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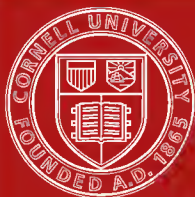
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2

A detailed black and white illustration of a three-masted sailing ship, likely a clipper, navigating through rough, choppy seas. The ship is shown from a three-quarter perspective, moving towards the viewer. The masts are tall and complexly rigged with numerous ropes and pulleys. The hull is white with dark trim along the gunwale. The sea is depicted with dark, swirling lines, suggesting a storm or heavy weather. The overall style is that of a classic book illustration.

HALF ROUND THE WORLD



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# ALL-OVER-THE-WORLD LIBRARY

By OLIVER OPTIC

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*Illustrated, Price per Volume \$1.25*

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## FIRST SERIES

A MISSING MILLION

OF THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS BELGRAVE

A MILLIONAIRE AT SIXTEEN

OF THE CRUISE OF THE GUARDIAN MOTHER

A YOUNG KNIGHT-ERRANT

OF CRUISING IN THE WEST INDIES

STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD

OF A VOYAGE IN EUROPEAN WATERS

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## SECOND SERIES

AMERICAN BOYS AFLOAT

OF CRUISING IN THE ORIENT

THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS

OF THE FOREIGN CRUISE OF THE MAUD

UP AND DOWN THE NILE

OF YOUNG ADVENTURERS IN AFRICA

ASIATIC BREEZES

OF STUDENTS ON THE WING

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## THIRD SERIES

ACROSS INDIA

OF LIVE BOYS IN THE FAR EAST

HALF ROUND THE WORLD

OF AMONG THE UNCIVILIZED

FOUR YOUNG EXPLORERS

OF SIGHT-SEEING IN THE TROPICS

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*OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION*

ANY VOLUME SOLD SEPARATELY

---

LEE AND SHEPARD Publishers Boston







"The commander seized him by the wrist."





# HALF ROUND THE WORLD

OR

AMONG THE UNCIVILIZED

BY

OLIVER OPTIC

AUTHOR OF

“THE ARMY AND NAVY SERIES” “YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD, FIRST AND SECOND SERIES” “THE BOAT-CLUE STORIES” “THE ONWARD AND UPWARD SERIES” “THE GREAT WESTERN SERIES” “THE WOODVILLE STORIES” “THE LAKE SHORE SERIES” “THE YACHT-CLUB SERIES” “THE RIVERDALE STORIES” “THE BOAT-BUILDER SERIES” “THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AFLOAT” “THE BLUE AND THE GRAY—ON LAND” “THE STARRY FLAG SERIES” “ALL-OVER-THE-WORLD LIBRARY, FIRST SECOND AND THIRD SERIES” COMPRISING “A MISSING MILLION” “A MILLIONAIRE AT SIXTEEN” “A YOUNG KNIGHT-ERRANT” “STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD” “AMERICAN BOYS AFLOAT” “THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS” “UP AND DOWN THE NILE” “ASIATIC BREEZES” “ACROSS INDIA” ETC., ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED*

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

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ELECTROTYPE BY C. J. PETTES & SON, BOSTON, U.S.A.

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TO  
MY YOUNG FRIEND  
CHARLES FRANCIS SHEPARD  
OF SOMERVILLE, MASS.  
THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED





## P R E F A C E

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“HALF ROUND THE WORLD” is the second volume of the third series of the “All-Over-the-World Library,” being the tenth book under this general title. By the grace of the publishers the author is permitted to extend this library through as many volumes as he may find necessary to carry out his original intention when he began the first series; and as his subject is a very large one, he will probably be compelled to make a liberal use of this permission; for he is not disposed to neglect any of the details involved in the plan.

As frequently stated in the several volumes already issued, the principal object of the Guardian-Mother’s voyage around the world is the education of Louis Belgrave, the young millionaire, from whose well-filled coffers the expenses of the cruise are largely paid, and incidentally of the other young people on board, as well as of all the adults who are passengers in the cabin of the steamer. In fact, the ship is an educational institution, not in sight-seeing only in all the principal countries of the

world, but in the schoolroom, under the instruction of an accomplished professor in the regular studies of the academy and college.

On the promenade of the ship has been fitted up what the studious tourists call "Conference Hall," in which talks, lectures, and discussions inform the audience in regard to the geography, history, productions, commerce, and the flora and fauna of the various countries they are next to visit. The topography of the several islands, provinces, and colonies of the East Indian Archipelago is given. The cities at which the steamer makes her ports are generally described in advance, and are visited under the direction of competent guides. Maps of the regions under consideration are displayed before the party.

The intelligent commander of the steamer is not only an accomplished seaman and navigator, but he is an educator, with very reasonable and sensible views on the subject. He is practical as well as scientific; and in Burma, the Malay Peninsula, the island of Sumatra, and elsewhere, the various spices are explained while the audience are looking at the trees or plants which produce them. They visit a nutmeg plantation; and some of them who had used nutmegs and mace all their lives learned more about these spices than they had ever known before.

The four young men on board are very fond of hunting, as most boys are; and one of them makes

a specialty of killing snakes, claiming to inherit his taste for this business from St. Patrick himself, who did something in that line in Ireland. Another lassoes a boa-constrictor that had driven the natives from their houses in a village near Acheen.

At the end of the volume the steamer had arrived at Sarawak, in the island of Borneo. Provided with a steam-launch and plenty of assistants, the young hunters propose to explore the rivers, and hope soon to encounter an orang-outang and other animals that abound in the island. Achang Bakir, a native Bornean and hunter, is their guide, and they are likely to achieve some success.

While the young men are roaming over the island for three weeks, in quest of adventures on the rivers and their shores, the rest of the tourists remain on the ship, and sail for Bangkok, in Siam, which all the party desire to see; and their experience will be related in the coming volume.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.



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# HALF ROUND THE WORLD

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## CHAPTER I

### THE MEETING OF THE LIVE BOYS IN THE BOUDOIR

"I HAVE been a bit lonesome the last two or three days since we lost sight of the southern coast of Ceylon," said Louis Belgrave, the millionaire of hardly eighteen, and the owner of the magnificent steamer Guardian-Mother, which had now by devious courses made her way half round the world. "How do you feel, Mr. Scott?"

"Never better in all my life; in fact, I don't think I ever felt quite so good at any time before since I was born," replied the young man addressed, who was the third officer of the ship by recent appointment. "I know what is the matter with you, and I am not at all troubled with the same complaint."

"What is the matter with me, I should like to know?" demanded the owner with a sceptical smile.

"I will answer you with a comparison. I am an officer of the ship, and I have something to do all the night and day, though I have my time when

I am not on watch ; but I have no difficulty in disposing of that time. You have nothing under the canopy to do but to keep your face clean and take care of your finger-nails. They say that a certain colored gentleman with some bovine peculiarities ahead and astern is on the lookout for a fellow when he has nothing to do," replied Scott with a chuckle, indicating that he thought his remark was somewhat funny.

"Nothing to do!" exclaimed Louis, who was more inclined to be mildly indignant than to laugh. "If there is a fellow on board of this ship who is occupied more hours in the day than I am, I should like to be introduced to him. I have to keep up my French and my Spanish ; I attend to my regular studies in the library now ; and I have studied up all the greater islands in the Indian Archipelago. We are not sightseeing just now ; but I am busy from the time I turn out in the morning till I turn in at night, except an occasional half-hour that I devote to the business of exercise ; and I don't think the *corneus* gentleman you describe has the slightest claim upon me."

"I accept the amendment. But life is divided into two parts with us ; one is work, and the other is play, so to speak, though it is hard work all the same, and we might as well divide our existence into one part, and call it all occupation."

"That is about it, taking out a little time on shipboard for recreation," added Louis. "Captain

Ringgold means to make every minute tell on our improvement in useful knowledge; and when we play, 'so to speak,' we are at work all the time."

"Right you are! I suppose most people who never did it would call going across India in a railroad car, and looking over all the palaces, temples, monuments, and things, nothing but play; but I don't see it in exactly that light. If you had gone to Columbia College, and studied like a Trojan, burning the midnight oil, as you would have done, you could not have worked any harder than for the last year; and you would not have known half so much as you do now. But what did you mean by saying that you were a bit lonesome?"

"I meant just what I said, and I miss Sir Modava Rao about half as much as I should my mother if she had decided to remain in Kandy; for he was my oracle, and when we were at sea he and I always took our exercise together, and we planked the deck for about a hundred miles on the voyage from Calcutta to Colombo. I miss him; that's all."

"And I think your mother misses him about as much as you do," said Scott, with a little slyness in his manner.

The Hindu knight had certainly been very attentive to Mrs. Belgrave; and between him and the captain she seemed to be a sort of divinity before whose shrine both were always figuratively on their knees; and some feared that the handsome East Indian might "come athwart the hawse of the Von

Blonk Parkite," as Scott put it, though he never said a word about the matter in the hearing of the lady's idolized son.

"Sir Modava was a very agreeable gentleman, and I don't see how she could help it," replied Louis, without detecting the remote suggestion of the third officer. "But I wonder where we are going next?"

"Captain Ringgold is a bigger Sphinx than the one we saw in Egypt; and no fellow can find out till he opens his mouth,—which the other one couldn't do if he tried. But the commander has called a meeting in Conference Hall for to-day at ten o'clock, and that big map of the Indian Archipelago, which Mr. Gaskette is putting up on the frame, looks as though something were in the wind."

"Uncle Moses told me that part of the time of the meeting was to be given to a discussion of the route we are to take from this point," added Louis, as he looked about him as though he were in search of somebody or something. "I am going to have something to say on this subject; but not till I have talked the matter over with the 'Big Four.' We will have a meeting on the starboard quarter at once. I will call Morris, and you can summon Flix, who looks as though he were asleep in that arm-chair on the promenade," continued Louis as he went below.

It was evident to the third officer that the young millionaire had an idea in his head, and that he was unselfish enough not to have his own way, though he

certainly could have it within reasonable limits, without consultation with his friends and cronies. The powers that were on board of the Guardian-Mother, or at least those who had the most influence, were Louis, his mother, and Uncle Moses, who held the purse-strings. But there had never been a bicker or the slightest friction among these controlling persons on board; for all of them had invariably left everything to the judicious management of the commander.

Captain Ringgold had an iron will in the control of the ship; but he was reasonable in all things, and he was content with the management of his own special department, and of course no one ever presumed to interfere with him in matters of seamanship. But there were certain things which he preferred to refer to the trio whom he regarded as the embodiment of the owner. If he had chosen to lay out the route of the voyagers arbitrarily, in accordance with his own will, no one would have objected. He had practically overruled the whole of them in the matter of visiting the Holy Land and the excursion to Mount Sinai; but he had done so in an argument to which the "powers" yielded gracefully.

The Indian Archipelago and all the western shores of the Pacific Ocean were open to the voyagers; but it would require years to exhaust such a vast extent of country. The commander had made certain pencil marks on the chart of the Indian Ocean, which

indicated the route he proposed to suggest to the party at the meeting. While the four live boys were in the boudoir, he was alone in his cabin, which was also the chart-room, studying his plan; and it was not an easy matter to arrange.

"I have called you together for a bit of a talk, fellows," said Louis, as soon as the quartet were seated.

"Is't schnakes, dairlint?" asked Felix McGavonty, who had distinguished himself at the hunts of the party in India by his entire devotion to the reptile kingdom, and had shot at least a dozen cobras, to say nothing of other snakes.

"Not at all; or at least not much, Mr. Mongoose," replied Louis, laughing at the snaky fancy of his crony.

"Musther Mongoose!" exclaimed the Milesian.

"Will you please to speak English, Mr. Mongoose?" added the chairman, who had assumed that office in virtue of having called the meeting.

"And forget my mother's brogue? What do you mean by calling me a goose, Mr. Chairman?" demanded Felix, rising from his seat on the divan as though he had plumed himself for a speech.

"Steady, Flix! I didn't call you a góose," Louis interposed.

"I am not a Frenchman like yourself, but I have enough of the polite lingo to know that *mon* means my; and what you said, being interpreted, as the Scripture puts it, was 'my goose,'" persisted Felix.



“Bad French! If I had been on that tack I should have called you ‘mon gander.’ As the great serpent-slayer of the party, I did you the honor to call you Mr. Mongoose; for you have fairly robbed the in eresting ichneumon of that title. You have been soaking your wits for three whole days, Flix; but you must dry up now, and take your chance some other time. This is serious business just now, fellows.”

“What is it all about?” asked Morris Woolridge.

“Captain Ringgold is going to talk to-day at the meeting about the islands and countries we are to visit next,” replied Louis. “I have some ideas of my own, and I may have a few words to say at the discussion.”

“Just give us your ideas, Louis, and we will all go with you,” added Scott, with an expression on his face which indicated that he was ready to submit to anything which the young millionaire might suggest.

“That’s the very thing I will not do,” replied Louis with energy.

“How shall we know what you want if you don’t speak out?” demanded Morris.

“I don’t desire you to know what I want, and the meeting was not called for that purpose. On the contrary, I wish to know what you want,” answered the owner.

“What good will that do?” asked Scott.

“I want the ‘Big Four’ to agree upon where they would like to go, and what they would like to do at the islands and countries we visit. If we can ar-

range this matter to our own satisfaction, I propose to be your representative at the meeting to-day, unless you choose to select a better one."

"We all vote for Louis!" protested Scott. "If there is any fellow that wants another, let him jump overboard."

"No voting under compulsion!" exclaimed Louis. "If you think of any other fellow,—Scott, for instance,—I shall be just as happy, and a little more so."

"I would cut off my great toe before I would take the place!" said the third officer almost angrily.

"How have you enjoyed yourself on the trip through India?" asked Louis, taking some paper from his pocket, and giving a piece to each of his companions. "Australian ballot, now; and I want each of you to write his answer to the question all alone by himself?"

The chairman sent Scott to the cabin to write his reply, Felix to the music-room, and Morris was to remain in the boudoir. Louis stationed himself at the door, away from any of them. In a little while they gave in their answers, and the presiding officer examined them. They all agreed that they had had the best time in all their lives on the trip; but every one of them wished there had been more fishing and hunting in the right places for such sports. Felix had something to say about snakes, and Morris spoke of troutling. Scott desired to spend more of the time in looking up rare birds and animals.

“Now I know what you want; and I am glad to say that I agree with you as set forth in the papers before me, and I know that each has expressed his opinion without being influenced by others,” said Louis. “I don’t know where the commander proposes to go next; but I will read these papers to him, tearing off the names you have signed to them.”

“It looks as though he were going to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands next,” suggested Scott.

“I don’t believe he is; for both groups are a sort of Botany Bay for convicts sent from India, and there is nothing for us to see there, unless we wish to go into the question of prison discipline,” replied Louis. “I want to see such places as Rangoon, Maulmain, Bangkok, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Acheen,” —

“Where is that?” asked Morris.

“Near the north-western point of Sumatra; then to Batavia in Java. From there I very much desire to take a run in the island of Borneo, and to see a little of wild life there. I have seen temples, palaces, and buildings of all kinds enough for the present.”

“So say we all of us!” Scott began to sing, and the others joined in with him.

“We are in full accord; and I should like to see a little of Dyak life, and look at the mansions of the Javanese, the Malays, and shake hands with the Maharajah of Johore. Then we will drop in at Manila, if I have my way and yours. After that we

can go to Hong-Kong and Canton, take a look at Japan, and then call upon the Australians.”

“What’s the row on deck?” said Scott, rushing out of the boudoir, and making his way to the upper deck, followed by the others.

## CHAPTER II

## A WAIF FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN

THE sounds which the boys had heard in the boudoir were made by the tramping of feet on the deck above their heads, though there was no great commotion about it. Scott led the way; for he was the third officer of the steamer, and he was very enthusiastic in the discharge of his duty. On reaching the promenade deck they found the boat's crew of the second cutter, under the direction of the second officer, Mr. Gaskette, clearing away the cutter in readiness to lower it into the water.

The great gong-bell in the engine-room sounded, and the screw ceased to turn and stir up the water under the counter. The weather had been very mild since the Guardian-Mother lost sight of the shore of Ceylon; and if it had not been what land people call a smooth sea, it certainly had not been what sailors call a rough sea. The ship rolled mildly, having the wind from the north-east; for the monsoon from this quarter still prevailed.

The boys looked about them without being able to see anything which called for the lowering of a boat, and there was nothing like excitement in the manner or the expression of the officer or the men who were

swinging out the davits of the cutter. The weather looked just a little ominous, and the wind had been freshening since breakfast-time.

"I don't see that anything is the matter, Mr. Scott," said Louis, giving his companion the title required by his position, which he ignored when they were boys together. "Why are they getting out the second cutter?"

"I am no wiser than you are, Louis," replied the third officer.

At this moment Quartermaster Twist touched his hat to Scott, and said that the captain wanted him; but he did not wait to permit any questions to be asked. Scott went forward with a lively step, and the quartermaster followed him. The sound of two strokes of the gong came up through the open skylights of the engine-room, and the boat began to back. By this time Captain Ringgold had left the pilot-house, and appeared on the upper deck.

He had a spy-glass in his hand, which he directed to a point on the port quarter, where the greater of the Nicobar Islands was in sight, though about three miles distant. The boys could not make out whether the commander was spying the island or some nearer object; but he had stopped, and was backing the ship, and evidently his business did not relate to the land. Louis sagely concluded that if there was anything to be seen, the forward part of the ship was the place to find it; and he went in that direction, followed by Morris and Felix.

A less considerate owner of a steamer of six hundred and twenty-four tons burden would have asked Mr. Gaskette what was the object of getting out the boat and stopping the ship; but he was busy with his work, and the young man never interfered with the officers at such times. He did not speak to the captain till he dropped the glass from his eye. In fact, Louis was a model boy in this respect; for he never spoke to any person who was busy unless an emergency required him to do so; and we commend his example to everybody, man or boy.

“Has anything happened, Captain Ringgold?” asked Louis, as the glass was dropped.

“Nothing has happened, Louis, and nothing of any consequence is likely to happen,” replied the commander.

“As a rule, you don’t stop the ship and get out a boat for nothing,” added the owner with a softening smile as the captain looked at him.

“I don’t do so this time,” replied Captain Ringgold, who perceived that the young man had not yet discovered the cause of the present stoppage. “No great event is dawning upon us; yet, if you keep your weather eye open tight, you will see something like a boat, — but it isn’t one, — off our port bow. A man in or on the thing, whatever it may be, began to make frantic signals to us about ten minutes ago.”

“My weather eye is not shut tight, but I don’t see anything.”

“Wait a moment till the thing rises on the top of a wave, and you will see it.”

“I see it now!” exclaimed Louis. “It is not half a cable’s length from us.”

“More than that,” said the captain, as he pulled a bell-handle within his reach; and the steamer began to go ahead again. “I was in doubt whether or not to meddle with the man on the craft, and I have been backing and filling while I was trying to make out what the thing was; but I have concluded to pick him up, for the wind is breezing up, and it may go hard with him if we should leave him.”

“I thought you always picked up a man in distress at sea, Captain,” added Louis, who could not quite understand why he should not always do so.

“That depends; and I should have no doubt if we were more than three miles from the Nicobar Islands. I shall have something to say about all the islands north of us when we get together; but they are convict prisons and settlements, and I don’t wish to carry off a man who has escaped from one of them, and I don’t think it is advisable to make a landing to deliver a prisoner.”

“It looks as though he was having a hard time of it, for the waves are inclined to upset him,” suggested Louis. “May I go in the boat?”

“Certainly, if you wish to do so. I have just sent Mr. Scott to command the second cutter; for I want Mr. Gaskette to finish hanging the map in Conference Hall.”



“That fellow’s craft looks like a bob-sled,” added Louis.

“It is rather like some of the craft we saw off Madras,” replied the captain, as he rang the gong to stop her when the ship was nearly abreast of the strange craft.

Felix McGavonty put in his application then for permission to go in the cutter, and it was granted. Both of them went aft. The man in distress, if he came under that head, was now close upon the port bow, not more than a hundred feet distant. He was a man of medium height, with a lightish-brown complexion, dressed in mongrel garments; and he moved about on his craft as though he were a man of great agility and strength. When the captain had examined him again, he went aft, and gave the order to the third officer to lower the cutter and pick the man up.

Louis and Felix took their places in the stern-sheets with the officer. The ship was brought about so that the boat would be under her lee, and it was dropped into the water with little of the difficulty experienced in executing this manœuvre in a heavy gale. The crew gave way, and the cutter pulled for the catamaran, or whatever it was.

“What kind of a craft do you call that, Mr. Scott?” asked Louis, when the cutter had made about half the distance to it.

“It looks to me more like a raft than anything else,” replied Scott.

“Or a bob-sled afloat. The captain had his doubts about picking up the man upon it.”

“Why so? I thought he never had any doubts in a case like this,” inquired the officer.

“He was afraid he might be a convict escaping from one of these Botany Bays.”

“Stand by, bowman, to haul the man in!” added Scott; and in a couple of minutes more the cutter came within reach of the nondescript craft, though anything like a collision had been avoided. But the man did not wait for the bowman to haul him in, as he had been ordered to do; for he sprang into the water, and swam like a fish to the after part of the cutter, and laid hold of the gunwale. Louis was about to give him his right hand, when he laid hold of the rail, and leaped into the stern-sheets with the agility of a monkey.

Dripping with water from his bath, he stood up in the boat in spite of its pitching, proving that he was either a sailor or accustomed to a boat. His mongrel costume did not belong to any Oriental clime as a whole; for it consisted of Turkish trousers and a European coat of the monkey-jacket pattern, and he wore a white canvas yacht-club cap, rather the worse for wear and the want of recent acquaintance with the wash-tub.

“Good-morning, sir,” said Scott in plain English.

“Good-morning, sir,” replied the waif from the Indian Ocean, with a smile which indicated that he had not suffered very severely from his recent trip. “You have picked up me.”



"He swam like a fish to the after part of the cutter."



"I am aware of the fact," replied Scott, impressed by the smile of the waif, who displayed as white a set of teeth as those of Sir Modava himself, which had been one of the special admirations of Mrs. Belgrave, and he noted the agility of the waif in boarding the cutter. "Do you wish me to pick up your bob-sled?"

The rescued man spoke English very well, except that he misplaced some of his parts of speech, which led Louis to think that he spoke Spanish; for in that language the object of the verb comes in almost anywhere, sometimes before it, and sometimes hitched to the tail-end of an infinitive.

"*Habla V. Espagnol, Señor?*" he asked. (Do you speak Spanish?)

The stranger replied that he spoke Spanish very well; but Scott insisted that Louis should talk to the man in English, so that he could understand him. Lanark, the cockswain, had brought the boat about, and the men were pulling for the ship. The waif did not want his "bob-sled," and the officer abandoned it. His ideas of discipline and propriety were exceedingly straight, and he did not think it was just the thing for him to question the man in regard to his antecedents; for this was the commander's province.

The second cutter came alongside the ship, under the davits, and it was hoisted up with all hands in it. Scott was the first to leap out of her on deck, and promptly reported the result of his mis-

sion; though, as the captain could see it for himself, no report was needed.

“Who and what is your man, Mr. Scott?” inquired the commander.

“I don’t know, sir, for I have not questioned him; but he speaks English and Spanish, and I don’t know what other languages,” answered the third officer.

“Good-morning, sir,” continued the captain, addressing the waif, as he leaped like a cat from the stern-sheets of the boat.

“He is the captain of the ship,” said Scott in the ear of the stranger.

“Good-morning, Captain,” replied the waif, removing his wet cap, and making a cross between a bow and a salaam. “I to thank you have for picking me up.”

“I had my doubts about picking you up,” added the commander.

“You had some doubts?” queried the man, stepping back a pace as though very much astonished, and looking very serious.

“Are you an escaped prisoner from the Nicobar Islands?” demanded the captain quite imperatively.

“I am a prisoner never!” protested the waif with great emphasis; and the expression on his rather prepossessing face spoke with even more force than his voice. “Captain of vessel, sir! Wrecked on Kat-chall Island! All lost me except! No prisoner!”

