erect on its hind legs, looking in all directions, and on seeing me it gave warning to the rest, who immediately tumbled head foremost down into their holes.

Towards evening I camped in a beautiful valley, where I built a fire and cooked a wild dove I had shot during the day, and after a hearty supper I soon went to sleep, wrapped in a thick woollen blanket. Next day the road wound itself over steep hills and dangerous places, where large herds of antelopes were grazing. They would look at me with their large, soft, brown eyes, as if to enquire who I was, but the next minute their swift feet took them far away over the hills. I had reached the edge of a steep hill, where another road joined the one I was traveling on and run down over a narrow bridge, which crossed a swift stream.

Just as I turned the corner I saw a carriage coming. It contained an old gentleman and a young lady, and on the front seat the driver was struggling with two fierce, spirited horses, who seemed afraid of the roaring water below. For a moment they reared on their hind legs, and then dashed forward towards the edge of the precipice. It was a fearful sight. The old man had fainted, and his fair companion sat white and motionless, her hands clasped and her long brown

hair fluttering in the wind. Another moment and they would be lost—dashed to pieces on the sharp, rugged rocks beneath. A great pity for the beautiful young girl overcame me. Should she die so young and in so fearful a manner? Could nothing be done? Yes; by the loss of my own life I could save them. This thought crossed my mind like a flash, and the next moment my strong, heavy mule and myself were on the other side, between the carriage and the gaping abyss. With a jerk on the rein I thrust the mule with full force against the terrified horses. This had the desired effect: the horses were thrown sidewise into the road, where the driver regained control of them. But, as I had feared, my mule had come too near the edge of the cliff, which hung out over the ravine; something gave way underneath, a sensation ran through me as if I were going to sleep; then something hard struck my head, all seemed dark night, and everything became a blank.

Days and weeks had passed when I again opened my eyes. Where was I, and what was the matter with me? My body felt very sore and my head was as heavy as lead. In vain did I try to raise it. All I could do was to let my eyes wander about as far as my position would permit. I was lying on a large bed, the blue curtains around which were drawn aside. The walls were hung with beautiful oil paintings, one of which showed the head of a sweet looking young girl, whose large brown eyes were full of soul and spirit, and the soft dark hair fell in curls over her

perfect forehead. But most winning of all her charms was the finely formed little rose-bud mouth, which seemed to invite a kiss. On the right cheek were four small moles, which, instead of disfiguring, lent a higher charm to the sweet face. The longer I looked the more convinced I became that I had seen that face before, but when or where I could not tell. The excitement of thinking made my head burn and pain ; then a soft hand was placed on my forehead, and I went to sleep. Happy, peaceful dreams came and went, and I thought I saw and spoke to the original of the picture which had puzzled me so much.

When I wakened again, all fever and pain had left me, and I seemed to feel better than ever before. As I made a motion to raise myself, a young lady, who was sitting at the window with her back to me, arose and stepped softly to the bedside, a happy smile coming over her face as she saw me open my eyes, and at the same time I discovered the resemblance between her and the picture on the wall. Now all that had happened came back to me. I saw the young girl beside me and the one I had seen in the carriage was one and the same person, and as she read in my inquiring eyes that I wanted to ask many questions, but knowing me as yet to be too feeble to speak, she sat down in a large arm chair beside my bed and told me in a sweet, melodious voice all that had occurred after my fall.

The driver stopped the carriage, tied the horses to a tree, and after the old gentleman, who was her father,

had recovered, they all three went down the cliff, where they found me lying senseless on my back, with a bad cut in my head and all my limbs bruised. They carried me up, and placing me in the carriage, drove me to their home, which was fortunately only four miles off, and situated in the beautiful city of St. Antonio. The mule had struck a rock half way down the cliff, killing the animal instantly and throwing me further down the bank, and thus saved my life.

With deep emotion she thanked me for saving her father's and her own life, but bade me be very quiet and patient, as it would be many days before my recovery was complete, and then, placing a silver cup of wine within my reach, she left me to my own thoughts.

I now daily gained in strength, and the time soon came when I could sit out in the large garden which surrounded the young lady's home. The fresh air, the beautiful tropical plants and the lovely scenery seemed to give me new life, and happy, peaceful hours were spent in which the young lady, whose name I learned was Mabel, would either read or sing for me. From her I learned that her father was a stock holder in several ranches in Texas, but generally lived here in St. Antonio, where the climate is healthy and the scenery is beautiful. Her mother was very delicate and spent a great deal of time in watering places, and the eldest son, George, a bright young man, held a situation in an office.

Another week followed, and I commenced to make

preparations for leaving my kind friends, once more to begin the journey which at the start had almost cost my life ; but on my host's warmest invitation to remain another week and see the exhibition, which was to be held in St. Antonio, I yielded, so much the easier as it pained me to think of leaving Mabel, perhaps for ever. In the short time we had known each other, my heart, before so unconcerned and, as I thought, unconquerable, had strangely gone out toward this beautiful girl. I loved her as I thought no man ever could love, and I had the sacred hope that she was not wholly indifferent to me.

Exhibition time came, and Mabel, together with her cousin, a young lady, who was staying in the city at the time, was daily escorted to the grounds by me, who now considered myself the happiest of all human beings, for Mabel had accepted me, and we were engaged with her parents' permission and best wishes.

In a short time we are to be married. Give us your congratulations, kind reader, and let your best wishes follow us on our wedding trip to Norway, the land of my birth. Dear old Norway! Once more shall I see your beautiful valleys and foaming water-falls! Once more shall I see my mother and rest my head in those arms which so often lulled me to sleep in the days of yore.

THE END.