The captain seemed to believe him; and he asked

him no more questions then, but called Baldy Bickling, the second cook, and directed him to feed the stranger, and let him dry his clothes in the fire-room. Perhaps the commander's curiosity was excited by what the waif had said; but the man was wet, probably hungry, and needed rest, agile as he was; and the party had all assembled in Conference Hall, and were waiting for him.

Captain Ringgold mounted the rostrum; and all the ladies and gentlemen who had learned of the event which had just transpired, looked at him with interest, and without any of the usual applause. He smiled, for he understood the expression on the faces of the company.

"Before I say anything else, I suppose you desire to know something about the man we have just picked up, and whom you have seen in the charge of the second cook," the commander began. "I thought he might be an escaped convict from one of these islands; but I am tolerably well satisfied now that he is not. He says he was wrecked on Katchall Island, was commander of the vessel, and all but himself were lost. I came on deck at midnight; and I thought then that a storm or squall was raging to the northward of us, for it looked very black there. We got a little shaking up on the edge of it. That is all I know of this waif from the Indian Ocean."

"But we want to know all about him, Captain Ringgold," said Mrs. Belgrave. "Why didn't you question him?"

“Because he was as wet as a drowned rat, must have worked hard since midnight to keep his queer craft on the top of the water and himself on his support; and I am quite sure he has had no breakfast to-day. I had not the heart to cross-examine a man in this condition.”

“You are quite right, as you always are, Captain Ringgold,” replied the lady.

All the party applauded him vigorously then; and the commander proceeded to tell his audience something about the islands at the north of them.



## CHAPTER III

## THE STORY OF A BORNEAN CHIEF AND HUNTER

“MY friends, you have not yet seen the whole of India, and it will depend upon the result of a conference with you which I propose to hold to-day whether you see any more of it or not,” the commander began. “We will not meddle with that subject just now, except so far as to say that the portion of it east of the Bay of Bengal is divided into Upper and Lower Burma.”

“How do you spell that name, Captain Ringgold?” asked Mrs. Belgrave, as the speaker was pointing out the divisions on the map.

“The modern way to write it is B-u-r-m-a. Sometimes an *h* is added, and when I went to school it was Birmah. Like the great peninsula, it is divided into states or provinces; and the one to which I point is Pegu. As you see, about half of it forms a peninsula, which contains the mouths of the Irawadi River—a name which is also variously spelled. Southwest of this peninsula are the Andaman Islands; and south of them the Nicobar Islands, the most southern of which, Great Nicobar, is now in sight.

“A hundred years ago all these islands were densely wooded, and sparsely inhabited by people

in the lowest state of barbarism. What is called the Great Andaman consists really of three islands, with a Little Andaman at the south of it. The natives are negroes, supposed to be the descendants of a vessel carrying a cargo of Africans which was wrecked there. None of them are as tall as Louis Belgrave. They are quite black, with very big heads physically, and not in the sense that the 'Big Four' use the term, with limbs, as Mr. Davy Crockett said, 'swelled up as big as broomsticks.'

"They are not dandies, for they wear no clothes, except a coating of mud, which they plaster all over their bodies as a protection from the stinging insects with which the islands abound; and they would not make agreeable neighbors, for they are savage and vindictive. They have woolly hair, which is dyed red; and don't live anywhere in particular, but roam about the islands. Scorpions and snakes abound in the islands, and Mr. McGavonty would find plenty of his kind of game there.

"A convict establishment was placed on one of these islands in the last century; but it was abandoned in a few years, and the present settlements date from 1858, when the mutiny was suppressed. The Indian government had more Sepoy prisoners on its hands than it could well care for on the peninsula; and they were sent to South Andaman, where Port Blair is one of the finest harbors in the East.

"The Earl of Mayo, a courteous, kind, and high-toned Irish gentleman, became the Viceroy of India

in 1868. He looked closely after the criminal affairs of the country. The word 'loafer' was in use in India, applied to white men with no 'visible means of support.' They were the 'poor whites' of the country, not precisely as we use the term in the South at home, for they were very likely to make their way into the criminal classes. Lord Mayo found that some from this class committed crimes to enable them to obtain a comfortable passage to England, where white men served their sentence to imprisonment. He believed in establishing a convict settlement for them. They were sent to the Andamans.

"He looked after the orphans of soldiers and of others who had been stranded in India, and his benevolent labors resulted in the establishment of schools and other institutions, thus saving them from becoming criminals; for the worst class of men the government had to deal with were the European transgressors. In 1872 Lord Mayo made a tour of inspection in Burma, and stopped at these islands on his return.

"A cavalryman who had served in the Punjab was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death; but for some reason the penalty was commuted to life-imprisonment at the Andamans. The earl had incurred the mortal hatred of this felon; and as his lordship was about to get into a boat to return to the ship of war that conveyed him on his tour, he was fatally stabbed by this criminal, and fell over into the water. He was taken out, but soon ex-

pired. He died, like many other noble men of the United Kingdom who had been sent to India, in the discharge of his duty."

"But why did the man murder him?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, thrilled by the narrative.

"I suppose some of you have heard of that Corsican institution, which also had an existence in Sardinia and in Sicily, called the 'Vendetta.' It consists in taking private vengeance upon the person, or even the family, of one who had caused the death of a relative or friend of the individual resorting to this kind of vengeance to atone for a wrong. The victim of this barbarism may be as innocent as a lamb of the crime for which he suffers; but the idea is that somebody must be killed to atone for the murder of the person first sacrificed. I have read of something of this kind in recent years in Kentucky and Virginia.

"The slayer of the Earl of Mayo appears to have resorted to this Corsican method of vengeance; for the man he had killed in the Punjab was his hereditary enemy, and he believed that he was perfectly right in taking his life. When he was sentenced to death, he felt that the English government was doing him a grievous wrong, and he had vowed to revenge himself by assassinating some officer of high rank. Lord Mayo was his victim. The murderer was executed after a trial on Viper Island."

"It is a pity he was not disposed of in that manner in the first instance," Mr. Woolridge remarked.

“Of the Nicobar Islands I need only say that they were added to the convict establishment, though they are two hundred and fifty miles farther south. At the time of the first settlement in the last century, malaria was so prevalent that a vast proportion of those sent there died within a year. But thousands of acres of jungles have been cleared, and the ratio of deaths is no greater than in India proper. On the island you see there are extensive cotton plantations worked by the convicts.”

Before the commander had finished his remarks, Baldy Bickling appeared on the upper deck, arm in arm with the waif from the Indian Ocean. The two men were of about the same size; and the second cook had clothed his companion in his best suit of clothes, including what he called a “boiled shirt,” collar, and cravat. The cook had learned “manners,” and he halted with his charge abaft the smoke-stack, where he could not be seen by the passengers until the captain finished his lecture. But as soon as he ceased to speak, Baldy conducted him forward.

“Bring him up here, Baldy,” called Captain Ringgold. “This is not a society of Freemasons; and the examination of this man, which may be interesting, shall be conducted in presence of the company,” he added.

Baldy walked up the steps, still arm in arm with the waif, and led him to the chair in which the commander had seated himself, where he stopped, and both of them bowed very low. The party smiled at

this ceremonious performance, and were inclined to believe that the cook was using the waif as a dummy to exhibit his best clothes upon; for the suit was a very nice one for a person of his occupation.

"This is my man, Captain Ringgold," said Baldy after he had made his obeisance.

"Oh, he is your man!"

"I don't own him, for he is as near a white man as he can be, and he is a gentleman in every sense of the word," replied Baldy.

"Has he told you his history?"

"No, sir; I have asked him no questions."

"Very well; seat him in that arm-chair," replied the commander, pointing to one near him, in which the waif placed himself, and looked about him at the members of the company in front of him.

He certainly presented a fine appearance in the dress he wore; and while he was modest, there was a great deal of self-possession in his expression and manner. He was not so handsome a man as Sir Modava; but his smile was pleasant, though not so fascinating as that of the Hindu gentleman who was so greatly missed by the ladies, and hardly less by the gentlemen.

"What is your name, my friend?" asked the captain, beginning his examination in the form made and provided by custom.

"Achang Bakir, at the service of you," the waif promptly replied.

He pronounced the words "Ah-kang Bah-keer."

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to present to you Mr. Achang Bakir,” continued the commander, pronouncing the name as the man had done; and the subject of the remark rose from his chair and bowed as gracefully as a dancing-master in the three directions required to include all the party; and all the ladies and gentlemen rose from their places and returned the salute.

“That fellow is no Hottentot,” whispered Scott to Felix who was next to him.

“He’s as gintlemanly as though he had jis’ come from the bogs of ould Ireland,” replied Felix.

“What is your native country, Mr. Bakir?” asked the captain.

“I was born in Lanlontur, on the Murong River, which near the middle of the island of Borneo is.”

“*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*” asked the professor, who sat near his chair.

“*Ich spreche ein wenig; nicht viel,*” replied Achang as promptly as ever. (“I can speak a little; not much.”)

“Why do you ask such a question, Professor?” inquired the captain.

“Because his carrying the verb to the end of the sentence suggests that he got into the habit of doing so by speaking German.”

“*Ich habe die Sprache vergessen,*” added the waif. (“I have forgotten the language.”)

“I think we had better talk English,” added the commander with a significant smile.

“I was a chief in my country, and a German come to my home. I teach him Bornese; he teach me German,” added Achang, adopting the suggestion.

“Now, Mr. Bakir, will you tell us the story of your life in your own way, and without any more questions?”

“I will not tell you a story; I will tell you the truth,” replied the man, indicating that he had a knowledge of some English idioms, though his familiarity with the language was limited. “I will tell you my true life, or I will answer questions.”

“Tell it in your own way.”

“I was a chief, and I was in many boat-wars. I did not it like. I go down the river mit Ludwig to Banjermassin. Ludwig a sailor was. Me and Ludwig great hunters were. We find gold in the Kaminting Mountains; much gold, *muchisimo*. We a boat with gold, tiger and bear skins load, and go down to the big town near the sea.”

Without transcribing his mongrel speech, Achang's story may be soon told. Ludwig bought a dhow, a craft of about a hundred tons; he shipped a crew of Malays, and, taking the young Bornean chief with him, proceeded to Calcutta, where they sold the skins, and turned the gold into money. The German had made his fortune, and wished to return to his home. He gave Achang one-fourth of the proceeds of the voyage and the dhow.

The Bornean was at home on the water, and had learned to sail the craft he owned now. He de-



scribed his trading-voyages in detail, though he employed a skipper at first, who taught him how to navigate a vessel. His last voyage was from Penang to Madras, and his direct course was through the Sombrero Channel. A squall had come down upon the dhow in the night. In attempting to get under the lee of Katchall Island, he found that his crew, consisting of Lascars, were under the influence of opium to such a degree that they heeded no orders he gave, and the vessel went on a rock. The sea washed over the wreck, and carried off all the crew, for they were helpless.

The sampan on which he had saved himself was on deck; and he clung to it when it was washed off, and had drifted to the point where he had been picked up. In answer to a question from Louis, he said he had lived in Manila a year, coasting with his dhow among the islands. He rose from his seat, and bowed three times to the company with all his former politeness. The business of the session was concluded, and the commander dismissed the company.

“That’s our man!” exclaimed Scott, as he seized the arm of Louis.

But at this moment Captain Ringgold came down from the promenade with the waif, and led him up to the place where the boys were standing.

“Mr. Belgrave, let me introduce Captain Achang Bakir especially to you,” said he. “Captain Bakir, this is Mr. Belgrave, the owner of this steamer.”

The Bornean bowed very low to Louis, who presented his hand.

“But you may call me Louis, which means the same as Ludwig,” added the owner as the waif took his hand.

“To know you I am very glad,” replied Achang, taking the hand of Louis.

Mrs. Belgrave wished to talk with the new arrival, and she was presented as the mother of the owner; and they seated themselves for that purpose.

“That is our man!” repeated Scott when he had the opportunity.

“Captain Bakir?”

“I prefer to look upon him as a Bornean chief,” replied Scott. “He is a big hunter, and we must go to Borneo, where he will be at home, though he has become very much civilized.”

The “Big Four” had a great confab over the new arrival.

## CHAPTER IV

## WHAT THE LIVE BOYS WANTED NEXT

AFTER an intermission of half an hour, Captain Ringgold caused the passengers to be assembled again in Conference Hall; for the principal subject of discussion at this stage of the voyage had not yet been considered. The Guardian-Mother was still south of Great Nicobar Island, headed for the east; and the question was where she should go next. The boys were especially interested in the decision.

"I have not been all over the world," the commander began when all the company were seated, "but I have been over enough of it to realize that this globe on which we live and move and have our being has an immense surface on the outside of it. I have intimated several times in the course of the feeble remarks I have had occasion to address to the party before me, that it was quite impossible in such a voyage as the one in which we are at present engaged to visit every portion of it, or even those parts of it that can be reached by sea.

"In other words, we can't go everywhere; and the living question now is where we shall go. Some of you have informed me that you had the pleasantest time of all your lives while we were on the journey

across India. That trip was made under anomalous circumstances, such as are not likely to present themselves again; for I doubt if there is more than one Lord Tremlyn and one Sir Modava Rao in the world as at present constituted, though when the millennium comes there may be more of them.

“And yet some of those who enjoyed themselves so much complained that they were tired of looking at palaces, mosques, and temples. But these very structures which wearied you are the wonders of the country, and the especial object for which tourists visit India. To have gone there and not to have seen them would have been the mistake of your lifetime. After you get home, and overhaul your journals and your photographs of what you have seen, you will rejoice that you have seen them all. It is often said that tourists enjoy their travels and the sights they have seen more after they get home than while actually engaged in viewing the wonders of foreign climes.

“I know from experience that this statement is quite true; for at home you don't have the weariness of travel to take off any of the enjoyment. If the wonderful things you have seen could have been scattered over a period of six months, instead of six weeks, so that you could have viewed them more leisurely, you would not have wearied over them; but the ship was waiting for us, and we have still a long voyage before us. We shall see no such extraordinary monuments in the rest of our tour as the Taj, and some other structures that might be mentioned.

“Therefore, I think we need not go so much into detail in any country we may visit in the future as we have done in India. If I carry out my own view, we shall make no long journeys into the interior of the nations at whose shores we may touch. Now, if any one would like to make any suggestions in regard to our future course, I shall be glad to hear him.”

Louis Belgrave did not wait for anybody else to take the floor, but sprang to his feet the moment an opportunity was presented to him to say what he had in mind, and what had been considered in the meeting of the “Big Four.”

“Mr. Commander,” he began, adopting the parliamentary method of Lord Tremlyn.

“Mr. Belgrave,” replied Captain Ringgold, smiling at the formal manner of the owner of the Guardian-Mother.

“I shall not speak for myself alone, for I represent the younger portion of the passengers of the ship, who have held a meeting and discussed the question now before us,” continued Louis. “We fully agree with all that has been said in regard to the trip across India. We all voted” —

“Perhaps some of the company would like to understand who are included in the ‘we’ the gentleman uses so freely,” interrupted the commander.

“I supposed every one would know whom I meant; but I do not wish to mystify any person, and if there is any doubt about it, I mean the ‘Big Four,’ a quartet of the youngest persons on board, and here

present. I will call them by name if desired to do so."

"Not necessary, any more than it is to spell mouse when the cheese in the pantry is gnawed," added the captain.

"My constituents have not meddled with the cheese in the pantry; but they have been across India with the rest of the party, and we all voted that we had the biggest time in our lives," Louis proceeded.

"Did you do all the voting yourself, Mr. Belgrave?" asked Mr. Woolridge; and all the company realized that the young millionaire and owner of the steamer had a potential influence with his immediate associates.

Louis was slightly punctured by this query; for it implied that he influenced the others in the expression of their opinions, though so far as possible he always avoided doing so. He felt it incumbent upon him to explain that the Australian ballot had been used at the meeting, and no collusion was possible.

Morris was a little hurt that his father had asked the question; and he put in a few remarks to show that Louis made them think for themselves, as he always did when there was anything to be done in the shape of voting. Mr. Woolridge practically apologized for his interruption, and declared that all on board knew Louis was the most unselfish of boys, and was always more than fair, even magnanimous, in dealing with his associates.

“We all voted independently, Mr. Commander; but every one of the boys added a remark to his vote, that he was tired of so many castles, temples, mosques, mausoleums, and what not; and the sentiment was precisely the same as that which others have described to you. In a word, we want no more of the sort of thing we have been having; or, at least, while we desire to see the sights of the places we visit, we want something else mixed in with them.”

“And what may that something else be?” asked the captain.

“Besides revolvers for emergencies, we are all provided with fishing-rods, rifles, and double-barrelled shot-guns. May I ask, Mr. Commander, what these things are for?” inquired Louis, with a playful smile on his good-looking face.

“To answer that question I can only refer you to the use you made of them when you were in the Sunderbunds.”

“That was one of the most enjoyable times the ‘Big Four’ had in India; but we did not have enough of it.”

“Why, Mr. Nimrod McGavonty was greatly pleased with his hunting experience in India, at Baroda, as well as at the mouths of the Hoogly.”

“Is it me!” exclaimed Felix. “My mission is to kill the schnakes; for Oi’m a dayscendant of St. Patrick.”

“Who was a priest, and had no descendants,” added Scott.

“Order in the conference!” interposed the chairman. “Let us proceed with the business before us. As I understand the matter, the ‘Big Four’ want more hunting and fishing.”

“Not only that, Mr. Commander, but, as we have seen considerable of the civilized world, we desire to see something of the uncivilized portion of the planet we live on. We wish to see some of the beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, trees, and flowers that are not to be seen in the cities.”

“Precisely so. You wish something which is spelled with the letters of the word adventures. You wish to see the inside pages of Sumatra, Java, or Borneo,” said the commander, who was in a more jovial mood than usual. “Gentlemen of the ‘Big Four,’ I understand and appreciate the situation. I doubt if four more enterprising young fellows than compose your body can be found in all the English-speaking nations of the world, and certainly not in the others. Thirty odd years ago I should have found you on the decks of our men-of-war, doing your duty to your country like heroes.

“Your desire is reasonable at your age; and it shall be gratified so far as possible. I have no doubt you have been talking with Captain Achang Bakir, and your objective point just now is the interior of Borneo.”

“They have with me talked,” added the waif, rising to say this.



“But I have to remind you, young gentlemen, that the ladies cannot share in your sports and adventures, and I doubt if the Cupids will care to join you;” and everybody laughed at the idea, including the twins, Brothers Avoirdupois and Adipose Tissue, as they had named each other; for they weighed two hundred and twenty-six pounds apiece and a fraction.

“I think we can find amusements for the ladies,” suggested Dr. Hawkes.

“In the Arabian Sea we picked up the men we most needed for India; and possibly we have done the same in the Indian Ocean,” continued the commander. “If you are to visit the interior of Borneo, for example, he will be your man; for he can speak the language of the Dyaks, and knows all about the country. He has lost his vessel, and possibly we may be able to retain him for a time. I will talk with him about it;” and Captain Ringgold took the pointer, and turned to the map of the Indian Archipelago, which was hanging on the frame.

“Mr. Belgrave has expressed himself freely and candidly as the delegate of the body he represents,” the captain proceeded. “If there is any lady or gentleman who desires to express any views in regard to the points to be visited, I shall be happy to hear him.”

But no one appeared to have anything to say, or did not care to say it, and the commander called the attention of the company to the map.

"We are here," said he, pointing to the position of the ship at the south of Great Nicobar Island, "about one hundred miles from the nearest point of the island of Sumatra, which we shall visit, though we must confine our attention to one city on the island. That will be enough to enable you to say you have been in Sumatra; and that is about all we can do in any of these islands.

"We must also do as much for Burma, though just now it is somewhat out of our course. I have a general idea of where we had better go, on a plan consistent with the purposes of our cruise and the time we have at our command."

"We are in no hurry to get home, Captain Ringgold," interposed Mrs. Belgrave.

"We talked of being absent two years when we sailed from New York."

"No matter if we are gone three years, or even four," replied the lady.

"I shipped my crew for two years. It makes no difference to you how long we are absent, Mrs. Belgrave, but it may to others. The professor has a family at home, and possibly Dr. Hawkes would not have come with us for three years."

"But we shall reach some point where we can take a steamer home if the voyage should be prolonged farther than our affairs will permit us to be absent," suggested Dr. Hawkes.

"I should be glad to know what you propose for the trip, Mr. Commander," added Mr. Woolridge.

“I spoke of Burma, and we are about six hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon.”

“Rangoon!” exclaimed Mrs. Blossom. “We must certainly go there! Adoniram Judson was a missionary there, and I have his life at home.”

“And we have it in our library, and a good book it is. My plan is to proceed to Rangoon first; for it will save going over any of the distance more than once.”

“I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we leave the whole matter to the captain,” said Mr. Woolridge. “I will put the question, as the commander is modest sometimes. Those in favor of the motion, raise the right hand. Please vote, all the party;” and every one raised his hand. “The motion is carried, Mr. Commander, and the matter is at your disposal.”

“Mr. Boulong,” said the commander, laughing at the result, to the first officer who stood by the rail.

“On deck, Captain Ringgold,” replied Mr. Boulong, touching his cap.

“Make the course north by east half east.”

The first officer repeated the course given him, and then went to the pilot-house.

“From Rangoon we will come down to the coast of Burma and the Malay Peninsula to Acheen in Sumatra; then across the Strait of Malacca to Penang; thence to Malacca and Singapore; from the latter we will proceed directly to Batavia, the principal city of Java; then to Banjermassin in the island of Borneo. Probably the ‘Big Four’ will

find their chance in this region. From there we shall cross the Macassar Strait to the city of Macassar in the island of Celebes. From there we will go on a voyage of twelve hundred miles to Manila in the Philippine Islands.

“From Manila it is only about six hundred miles across to Hong-Kong, from which you will visit Canton, and perhaps go farther into the interior. That will be enough of China; and then we will take a look at some of the ports of Japan, and then proceed to Australia. Now you can look the route up, and I will leave you to consider it; for we can change it if occasion or inclination suggests it.”

As the commander finished, the party crowded around the map to examine in detail the route laid down.

## CHAPTER V

## SOME OF THE PAST EVENTS OF THE VOYAGE

CAPTAIN RINGGOLD hastened to his cabin, where the chart of the Indian Ocean was spread out on the table, for the purpose of taking off the course; but he had occasion to change the one given out only a quarter of a point. The passengers were very much interested in the study of the map, and Scott found abundant occupation in explaining the various courses to them; for he had charts of his own which he had examined very carefully, expecting to have use for the knowledge thus obtained in the navigation of the Maud.

It was now the 23d of March, and the Guardian-Mother was a year and four months out of New York. It is possible that some of the readers of this volume will need a more particular introduction to Louis Belgrave, who has been the hero of the narrative from the beginning, as well as to those who accompany him on his voyage all over the world. He has been called a young millionaire times enough to have all know that he is not a beggar.

This young gentleman is a person of excellent character; morally, very high-toned, unselfish, and the especial admiration of his three particular asso-

ciates in the circle of the "Big Four." Louis and Felix McGavonty had been bosom friends almost from their infancy, and they had been the only young persons on board of the ship when she sailed from New York. Scott had been picked up in the West Indies, and Morris Woolridge had come on board with the other members of the family when they were rescued from a sinking sailing-yacht in a violent gale on the Atlantic.

Louis inherited a million and a half from his grandfather's estate, which his father had never been able to find, though his son succeeded in discovering its hiding-place. Thus he became a millionaire at sixteen. But he passed through some very stirring adventures in saving his mother from an unfortunate marriage she had contracted. In a portion of this labor he had been advised and assisted by Captain Royal Ringgold, a retired shipmaster, who had also served in the navy during a part of the War of the Rebellion.

The Belgrave family lived in Von Blonk Park, in the State of New Jersey, a modern town built up by New York capitalists and others, and mainly inhabited by business men of the metropolis. Louis's grandfather had married the only daughter and sole heir of the old Dutch farmer whose name had been given to the place, and the sale of his lands had made the young man's ancestor a very rich man. Believing that the war would ruin the country and deprive him of his property, he had turned it into

gold, and concealed it in a vault under the chimney of his house.

His mother's second husband was a very handsome man, but he was a villain. He had in some manner obtained a knowledge of this hidden treasure; and after his wife had repudiated him, he succeeded in making her a prisoner on board of a schooner he owned, and sailed away to Bermuda with her. Louis had developed a taste for yachting by sailing with the Woolridge family; and after he had unearthed the treasure, he proposed to Squire Moses Scarburn, the trustee of his million and a half, to purchase a cheap vessel for a yacht. About this time Louis's mother was spirited away from him, and Captain Ringgold advised the procuring of a steamer with which they could recover possession of Mrs. Belgrave.

Uncle Moses, as he was always called in Von Blonk Park, opened wide his eyes when the ship-master described to him the most magnificent steam-yacht that had ever been built at that time. The advocate of this plan declared that the steamer would enable the young man to travel all over the world, and take his college course on board of her to better advantage than in any university on shore. The argument was a powerful one; and as the young man's future income made the plan feasible, he yielded the point.

The steamer was entirely new, and had not been named; for the wealthy gentleman for whom she had been built died just as she was completed, and he

had not fixed upon a name. Louis attended to this matter without assistance from any one. He idolized his mother, and the devotion was mutual. In honor of her who had given him being, watched over him in infancy and childhood, and loved him more than she had ever loved any other person, he called her the Guardian-Mother; and his mother had been that to him all his life.

With this name under her stern and on her bows, she had gone to Bermuda on her maiden voyage, where she had recovered the abducted lady. They returned to New York, and Louis was ready to enter upon his collegiate course on shipboard. His mother and Mrs. Blossom, who had been the housekeeper of Uncle Moses, in whose care Felix McGavonty had been brought up, were to be passengers. An accident in the harbor had brought Dr. Hawkes and Professor Giroud, both of whom were in ill health, on board of the steamer; and they had accepted an invitation to make the voyage around the world, the one to serve as surgeon of the ship, and the other as instructor for Louis.

Captain Ringgold was a wealthy man, though not a millionaire; but like many others who are not, he had the credit of being one. He had commanded the Guardian-Mother on her trip to Bermuda; and he gladly consented to retain the charge of her on the long voyage she was to make, especially as Mrs. Belgrave was to be one of the company. This lady had been a very pretty girl, and she was still a hand-



some woman at thirty-five. The captain had been one of her many early admirers, and had remained a bachelor because he did not happen to find another lady that suited him.

On his first visit to Bermuda in the *Guardian-Mother* he had obtained a hint that John Scoble, the second husband of Mrs. Belgrave, had a deserted wife in England. He had shipped as a quartermaster, for the want of a better place for him, a man who had been to sea in his earlier days, and had come home from his last voyage as chief mate, but who had spent the last twenty years of his life as a detective. The commander made him third officer of the ship; not that he was needed in this capacity, but to give him more time and a better opportunity to work up the case of Scoble. Louis had some stirring adventures on the voyage from Bermuda to the south side of Cuba; and Mr. W. Penn Sharp, the detective third officer, followed up his case till he found the only legal wife of the man who had illegally married Mrs. Belgrave.

She had been sent for by her uncle, who was a wealthy planter near Cienfuegos; and dying just before, he had given his niece all his property. Scoble had also inherited the fortune of a brother in Bermuda, and had bought a steam-yacht, in which he had pursued the *Guardian-Mother*, intent upon capturing Louis, through whom he expected to recover the young man's mother. But a requisition had come from the United States, and he was arrested and

sent to New York for his crimes committed there. He was sentenced to a long term, and that was the end of him.

The Cuban court decreed that the steam-yacht belonged to his wife, a very amiable lady; and by the influence of Captain Ringgold, Mr. Sharp became the captain of the Viking. Mrs. Scoble had sailed for New York, and then to England, in her; and finally, Captain Sharp married her. He was now in command of the *Blanche*, which was sailing in company with the *Guardian-Mother*.

Louis pursued his collegiate studies very diligently all the time. He spoke French fluently, having studied it in the academy for several years under the direction of a Frenchman. He had already acquired a tolerable fluency in speaking Spanish, though he could not yet read "Don Quixote" without a dictionary. He was considered a fine scholar by Professor Giroud; for he had graduated with the highest honors in the academy at Von Blonk Park, and had always been a diligent student in school and out.

George Scott Fencelowe, to give his full name, though he insisted upon dropping the last one, that of his foster-father, who was then in prison for embezzling the funds of a bank, had been a very bad boy; but he had been reformed under the direction of Captain Ringgold and the influence of Louis, — thoroughly reformed, so that he was now a high-toned young man. He had a natural taste for

the sea, and had been in a boat half his lifetime. He understood navigation, and had commanded the tender of the ship, purchased at Gibraltar and sold at Aden, on a voyage from the Rock to Constantinople, and from there to Suez, through the canal.

The Woolridge family had left New York for Orotavo in the Canaries on account of the health of Miss Blanche, the daughter, and the most beautiful young lady of sixteen that New York had ever produced, as some enthusiasts declared, and as Louis Belgrave fully believed. The voyage had been made in Mr. Woolridge's sailing-yacht; but her planks had been stove in by a spar in a mass of wreckage during a violent gale, and she would have gone to the bottom if the Guardian-Mother had not come to her assistance.

After this event the Blanche sailed in company with the ship; and they visited Mogadore, where Miss Blanche unfortunately attracted the attention of one of the high officers of the empire of Morocco. Doubtless she was more beautiful than any inmate of an Oriental harem; but she was a young girl, and her parents were alarmed. Ali-Noury Pacha desired to take the party under his charge, show them the city, and feast them in his palace; but the commander of the ship towed the yacht to sea in the early morning, to escape the importunities of the Pacha.

He followed them in a steamer of his own to Madeira, where the commander learned that he was

a very bad man, and the Guardian-Mother fled again, from the contamination of his presence, to Gibraltar. The Pacha followed once more, for he felt that he had been insulted by the sudden departure of the steamer and her consort from Mogadore and again from Funchal. Then a state of war between the commander and the Moor ensued. His Highness assaulted the captain in a street of Gibraltar, and the stalwart shipmaster had knocked him into a muddy gutter in self-defence. The Pacha was fined for the assault in an English court; but thirsting for revenge, he had pursued the Guardian-Mother even as far as the shores of Egypt.

The steamer and her little consort had been chased through the Archipelago by a large felucca, which was in charge of a man named Mazagan, employed to capture Miss Blanche or Louis, or both of them; but it afterwards appeared that the latter portion of this persecution had been carried on by Mazagan, with the intention to levy "black-mail" on the commander. The final result was that the Pacha's steam-yacht had been run into and sent to the bottom, in a bay on the north of the island of Cyprus, by the Maud, the tender, in command of Scott at the time.

Captain Sharp, while cruising in the Viking with his wife on board, came to anchor in the harbor of Messina. The Pacha's steamer came into the port while he was there, though the American was not aware of her presence. The captain went on shore

for some medicine for his wife in the evening. On his return he saw a gentleman attacked by a couple of ruffians. One of them had stabbed him, and he had fallen to the pavement. Sharp used his revolver, and drove off the robbers. The wounded gentleman proved to be the Pacha.

His deliverer from certain death procured a surgeon at a hotel, and took the sufferer on board of the Viking. The doctor thought he would die; but he remained by him for several weeks, during which time he was tenderly nursed by the captain and his wife, and finally recovered. The surgeon said they had saved his life. But another and more important work than saving his life had been in progress. It was that of reforming the life and character of the sufferer. On the very brink of the grave the patient had been led to review his past life; and he became a new man. He was still a Mohammedan, for his Christian nurse realized that it would be impossible to make a convert of him.

The Pacha had ordered a new steamer built for him in England, and she was waiting for him at Gibraltar. The command of her was given to Captain Sharp, and they had sailed on a voyage around the world. At Aden the Guardian-Mother had encountered the *Blanche*, as her owner had named her before his quarrel with Captain Ringgold. His Highness made the most abject apologies for his former conduct; and both Captain Sharp and his wife declared that General Noury, as he now preferred to be called,

was thoroughly reformed, and had atoned for his bad conduct as far as he could do. He had conciliated the people of Gibraltar and Funchal by lavish gifts for charitable objects.

Captain Ringgold had heartily forgiven him. He was kindly received by all the party, including Mr. Woolridge and his wife, who were no longer afraid of him. The two steamers had left Aden together, and the Pacha and his Italian band had gone with the party across India and to Ceylon; and the *Blanche* was still almost within hail of the *Guardian-Mother*.

On Saturday night, two days after leaving the Great Nicobar Island, the two ships came to anchor at the mouth of Rangoon River, the city being twenty miles up the stream.

## CHAPTER VI

## SOMETHING TO BE DONE FOR GENERAL NOURY

WHEN the Guardian-Mother changed her course nearly seven points, the *Blanche* did the same; but instead of keeping her relative position on the beam of her consort, she went astern of her. Captain Sharp was evidently somewhat confused at the alteration. The two steamers had had no communication with each other since they sailed from Colombo, and Captain Ringgold had not announced any destination. From his position he could see that a meeting was in progress on board of the Guardian-Mother, and he did not care to disturb it.

Captain Ringgold had no more than finished his statement of the ports he intended to visit than a gun from the *Blanche* attracted the attention of all on board. At the same time the consort changed her course, as though she intended to come alongside the leading vessel. The commander, who had gone to the pilot-house to rectify the course after taking it from the chart, rang the jingle-bell to slow down; and the *Blanche* soon obtained a position abreast of her. Then he rang to stop her.

A boat containing Captain Sharp and General Noury was at once lowered and pulled to the ship,

whose gangway was rigged out by the time it reached her. Captain Sharp was the first to reach the main-deck; and Captain Ringgold was there to receive him. He was followed by the general; and they proceeded to the upper deck, where the visitors took some time in exchanging greetings with the passengers. But the two commanders retired to the chart-room for a conference in regard to the future course of the two steamers.

“What has happened, Captain Ringgold?” asked the captain of the *Blanche*. “We saw you pick up a man on a sampan this morning; had he anything to do with the change of course?”

“Nothing at all. We have just had a conference to decide upon what ports in this part of the world we shall visit; for I desired to ascertain where my passengers wished to go,” replied the commander of the *Guardian-Mother*; “and the whole matter is settled now.”

“You whisked about so suddenly, even while you were holding a meeting on the promenade, that I could not make out what you were about. We have not less than a thousand fathoms of water under us anywhere in the course you are making; but I don’t like to sail my ship without knowing for what port I am bound, for we might get separated in a fog.”

“You are quite right, Captain Sharp; and I intended to send you full directions to-day. I have already marked off the courses on my chart,” an-



swered Captain Ringgold, turning to the map on the table.

The other commander took his memorandum-book from his pocket, in readiness to write down the cities to be visited, and the courses by which they were to be reached. A red line indicated the direction to Rangoon; another was drawn from that city to the north-western point of Sumatra; and the rest of the intended voyage was laid down on the great chart in the same manner.

“I suppose you have the smaller charts of this region, such as the Strait of Malacca, the Macassar Strait, the Mindora Sea, and a dozen others I might mention,” added the captain of the Guardian-Mother.

“I have them all, for I have a very liberal owner; and when he told me where he wanted to go, I bought all the charts in a shop in Gibraltar; and I think I have as full a collection of them as can be found on board of any ship afloat,” said the captain of the Blanche, as he continued to write the course and cities in his book. “I am sorry to say, to change the subject a little, that I think the general is somewhat discontented with the voyage since we left Colombo.”

“Indeed? Well, I should think he would be; for he has been accustomed to a more stirring existence than sitting in his cabin or planking the deck day after day,” replied the other. “I shall not be surprised when you fire a gun and come on board to tell

me that your owner has decided not to proceed any farther on this cruise."

"I am afraid of something of that kind myself; and I fear this lonesomeness will have a bad effect upon him, and lead him to fall back into his old ways. I wish he would marry some nice lady, and bring her on board of the ship."

"But he is still a Mohammedan."

"I don't care if he is; so far as outward forms are concerned, he is the most religious person on board of the *Blanche*. He goes through his devotions regularly, and he behaves himself as well as any Christian could. In fact, he is so good since he reformed, that my wife has not the courage to attempt his conversion. I never saw such a change in a man in all my life; and it would break my heart to see him go back to his former vicious ways. He is naturally a very sociable sort of a person; and he often speaks to Mrs. Sharp about the pleasant life led by the passengers on board of the *Guardian-Mother*. We must do something for him."

"What?"

"I believe that General Noury would be happier if he were a passenger on board of your ship instead of his own," said Captain Sharp, pausing in his writing, and looking his friend full in the face.

"Then I wish he were a passenger on board of my ship," answered Captain Ringgold, though he could not help laughing at the idea.

"I do not wish so," added the other, looking

quite serious. "The idea of my sailing the *Blanche* around the world all alone with my wife, while my owner is a passenger on board of another vessel doing just the same thing! Such a state of things would hurt my feelings to that degree that I should advise the general to sell his steamer, or lay her up at Mogadore."

"Of course I shall not invite him to take a state-room in my cabin unless you advise me to do so."

"I shall never advise you to do so, you may be very sure. I should be like the turtle that swallowed his own head to do that; for it would make a nonentity of me,—a man without a mission. But, Captain Ringgold, we can do something, if you will agree to it, which will amount to the same thing, without sacrificing me."

"Of course I will do anything reasonable you can suggest, my friend," promptly replied Captain Ringgold.

"Perhaps you will not consider my plan a reasonable one."

"If I do not, I will say so as bluntly as I am in the habit of speaking."

"I will mention it, whatever may be your decision, for I have been thinking of it all the time since I turned out this morning," said Captain Sharp, as he followed his friend to the upper deck.

In accordance with the gospel of all shipmasters, "Waste no time in reaching the port to which you are bound," the *Guardian-Mother* had started her

screw as soon as the visitors came on board; and the *Blanche* followed her when she had picked up her boat. The ladies had all deserted the map on the promenade, and were seated in the arm-chairs, talking with General Noury. As has been said several times before, he was a very handsome man, and exceedingly agreeable in his manners; and if he was lonesome on board of his own yacht, he certainly was not so on the present occasion.

The two captains took a couple of chairs apart from other persons, and both of them observed the general and the ladies, commenting upon the enjoyment all of them seemed to derive from the interview.

“General Noury has spoken to me of the satisfaction he derived from the lectures delivered to your party in India, and on the voyage from Calcutta to Colombo, and wished he could hear those which are still to be given. They were very instructive, and he profited greatly by them.”

“But Lord Tremlyn, Sir Modava Rao, and Dr. Ferrolan are no longer available as speakers, and we are now thrown upon our own resources again,” suggested Captain Ringgold.

“What is good enough for your people is good enough for him.”

“Has he any books on board of his ship?”

“A whole library of them in English, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, and I don't know what other languages.”

“Then we will make a lecturer of the general. Mr. Woolridge was not interested in the educational feature of the Guardian-Mother till I called upon him for a ‘talk’ about the animals of Egypt. I have no doubt the general’s interest would be stimulated in the same manner. He is a good speaker, for I have heard him address several audiences on festive occasions. Before he leaves the ship I will invite him to give us a lecture on the island of Sumatra or Java.”

“But, Captain Ringgold, you are talking just as though General Noury were to be a passenger on your ship instead of mine,” the other commander objected.

“Not at all. He shall sleep every night on board of the *Blanche*; and that is enough to make him a resident, in shore parlance.”

“Now you have hit upon exactly what I was going to propose!” exclaimed Captain Sharp, springing out of his chair in his delight to find the problem that troubled him solved. “I was intending to suggest that our two ships could be a great deal more sociable; that we should visit from one to the other. My owner is a musician, and has a piano on board. This morning I found him playing the tunes in ‘Gospel Hymns’ on the instrument; and my wife went in and sang some of them with him. The only objection I can see to this plan of exchanging visits is the time it will take to stop the machines, and send the passengers back and forth in the boats.

We are not commercial vessels, hastening to our ports, but sailing all over the world for the fun of it."

"Not exactly for the fun of it; for Louis Belgrave, and all the others incidentally, are obtaining an education from the voyage. But the loss of half an hour a day, more or less, in this interchange of visits, is of no consequence whatever; and it is only from the force of habit that we keep the ship going all the time when she is at sea. In rough weather of course these visits would have to be omitted. But the time appointed for our afternoon conference has come, and I must attend to it; for I believe we have settled the whole matter."

"If you don't object, the general and myself will remain on board to hear the lecture," said the captain of the *Blanche*.

"I shall be very happy to have you do so," replied Captain Ringgold.

Before they took their places on the promenade, an interview was had with General Noury, in which he was informed of the proposed interchange of visits between the parties on board the ships. He was delighted with the plan, and expressed his thanks to the two commanders very enthusiastically for this agreeable arrangement. He was also invited to take an active part in the educational exercises of the *Guardian-Mother*, which he promptly accepted; and Java and Sumatra, the next subjects not given out, were assigned to him, for there would

be a considerable interval between the visits of the ships to these islands.

“Mr. Belgrave will speak to you this afternoon, and his subject will be Burma,” said the commander, when the audience were all seated.

“Mr. Commander, and Ladies and Gentlemen,” Louis began when the applause that greeted him had subsided, though he was a little abashed to see General Noury in front of him, “my subject is Burma, which I spell without any *i* or any *h* at the end of it; for I am not prejudiced by anything I learned in school half a century or less ago. We have got back to India; and it is very little I have to say, as we are talked out on the topic.

“Burma reaches from the Naga Hills, which separate it from Tibet, — which I spell without any *h*, as do the ancients of this company, — about 1,100 miles south, into the Malay Peninsula. Upper Burma is about 700 miles wide, extending from the Bay of Bengal to China,” continued Louis, pointing it out on the map. “The whole country looks like a horseshoe, or king-crab, the body being Upper Burma, and the tail Lower Burma, the latter reaching down into the Malay Peninsula. On the east of it are China and Siam.

“Burma has about 280,000 square miles, or 20,000 more than the State of Texas. All but the tail of the country is the basin of the Irawadi River and its branches, which is navigable for 700 miles. A vast quantity of water comes down from the moun-

tains of the north; and at Brome, 200 miles from the sea, the river is a mile wide at high water, varying in depth forty-five feet at different seasons. The region is inundated by the Irawadi for ten to fifteen miles from its bed; and for this reason the people build their houses on piles. The overflow moves slowly, and does not carry them away."

At this point the speaker was interrupted by something which sounded like the distant report of a cannon; the audience became somewhat inattentive, and the captain left the promenade for the pilot-house.



## CHAPTER VII

## THE MYSTERIOUS VESSEL IN THE NORTH-EAST

THE report of the gun which had disturbed the conference was but a feeble sound, and it had evidently come from a great distance. The speaker had not heard it at all; for he was too much occupied with his talk to heed anything less than an earthquake. Though it had been hardly more than the noise of a pop-gun, most of the audience had noticed it; but no one would have regarded it if the captain had not left his place and gone forward. His movement had at least excited the curiosity of the company; for the report of a gun at sea, as they had all learned, was an ominous sound.

“What is the matter, Mr. Scott?” asked Louis, when he saw that it was useless for him to talk while the thoughts of his audience were elsewhere and he could not make out the occasion of the disturbance.

“Didn’t you hear the report of a gun just now?” inquired the third officer.

“I did not; I made too much noise myself to hear anything else,” replied the lecturer.

“I think we all heard it,” said Mrs. Belgrave, as Captain Sharp left his place, feeling the responsibility of a shipmaster.

"I think we had better get settled again before I proceed," added Louis, not disposed to give to the winds and the waves the remarks for which he had carefully prepared himself.

The company left their places, apparently with the intention of investigating the meaning of the ominous sound that all but the speaker had heard; but before they could descend from the promenade, Captain Ringgold appeared on deck, and made a gesture with both hands, to intimate that there was no occasion for alarm. The party seated themselves again, and the commander mounted to his usual place.

"What is the matter, Captain Ringgold?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, somewhat flurried in her manner.

"So far as I can ascertain at present, there is nothing at all the matter," replied the captain, whose manner quieted the passengers. "Almost hull down, in the north-east, we can make out a vessel; and I suppose from her firing the gun that she is in distress. She is nothing but a speck on the ocean; but there is an indication of black smoke in the air above it which indicates that she is a steamer."

"Then why did she fire the gun?" inquired Captain Sharp.

"That is more than I can answer," replied Captain Ringgold.

"If she can manufacture black smoke, she seems to be in condition to go ahead," suggested the other,

"and she can hardly be in distress. In any case, I don't see why she fired the gun."

"It looks quite irregular and unnecessary to do so. I cannot explain the situation; but I have directed the officer of the watch to keep the ship headed for the vessel, whatever she might prove to be."

"I don't think I should have done so if I had been alone in the *Blanche*," added Captain Sharp. "If the gun had been from a vessel in distress, she would have fired another by this time."

"It will not require more than an hour to solve the doubt, and it will not take us much off our course to do so. I should not like to pass by a vessel that is really in need of assistance," replied the commander of the *Guardian-Mother*, who was not disposed to countermand his order to the officer of the watch. "But it will be some time before we can obtain a better understanding of the situation, and I think we had better proceed with the business of the conference. Mr. Belgrave, you have the floor."

Louis resumed his place on the platform. What the commander had said assured him that he was not likely to be interrupted again; and he glanced at his notes in order to pick up his subject where he had left it. He looked at the map as he took the pointer in his hand, and continued his remarks.

"We are now off the Malay coast" —

"Two hundred and fifty miles from it," interposed the commander, fearful that he might say something

that would frighten the ladies. "Not a word about pirates, Louis!" he added in an impressive whisper.

"I understand," replied the speaker, as he directed his pointer to the map. "Like the rest of British India, Burma is divided into sections, subdivided into twenty districts, for the purpose of the government. The principal of the four districts are Iravadi and Pegu, in the latter of which Rangoon is situated, of which we are to learn more later.

"The amount of rain varies in different parts of Burma. On the coast the average is over 200 inches, or about seventeen feet, which is about enough to float the Guardian-Mother; but I beg to remind you that it does not all come in one shower, though it would be, if evenly distributed through the year, a foot and five inches a month. In the State of New York the range is from forty to fifty inches; east of the Mississippi in our country the greatest average is 64.42 inches a year, while the general range is about 45. You can see from this comparison that 200 inches make it decidedly moist on the coast of Burma.

"But at Rangoon, and other places a short distance from the sea, the fall is only 100 inches, and near the centre of the country it is about the same as in New York. From November to the last of January it is cool, sometimes down to 60° in the early morning. From February to the last of April it is dry and hot, though the glass does not often mount to 100°. I don't see that it is likely to be

any hotter here than it is in New York in July and August.

“In the forests of Burma the most beautiful tree, as well as the most useful, is the teak. Its leaves are from ten to twenty inches long, and from eight to fifteen in width. It grows in India proper, and there are extensive forests of it in Burma and Siam, which here are under government control; and but little of it is now exported, for the supply has been considerably reduced by exportation. It is very useful in ship-building. It is a tall tree, and sometimes the lowest limb is a hundred and twenty feet from the ground. The wood is yellowish in color, like our Southern pine, which I think is sometimes called teak by English and Canadian people.

“The bamboo in Burma, called the giant, is a hundred feet high, and nine inches in diameter, which would make a fishing-rod big enough for the ogres of the fairy tales. But the plant varies in size down to the bigness of a lead-pencil, of which the toy arrows are made. The stock of the bamboo is used for a vast number of useful purposes. The ladies would enjoy a visit to a Burmese forest, for it is full of flowers, not many on the ground, but on climbing vines and trees; and even the teak bears tufts of white flowers.

“Mr. Nimrod McGavonty would find abundant occupation in Burma, for his chosen enemy lives here, the cobra; but he may possibly find here a

snake which is the most venomous of all Eastern serpents. He is called the hamadryad; and I hope Nimrod will not come across him, for he is larger and more dangerous than the cobra, and he will chase an enemy, as most serpents will not, and he is quite as poisonous."

"Show me one of them, and I will prove to him that a bullet from my repeater can travel faster than he can," added Felix, shaking his head like a belligerent Milesian.

"In mythology the Hamadryads were nymphs that died with the trees in which they lived; and there is said to be some kind of a 'sucker' that fastens to a tree here, and dies when the tree decays. A variety of baboon in this country is also called by the same name. There are plenty of pythons, or boa-constrictors, here; and they are big fellows, twenty and even thirty feet long. The elephant and rhinoceros make their home here, as well as tigers, leopards, and bears. There are plenty of the usual domestic animals; horses are not bred, and ponies take their place, with the bullocks such as we saw in India. All the common birds are here, and the peacock is larger and finer than in any other country. On the seashore in the north eatable birds' nests are found, which the Chinese believe in. About every kind of a creature is eaten by the Burmese, the only exception appearing to be the alligators, or crocodiles; for the names are very apt to be confounded, and there is a difference between them.

“The population of Burma is a little over nine millions, including many kinds of people. The natives are of short stature, inclined to be ‘stocky;’ and many of them are also disposed to be robbers and bandits. I suppose some of the ancients of this party remember the name of Ava on the maps; and that country was where Burma now is. I shall not go back two thousand years in the history of the country; but about 1820 the people of this region began to meddle with the English in India, and in the next four years maltreated the subjects of George IV., and even attacked the British troops. No redress being made for the outrages, war followed, which ended in the ceding of Ava to the British Crown.

“But the people were turbulent, though they were kept in tolerable order by King Mindoon Min. He was a very good sort of man; but he died in 1879, and was succeeded by his son Thebaw, who killed off his brothers, sisters, and relatives as his first act of state. The British resident, such as the native princes have near their courts in India proper, protested against this savage action; and he was recalled when it was no longer safe for him to remain in Mandalay, the capital.

“For the next six years the king showed himself very unfriendly to the British powers that were, and utterly refused to listen to reason. The English sought to settle the matter; and finally an ultimatum was sent to Mandalay, which was rejected. Then

King Thebaw issued a proclamation calling upon his subjects to drive the British into the sea. He found he had undertaken a large contract; and on the appearance of an English army, the Burmese surrendered, and the palace, fort, and arsenal were given up. King Thebaw was captured, and carried to India as a prisoner. I have not been able to find out what became of him; but I suppose he was pensioned off, like other intractable monarchs, and practically kept a prisoner. Mr. Commander, I have finished my rambling remarks."

As Louis retired from the platform he was greeted with the most hearty applause, especially by General Noury, who had not before attended a meeting with a home speaker. He grasped his hand as he came into the midst of the party, and declared that he was astonished that a young man of eighteen should be capable of making such an address as that to which he had just listened.

"The Americans must be very talented people if one of the boys can do a thing like that," he declared, still pressing the hand of the speaker.

"It does not seem to me to be a very big thing," replied Louis.

"Can all the 'Big Four' make a speech like that?" asked the Moroccan.

"I think they could if they would, though Mr. Scott is the only one besides myself who has been called upon to take part in the exercises."

"I shall be afraid to take my place on the plat-



form if the ship can bring forward such speakers as you have proved to be."

"I have not the slightest doubt that you will far exceed anything I have done, or can do, General Noury."

"I think not; but we are left here all alone," said the gentleman from Morocco, when he discovered that all the rest of the company had left the promenade, and gone forward. "I suppose they are all anxious to know more about that gun we heard. We had better follow them."

The officer of the deck had obeyed his orders, and the Guardian-Mother had kept her course for the black smoke in the air. But the scene had entirely changed; and what had been taken to be a steamer at a greater distance, proved to be a steam-yacht of about two hundred tons. All the glasses were directed towards her.

"She is a magnificent little vessel!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold. "She has some speed in her for a vessel of her size, and I judge that she is making about ten knots an hour. She is running away from a piratical-looking felucca, or proa, or dhow, whatever they call the craft here."

"The breeze is tolerably fresh, and the proa is making almost as good time as the steam-yacht," added Captain Sharp. "The chase don't look as though she needed any assistance, if it was she that fired the gun."

"It may be that the proa fired it," suggested the

captain of the Guardian-Mother. "Malay pirates have gone out of date; and I don't believe there is anything of that kind now, though that proa is certainly in chase of the steamer. I don't understand it at all, and I suppose we must wait for further developments."

But just at this moment another craft was discovered, several miles ahead of the steam-yacht.

## CHAPTER VIII

## SOMETHING ABOUT PIRATICAL PROAS

THE craft ahead of the steam-yacht could not yet be made out, only that it was a sailing-vessel; and the mystery was hardly nearer a solution than at first. As the situation was when the two captains went to the pilot-house, the nearest proa was within half a mile of the steam-yacht; the Guardian-Mother was at about the same distance from both of them, on their port hand; while the proa whose presence had just been discovered was at least five miles to the north of the ship.

The nearest vessel to the American was a Malay craft; though they were no longer used to any extent for purposes of piracy, as they had been almost exclusively in the earlier years of the present century. The general use of steamers in the commercial marine of nations would have destroyed the business of these savage marauders, even if the navies of England and the United States had not severely punished the depredators.

The Mergui Archipelago, either under that name or some other, extends south to the Strait of Malacca; and these islands and the mainland were the homes of the freebooters. As in the Grecian Archipelago,

piracy was considered a respectable occupation, and not a few Malay towns were supported by the plunder of these miscreants. The region swarmed with proas, used both for warring upon merchantmen and for transportation of the goods to ports where they could be sold.

Before steamers were in general use these proas were on the lookout for merchantmen in the waters of this region, as well as among the numerous islands at the west and south of Borneo. They were in the track of English and American ships bound to or from the ports of China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, passing through the Strait of Sunda, or Malacca. Vessels making these voyages were armed in those days, and shipped larger crews than at the present time, for the purpose of beating off the pirates, in which they were successful as often as otherwise.

The Malay and Bornean proas were often armed with cannon, one at the pointed bow, and sometimes another at the stern, also pointed, which were obtained from the plunder of armed merchantmen. The craft were propelled both by sail and oars, or paddles, two banks of them, one above the other, in the larger ones. The Malay name of this craft is "prahu." Like the felucca with which the Guardian-Mother had contended in the Grecian Archipelago, it was sharp at both ends, so that it could be sailed in either direction without delay in turning the hull, or "coming about."

A vessel with plenty of wind was in little or no danger from these predatory craft, for she could crowd on sail and keep out of their way. But it was the trick of the Malays to catch the merchantman in a calm, when the ship was helpless so far as manœuvring was concerned; and beating off the pirates was their last and only resort. But several, even a dozen proas, fitted out from the same pirate town, would attack a single ship; and the odds were all against the honest trader in Eastern seas.

The original and true "prahu" had one side entirely flat, while the other was in regular boat-shape, so that it looked like the section of a vessel used as a model by the shipbuilder, or like a hull split into two halves, fore and aft, one of the parts forming the proa. A vessel of this shape would inevitably capsize with the wind on the boat-side if provision were not made for this situation. A sort of platform that could be hoisted up when not required, and loaded with heavy weight, was rigged on the weak side, which kept her from upsetting in a strong breeze. As she could sail in either direction, it was not necessary to do so with the flat side to leeward.

It was practically the same thing in use as the out-rigger of the proas in the south seas. But it is doubtful if any of them are built in this manner, unless in the case of small boats, at the present time. Many of the proas are of a hundred tons burden, and are used as freighting vessels in all Indian seas, so that the presence of the proa at which the people of

the Guardian-Mother were gazing was not an unusual sight in these waters.

This proa had two immense latteen sails, with which the party had become familiar on the Nile, where all the dahabéahs are rigged with them. As nearly as the two commanders could estimate it, the speed of the chase, which is always the vessel pursued, while the pursuer is the chaser, was about ten knots an hour, and that of the proa was not more than nine. The more the experts looked at the situation the more perplexing it became. Why the steamer had not run away from the chaser by this time was the troublesome matter, without considering the object of the chase; for it was full three-quarters of an hour since the gun had called attention to the steamer, and the proa had not been seen in the beginning.

“The yacht is sailing a knot faster than the proa, which could not be seen, and therefore must have been more than half a mile astern of her,” said Captain Ringgold, summing up the matter after they had observed the two vessels for a considerable time.

“I can only guess that the yacht did not have on a full head of steam when she realized that the proa was chasing her,” replied Captain Sharp. “Do you suppose she is a pirate?”

“I do not; but I have heard of some cases of piracy in recent years, though I think they were in the China Sea, in which junks were the assailants. Of course it is possible, but I hardly think a pirate

would show himself in these waters," added the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

"Why should she be chasing the steam-yacht if she is not?" demanded the other expert.

"That is the mystery we cannot solve at present."

"I believe she is a Malay pirate!" exclaimed Captain Sharp very decidedly.

"I hardly believe it, though it is possible, as I said before," returned Captain Ringgold. "If she were a pirate, do you think she would continue to pursue the steamer with the intention of capturing her in the presence of two such steamers as yours and mine?"

"Probably the captain of that proa has made up his mind that our ships are not men-of-war," answered Captain Sharp, as he took the glass from the hand of the other, and directed it at the proa.

He continued to look at her for several minutes, and was evidently studying every part of her, in order to fortify the opinion he had given in regard to her character.

"She is not an honest vessel with an honest cargo for any port on the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal," he declared as he lowered the glass; "I am decidedly of that opinion now, though my first statement was only a snap judgment."

"What makes you so firm in this belief?"

"In the first place, she is full of men."

Captain Ringgold took the glass, and looked the proa over again.

“You are right, Sharp; she has more hands than any honest trader would carry,” he added. “I am sorry to see that she is getting more breeze from the north-east, and appears to be gaining on the chase.”

“I see that she has a brass gun mounted on her fore-castle,” continued Captain Sharp.

“I see she has; and honest traders have no need of such an armament in these days.”

“And another at her pinky-stern,” added the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

“I see she has,” added the other, after another look through the glass. “I know you well enough to believe that you will not stand by and see a pirate capture a steamer without taking a hand in the game;” and there was considerable excitement in his manner, though the other captain was as unmoved as though no other vessel had been within sight.

“Of course not; but I can hardly believe that the captain of that proa intends to attack the steamer in our presence.”

“Why doesn’t he sheer off, then, and go about his business?” demanded Captain Sharp, more excited than before, as they left the pilot-house, and went to the upper deck.

“Captain Bakir, what is that proa which is chasing the little steamer?” asked Captain Ringgold, when he saw the Bornean on the promenade, observing the movements of the two vessels. “Is she a pirate?”

“*Creo que no,*” replied the waif, who was as



apt to answer in one language as another when addressed.

“‘I believe not,’” interposed Louis, interpreting the Spanish; for he was standing with others on the promenade.

“Speak English, man!” said the commander somewhat impatiently.

“I do not think the prahu a pirate is,” repeated Achang Bakir in his German mixture of English. “She is not of Borneo.”

At this moment, as if to negative the opinion of the Bornean, the report of a cannon startled the ladies on the promenade, and a puff of smoke rose from the bow of the proa. The experts watched with intense interest for the effect of the shot. The ball struck the water a short distance astern of the steam-yacht, proving that it had been fired at her.

“What do you think now, Captain Ringgold?” asked the other commander.

“I am afraid you are right, though I was unable to believe your statement at first,” replied he. “The proa’s gun is not a heavy one, and the yacht is still out of her range, though, from the present outlook, she will soon be able to reach her intended victim.”

“I think it is about time for General Noury and myself to return to the *Blanche*; for it looks as though there was to be music in the air before the sun goes down to-night,” said Captain Sharp.

“The captain of the pirate evidently takes our steamers for a couple of harmless craft, who will not

venture to interfere with his pleasant affair; but we are nearer to him than the chase, and we are going faster than either of them," said the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

"Another shot from the proa!" exclaimed Louis, who was trying to be as unmoved as his model, the captain.

All eyes were directed to the handsome steam-yacht, the owners of them expecting to see a shot rip up her stern; but the missile dropped into the water not a hundred feet from the starboard rail of the Guardian-Mother.

"Make the course north-west, Mr. Boulong!" called the commander through the after window of the pilot-house.

"North-west, sir," repeated the first officer.

"Is it your intention to run away from that proa?" demanded Captain Sharp, with the slightest indication of indignation in his tones.

"It is not my intention to have my ship knocked to pieces by the guns of the proa," replied Captain Ringgold with a smile. "I am not disposed to take part in this affair till I understand it better. Of course you command your own ship, Sharp, and you are not under my orders. In a few minutes one of my boats shall put you and General Noury on board of the *Blanche*;" and he gave the order for Mr. Gaskette to clear away the second cutter.

"Excuse me, Captain Ringgold, if I said anything out of the way," added the captain of the *Blanche*;

“for I did not intend to cast a reflection of any kind upon the best friend I ever had in my life. You are a veteran naval officer, and understand such a situation as this better than I do, and I shall be glad to obey your orders in manœuvring the *Blanche* in this affair.”

“It is all right, Sharp; you were a little excited,” replied the captain of the *Guardian-Mother* in a pleasant and familiar tone.

“I am a military man, and have commanded large bodies of men,” interposed General Noury; “and I know that one general on the field is better than two, and I am sure that one admiral on the sea is better than a couple of them. Therefore, I hope Captain Ringgold will have the entire command in this affair.”

Just then another shot was fired by the proa; and the shot fell into the water a little farther off than the first one. But it proved that the pirate was making war on the ship, though the captain did not change his tactics at all, or take any notice of the shot. The ship was now going at full speed on her new course. A series of triumphant yells came from the crowded proa; and the Malays, or whatever they were, appeared to believe that the shots had driven off the two steamers that might interfere with the capture of the steam-yacht.

“I am ready to receive your orders, Admiral Ringgold,” said Captain Sharp, as the ship stopped her screw in order to send the visitors back to the

Blanche. "We have four guns of heavier calibre, and British tars enough who have served in the 'queen's navee' to handle them; and we can blow that proa into a thousand pieces in three and a half minutes, whenever you give the word."

"Don't be too enthusiastic, Sharp. In the first place, you will go the northward of the steam-yacht, and take care of matters in that quarter, and I will endeavor to do the right thing on this side of the intended victim," replied Captain Ringgold.

"The steam-yacht has stopped her screw!" shouted Louis, as the visitors moved aft to take the cutter for the Blanche.

All looked in the direction of the handsome craft, and saw that Louis's announcement was correct.

## CHAPTER IX

## THE GUNS OF THE GUARDIAN-MOTHER SPEAK

THE Guardian-Mother had gone ahead on her new course to the north-west a short distance, but far enough to place her out of the reach of the proa's shots; so that the position of the three vessels at the moment when the steam-yacht's screw ceased to revolve was considerably changed. The American was at the apex of an equilateral triangle, while the two smaller vessels actually engaged in the affray were at the other two angles. In other words, the three vessels were equally distant from each other.

Captain Sharp and General Noury had reached the *Blanche*; and the former was evidently expediting affairs, for the boat was hoisted up to the davits in quick time, and a few minutes later a dense volume of black smoke began to roll out of her funnel. About as soon as the cutter was clear of the water, the steamer went ahead; and her jingle-bell for full speed sounded as soon as the commander reached the deck. Those on board of her consort saw so much of her movements; but they were too much absorbed in the operations of the two principal craft engaged in the drama to give much attention to her, and she went on her way, to obey the order of Captain Ringgold.

The stopping of the yacht's screw was the most perplexing problem of the present situation; for with the increased breeze the proa was swooping down on her like an eagle upon its prey. The crowd of fierce-looking men was swarming on her forward deck; but she wasted no time in handling her guns, for she seemed to be sure of her victim without cutting her up with cannon-balls.

All the passengers, including the ladies, remained on the promenade of the ship; for they were not only deeply interested in the result of the affair, but they were filled with sympathy for the beautiful yacht, which seemed to be doomed to destruction, or at least to capture. The commander had suggested to them that they had better retire to the cabin, though he assured them that they were in no immediate danger; but they preferred to remain where they could see what was going on.

Being in a safe position, Captain Ringgold had rung the speed-bell, and then the gong, and the ship had now lost all her headway. All hands had been called; and they were now at their stations in readiness for any emergency that might be presented. No order had yet been given looking to the use of the six guns which constituted the armament of the Guardian-Mother since she sailed from Aden; but they were always in readiness for any emergency, and there was a plentiful supply of ammunition in the magazine.

The *Blanche* carried four twelve-pounders; and

Captain Sharp seemed to be more inclined to make use of them than the other captain was to have him do so. The Guardian-Mother had two twelve-pounders on her top-gallant fore-castle, placed there for Fourth of July purposes, or for firing signals, though they had been in more active service in the Grecian Archipelago. To this armament the commander had added four twenty-four pounders at Aden, with the ammunition necessary for them, though he had little or no expectation of ever having to use them.

The captain and Mr. Boulong stood on the upper deck, over the pilot-house, observing the movements of the proa and the small steamer, a position the former had taken as soon as the visitors to the ship had gone aft on their way to the Blanche; and he was there when Louis Belgrave shouted his announcement that the yacht had stopped her screw. The young man realized that the critical moment had come, and he expected the next moment to see the horde of barbarians precipitated upon the deck of the handsome steamer.

"What does that mean?" demanded Captain Ringgold, as his attention was turned from his departing guests at the announcement of Louis; and a glance at the little steamer assured him that the information was correct.

"I don't understand it," replied Mr. Boulong. "It looks as though she had given up her attempt to run away from her pursuer, and intended to surrender, or make terms with the enemy."

“But she is using what headway she has left in coming to,” added the commander, a few minutes after the screw had ceased to turn. “That does not indicate that she intends to surrender.”

“I can make nothing of her conduct. If her captain intended to stop his screw, I should suppose he would have come to before he did so,” suggested the first officer.

But they had not another moment to indulge in conjectures; for as soon as the yacht had come about so that she was at right angles with the proa, a gun pealed from her starboard side.

“That is convincing evidence that she does not intend to surrender or parley with the enemy,” said the commander.

Louis had a spy-glass with him on the promenade, which he directed at the proa, and saw the shot strike in the bow of the proa; for he could make out the flying splinters, and noticed that several men dropped from their places on the forecastle. A howl of rage and fury went up from the swarm of barbarians that darkened the deck of the pirate, as by this time she proved to be to the satisfaction of all on board the ship.

“There’s music in the air, as the captain of the *Blanche* called it, over on the other side of the beauty,” said Felix, who was at the side of Louis; and the report of a gun was heard in that direction. “Faix! we are in for it now, and it is high time for Captain Ringgold to make a move of some sort.”





"The observers could see the short foremast of the pirate topple over."



"He will move when his time comes, you may be sure of that, Flix," replied Louis. "The Zuleima means business also, it appears, and means to defend herself."

"What do you call her, darling?" asked Felix.

"I made out the name on her stern with the glass when she came to, and it is the Zuleima."

"What is it, Mr. Belgrave?" asked the commander, who was within hearing of the young men.

Louis repeated it to the captain, who uttered it after him.

"It sounds like a Turkish or Egyptian name, and I wonder if she is a Turkish craft," added Captain Ringgold, who had been trying to make out the nationality of the little steamer.

"She has a flag at her ensign-staff; but it doesn't belong to any of the nations of the earth," replied Mr. Boulong.

At this moment another shot from the Zuleima sounded on the breezy air, and Louis directed his glass to the proa again; but no glass was needed, for all the observers could see the short foremast of the pirate topple over with the huge latteen sail bent upon it, and drop into the sea on her port side. Another howl of rage and fury rent the air at this disaster, for it was certainly a severe check to the onward progress of the proa. She was not more than two cables' length distant from her prey, and something more than that from the Guardian-Mother.

"Run up the foremast, Flix, and see if you can

make out what the *Blanche* is about," said Louis ; for the *Zuleima* cut off the most of the view of her.

The reports of shots came from that direction, and it was evident that Captain Sharp was engaged with an enemy of some sort. Felix ran up the fore-rigging high enough to obtain a fair view of the hull of the *Blanche*; for her masts could be seen over the yacht.

"The *Blanche* is fighting another proa over yonder, and she has got in between her and the *Julia-ima*," reported Felix.

"That must be the sail we saw in the distance a while ago," said the commander, who had mounted the promenade with the first officer; for they could obtain a better view of the conflict from this elevation. "This makes it look just as though this affair was a plot laid out beforehand to capture the *Zuleima*. Plainly the plan was to nip the handsome yacht between these two proas, so that, if the wind failed them, either of them could head off the steamer if she attempted to escape;" and they would probably have succeeded if the tourist fleet, as Sir Modava called the two steamers, had not interrupted the arrangement.

"Can you get any idea with your glass of the number of men on board of the *Zuleima*, Mr. Belgrave?" asked the commander.

"I was trying to count them, and had got up to twelve; but I don't think there are over twenty on board of her," replied Louis.

"There is a big man with a sheet wrapped around

him, and a crooked sabre in his hand, on the after deck of the proa, yelling like mad to the cutthroats on the proa; and they are clearing away the wreck," interposed Felix from his more elevated position.

"The pirate has her big mainsail, and she is still moving towards the Zuleima," said the captain. "If she should get alongside of her, and board, she would make quick work of the capture, and without any help from the craft on the other side of her. I think it is about time for us to take a hand in the game, though I hoped we might escape from any interference with the affair."

"I should say it was high time for us to do something," added Mr. Boulong.

"The captain of the Zuleima stopped his screw at about the moment we changed the course of the ship, and I am afraid he mistook the meaning of our change of course," continued the commander, as he rang the gong for the ship to go ahead.

"It is possible," replied the first officer.

"Of course we can only guess at his conclusion. I am inclined to think he expected our two ships to interfere; and when we headed the Guardian-Mother to the north-west, he abandoned all hope of assistance in this direction, and decided to fight the battle himself. He has good gunners on board, and they are at it still," the captain proceeded, as another gun sent a shot at the proa.

"That shot was aimed at the mainmast of the pirate, but the gunner missed," said Louis, as he turned his glass to the proa again.

Another howl, sounding like one of triumph this time at the failure of the shot to do any farther injury to the craft, followed.

"They are hauling in the big foresail, and putting in a mast in place of the old one," reported Felix from his perch in the rigging.

"The captain of the pirate is driving business, and he will soon have his craft ready to go ahead again at full speed," added the commander.

"Mr. Boulong, you will open fire on the pirate with the forward guns on the main deck."

This meant the pair of twenty-four pounders on the forward deck. The men, including seven men-of-war's men who had served in the navy during the War of the Rebellion, the stewards, and some of the passengers who had volunteered, had been exercised in handling these guns and those on the top-gallant forecastle. The second officer had charge of those on the main deck forward, and the third officer of those aft, while Quartermaster Bangs commanded at the location of the twelve-pounders. The first officer had the general supervision of all of them.

When he was ready the captain ordered Quartermaster Twist to bring the ship to, so that the port gun could be brought to bear on the enemy. By this time Mr. Boulong had both guns on his side of the vessel in readiness for action.

"Fire when you are ready, Mr. Boulong," said the commander, though he could not do his work in full man-of-war style, as he would have done if the construction of the ship had permitted.

Captain Ringgold rang the gong to stop and back her, and soon brought the steamer as near to a position of rest as the heaving sea would permit. Not more than five minutes later the twenty-four pounder on the starboard side of the main deck thundered out the first sound from the Guardian-Mother; and it shook every fibre in her frame. The ladies had their fingers in their ears when the commander advised them to retire to the cabin; and this time they were willing to do so.

“Do you think we are in any danger, Captain Ringgold?” asked Mrs. Woolridge.

“I don’t believe you will be in any danger at all in the cabin, madam,” replied the commander.

“But I want to see the battle, mamma,” said Miss Blanche.

Her mother interposed, and she followed her to the cabin; but Louis and the others admired the pluck of the beautiful maiden. Before the effect of the shot could be discovered through the dense smoke that enveloped the forward part of the ship, the report of the after gun shook the steamer as before.

The gunners had been directed what to do if they could, and it was soon evident that both shots had produced a decided effect upon the proa.

“The first shot carried away her stern, and the second her bow!” reported Felix, who still retained his position in the fore-rigging, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the deck.

## CHAPTER X

## THE FURTHER PROGRESS OF THE CONFLICT

FELIX MCGAVONTY exaggerated somewhat the condition of the proa; for, though the bow and stern of the pirate craft might be said to be wrecked, they were hardly carried away. A shot from the Zuleima at about the same moment had carried away the mainmast of the proa, and for the moment at least she was disabled. The howls and yells that came from the rabble of barbarians on board of her were louder and more savage than ever.

In the midst of the wreck that surrounded him, the chief in command, "with a sheet wrapped around him," as Felix put it, appeared to be as vigorous as ever, and not utterly dismayed by the havoc of the last three shots fired into his craft. He was delivering his orders in a loud and fierce tone, and his words could be heard, though they were not understood. The multitude were busy immediately in clearing away the wreck; but they had not yet stepped the new mast forward.

"That will do for the present, Mr. Boulong," said Captain Ringgold. "I do not wish to engage in a slaughter of the wretches. Have the guns ready, but cease firing till further orders."



“That proa looks as though she was about used up,” added Louis, as the first officer went to execute the orders he had received. “What is to prevent her from going to the bottom, sir?”

“That is the very thing I have tried to avoid, and she has received no serious injury below her water line. The upper part of her bow and stern are badly torn away, but I don’t think she is taking in water to any extent,” replied the commander, whose practised eye had measured the effect of the shots.

“I should suppose she had had enough of it,” continued Louis, to whom the spectacle of the moment was a new thing.

“I am afraid she will not give it up yet a while,” replied the captain, as he observed the energetic action of the pirate chief. “She is assuredly in a tight place; but it is as possible for her to run away as it is to board the Zuleima. If she could do the latter, she would soon make an end of the affair. But we can send her to the bottom, or blow her into splinters in the air before she could do that.”

“Then you consider the battle fought, and the victory won?” said Louis interrogatively.

“Practically so; the proa is helpless for the present, though they are still at work on the foremast, and they may succeed in getting sail on her. She has another resource, and I wonder that she is not already making use of it.”

“What is that?”

“Her oars; you can see that she is double-banked, and I doubt not she can put out from forty to sixty sweeps, with which this sort of craft can do effective work,” the commander explained. “She has had no occasion to make use of them before; for in the present breeze her sails gave her all the speed she wanted, more than she could get from her sweeps. Felix!” he called to the Milesian in the rigging.

“On deck, sir!” replied that worthy, making a bull of it as usual.

“Can you make out what the *Blanche* is about?”

“I can, sir,” replied Felix, who had been so absorbed in the work done by the guns of the *Guardian-Mother* that he had given no attention to the mission assigned to him.

“Well, what is she doing?” asked the captain, while Felix was gathering up the situation on the other side of the *Zuleima*.

“The proa over there has lost her mainmast, and the *Blanche* is chasing her,” replied the lookout in the fore-rigging, who desired to make a correct report.

The commander asked no more questions, for by this time he could see the combatants on the weather hand of the *Zuleima*. The steamer there had driven her antagonist away from the intended prize, and the proa was making a course in a north-westerly direction, the only one she could make without coming into the range of the *Guardian-Mother*'s guns. But the *Blanche* could hardly be said to be chasing the

proa in that quarter; for she could have overhauled her in fifteen minutes if she had been so disposed.

Captain Ringgold had expressed his views to the commander of the *Blanche*, and the latter was evidently acting upon them. The proas were both packed with men, and the "admiral," as General Noury had called him, had foreseen that a terrible slaughter must follow if the two steamers poured shot, shell, and canister into them, as they were capable of doing. It was with sincere regret that he had interfered at all in the affair; and even Captain Sharp had thought he was rather backward in the beginning, while some of the officers and most of the seamen regarded the battle as rather enjoyable.

If Captain Ringgold had permitted the skirmish to take its own course, and his officers and men to carry out their own ideas,—for they had all the sailor's abhorrence and hatred of pirates,—the two proas would have been on their way to the bottom of the Indian Ocean, with their multitudinous crews struggling for life in the waves. From the beginning he had counselled moderation to Captain Sharp, and had expressed his temperate ideas to his own officers.

He was a Christian commander, and was strongly averse to taking human life unless under the most evident necessity. His heart and conscience rebelled at the thought of taking the lives of these miserable barbarians, cutthroats though they were. He did not regard them as pirates in the worst sense of the

word, for the practice of that nefarious calling had long ago ceased to be the principal occupation of the Malays, Borneans, and other islanders of this region.

Captain Sharp had sailed with the commander of the *Guardian-Mother* in the West Indies when his ship was beset by an enemy hardly less savage than the pirates of the proas, and he fully comprehended the high-toned moderation of his superior. He had ceased to use his guns; and the only damage the more distant proa appeared to have sustained was the loss of her mainmast. This crippled her to a considerable extent. Her chief did not seem to be so furious a fighter as the one in command of the nearer craft. He had reason enough to realize that, after the two large steamers opened fire, the proas had no chance whatever of capturing the *Zuleima*, and he had sensibly withdrawn from the contest, as doubtless he supposed his consort would do.

While the proa that had fared the worst was as lively as a beehive in June, her captain beating the air with his gestures as he directed and drove his men in the execution of his orders in repairing the disasters to his craft, the *Guardian-Mother* was in a waiting mood. The old salts at the guns were impatiently waiting for orders to renew the firing, but waited in vain. The Christian commander would give no such order at the present stage of the conflict.

Somewhat to the surprise of Louis and others, Captain Ringgold rang a stroke upon the engine

gong, which was the signal to go ahead. All wondered what was to be done next. The proa near her seemed to be incapable of using her double bank of oars, her deck was so lumbered up with the wreck of the two masts.

"Come about, Twist, and run for the small steamer!" said the captain at the speaking-tube to the pilot-house.

Louis could hear what he said, though others could not. Felix kept reporting on the situation beyond the Zuleima, though there was really nothing to report, for the situation remained the same. The proa there was making her escape under her huge foresail alone, and the *Blanche* was following her at less than half her usual speed. Captain Sharp had been instructed to take care of the pirate, and he was doing so.

But a little later there was something to report, and Felix announced that the *Blanche* was coming about, as the commander could see for himself when his attention was called in that direction. She had driven the proa about a mile from the Zuleima, and she appeared to consider that her services were no longer needed in that direction.

"That's all right," said Captain Ringgold. "The proa can do no mischief in that quarter. Report if the pirate follows her, Felix!" he called to the volunteer lookout.

"I don't believe she will follow her," added Louis. "She appears to have had enough of it; and to

know when she has had enough, as the other does not."

The commander had not rung the speed-bell, and the Guardian-Mother, after she had come about, was slowly moving towards the Zuleima. Louis directed his glass to her; and when the ship came within hail of her the commander rang the gong to stop her. At this distance the sound of hammers beating upon iron-work could be heard on board of her. The sea was not very rough, and the captain rang the gong again, and went as near to her as it was prudent to go, nearer than he would have gone under ordinary circumstances.

"Zuleima, ahoy!" shouted Captain Ringgold through his speaking-trumpet, after he had rung the gong again.

The answer to the hail came back in a language the commander did not understand. Captain Achang Bakir was standing near the promenade, watching the proceedings with intense interest.

"What language does he speak?" asked the captain, turning to him.

"Hindustanee," replied the waif. "He gives your hail back; no more."

"On board the steamer!" shouted another from the Zuleima in good English; and it was evident that the captain had sent for an Englishman to do his talking for him.

"You are safe enough now for a while; why don't you go ahead?" called Captain Ringgold in his loudest tones.

“We can’t do it! Our engine is disabled! We stopped the screw only when it gave out!” returned the representative of the Zuleima. “We drove it too hard trying to get away from that proa!”

This answer fully explained the reason why the little steam-yacht had stopped her screw at the most critical time in the affair.

“Who are you?” demanded Captain Ringgold.

“Leander Watts, chief engineer of the steamer,” replied the speaker of the craft. “What steamer is that?”

“The American steam-yacht Guardian-Mother, of New York,” answered the commander. “What steamer is that?”

“The Zuleima, the steam-yacht of the Maharajah of Alderalabad, with himself and his daughter on board,” replied Leander Watts. “We are returning from a voyage to Manila.”

“How badly is your engine injured?” inquired the commander.

“Not very badly. We are at work upon it, and I expect to be ready to go ahead in about half an hour, if we are not boarded by those cutthroats before that time.”

“Have you men enough to make your repairs?”

“No, sir; I have only one man who is a machinist.”

“How many more can you use?”

“Three!”

“I will send them at once!” replied the captain,

as he passed an order to his chief engineer to be ready with two of his men to go to the Zuleima, and another to Mr. Gaskette to swing out the second cutter.

“Are you the captain of that steamer?” asked Watts.

“I am; Captain Ringgold, at your service.”

“For Captain Rahjmal of the Zuleima, I thank you most heartily for the work you have done for us. Without it we should all have been at the bottom, or in the hands of these beggarly cutthroats,” replied Watts, apparently prompted by the captain, who stood by his side, dressed in Hindu costume.

Mr. Sentrick, followed by the third engineer and two oilers, all loaded with the tools of their calling, soon appeared on deck, and the second cutter was ready to take them on board. The commander told the engineer what he knew about the Zuleima as the men were taking their places in the boat; and in five minutes more they were on board of the yacht. The noise of hammers was greatly increased, for the men sent were all machinists.

In the cutter with the engineer Louis was a passenger; for he had asked permission to go with the party. There was no danger now, for the Guardian-Mother would remain between the Zuleima and the proa; and the captain directed the young man to obtain all the information he could in regard to the yacht, and especially in respect to the occasion of the present conflict; for he was satisfied that the proas



were not ordinary pirates, and that the affair grew out of something not yet revealed.

Felix McGavonty wanted to go with his crony, and asked permission to do so from his perch in the rigging; but the commander declined to grant it on the plea that he was needed in his present position. And he was needed where he was, for the boat had hardly reached the Zuleima before he had occasion to report that the pirate had manned her oars.

## CHAPTER XI

## THE FINAL DEFEAT OF THE PIRATE PROA

THE Guardian-Mother had gone ahead, until she was at a point between the Zuleima and the hostile proa, and her starboard battery of two guns was in the face of the enemy, which had turned since her masts went by the board, so that she lay in an oblique position as regarded the ship. The pirate seemed to have abandoned for the time her efforts to step a foremast, and had simply cleared away the wreck, though a portion of her men were still engaged in this work.

Captain Ringgold was satisfied that he held the key to the situation, and that he could at his own pleasure knock the proa all to pieces. The barbarians appeared to be terribly excited to wrath, and their howls and yells rent the air; but from certain indications the commander judged that their present fury was caused by the discovery that her companion proa had abandoned the conflict, and would no longer support her.

“The *Blanche* has come about, and is returning!” shouted Felix.

“That is right and reasonable,” added the captain to Mr. Boulong.

“You can make an end of this affair at any moment you choose, Captain Ringgold,” suggested the first officer.

“I am aware of it,” replied the commander rather coldly; for Mr. Boulong would have blown the pirate craft out of the water at once if he had had his own way. “We are in no hurry, and I am opposed to using any more force than is absolutely necessary.”

“But the battle seems to be between that craft and the ship,” returned the first officer, who admired and respected his superior in the highest degree, though he could not help thinking that he was rather “slow” on the present occasion.

“I am perfectly willing to have it so,” answered the captain. “The Zuleima cannot use her guns now, for the ship lies between her and the enemy; and I will not use mine as long as I can avoid doing so. In other words, I have chosen our present position in order to bring about this state of affairs.”

“How many men do you suppose there are on board of the proa, Captain Ringgold?” asked Mr. Boulong.

“With the help of Louis and Felix I have estimated the number at a hundred and twenty; more than that rather than less,” replied the commander very quietly, as though he were not at all appalled by the figures.

“Felix has just now reported that she was getting out her oars,” added the first officer, evidently using the statement as a suggestion.

“Precisely; but I judge from the confusion on board of the proa that she is not yet ready to use them.”

“She has about six men to our one,” said Mr. Boulong, making another suggestive remark, of which, however, the captain seemed to take no notice. “What was your order to Bangs on the top-gallant forecastle?”

“I directed him to load the twelve-pounders there with canister.”

“That is right, and in accordance with my order.”

“Excuse me, Captain, but has it occurred to you that the pirate may attempt to board the Guardian-Mother, now that she has come between her and her prey?” inquired Mr. Boulong, more deferentially than he usually spoke to his superior; and there was some anxiety apparent in his expression.

“It has occurred to me,” replied the commander with a smile.

“We muster eighteen seamen, including the two quartermasters,” added the first officer impressively; for he believed the commander was taking things very coolly even for him, who never seemed to be disturbed by anything.

“It is not my intention to permit the Guardian-Mother to be boarded by the pirate,” answered the captain very pleasantly. “I know that you are a brave man, Mr. Boulong, and the most reliable officer on board of the ship, but I am afraid you are a little alarmed at the present situation.”

"I acknowledge that I am; for, as the cutthroats cannot board the little steam-yacht without going through us, I fear that they will try to board the ship."

"As I said, I shall not permit them to do that."

"Excuse me, Captain Ringgold, if I have said too much; and all I meant to suggest was that it is better to fight them at long range than hand to hand on the deck of the ship."

"I entirely agree with you, Mr. Boulong; but if I should pour a couple of charges of canister into the mob on the deck of the proa, I should feel that it would be little better than murder, unless in a case of absolute necessity," added the commander very deliberately.

"I am sorry I said a word, Captain," replied Mr. Boulong. "It is my business to obey orders, and not to meddle with the affairs of my superior officer; and I am afraid I have not stuck to my rule of life this time."

"You have said nothing that is in the least out of character, my friend," returned the commander. "Our discipline is not so rigid as that of a man-of-war. Perhaps if I had stated my plan sooner, it would have saved you some very natural uneasiness."

"I have not for a moment felt that you would not fetch us out of this affair all right," protested the first officer earnestly.

"I have not a word of fault to find with you, Mr.

Boulong. I believe you were below when I hailed the Zuleima, but you saw me send Mr. Sentrick and a couple of his men on board of the yacht. Her chief engineer said he expected to be ready to work his engine in half an hour, and half of that time has elapsed since. If the proa should get under way, we shall not fire canister first, but solid shot; and you will instruct Mr. Gaskette and Mr. Scott to this effect."

"The starboard guns on the main deck are now loaded with round shot."

"I am aware of the fact; and the twelve-pounders forward with canister. If the pirate begins to move in this direction, put the shot into the hull; disable her if possible. If it comes to boarding, we will use case shot; but I shall be very sorry if it comes to that, and I don't think it will."

"I understand you perfectly now, Captain Ringgold; and I hope you will excuse me for anything out of the way I may have said."

"You did your duty. As the commander, I have a right to the opinion and counsel of my chief officer."

"You don't need any counsel from me," replied Mr. Boulong as he left the commander and went below to explain to the officers in charge of the guns what the captain desired.

The commander remained near his bell-pulls and speaking-tubes; but he kept his gaze fixed upon the proa all the time, occasionally relieved by a glance at the Zuleima to ascertain if she was ready to get

under way; for the half-hour of the engineer had nearly expired. She was not yet ready.

"The proa is getting out her oars!" shouted Felix from aloft.

The commander could see there was still a great deal of confusion on board of the pirate, and it was evident to him that the wreck of the two masts were somewhat in the way of the rowers. But the men were getting them out very slowly, and the chief was still shouting furiously at them.

"The second cutter is coming, Captain Ringgold!" shouted Felix.

Mr. Gaskette had boarded the yacht on the port side; and when the captain looked, he discovered the second cutter coming around the stern of the *Zuleima*. A little later Felix reported the screw of the little steamer in motion. She came almost entirely about, and pointed her head to the north-west, which the captain judged had been her course before the trouble began.

"The proa is moving, sir!" yelled Felix.

"Let her move, my lad," replied the commander, as he rang the gong to go ahead, and instructed Twist at the helm to follow the yacht. "You may come down now, Felix; your occupation in the fore-rigging is gone."

"Have you noticed that the proa is under way, Captain Ringgold?" asked Mr. Boulong, as he came up from the main deck and touched his cap to his superior.

"Felix has announced the fact," replied the captain. "Have you noticed that the Zuleima is also under way, Mr. Boulong?"

"I had not, for I was looking the other way," replied the first officer.

"We are all right now, and we have not been obliged to murder any of those miscreants," replied the commander; but he did not take the time to express his great satisfaction at the final result of the affair, for he so regarded the present situation.

"It has come out just as you said it would," added the first officer.

"Stand by to pick up the second cutter," added the captain, as he rang to stop the screw.

Then he rang to back her; the boat came alongside, and was hastily hoisted up to the davits by the men who had been called from the guns for the purpose. Louis was the first to leap from the stern-sheets to the deck. The ship went ahead again at the signal of the captain. The young man hastened to the captain to report what he had to say.

"I suppose you have a yarn to spin by this time, Mr. Belgrave," said the commander, as Louis approached him.

"I have, sir; for I have spent about all my time on board of the Zuleima in the cabin with the Maharajah of Alderalabad, if that is where he hails from, — for I couldn't make out the name any better than you did, — and his daughter, who is almost as beautiful as Miss Blanche, and her name is Zuleima, and



that is where the handsome yacht got her name, and " —

"Avast!" interposed the captain.

"The yarn is almost a love-story, but" —

"Avast!" repeated the captain. "I have not time now to listen to a love-story."

At that moment a most terrific howl came from the proa, as though her barbarian crew had just discovered that the Zuleima was under way, and headed to the north-west. The chief in command of her could not help realizing that his prey was getting away from him; but he did not intend to give up the battle yet, for a minute later the bow gun of the proa belched out a cannon-ball, which dropped a hundred feet astern of the Guardian-Mother, at which it had been discharged.

"That is all nonsense now," said the commander contemptuously.

"But she is working her sweeps to the utmost," added Louis.

"Let her work them; she can't make more than five or six knots an hour in this choppy sea, and in three minutes' time if she fires again, her shot will fall two hundred feet from us. The affair is finished, Louis; and the captain of that craft can't wake it up again if he tries."

"His men are using the sweeps for all they are worth," said Louis.

"Very likely; but they are not worth much, and the pirate is out of the game. The ladies will be as

safe now on the promenade as they are in the cabin; and as they all have a laudable curiosity, you may invite them to return to the upper deck."

Two more shots from the proa followed the first one; and, as the captain had predicted, both of them fell farther than ever short of the mark. The Blanche had stopped her screw about half a mile from the Zuleima, with the evident intention of protecting her from the proa in that quarter. Both of the large steamers, large only in comparison with the maharajah's yacht, could steam at least six knots an hour faster than the small one. As the Zuleima approached, Captain Sharp placed his ship on the port hand of her, and kept abreast of her by making about two-thirds of her possible speed.

The commander of the Guardian-Mother ordered Twist to place the ship on the starboard hand of the yacht, and keep abreast of her. At this point Louis appeared at the head of the gangway, conducting Miss Blanche towards the promenade, all the rest of the passengers following her. The captain, very much to the astonishment of the party, requested them to take their places in Conference Hall, in readiness for a "talk."

"Are you not all killed up here?" demanded Mrs. Blossom, as she looked about her, with wonder stamped on her features.

"Does any one look as though he had been killed?" asked the captain.

"You look as though you were very much alive,

Captain Ringgold ; but you had a chance to keep out of the way of the cannon-balls. But where is Felix McGavonty ? Has he been killed ? ”

“ He didn’t say he had been killed the last I saw of him ; and I think he would have told me if he had been,” replied the captain, so pleased with the result of the action that he was disposed to be merry. “ Felix has been the lookout of the ship in the fore-rigging, and he has made himself very useful.”

“ I have not been killed, Aunty ; if I had been, I would tell you so, and not lie about it. I haven’t even been hurted.”

It took some time to convince the ladies that no one had been killed or injured ; and by this time they had all taken their places in the arm-chairs. He then explained to them all that had transpired while they were below. Then he presented Louis Belgrave, with the announcement that he had “ a yarn to spin.”

## CHAPTER XII

## THE MAHARAJAH AND THE PRINCESS ZULEIMA.

WHEN Louis Belgrave was presented to the passengers as one who had something to say, the piratical proa was at least a mile astern of the Guardian-Mother. The Zuleima was making about ten knots, and the Blanche was still to leeward of her; but the latter was allowing herself to drop behind the yacht, evidently for a purpose. The little steamer was no longer in any peril; for with her own steam she could keep out of the way of the craft that had done all the active work, while the other, having her great latteen sail intact, had been making good headway, and seemed to be intending to join her consort, for she was now headed to the south.

"Wait a few minutes, Mr. Belgrave," said the commander. "The yarn will keep a while, and I wish to know what the Blanche is about."

"I am in no hurry, Captain Ringgold," replied Louis, as he seated himself by the side of his mother, who had clung to him when he told her that he had been on board of the yacht almost as earnestly as though he had just been rescued from a watery grave, or dodged a cannon-ball.

"The *Blanche* is heading to the eastward," said Mr. Boulong, who was standing near the promenade.

"I see she is," replied the captain. "She has come about a quarter of the circle, and is now headed directly for the *Zuleima*. Possibly Captain Sharp wants to speak us, though I see no reason why he should do so."

But the *Blanche* had no such intention; and she passed under the stern of the yacht, saluting her by dropping her ensign three times, a compliment which was returned by the *Zuleima*, which carried the Red Cross of England at her peak, where the Guardian-Mother had set the American flag when she first approached the proa.

"She don't speak the *Zuleima*, and takes a course indicating that she has business with us," continued Captain Ringgold.

"Haven't you been terribly frightened, Mr. Belgrave?" asked Miss Blanche while they were waiting to ascertain what the consort was doing.

"I can't say that I have," replied Louis, laughing at the anxiety of his mother and the fair young lady. "I have not seen anything to frighten me."

"But you have been shooting with those great guns, loaded with cannon-balls too," added the maiden.

"But we have fired only a few shots from the twenty-four pounders, and none from the twelve-pounders."

"I did not suppose you would be alarmed at the

shots from your own guns; but the proa has been firing at you, for the ladies saw her do so once," added Miss Blanche.

"But not one of her shots has reached us, and so far as we are concerned she might as well have thrown her cannon-balls overboard alongside," replied Louis.

"But how many men have been killed in this affair, as the captain has been calling it?"

"Not a single one so far as I know. We knocked off a piece from the stern, and another from the bow of the proa, and some of the pirates may have been wounded by the splinters that flew about; but I am satisfied that we did not kill a man in that mob on board of her. The Zuleima fired into her, and her shot may have killed some of them."

"The what did you say fired into her, Mr. Belgrave?" asked the young lady; and the ladies had not yet learned the name of the intended victim of the proa, for the captain had not mentioned it in his brief narrative of the skirmish.

"The Zuleima, the steam-yacht."

"And they say you have been on board of her."

"I have; but I shall tell you all about that in a few minutes from the platform," answered Louis.

"A gun from the Blanche, sir," reported Mr. Boulong.

It was unnecessary to announce it, for the gun spoke for itself, and all could hear it. This was the signal agreed upon between the consorts when either

wished to speak with the other. The *Blanche* was already clearing away a boat, and the commander ordered the first officer to ring one stroke on the gong; and the ship's screw ceased to turn. The consort came within hail, and both ships backed their screws to kill the headway. The boat was lowered into the water, and presently came alongside with the captain and General Noury in the stern-sheets. The gangway was lowered in season for them to come on board.

"Don't be alarmed, Captain Ringgold," said the commander of the *Blanche*, as the two grasped hands. "We have come on board the flag-ship for the news, for we have been where we could not see what was going on; but we know that you have seen the little steam-yacht safely through her troubles."

"She is all right now, as you have been able to see for yourself," replied the commander of the *Guardian-Mother*, while the general was exchanging salutations with the ladies and gentlemen on the promenade.

"We have seen what we could; but the general was so impatient to know what you had been doing, that I had to come on board with him, though it is rather late in the day for the visit," added Captain Sharp.

"Stay and dine with us; send your boat back, and I will return you to your ship in the evening," continued the commander.

“I wish to learn the news, Captain Ringgold,” said General Noury, as he joined the two commanders; and the former proceeded to give the substance of the explanation he had just made to his passengers. “So far as I know, nobody has been killed, though I think some of the proa’s horde must have been wounded by splinters.”

“It has been a sort of holiday frolic,” added the general.

“Hardly; for I have been afraid all the time that I should be compelled to kill some of those barbarians,” said the commander.

General Noury smiled, and shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman; for he had fought in the wars of Morocco with the Kabyles, and other wild-tribes in rebellion, as they often are, and have been very recently, and he had no such scruples as those which made the captain of the Guardian-Mother a humane man.

“Then you have sent some of your people on board of the Zuleima?” said the general.

“I sent my chief engineer and two of his men, and Mr. Belgrave went with them. The young man was on board of her for some little time; and I suppose he can tell us all about her, though I have no report from him yet on the subject,” continued the commander. “I had just presented him to the party on the promenade, where he was to tell his story, when we discovered the Blanche headed towards us, and I deferred the report. You are in



time to hear it, General Noury; after which, you and Captain Sharp will dine with us."

The commander of the *Blanche* assented to this arrangement, and his boat was sent back. The *Zuleima* had proceeded on her course during this delay; but both steamers were soon following her. The party rearranged themselves on the promenade, and Louis was again presented to his audience.

"I am going to recite my narrative in a very simple way, and without any flourishes," the young millionaire began. "The commander has already informed you of the occasion of the visit of the engineer to the *Zuleima*, and I was permitted to go with him. We were received on board of the yacht by Mr. Watts, the chief engineer, who is an Englishman. Though I did not suggest that he should do so, Mr. Shafter introduced me as the owner of this steamer. Mr. Watts immediately presented me to Captain Rahjmal; and, though I could not understand a word they said, for they spoke in Hindustanee, I was satisfied that he had described me as Mr. Shafter had done, for he treated me with 'distinguished consideration,' as the diplomats put it.

"Mr. Watts took our men to the engine-room, and I was left alone with the commander of the *Zuleima*. He could not speak a word of English, and I tried him in French, and then in Spanish. He replied to me in the latter, and grasped my hand with some gush in his manner. He was extremely grateful that our ship had come to his as-

sistance when his engine broke down, and wished me to thank Captain Ringgold ten thousand times for the service he had rendered; for the Zuleima would certainly have been captured, after her engine gave out, without his aid.

“I take this occasion to deliver Captain Rahjmal’s message;” and the commander bowed, while the party applauded very heartily. “The captain was a man of over sixty, I should say, and he treated me with a great deal of politeness, and with a deference to which I was not entitled. I was curious to know more about the yacht, and I asked him who was the owner of the Zuleima. He made me the same reply that Mr. Watts did to our captain; but at the same time he assured me that it was a fictitious name.”

“Did you ascertain the real name, Mr. Belgrave?” asked the commander.

“I did, sir; but I am no wiser than before, for I could not make out the name, and he wrote it for me in my diary. Being in Hindustanee, I was still in the dark, for I could not read it,” replied Louis, showing the page to the captain.

“Here, Captain Bakir! can you read this?” said the commander, calling the waif.

He could; but his sounds were not recognized by any one.

“Ah-od-hy-ah,” was the way Louis spelled it out in his diary, under the original.

“But he told me in Spanish, which I could under-

stand, though with some difficulty, that the owner was really a maharajah; in fact a king, who had been deposed by the British government. He was immensely rich, even without the pension paid him by his conquerors. Then it became a love-story. He had a beautiful daughter, with whom a Persian, whom he called Prince Kamran, was in love. He was rich enough to satisfy the maharajah; but he did not please the Princess Zuleima, as the captain called the lady after whom the yacht had been named.

“Kamran persisted in his suit; but, contrary to the usual state of things in the Orient, the lady’s father took the part of the daughter, and drove the prince from his palace. The lover would not give up his purpose to make the princess his wife, and he had followed her up for several years, and finally swore, as lovers do sometimes, that he would have her. He made several attempts to capture her in the vicinity of her father’s palace in the outskirts of Calcutta.

“In order to get rid of him, the maharajah made a voyage to Manila with his daughter; but Prince Kamran followed them. He failed to see the lady there; and, to make a long story a little shorter, he chartered two proas at a Malay island which had formerly thrived by piracy, to intercept the Zuleima on her return to Calcutta, whither she was bound. The rest of the adventure you know. But I have not finished.

“Captain Rahjmal wished to present me to the father and daughter, and I was very glad of the opportunity to see them. He sent a servant to know the pleasure of his Highness, ‘Su Majestad’ he called him. The reply was favorable, and I was conducted to the cabin, which was one of the most magnificent apartments I ever entered. The maharajah was a man of not less than seventy, with white hair and beard. He was very pleasant, and received me with a gracious smile when I was presented, giving me his hand, and seating me in front of him.

“He spoke English tolerably well, and very warmly expressed his obligations to the two steamers that had come to his aid. Without them his yacht would have been captured, and, as he put it, he should have lost his daughter who was his sun, moon, and stars. He begged me to express his indebtedness in the strongest terms I could use, and then they would come short of his feelings. I had time to tell him about our ship and the *Blanche*, and the distinguished gentleman who owned the latter.

“At this point in the talk the Princess Zuleima came out of her apartment, and I was formally presented to her in English by her father. I do not want to gush, but with only a single exception” — Louis looked up at the sky then — “she was the most beautiful lady I ever saw in my life; though perhaps if I had seen my mother when she was from twenty to twenty-four, I might have made another exception.”

“Don’t be silly, Louis!” interposed Mrs. Belgrave; but the rest of the audience gave way to a tremendous fit of applause.

“The princess spoke English as well as any person here present. One of the first things she said, after she had expressed her obligations, was to declare that she must go on board of the Guardian-Mother and the Blanche. Then that she must have pictures of both ships. I leave Captain Ringgold to manage the visits and the pictures. I told them where our ships were bound; and Captain Rahjmal said the Zuleima would keep company with them, even if he had to go to Rangoon. I learned, as I was leaving, that his Highness and the princess were both Mohammedans.”

General Noury bowed and smiled at the concluding remark of the speaker, who was applauded even more than when he spoke of geography and history.

At a signal from the captain, Sparks, who had been waiting for it, sounded the gong for dinner.

## CHAPTER XIII

## THE MEETING AT THE MOUTH OF RANGOON RIVER

IT was an exceedingly lively hum of conversation that prevailed during the dinner-hour. Innumerable were the questions asked by those who had been confined to the cabin, which were answered by those who were able to do so. Captain Sharp reported that he had fired a few shots in the direction of the proa on the farther side of the Zuleima, General Noury attending to the working of the guns, being a graduate of St. Cyr in France. The craft had run away too soon for him to have any serious business with her.

He had carried out the spirit of the admiral's instructions, though he was laughed at by the general for doing so. No one had been killed or injured on board of the *Blanche*, for all the shots fired at her by the proa had fallen short of her. As she was disposed to escape, he had permitted her to do so, and no one on board of her could have been harmed.

Louis Belgrave was called upon to tell all he knew about the Princess Zuleima, which was only a title of courtesy, though her father had formerly been a reigning prince. He declared that he had already

told all he knew; but he answered the questions put to him by the ladies to the best of his ability, even in regard to her style of beauty and the dress she wore.

“I might have suggested a method of settling the affair at once if the proa had come alongside the Guardian-Mother,” said Dr. Hawkes, full of mirth. “Brother Avoirdupois and myself might have leaped from the deck of our ship into the proa together; and of course that would have carried the craft to the bottom at once.”

“Brother Adipose Tissue is mistaken for once in his life, for adipocere would have tended to float rather than sink the craft; but I suppose the barbarians are cannibals, and we should have stocked their larder for the next three months,” replied Uncle Moses.

When the officers went on deck, it was discovered that the Zuleima was headed for Rangoon instead of Calcutta, indicating that the maharajah was not disposed to part company with his new friends until they had met again, as he had suggested to Louis. With the setting sun the wind had subsided almost to a calm. The Blanche had taken her former position on the port hand of the yacht, while the Guardian-Mother kept her place on the starboard.

The sea was so smooth that both steamers sailed within long hail of the Zuleima. Captain Sharp thought it was time for him to return to his ship after the excitement had subsided; and he and the

general were sent off in the second cutter. The boat had to pass under the stern of the yacht, from which she was hailed by the maharajah himself in Arabic, as Mr. Gaskette reported. He had evidently identified the general as the owner of the *Blanche* from the description given by Louis.

General Noury had manifested his impatience to visit the *Zuleima* while on board of the ship. The yacht had stopped her screw, and the other vessels had done the same, to avoid running away from her. Doubtless the description of the princess given by Louis had produced its effect upon the impressible Moor; and he requested Mr. Gaskette to put him on board of the *Zuleima*. He complied with the request; but Captain Sharp insisted upon returning to his ship, and the boat did not wait for the visitor. The East Indian owner promised to send the general on board of the *Blanche* when he was ready to go.

“That was just exactly as I wanted it to work,” said Captain Sharp, rubbing his hands with apparent delight, though Mr. Gaskette could not see what it was pleased him so much, and he made no reply.

The second officer put the captain on board of his ship, and hastened back to his own. He reported all that had transpired to Captain Ringgold, including incidentally the strange remark, as he regarded it, of Captain Sharp. The commander understood precisely what it meant; but he only smiled and said nothing. The *Zuleima* had started her screw, and both the other steamers followed her example. The



usual routine on board of the Guardian-Mother was restored, and after a rather short session in the music-room the passengers retired, considerably fatigued after the excitement of the day.

If Captain Sharp indulged in any unusual prayers that night when he turned in, it was that Ali-Noury Pacha would fall in love with the Princess Zuleima. But it was not a sentimental wish that filled his mind. He was old enough to be out of the reach of the fascinations of a love-story, and though the affair of the maharajah and his lovely daughter, Zuleima, with the Prince Kamran and his Highness, the Pacha, made him suspect that he had tumbled into the middle of an old-time fairy tale, made real all around him, he was not transported by any illusion.

If the progress of affairs, as the details were now shaping themselves, was not precisely a matter of business with him, it had business bearings. He was as happy as a newly-crowned monarch in his position as commander of the *Blanche*. As he had intimated to Captain Ringgold, his employer had become somewhat weary of his sea-life, and he was fearful that he might abandon yachting even before the voyage around the world was completed.

He had a position such as no ordinary ship-master could obtain; with his wife in a magnificent apartment adjoining his cabin, with the most indulgent of employers, who owed his life, and better yet, his reformation to him and Mrs. Sharp. To lose such

a situation, though the pacha would undoubtedly make him a rich man in such an event, was a calamity to him, for though he had money enough of his own to live upon, while his wife was a millionaire, it was not wealth but comfort that he was seeking. He had found it; and he could not think of any one, who, in his estimation, was so pleasantly placed.

It was not, therefore, a love-story, or anything like one that took the uppermost position in the mind of the worthy captain. In his judgment, if General Noury had a wife with him on board of the *Blanche*, he would be perfectly contented, especially with the visits back and forth between the two which had been arranged that morning on board the *Guardian-Mother*. He had advanced this idea before to his wife, and she coincided with him in this opinion. But the lady was not a match-maker, and rather abhorred anything of that sort; and a man of nearly fifty like the captain was too clumsy to manage an affair of this kind.

On the strength of Louis Belgrave's report, Mrs. Sharp judged that the general would be captivated with the lady; and as the pacha was himself one of the handsomest men she had ever seen, and both parties were Mohammedans, a mutual conquest appeared to be inevitable. At any rate, the situation was exceedingly hopeful, as the captain and his wife looked at it. No one had done anything to bring about the event; but these affairs manage

themselves much more readily among the Orientals than with the more staid and precise Occidentals.

The fleet of the three steamers kept on their course all night. Before morning a strong wind came down upon them. When the passengers came on deck they found the sea was quite rough, with half a gale from the north-east. It was not a day for visiting among the vessels, and they kept on their course without interruption.

“Where is General Noury this morning, Captain Ringgold?” asked Louis, when he came on deck.

“I asked in the pilot-house if there had been any communication between the other two steamers, and was informed that the Zuleima had not stopped her screw during the night,” replied the commander. “Of course the general remained on board of the yacht. Were there any accommodations on board of her for guests, Louis?”

“The main cabin was just like our boudoir in shape, rounded at the stern. Opening into it were two large apartments, out of one of which the princess came, and I suppose her father occupies the other; but there was a passage-way between them, which I concluded led to two other rooms,” replied Louis.

“The little steamer has made no signal this morning, and I have no doubt the general is perfectly satisfied with his present situation,” added the captain with a smile which the young man did not comprehend.

The little squadron continued on the course to the mouth of Rangoon River, which is a cut-off of the Irawadi; and the commander of the Guardian-Mother was satisfied, though the steamer was not making less than two-thirds of her ordinary speed. Saturday wore away, and there was no excitement of any kind. The two proas both disappeared before it was too dark to see them. The passengers read and studied as usual. Sunday came; and at breakfast-time the vessels were still fifty miles from their destination. Divine service was held as usual in Conference Hall, for the day was mild and pleasant.

In the middle of the afternoon, with the land in sight, the Guardian-Mother ran ahead of her consorts, and came to anchor in the Roads. The other vessels followed her example. As soon as everything had been made secure, the elegant barges of the Blanche and Zuleima, not used on common occasions, came off to the flag-ship, as some persisted in calling it, though not with the approval of the commander. Captain Sharp came in the general's personal barge, manned by ten seamen in white uniforms; and he was dressed in his finest suit, with Mrs. Sharp at his side.

He pulled for the Zuleima first, but changed his course as soon as he saw the barge of the yacht put off from her gangway. He fell back, and kept behind the maharajah's boat. His Highness was received at the gangway by Captain Ringgold, who

gave him a cordial welcome. He presented his daughter; and the captain conducted her to the deck, the general following her.

The passengers were all assembled on the upper deck, to which the new arrivals were conducted. The commander handed the lady to General Noury, while he presented the maharajah to the company individually. The pacha went through the same ceremony with the princess; and it was agreed by all that Louis had not overpraised her beauty when they saw her. More than this, her manners were entirely European. She had a musical voice, and her father said she had spent much of her time in English society in Calcutta.

Captain Sharp and his wife were introduced to the distinguished guests; and all the party soon seemed to be as well acquainted as though they had associated for months. The ladies were seated in the arm-chairs, and the time was given up to conversation. Louis had made the acquaintance of the princess the day before, and he took care to seat her between his mother and Miss Blanche. The pacha could not object to this arrangement; but he preferred to stand in front of the two fair ladies.

“I hope we shall be friends as long as we live on the face of this earth!” exclaimed the princess, as she opened the conversation as soon as they were placed. “Your two steamers have saved my father and myself from the most terrible fate that could

have befallen me; and I know not what would have happened to my dear old father, who is really an angel, though he does not wear the wings of one."

"You do not think the barbarians would have used violence to you, do you?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, who did not know exactly how to address a person of her quality.

"Perhaps not; but I suppose Prince Kamran is with them, and I would rather have been murdered by the wretches than have fallen into his hands. But I am sure my father would have resented his approaches to me, and he might have been killed in a conflict with a young and strong man like him. Oh, you do not know, and you cannot understand, from what you have saved us!" continued the princess, with an earnestness that impressed all within hearing, as all were by this time.

"But you are safe now, and I thank God that you are," added Mrs. Belgrave. "What shall I call you, my dear lady? for in America common people don't all know how to address princesses."

"Call me Zuleima," replied the fair lady, laughing heartily, and showing a set of teeth so white and regular that a dentist might have been excused for going crazy at the sight of them. "That is what the ladies in Calcutta call me, though they sometimes say 'Miss Zuleima,' as you address Miss Blanche. But, my dear Mr. Belgrave," said the lady, suddenly springing out of her chair, and seiz-

ing Louis by both hands, "it was your ship that saved us!"

"If it was, I had very little to do with it," protested Louis, leaping from his chair. "It was Captain Ringgold who handled her so well."

The princess rushed to the commander, and poured out her thanks as she had already done; for this seemed to be the only thing she could think of.

"I am very happy, with the assistance of Captain Sharp, to have served you," replied the captain.

Then she bounded as gracefully as a fairy to Captain Sharp, and expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms. Then her father joined her, and together they went over it all again. The party were invited to dine, and Mr. Sage was instructed to do his best. But it was not till after dinner that General Noury announced that he had an important matter to communicate to the two commanders, and they retired to the captain's cabin.

## CHAPTER XIV

## A SHORT COURSE OF TRUE LOVE SMOOTHLY RUN

GENERAL NOURY was a Mohammedan, and for that reason, doubtless, a fatalist. Before his reformation he had given comparatively little attention to his religion, though he always observed some of its forms. Since his change of character he had closely followed all the requirements of his faith. He went to a mosque whenever the opportunity was presented to him. No doubt the fatalist's views had a place in his belief; and whatever blind destiny brought to him of bliss or pain he accepted. He was a soldier, and his religion allowed him to tolerate no fear of death on the battle-field or elsewhere.

He looked rather more serious than usual when Captain Ringgold closed the door of his cabin; and it was the first time that any change in his manner had been observed. But he seemed to be somewhat embarrassed, as though the conference he had requested presented some difficulty. But he was a brave man, and whatever obstacle was before him he manfully struck out to encounter it.

"Both of you gentlemen have treated me with the greatest kindness, and I wish to take you into my confidence in a matter of the greatest personal



interest and importance to me," he began seriously enough; and both of the commanders wondered what was coming.

"We have certainly been the best of friends since we met at Aden, and if there is anything I can do to serve you, I shall do it with the greatest pleasure," said Captain Ringgold.

"Thank you, Captain; I have been as loyal to you since we have been together as I should wish any friend of mine to be to me."

"I am quite as willing to serve you as my friend here can be," added Captain Sharp; "but I am in your employ, General Noury, and it is my duty to obey your orders, though I am very willing to do all that and much more for you."

"You have saved my life, Captain Sharp, and you are the best friend I have ever had on the face of the earth, and my mother could have done no more for me than you have done," protested the pacha very warmly, as he grasped the hand of the captain. "But I will waste no time in preliminary talk. I must sail for Calcutta in the *Blanche* to-night."

"For Calcutta!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold. "Then you do not intend to sail in our company around the world?"

"On the contrary, I do intend to do so," protested the general very earnestly. "My absence and that of the *Blanche* will be for only a couple of weeks at most."

"Then I must return to the ship, and have her

ready for you. But this is a very sudden movement on your part, General Noury," added Captain Sharp.

"Things move rapidly sometimes," said the general with a smile. "I will not deny that I have been somewhat discontented on board of the *Blanche*, especially since we sailed from Colombo. On our excursion across India, we certainly had a very lively and agreeable time; and perhaps by contrast, I have been somewhat lonely in my cabin with nothing to do and nothing to think of. The only really enjoyable hours I had were those which Mrs. Sharp spent with me; but her duty and her pleasure were with her husband.

"She was very glad to give you all the time you desired of her," suggested her husband.

"It would have been swinish of me to ask any more of her; but the situation gave me a new line of thought, and I wondered why I had not a wife of my own," replied the pacha with a cheerful laugh.

Captain Sharp was too prudent to say that he had the same idea himself; for it was wise, to allow him to believe that the suggestion of a wife was an invention of his own, — as indeed it was, for the commander of his ship would never have had the courage to advise him in such a matter.

"Then you are going to Calcutta to look for a wife?" suggested Captain Ringgold; for though he could "see through a millstone when there was a hole in it," as there certainly was in this one, he

wished to help along the general to the "conclusion of the whole matter."

"Not at all; I have already found the wife!" exclaimed the pacha, as though he intended to explode a thunderbolt in the face of his friends.

"Found her already!" ejaculated the two commanders almost in the same breath; for they deemed it proper to manifest a little decent surprise.

"Practically the matter is all arranged," added the general very complacently, as though he fancied that he was entitled to a great deal of credit for the accomplishment of the business. "Now I will tell you who the lady is."

It was quite unnecessary.

"When I went on board of the Zuleima, I had no intention of remaining more than an hour or two; but the maharajah would not permit me to depart when I proposed to do so; and his daughter joined with him in her entreaties for me to remain," continued the general. "It is not necessary for me to go into particulars in an affair of this kind. The father is an old man, and no doubt he was greatly fatigued after the excitement of the day, and he dropped asleep in his arm-chair."

"That was very considerate of him," added Captain Ringgold with a smile.

"When the rajah awoke, the affair, so far as the lady and myself were concerned, was all settled. In Oriental countries we don't require six weeks or six months to settle a matter of this kind. You have

seen the lady, and you can readily understand that it did not take me long to make up my mind. In fact, when I saw her for the first time in the cabin of the yacht, the issue seemed to be forced upon me."

"I don't wonder at that," added the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

"But I had learned prudence in the army, and it is quite as necessary in a matter of this kind as in the field. I talked with her two hours, and fully satisfied myself that she was not a shrew or a virago, which she might have been even with that beautiful face and form. It would be foolish for me to say so before two gentlemen of mature age like you, but I am willing to admit that I thought she was an angel."

"It generally happens that way," chuckled the senior commander.

"When the rajah, as I shall call him for short, woke about midnight, I told him bluntly what had taken place while he slept. Zuleima threw her arms around the neck of her father, wept and hugged him, and told him as bluntly as I had spoken, that she was willing to be my wife, my *only* wife; for that had been understood between us. I know that the old man almost, if not quite, worshipped her; but I half think he was pleased with this solution, sudden as it was; for it practically placed his daughter out of the reach of Prince Kamran, who had been her persecutor."

"Will he retire from the field when she is married?" asked Captain Sharp.

“He is a Mohammedan, and the wife of another is sacred,” replied the pacha solemnly. “Then the rajah said he did not object to the marriage, but he could not part with his daughter; she must be near him. I learned that he was very fond of the sea, and that he spent more than half his time on board of the Zuleima with his daughter. I told him all about the contemplated voyage around the world in which we are engaged; and both of them were exceedingly interested. I proposed to take both of them with me on board of the *Blanche*; and they were as delighted as two children.”

“That is a very agreeable arrangement, and we shall welcome the rajah and his daughter to our company,” replied Captain Ringgold.

“It was part of my desire in this visit to ascertain how you would regard the introduction of a couple of strangers into our circle.”

“They have already ceased to be strangers.”

“You are very kind, as you always are, in meeting my wishes. I propose to sail for Calcutta to-night, in order to avoid any loss of time. Captain Sharp has the itinerary of your tour among the islands, and we shall easily find the *Guardian-Mother*.”

“You will find her reported in the Calcutta papers, *General*; and there is not the slightest difficulty in the way of carrying out your arrangement,” said Captain Ringgold.

“Where are your party now?” asked the pacha, as he rose from his chair.

“Probably in the music-room, for I heard them singing a little while ago.”

“I have a favor to ask of you, Captain Ringgold,” continued the general. “There is no necessity of making a secret of this business among such agreeable friends as we have on board of this ship; and I am going to ask you, Mr. Commander, to announce my intended marriage to the company. You may state to them as much or as little of what I have communicated to you as suits your own fancy.”

“I will do so with the greatest pleasure, and you honor me in making me the medium of the announcement;” and the captain led the way to the music-room, where the party were singing “Gospel Hymns,” in which the princess was taking an active part. As soon as the piece was finished, he intimated that he had something to say, and the passengers arranged themselves to hear him.

As the substance of his remarks has already been given, it is not necessary to report his speech; but it was unusually eloquent and graceful, as its nature required. He told the whole story, from beginning to end, to the astonished audience; for not one of them, not even Mrs. Sharp, had any suspicion that such a dénouement was coming. The general had seated himself by the side of the princess, where Louis had made a place for him.

Although it was Sunday, the party broke forth in a tumult of applause. Zuleima was blushing like a bouquet of roses, and the pacha’s handsome

face had something of the same tint planted upon it. Captain Sharp, who was obliged to return immediately to his ship, congratulated the happy couple, and then withdrew. All the party followed his example, and it could hardly have been a more joyous occasion if it had really been a wedding.

The rajah and Zuleima were to proceed to Calcutta in the *Blanche*, and their servants had been sent on board of her with their baggage. The pacha's barge conveyed the party to the ship, and they were greeted with abundant good wishes as they left. The black smoke was rolling out of the smoke-stack of the *Blanche*, and she soon departed on her happy mission to Calcutta. Of course nothing could be talked about on board of the *Guardian-Mother* that evening except the exciting event of the day.

"Just to think of a man marrying a girl he never saw till last night!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom, as soon as she had a chance to express her mind. "But there is one consolation about it; she is to be his only wife. She seemed to be a very good sort of girl, and I think she has got a good husband."

The general had always treated her with quite as much consideration as the other ladies; and she had taken care of him one night in Delhi when he had the colic. She had been up all night with him, and he had made her a present of twenty sovereigns. She was very partial to the pacha!

"Marriages are not managed over here, Sarah, as they are where we live. Sometimes a man takes

a wife that he never saw till the time came for the ceremony," added Mrs Belgrave.

"Yes; and sometimes they marry young children before they have finished going to school. Well, I hope the general will be happy, for he is a good man *now*; and I do hope he will become a Christian."

"From what little I have seen of Zuleima, I think she is a very amiable lady; and I believe she loves him well enough to marry him, though they never met till last evening," added Mrs. Belgrave, as she took up "The Earnest Man" which she was reading.

At daylight the next morning the pilot came on board, and the ship was soon on her way up the river. The passengers had retired early, and they were called by Sparks while the electric lights were still needed in the cabin. The city is twenty miles up the river, but the tourists found enough to interest them in the early morning. The various craft they saw were still new and strange to them; and there was life enough on the shores to make them wonder at the meaning of almost everything they saw. When the gong sounded for breakfast the ship was at anchor in front of the city of Rangoon.



## CHAPTER XV

## THE PEOPLE OF BURMA AND ITS MISSION

THERE was so much to be seen of the manners and customs of the people from the deck of the ship, that the party were in no hurry to go on shore. They were walking about in groups; and all of them were disposed to ask questions of those who were able to answer them.

“These people are not very much like the Hindus on the other side of the Bay of Bengal,” said Louis, who, with Miss Blanche, was in the company of the captain and Mrs. Belgrave.

“Probably they belong to another race; for they do not resemble the Aryans from whom the people of India proper are descended, though they are very much mixed up on the other side,” replied the commander. “They are more like the Chinese. They are not so solemn and matter-of-fact as the Hindus.”

“They are not giants physically,” added Louis. “I haven’t noticed a big fellow among all the men I have seen.”

“They are short in stature, but are inclined to be stout.”

“Barbers must be scarce here, for all of them

wear long hair," suggested Mrs. Belgrave. "But I suppose it is the fashion."

"Barbers wouldn't make much shaving them, for they don't seem to have much that could be called a beard," said Louis. "It is said that they are lively and excitable, and are fond of fun, more disposed to laugh than to cry."

"They certainly look very good-natured," added Miss Blanche.

"You cannot trust their looks, for the sentiment of pity is hardly known to them; and if you were suffering by the roadside, they would do nothing to assist you," the commander remarked. "You know that if a man or woman falls down in New York, or any of our cities, there are a score ready to assist. The amount of crime, especially that connected with violence, is vastly greater in Burma than in India. I don't know how it was that nothing was said about the Thugs while we were on the other side of the bay."

"I have heard of them; but I thought they were Malays," added Louis.

"I thought we were to have a conference to-day, Captain Ringgold," said his mother.

"At nine o'clock. This word Thug has come into use somewhat in our newspaper literature, and I will say something about the matter," replied the commander. "The religion here is Buddhist, of which you have learned something before, though I doubt if it has much influence upon the lives of the people,

and consists mainly in studying its philosophy and practising its rites. The women are well treated in Burma, which can be said to the credit of the other sex. They go to market, keep shops, and attend closely to their domestic and social affairs. Men and women are comparatively well-dressed.

“Not only the women, but the men, are fond of gay colors. I once dined at a hotel in Constantinople with a party of Burmese officials, and I thought at first that they were women, they wore so many high-colored silks. I got acquainted with the commander-in-chief of the army, and found him a very agreeable person. He spoke English and French fluently, and was a graduate of the military school of St. Cyr. We exchanged autographs; and I have his still, though I could not find it this morning. The writing consists almost entirely of small circles about as big as French peas.”

At the appointed hour, the company had assembled in Conference Hall; and the captain first repeated what he had just said to the smaller party, and then continued his remarks without announcing any especial subject.

“After the love-story to which we listened last evening, you may be interested to know how such matters are managed in Burma; for its customs in this respect are a vast improvement on those of the Orientals in general,” the commander began. “The parents of the young people do not marry them while they are little more than babies; but the young men

and maidens conduct their matrimonial affairs themselves, not on the brink of their cradles, but after they have reached mature years.

“As if to provide for the mistakes of the young people in making their choice of partners, the divorce laws or customs are very liberal, and separations can be procured for good cause, by women as well as men. Unlike the custom or law in India, widows and divorced wives may marry again.

“The Burmese make good farmers, boatmen, and traders; but they are not methodical; do not keep their word in business matters, and are careless in about everything they do. They are not what would be called a thrifty people, for they spend their money after they have earned it, and saving-banks are not in demand; but at the same time they live well; few are very poor, and none are beggars. The wages of laborers in the region about us is four rupees a week, and half that in Upper Burma. How much is that, Felix?”

“Two dollars a week about here, and one in the upper country,” promptly replied the Milesian.

“In other words, they get the same for a week here in the Delta that our laborers get for a day,” continued the commander.

“What’s the Delta? I thought that was in Egypt,” inquired Morris.

“That word is the general name for any region which includes the several mouths of a large river, as the delta of the Mississippi; but sometimes the word

becomes a proper noun, and is one of the names of a territory, as in Egypt. Sometimes the southern part of Pegu, the district where we are, takes that name from the numerous mouths of the Irawadi.

“As in India proper, the principal food of the people is rice; but they have meat or fish daily, and their diet is quite liberal compared with other countries no further advanced in civilization. Even in the United Kingdom the poorer people do not have such substantials throughout the week. The English have wonderfully improved the country, even while adhering to their settled policy not to meddle with the religion or the customs of the people, except when necessary to abolish barbarous practices.

“I promised to say something about the Thugs, which should have been done while we were in India, where they existed formerly. The word comes from *thaga*, in the Hindu language, and means ‘deceive.’ It was the name of a religious association in that country. You have heard about Kali, the wife of Siva, and her bloody altars. Her husband was the third person of the Hindu trinity, the destroyer. Kali was the goddess of many things, and especially of murder, it would appear. The association of Thugs was a fraternity of murderers.

“Under the guise of traders they travelled about the country, insinuating themselves into the confidence of merchants and others, and killing them,

generally by strangling, but sometimes by poison. They lived upon the plunder they obtained from their victims. They were bound together by the bloodiest description of oaths, and made a business of assassination as a system, and on a large scale. They considered their murder as religious rites, and regarded their profession as highly respectable — to such a stage can superstition lead its followers.

“But the British government could not tolerate such a custom, even under the guise of religion; and it made merciless war upon the institution. Mostly from accomplices the information in regard to the Thugs was obtained; 1562 of them were arrested, and 382 of the wretches were hanged, and the rest of them imprisoned for life or sent to convict colonies like Andaman. This beneficent work was done by Lord William Bentinck, whose statue you saw in Calcutta.

“The common people in Burma live in wooden or bamboo houses, except in large towns where a few of the rich have more substantial dwellings. As you have been told before, all the houses are built on piles, so that the lower floor is from one to twelve feet from the ground, for the reason stated by Mr. Belgrave. You will notice here that the roofs of the buildings have very high pitched roofs such as you have seen in some parts of Germany. There are many monasteries here, which are generally built of teak, with a seven-tier roof, ending in a sharp point. Their upper works are highly ornamented with hand-

some carvings, though some of them are grotesque to us.

“The most noted building in Rangoon, if not in Burma, is the Schway Dagon Pagoda, which you will see this afternoon. On the ground it consists of the most elaborate conglomeration of low structures, circular in form as a whole, with a multitude of conical towers rising all round it. Taking in about two-thirds of its height, it looks like an enormous bell. Then it tapers more gradually, till near the summit it is crowned with a sort of belfry, bristling with points. The upper part is covered with gold plates, with diamonds, emeralds, and relics given by the King of Burma. The pagoda is about five hundred feet high, and therefore is among the loftiest structures in the world. It is so different from anything we ever see at home, or anywhere else, that it is not easy to describe it.

“But to my mind Rangoon and Burma are more celebrated as the residence of Adoniram Judson than for its pagodas or anything else. His life is exceedingly interesting and instructive; and he was more really a hero than many a general whose brow has been crowned with the laurels of many a victory on the field of battle. For this reason I shall say something about him, as I have of others whose sphere of labor we have visited. Judson was born at Malden, near Boston, in 1788. He graduated from college with the highest honors, taught a private school at Plymouth, and published a grammar and an arithmetic for young ladies.

“Like many others who have been noted for their piety and religious work, he was a sceptic in his earlier years, till a rigid inquiry into the evidences of Christianity settled his belief for his lifetime, and he joined the church at Plymouth, of which his father was minister. He went to the Theological School as a student, rather than with the intention of becoming a minister. His reading had created a missionary spirit in his mind, and he went to England to consult with people there. His ship was captured by a French privateer, and he was sent as a prisoner to Bayonne. Released on parole he went to London. From that time to the end of his life he gave himself up to missionary work. He was married before he went to Burma, and his wife was his most efficient co-operator to the end of her life. It was in India that he became a Baptist.

“I am sorry that time does no more than permit me to tell you what he did, what he endured in the cause in which he had engaged. In the Burmese war he was captured and kept in prison, loaded with chains, and suffered many hardships. His devoted wife labored incessantly to procure his release, but without result. Without grammar or dictionary he learned the language of the country, as did his wife also; and she was the first to be able to speak it. This lady wrote a history of the Burmese mission, and assisted her husband in all his literary work as well as in his more active work of teaching and preaching.



“He translated the Bible into Burmese, and also a dictionary for the use of English-speaking people. He made easier work for those who were to follow in this field of labor. He lived to see the result of his work in the mission and its branches which embraced several thousand converts, with Bibles, schools, and all the foundations of Christian civilization. The failing health of his wife compelled him to make a voyage with her to his native land; but she did not live to reach her home, and died in the harbor of St. Helena, and was buried on the island.

“This lady was his second wife, for his first had died in Burma. He was received on his arrival in the United States with every tribute of respect and veneration, not by Baptists alone, but by all denominations of Christians. In 1846 he was married the third time, to Miss Emily Chubbuck, known in literature as ‘Fanny Forrester,’ and then returned to Burma, where he labored a few years more in his chosen work. But his health had broken down in the severe labors and hardships of his eventful life. It was decided that he should make a voyage to the island of Bourbon in order to recover his health. His wife was not in condition to accompany him, and he departed with a single attendant. Nine days later he died on the ocean, and was buried at sea.”

The ringing of the bell for luncheon called the party to the cabin. The commander had found friends in Rangoon, especially among the military, who had been informed of the coming of the tour-

ists. Captain Conant came on board just as the party went down to lunch, and was invited to join them. He offered his services as a guide, and they were promptly and gratefully accepted.

## CHAPTER XVI

## THE GREAT PAGODA OF THE CITY OF RANGOON

CAPTAIN CONANT was a distant relative of Lord Tremlyn, who had written to him when he learned that the tourists would probably visit Rangoon, and the first of the conversation turned to the relations of the party with the viscount.

"I suppose there is a great deal to be seen in Rangoon, Captain Conant," said the commander.

"That depends upon whom the travellers are," replied the visitor, shrugging his shoulders. "If you had just come out of the bush, there would be a great deal to be seen. Even if you had just come directly from New York, you would find all you would wish to look at in from three days to a week, for then everything would be very different from what you had seen before."

"I see that you are a philosopher, Captain," added the commander.

"Hardly that, sir; but I believe the average man or woman has a certain capacity for sight-seeing, greater in some than in others, which permits him to enjoy about so much of it. Precisely like the man who eats or drinks too much, an excess of travel and sight-seeing wearies and disgusts the tour-

ist after he has reached a certain point," replied the military gentleman in such a pleasant manner that he attracted the attention of all at the table.

"I think you are entirely right, and that touring and sight-seeing may be overdone."

At this point in the conversation, Dr. Hawkes began to clap his hands in a mild way, and straightway his example was imitated by all the gentlemen and some of the ladies at the table; for evidently their experience had convinced them of the truth of the statement, though it had never been mentioned by any member of the company.

"I find that my passengers are quite your way of thinking, Captain," said the commander.

"Excuse my bluntness, but I should think they might be," replied the visitor. "I learn from my cousin that you have been about all over the world."

"Not quite so bad as that," added Captain Ringgold, shaking his head. "At the present time, we call it half round the world."

"But you have been to the West Indies, well over Europe, up and down the Nile, and across India. I don't think there is much for you to see in Rangoon, for not much of it would be new to you. I should be appalled if I had such a trip before me as you have made. I have been in New York, Chicago, and quite a number of the cities of America, as well as in most of the cities of Europe. I made a business of it, and it was the hardest work I ever did in my life."

“I think we are all in condition to understand you. But I don't think my passengers have reached that stage of disgust of which you speak ; for except in the journey across India, we have taken things rather leisurely. I beg to remind you that we are all at home on board of this steamer, which is our residence. We think we have here every comfort and luxury that could be had in a first-class hotel or private residence. It is our home, our world. I admit that, if sight-seeing were our only object in making this tour around the world, we might feel that we were doing hard work.”

“I see, Captain Ringgold, that the domestic character of your floating home makes the matter entirely different with your party,” said the visitor.

“If you will do me the favor to dine with us, and spend the evening in our boudoir and music-room, you will obtain a better idea of what our touring is. And a stateroom is at your service if you do not wish to return to your lodgings at night,” continued the commander.

“I thank you Captain, and I shall be very happy to accept your kind invitation,” replied the military officer.

“I suppose you have been all over Burma, Captain Conant ?”

“I have seen about the whole of it. When you have seen Paris you have seen France, they say ; and when you have seen Rangoon you have seen about the whole of Burma, excepting the rural parts.”

"I think we got some idea of the latter as we came up the river."

"This city has a little more than 180,000 by last year's census, and it contains the cream of the country. But you will meet some sportsman, artist or antiquarian, who will tell you that you have seen nothing of Burma because you have not journeyed on foot or horseback through the length and breadth of the country."

"I have told my companions that we must be content to take a specimen brick or two from each country we visit."

"That is a sensible way to do it. There is a certain kind of tourist, and he is a very numerous fellow, who is intent upon finding something which he has seen, but which you have not seen. He is a selfish prig, and a nuisance."

"We have all met him," replied the commander; and there was a general laugh around the table. "Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, is too far off to visit, as we do not boast of where we have been."

"The steamers take seven days to go up to the town, stopping at the places on the way. They will have the railroad extended there by the time you come again; but with your sensible views of travel, it will not pay you to go there now."

"How large a city is it?"

"About 65,000. Ava, very near it, was the former capital of Burma; but it got an earthquake over fifty years ago that knocked it all to pieces. The town is

a mile square, with a moat all around it. It was formerly filled with dirty streets, flanked by the huts of the natives; but much of it has been cleared away to make room for the British cantonment. The natives live outside the city now. There is next to nothing of real interest, though there is considerable wood-carving to be seen. The most noted structure there is the Aracan Pagoda, built to hold the brazen image of Buddha, twelve feet high, which is a very holy affair, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims."

"We are getting quite a useful lecture, friends, and I am much obliged to our visitor for the information he gives us. Our home comforts are not the only tie that binds us together on board of the ship; for we are an educational institution, and the pursuit of knowledge in connection with sight-seeing is our twin object. Now, if you will kindly tell us something about Maulmain, you will increase my obligations to you."

"With pleasure, for I have often been there," replied Captain Conant. "By the way, your heroic American missionary, Dr. Judson, did much of his beneficent work at Maulmain, or Moulmain as it is often called here. Near the mouth of the Salwen River, on which Maulmain is situated thirty miles farther up, is Amherst, where Dr. Judson resided at one time, and where his first wife, quite as noble, heroic, and self-sacrificing as himself, died. Maulmain is a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Buddhists; but there are also 11,000

Hindus, 6,000 Mahommedans, and 2,000 Christians, the fruit of the labors of your devoted missionary.”

“Maulmain is surrounded by a range of hills whose summits are topped by many pagodas, with gold-plated or gilded spires, something like one you will see this afternoon. There are also many very pretty private residences here, and the scenery of the country is quite attractive. It is a pleasant place to visit. The Salwen River, as we call it, though it has half a dozen other names, and rises away up in China, is navigable about eighty miles, and steamers go there from Rangoon. If you were a Baptist, as I am, you might wish to go there if only to see the church and mission founded by Dr. Judson, if you have plenty of time on your hands.”

“That is just what we have not. But Rangoon is associated with Judson quite as fully as the other places mentioned; and I think we respect his memory and venerate the man quite as much as the people of his own fold. I think we shall have to content ourselves with having seen this field of his labors.”

“It is nearly two o’clock, and I directed my orderly to have four carriages ready for us on the shore at that time,” said the guest, consulting his watch.

The party landed in the barge, but the four carriages were not there.

“The carriages are all away at a funeral, sir,” said the orderly, making the military salute to the captain. “But I found a wagonette that will seat as



many as the four landaus; and that was the best I could do."

"That will do quite as well, and even better," interposed Captain Ringgold. "It will enable us all to hear your explanations. I am sure the ladies will like it better."

"Very well; I ought to be satisfied if you are," added Captain Conant, as he handed Mrs. Belgrave into the vehicle.

The party seated themselves as they pleased, and the gentlemanly guide directed the Burmese driver where to go.

"As the boy eats the crust of his pie in New York first, I shall take you first to one of the native quarters of the city," said he, as he took his place at the side of Mrs. Belgrave, near the middle of the wagonette, on the plea that he wished to place himself where all could hear him. But he had discovered that this lady was a very attractive woman; and the commander was on the other side of her, so that it was all right.

"I suppose they don't suffer from the cold here," suggested the favored lady, as she observed the structure of the bamboo houses on both sides of the streets.

"Not on such a day as this, for the glass at my residence stood at 85° when I left home; but we have some chilly weather here in what you call the winter, when it drops to 60°. When I was going to the States I found the glass 40° below zero at one

place in Canada, and 10° below in Chicago. Of course we never have any such weather as that here, for 60° is the coldest we see. But you get it as hot in New York as you would find it at any time this summer. In March I was melted with the heat in Georgia.”

“We have a great variety of temperature; but from New York you can go in thirty hours from zero to 80° above,” added the commander. “I should not find any fault with this climate.”

As the vehicle proceeded, the tourists had a better opportunity to see the people than before. As in India, they were dressed in flowing robes of white cotton, with the same material wound into a sort of turban on the head. They were neat and clean as a rule, though there were plenty of exceptions; and there was nothing of the treacherous nature charged to them apparent in their expression.

“I suppose you make soldiers of them, Captain Conant?” inquired the commander.

“We do to some extent; but they don’t make good soldiers, not as good as in the Indian States. You cannot get up in them a high degree of *esprit de corps*, that spirit of honor in a collective body of men that makes good soldiers of them. But here is a Buddhist monastery, and we will stop a few minutes.”

“What are they doing there?” inquired Miss Blanche, when they had descended from the vehicle.

“That is a school; and the men are Buddhist priests, teaching, you see,” replied the guide.

The group were assembled near the monastery in the open air, without even a tree large enough to shade them from the sun. A servant was holding an umbrella over a little fellow on his knees, and his lesson was doubtless a prayer, for the praying-machine was not in use on this occasion. Another servant was rendering the same service to a priest. A couple of other children were squatted or kneeling on the ground. It was a comfortable place for a school, and all the party seemed to be busy and happy. The guide thought the children belonged to rich families.

“These Buddhist monks here are the most influential and respected class in the community. Their principal business is to instruct the young, and set a good example to the people,” said Captain Conant. “I believe they lead correct lives; and the Buddhism here is the highest type of that religion anywhere, except, perhaps, in Ceylon. As you see, they have their heads shaved, and wear yellow garments. They live in monasteries; and it is said that they strictly observe their vows of poverty and celibacy; and they can afford to remain poor, for the people take excellent care of them. There are 20,000 of them in the country; but no monastery or pagoda can be endowed or hold property.

“You can see that the city in this part is laid off in squares, and there is every description of public buildings to be found in Indian cities,” continued the guide as the wagonette drove off. “The growth

of the town has been astonishing since the country came into the possession of the British, and quite equals the progress of some of your towns in the States. Now we will drive to the pagoda, which is really the 'hub' of Rangoon, if not of Burma."

This temple had been talked about on board of the ship, and the party had seen a picture of it; but they all agreed that it was a wonderful structure. The company left the vehicle, and walked around the pagoda, which is placed on an esplanade or platform. They went into it, and looked about the interior for half an hour.

"Tradition says this pagoda was erected 2,500 years ago as a temple to contain eight hairs of Guatama, the reputed founder of Buddhism; but you can believe as much or as little of such stories as you please. As you saw outside, it is built of brick; but that is no argument against the alleged date of the structure, for the Israelites made brick before that time. Now we will drive to Dalhousie Park, named after the Governor-General of India who first visited Burma," said the guide, as they moved out of the temple.

It was an exceedingly pleasant drive out to the Royal Lakes, which are the nucleus of the park. At half-past five the company were on board of the ship, and Captain Conant was shown all over her first. He expressed his admiration of the arrangements on board of her for the comfort of the passengers. He even believed he could be happy in a voyage around



"The company left the vehicle, and walked around the pagoda."



the world in such a steamer, especially in such exceedingly pleasant company.

The dinner was worthy of the occasion; and at the table the commander announced that the ship would sail at ten o'clock the next morning, when the tide served, for Acheen in Sumatra. The military guest spent the evening and the night on board. A very pleasant time of it he appeared to have, and expressed himself very decidedly to this effect.

## CHAPTER XVII

## AN INTERRUPTION OF THE VOYAGE

THE Guardian-Mother was to sail at ten o'clock, for she had to wait for the tide, or the commander would have been under way at daylight. Breakfast had been disposed of, and most of the passengers were on deck before this time. The great map of the Indian Archipelago had been spread out on the frame, and many of the company had studied it attentively. Scott was in demand, and with the pointer in his hand he was indicating the course which the ship was to take to the southward.

“When we get out of Rangoon River we shall be in the Gulf of Martaban,” said the young third officer in reply to a question put by Mrs. Belgrave.

“Now, where is Siam?” inquired the same lady.

Scott put his pointer upon it.

“We are not a great distance from it. Do we go there?”

“Mr. Gaskette has drawn a red line for the whole course of the ship till we get to Hong Kong,” replied Scott, as he followed the line with his pointer down to the Strait of Malacca. “There is no red line leading to Siam, the capital and principal city of which is Bangkok. We shall be within three hundred miles of it some time to-night.”



“As near as that, and not go there!” exclaimed the lady.

“It seems ‘so near, and yet so far,’” replied Scott.

“Very well answered!” said the commander, who had been near enough to hear the last of the conversation.

“Why don’t we go to Bangkok, Captain Ringgold?” asked the lady.

“Because the Guardian-Mother has no talent for sailing across the land,” replied the commander, laughing at the simple question.

“Mr. Scott says we shall go within three hundred miles of it.”

“Mr. Scott is quite right, but as he says, ‘so near and yet so far;’ for we should have to sail about two thousand miles to get there. In other words, the third officer gave you the distance from a point on our course to Acheen across the land, and not by sea. I tried to bring Siam into our itinerary, but I could not. Singapore is our nearest point to it, but it would take over a week to go there; and I wish to dispose of the equatorial portion of our route before the hottest of the weather comes on.”

“I suppose you are right, as you always are, Captain,” added the lady; and he went forward to look out for the sailing of the ship. “Mr. Scott, what has come over Morris Woolridge? He seems to be busy with that Bornean all the time.”

“Morris got up quite a flirtation with him soon after he came on board. He seems to have taken a

contract to improve Achang's English; and he has succeeded very well so far," replied Scott.

At the appointed time the ship sailed; and in a couple of hours the pilot was dismissed, and she went to sea. Mrs. Belgrave continued to study the map as the Guardian-Mother left the land behind her. Louis had just conducted Mrs. Woolridge and her daughter to the promenade. The commander soon joined them, and it was understood that there was to be a conference that afternoon.

"I am so sorry that we are not going to Bangkok," said Mrs. Belgrave, as he took his place by her.

"If it is a matter of such vast interest, we can go there. It is by no means an impossible thing," replied the captain. "It is 830 miles from Singapore to Bangkok, or two days and a half. When we get to the former port, I will put the question as to whether we go or not, and be governed by the majority. That is the only way I can settle the matter at present so that we can attend to the studies more directly before us."

"Which way are we sailing now, Captain?" asked the same lady.

"I gave out the course south 14° west," he replied.

"That is Chinese!" exclaimed the lady. "I have learned the compass well enough to understand you when you give the course in English."

"I might have said south by west a quarter west; I said about the same thing; not exactly. The face of the compass is a circle, and therefore contains four

quarter circles, each having ninety degrees. In other words, the point west is ninety degrees from the point south. The course now is  $14^{\circ}$  towards the west."

"I understand the points, but not the degrees," added the lady.

"The whole compass has thirty-two points. Each quarter circle therefore contains eight points. From south to west there are this number of points."

"I know all that by heart," laughed the inquirer.

"Eight points in the quarter-circle from south to west," repeated the captain. "Do you happen to remember how many degrees there are in this same quarter-circle?"

"Ninety, of course."

"Excellent! Now will you do me the favor to divide the ninety degrees by eight, the number of points?"

"Eleven and a quarter."

"Then I may give out the course as south  $11\frac{1}{4}$  west, or south by west, for both expressions mean precisely the same thing. I wish to make a little more westing. A quarter of a point is  $2.81^{\circ}$ , which added to  $11.25^{\circ}$  makes  $14.06^{\circ}$ ; a small fraction more than the course drawn from the compass diagram on the chart."

"I should not suppose that little fraction would make any difference," suggested Mrs. Belgrave.

"It is 720 miles to Acheen Head; and in making that distance a very small deviation from the true

course would carry us some distance from our point of destination. But if we get an observation at noon to-morrow, we shall ascertain exactly where we are, and then lay off a new course if the old one is not correct. But the time for the conference has come, and I have the pleasure of presenting to you a new lecturer, Mr. P. Lord Gaskette."

This announcement was a surprise to the passengers, though it need not have been; for the gentleman, though second officer of the ship, was a graduate of one of the most celebrated colleges of his country, was an artist, and had come home from the East as the chief officer of an Indiaman. He was very popular on board of the ship, and he was received with emphatic applause. He was dressed in full uniform, and bowed as gracefully as a dancing-master to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my subject is the Malay Peninsula," he began, with no preliminary remarks, which some expected of him. "It is said to have been anciently known as the 'Golden Chersonese.' The last name was given to several peninsulas. Probably gold was found here at some remote period, as it was in the mountains of Burma.

"The peninsula starts out from abreast of the Gulf of Siam," and the speaker used the pointer. "From this point, split the land in the middle, and the southern part of the British province of Tenasserim will be on the west side, and Siam on the east. The southern point of Lower Burma strikes the tenth de-

gree of north latitude. West of the southern half of Tenasserim is the Mergui Archipelago. They are mountainous, picturesque, and inhabited by people called Selungs.

“The islands are thinly peopled; and the principal business of the Selungs is the gathering of birds’ nests, which are of the kind eaten by the Chinese, and are considered a great delicacy. They are exchanged with the Malays and Burmese for rice and liquor. The bird that makes these edible nests is a kind of swallow.

“Malaya is usually said to begin at the Isthmus of Kra, at the southern point of Tenassarim, where it is 44 miles wide. It is 210 miles across at Perak, in latitude five north, just south of Penang. North of this line the Malay states are tributary to Siam, while south of it they are independent. With Penang, Malacca, and Singapore I am not to meddle, and the ship will visit these places.

“This peninsula has a range of mountains running through about the whole of it; and there are several peaks from 5,000 to 8,000 feet high. As you see on the map, there is an abundance of islands on both sides of the peninsula; and these were the abodes of pirates in former days, for the Malays seem to take naturally to piracy. This territory is the richest in the world in tin mines, from which gold is also taken. The animals are about the same as those of India, Burma included.

“The Malays, as a people, belong to one of the

great divisions of mankind. The race is found all over the Indian Archipelago, and extends over Polynesia. But the subject is too large to be treated in a brief talk, and I think I have said all that can interest you ;” and the speaker bowed and retired.

While this brief lecture was in progress, Captain Ringgold had left his place near the speaker and gone forward. It was evident that Mr. Gasketto had been disturbed by this movement on the part of the commander ; and though he did not cease to talk, he had walked over to the edge of the platform, and taken a look ahead. Probably the captain, and perhaps the second officer, had heard some announcement made by the lookout on the top-gallant-forecastle ; but it had not been heard by the passengers, or, at least, had not been understood. Mr. Gasketto hastened to the pilot-house as soon as he had brought his discourse to a rather hasty conclusion.

“What’s up, Mr. Scott ?” asked Louis.

“The lookout reported something ; but I could not make out what it was, for the men are ordered to speak only loud enough to be heard at the windows of the pilot-house when the conference is in session,” replied the third officer, as he hastened forward.

Louis and Felix also went to ascertain the cause of the interruption of the lecture. As the captain had not returned, it was evident that something had engaged his attention. It proved to be a sail on the starboard bow. All the officers in the pilot-house had directed their glasses at her. She was less than

a mile distant, and was headed across the course of the Guardian-Mother as though she intended to intercept the ship.

"I don't see anything to make a row about, Louis, darling," said Felix, when they had looked over the craft.

"Neither do I; but it is a proa, and she may be another pirate," replied Louis. "I don't believe she is, for a craft of her size would hardly think of attacking a steamer of our size. Besides, piracy is quite out of order in these waters at the present time."

"It wasn't out of order inside of a week ago," added Felix. "One of those proas was at it then."

"That was not piracy in the common acceptation of the word; for it was a plan of the Prince Kamran to capture the Princess Zuleima, and not for plunder," Louis argued.

"Do you suppose if these Hottentots had obtained a foothold on board of the maharajah's yacht, they would have failed to plunder her of all she had that was worth taking?"

"I don't know about that; but as it was, it was piracy according to the law of nations."

"What do you make of it, Louis?" asked Morris, coming forward at this moment with Captain Achang Bakir.

"Nothing, but that there is a proa on our starboard bow," replied Louis.

The waif of the Indian Ocean had taken Morris's

spyglass, and examined the proa very attentively. As he had sailed these waters for years in his own dhow, he was acquainted with many of the vessels that went from port to port in the Archipelago.

"Do you that proa know, Mr. Belgrave?" asked he as he removed the glass from before his eyes.

"Do you know that proa?" interposed Morris, laughing, as he corrected his pupil.

"I do not; she is like all the rest of them," replied Louis, when the Bornean had moved his verb back where it belonged.

"Do you see the new foremast she have?" asked Achang. "See the new work at the bow and stern, not painted yet?"

"I see," answered Louis; and the proa was near enough by this time to enable her to be seen without artificial aid.

"That is the proa who attacked the Zuleima. She is the Chulong called, and her captain is Chief Domelo," added Achang, somewhat excited.

"You did not tell us that when we fired into her," suggested Louis.

"Domelo kill me if he find me; have fear then to speak."

"Why would he kill you?" asked Morris.

"Because I don't let him cheat me one hundred pounds in Calcutta."

The proa had come to about the eighth of a mile ahead of the ship. It could be seen that she was still crowded with men, and there was a suspicious



activity at her bow and stern, as though she was making ready to use her guns. No one was quite prepared to believe that the Chulong intended to attack the Guardian-Mother, knowing that she carried some heavy guns; but presently Biggs, the boatswain, was sounding his whistle, and the crew were called to quarters, which meant that they were to take their stations at the guns.

As the ship approached the proa, the latter fired a shot across her bow, which signified that the pirate *ordered* her to stop her screw. This provoked the commander, and he paid no attention to the signal.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## A SHARP STRUGGLE AND A PRINCELY PRISONER

CAPTAIN RINGGOLD looked upon it as the height of impudence for the proa to put on the airs of a man-of-war. Louis gave him the information he had received from Achang; that it was the proa which had attempted to capture the Zuleima.

"So much the worse for her," replied the commander. "I have no authority to do so, but I should like to hand her over to a British man-of-war."

"She may fire into the ship as we pass her," suggested Louis. "We shall be quite near to her in a couple of minutes more."

"We will not cross the bridge till we get to it; but we are ready for whatever duty she may impose upon us," added the commander very quietly. "The fellow is reckless; and perhaps the passengers had better retire from the promenade. You may tell them they had better go below, Felix. You might go with them, Louis."

"I am not at all alarmed, Captain," said the young man, with a smile.

"I did not suppose you were; but your mother will worry about you if you are not with her."

"I should like to see the fun if there is to be any," suggested the young man.

“If your mother does not object, I shall not.”

Louis and Felix moved aft, and Mrs. Belgrave insisted that her son should remain with her. Mrs. Blossom was equally persistent in regard to Felix; and the entire party retired to the cabin. The gun fired by the Chulong had produced no little excitement among the passengers, for the fact that it was the proa which the ship had engaged before had by this time been circulated among them.

“Are we to fight another battle with that proa, Louis?” asked Mrs. Belgrave when they reached the cabin.

“We did not fight any battle with her the other day, mother” replied Louis, laughing as much to quiet the fears of the ladies as for any other reason. “If we had done so, she would be on the bottom of the Indian Ocean now instead of showing her impudence on the top of the water as she did when she fired that gun.”

“But the sailors are all at the guns ready to fire into her,” persisted the lady.

“That is a matter of precaution; but Captain Ringgold don’t believe the proa will attempt to capture the ship. I don’t know what is going to be done; and you will not allow me to stay on deck where I can see what is taking place.”

“A cannon-ball is as likely to hit you as anybody else.”

“I don’t believe anybody will be hit by a shot,” added Louis very lightly.

The passengers all seated themselves, and the conversation in regard to the proa became general. But the report of another gun did not reach their ears, and the excitement subsided to some extent. A few minutes later they heard the sound of the great gong in the engine-room, and the screw ceased to revolve. At the same moment Mr. Scott descended the grand staircase hastily, and touched his cap to the party.

“Captain Ringgold sends me to inform the passengers that they may return to the deck if they desire to do so, for there is no danger to any one at present,” said the third officer, bowing and retreating.

“Will there be no fighting, Mr. Scott?” asked Mrs. Belgrave.

“I can’t say what there will be, but there is none at present,” replied the officer, as he rushed up the stairs.

“Something new has happened, mother, and we will go on deck and see what it is,” said Louis, as he led the way.

The commander had remained as unmoved as he always was. He had taken a position on the narrow portion of the promenade deck in front of the pilot-house, where he had a clear view of the proa. The ship had continued on her course as though no gun had been fired to bring her to; for the captain was standing upon his dignity, and had a broad foundation on which to rest his feet. He had called Achang to him as the ship came abreast of the proa.

“I suppose they don’t speak English on board of

that craft," said he. "You talk Malay, Captain Bakir; hail her, and ask what she wants with me, for she is within hailing distance."

"*Apa maoo sama saya?*" shouted Achang at the top of his lungs, in Malay. (What do you want with me?)

Before any answer could be made to this question a boat came out from under the bow of the proa, and pulled towards the Guardian-Mother. In the stern-sheets was seated a person richly dressed in Persian costume. There were only five men in the boat, and they did not appear to be armed. It did not look like war in the slightest degree, and the commander ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to strike one bell. There was no sign of fighting, and he sent Scott with the message to the cabin.

The passengers immediately appeared on the upper deck, and the captain asked them to be seated on the promenade where they could see all that was likely to transpire. Scott was requested to inform them what had happened while they were below. They could see the boat approaching the ship, and straightway they all began to ask questions about it. Who was the magnificent-looking personage in the stern-sheets? But neither the third officer nor anybody else could answer the questions.

"Do you know the Persian in the boat, Captain Bakir?" asked the commander as soon as he had joined him in front of the pilot-house.

"No, sir; I did not before see him," replied Achang.

“Do you know him, Mr. Belgrave?” inquired the captain as Louis came forward.

“I do not; but I can guess who he is,” replied the owner of the ship with a significant laugh.

“I can do that,” answered the commander with an equally significant smile. “Can you guess what his business is on board of the Guardian-Mother?”

“I cannot; I give it up!”

“I am no wiser, and I give it up. But we shall soon know. I apprehend that our meeting with the gentleman will be full of interest to the passengers, and the interview shall take place on the promenade where our party are all seated. You may go and tell them this.”

Louis hastened to execute his mission. The gangway had already been rigged out, and the commander went aft to receive the distinguished visitor, as his rich robes indicated that he was. His cylinder hat with one side lopped off indicated that he was a Persian. In the fight with the proa nearly a week before, he had not been seen on the deck of the enemy. The captain invited Louis to go with him to the gangway.

The boat came up to the platform at the foot of the stairs, where the third officer and a couple of sailors were in attendance to render any needed assistance. The four oarsmen were Malays, with one better dressed in the stern-sheets, who appeared to be an officer. The boat came up to the platform, and the men on it assisted the passenger to disem-

bark. Mr. Scott spoke to him in English, and invited him to the deck, attending him up the stairs. As he passed inboard he was received by the commander and Louis, with their hands to their caps.

"You are welcome to this ship, sir," said the commander. "Whom have I the honor to address?"

"The Prince Kamran," replied the stranger.

"Captain Ringgold, in command of the steamer Guardian-Mother," added the commander as politely as though he had served his time in the capacity of a court official.

"I have some business with you, Captain," continued the prince; for both the captain and Louis had guessed that he was the gentleman who had so persistently pursued the Princess Zuleima, and had even resorted to piracy to obtain her.

"This gentleman is Mr. Belgrave, the owner of the steamer I have the honor to command," said the commander presenting the young millionaire.

The prince bowed politely enough to Louis, but took no further notice of him. The visitor was evidently absorbed in the business of his mission to the ship, whatever it was, and did not care to be bothered with anything else. The captain conducted his guest to the promenade, and gave him an armchair in the centre of it. At this moment six sailors, armed with cutlasses and rifles, placed themselves on each side of the platform. The prince did not seem to mind them at all.

The commander presented the prince to the party

in a general way, and the guest bowed to those on each side of him. He was a young man, not more than twenty-five. His beard was jet black, his form was graceful; but the ladies did not regard him, looking at his face only, as a handsome man.

"I have some business with you, Captain," said the prince, as he seated himself again after his presentation to the company.

"I am ready to hear your Excellency," replied the commander.

"Do you speak French, Captain Ringgold?" inquired the visitor, as he glanced at the members of the company.

"I do not; at least not well enough to carry on a conversation," replied the commander.

"I can speak English not so well as French. I was educated in France. I must speak English. You have the American flag."

"This is an American steamer."

"You have some fight with a proa which I have charter."

"The one from which you have just come, the Chulong, Captain Chief Domelo," replied Captain Ringgold, who had fixed these names in his mind when A-shang gave them to him.

"Another steamer was there with English flag. You two steamer disturb my business," said Prince Kamran, approaching the object of his visit, and becoming somewhat excited.

"Precisely; and the steamer Zuleima was also in the affair."



"My business was with the Zuleima. I want lady on board of her," continued the prince, as undisturbed as though the business of which he spoke was entirely regular.

"I am aware that you wanted her," replied the captain, slightly nodding his head as though he understood the whole matter.

"The proa was hurt; she could not sail; the other proa was traitor. You two steamer sail off with Zuleima; two with English flag, one with American flag. The business I have to find the lady. Where is she?"

"Well, your Excellency, I can tell you all you want to know," added the commander.

"I want the lady; where is she?" said the visitor with energy.

"What do you want of the lady?"

"Marry her! make her my wife."

"Does she consent?"

"No matter! I marry her!"

"That is not quite my idea of this sort of thing. The lady has gone to Calcutta; and by this time she is married, is the wife of another," returned Captain Ringgold in a matter-of-fact manner, as though he were not giving the prince a stunning blow.

"Married! wife of another!" exclaimed Prince Kamran, dropping into the chair, from which he had risen, like a mass of lead.

The ladies pitied him in his distress, but the commander did not. It was soon evident that he was

more in anger than in grief. He sat in silence for a few moments, and then sprang to his feet, as furious as though he had suddenly gone mad. From the ample folds of his robe he drew a Malay kris, a dagger or sword, about two feet long, broken into waves in its length. It looked very ugly and murderous; and some of the ladies screamed when they saw it.

“You have helped rob me of the lady! You hurt my proa with your guns!” yelled the prince, as he approached the commander.

“Precisely so; I did what I could to save the lady. But I do not allow such a weapon as that to be flourished on the deck of my ship,” replied the captain, as the angry man rushed upon him.

But as he raised his arm to strike with his kris, the commander seized him by the wrist with the grip of a vice, and wrenched the weapon from his grasp, throwing it on the floor. Then he seized the Persian by the throat and pitched him the whole length of the platform, when Knott and Stoody laid hands upon him. Mr. Boulong tied his wrists behind him, and made him fast to the fore-rigging. He struggled like a snake to escape.

“You need not be alarmed, ladies,” said the captain, when the ruffian had been secured. “I did not anticipate a scene like this, or I should not have brought the pirate into your presence; but I intended to arrest him for piracy. Ring one bell, Mr. Scott! Cast off that boat, Mr. Boulong, and hoist up the gangway!”

The Guardian-Mother went ahead, and the speed-bell soon rang. The seamen had torn his elegant robe from the prisoner; but he was still struggling to break the cords which bound him. The first officer saw that he had two revolvers in his belt, and they were taken from him.

## CHAPTER XIX

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA

THE Prince Kamran had doubtless come on board of the Guardian-Mother to ascertain what had become of the lady he had expected to capture in the Zuleima; and he had ascertained it. But it did not suit him at all; on the contrary, it had rendered him furious. His conduct indicated that he still intended to make a prisoner of the lady; and, doubtless, that was the mission of the proa, for she was headed to the north, the course the rajah's steam-yacht had taken.

The boat in which the visitor had come from the pirate had been cast off, and shoved by the seamen clear of the ship. The officer in the stern-sheets uttered what appeared to be a vigorous protest, but it was spoken in Malay, and no one understood him. The steamer was in motion, and in a minute or two had left the boat astern. The Chulong had come near enough to enable the chief to see that the prince had not left the ship, and there was a commotion on board of the pirate; but before she could get under way and pick up her boat, the steamer was out of the range of her guns.

“What an awful man that prince is!” exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave, as the commander halted at the

promenade on his way forward to assure the passengers that they were in no danger. "I don't blame the lady for not wanting to marry such a villain."

"He will soon cool off in his present condition," replied the captain with a smile. "A man with a lady in his head sometimes becomes reckless, as the prince did."

"But he came very near stabbing you with that ugly-looking knife," continued the lady, who held the kris she had picked up in her hand, and displayed it to the commander.

"No, he didn't; he was a madman, and didn't know what he was about. I did not lose my head; and he was my prisoner as soon as he showed the kris. That was not the first time I have been engaged in just such an affair."

"I suppose we have not yet seen the end of the matter," said Mrs. Woolridge.

"What more do you expect, madam?" asked the captain.

"The proa will chase us."

"It will be easy enough for her to chase us, but it will be quite another thing for her to catch us," replied the commander. "If by any possibility she should overhaul us, which could only happen if our engine should break down, or we should run on a rock, we could send her to the bottom inside of ten minutes. You have nothing whatever to fear, madam."

"What are you going to do with that prince, Captain?" inquired Mrs. Belgrave.

"That depends. I am morally certain that a British man-of-war will soon be in these waters, if one is not already here. When we were at Bangkok, I told Captain Conant all about the fight with the proas, and he telegraphed all the particulars to Calcutta. He received a reply that a gun-boat was at Diamond Harbor, which would sail at once in search of the pirates. If we do not fall in with her, I shall take the prisoner to Penang," replied the commander, more than usually communicative to his passengers.

Just then one of the seamen acting as sentinels over the prisoner touched his hat to the captain, and said the prince wished to speak with him. The mad lover had by this time cooled off, and ceased to struggle with the cords that bound him. He could see that the ship was under way, and leaving the proa behind, which seemed to give him a new train of thought. In fact, he looked broken and disconsolate. The commander went to him as requested.

"I have some business with you, Captain Ringgold," said he, as the captain approached him.

"State your business," replied the commander.

"I have some questions to make."

"Make them."

"You tell me the Princess Zuleima was married."

"I have no doubt she is married by this time."

"Who she marry?" asked the prince, beginning to be excited again.

"She will be the wife of his Highness, Ali-Noury Pacha, commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Empire of Morocco," answered the captain, intending to impress the captive with the exalted station of his rival.

The prince was silent, evidently struggling to control his rage at the disappointment he experienced. The commander told him enough of the particulars of the events leading up to the marriage to enable him to understand the matter; that the lady's father had consented to the union, and the ceremony was to take place as soon as they reached the palace of the rajah.

"The white steamer you saw in the fight with the proa is the steam-yacht of his Highness; and his wife will go with him in a voyage around the world," added the commander, finishing up his narrative.

"Then she is lost to myself," replied the prince.

"I should say that she was, if you can lose what you never had. The Princess Zuleima never consented to be your wife," suggested the captain.

"What you do with me?" asked the prisoner, who could not help being assured of the utter failure of all his schemes to obtain the lady.

"I shall hand you over to a British man-of-war I expect to meet somewhere in these waters."

"What for you do that?" demanded the prince.

"Because you are a pirate!" exclaimed the captain emphatically.

"Me a pirate?"

“Precisely so! Didn’t you hire Chief Domelo to capture the Zuleima and take the lady out of the steamer?”

“The lady belong to me! The Prophet give her to me! My mollah give her to me!” pleaded the prince.

“She was not his to give you. What you and Chief Domelo did was piracy, and both of you are likely to be hung for it.”

“Hung!” gasped the prince.

“Precisely so; that is the usual penalty for piracy.”

The captain left him to consider the situation. Half an hour later the prisoner wished to see him again. The prince offered him a thousand pounds to put him on board the proa, which was promptly refused.

“I shall hand you over to a man-of-war if I see one, or take you to Penang if I do not,” said the commander, when he had refused all the offers made to him. “You may be on board several days, Prince Kamran; I wish to treat you well, and shall do so if you behave yourself. If you resist, I shall put you in irons.”

“I am prisoner; I cannot do anything; I submit,” replied the captive.

“That is sensible.”

He was committed to a room on the main deck, and a sentinel was placed outside the door. This apartment had been used before for the same purpose, for Captain Mazagan had occupied it in the Grecian



Archipelago, and the carpenter had made it entirely secure. The prisoner was searched, though all his weapons had already been secured; but his money, and especially his matches, were taken from him.

At dinner, the event of the afternoon was discussed by the passengers, and the commander told them of all that had happened when they were not present. He thought it possible that the gunboat from the Hoogly might overhaul the steamer some time the next day, when she would pass within sixty miles of the locality of the battle with the proa.

Everything went along as usual, and the party sang in the music-room all the evening. The sentinel was relieved through the night with every watch; but the prisoner had a good bed in his berth, and he made no disturbance. A sharp lookout was kept for the appearance of any vessel that looked like a gunboat, but none was discovered. At the usual time in the forenoon the company assembled in Conference Hall, and Professor Giroud took his place on the rostrum.

“I appear before you, Mr. Commander and ladies and gentlemen, as a substitute for General Noury, who was appointed to tell you something about the Island of Sumatra, where we expect to be by day after to-morrow,” he began. “I sympathize with you all, especially the ladies, that the handsome pasha is not here to speak to you to-day; but he is just now engaged in a far pleasanter occupation, and perhaps you will be willing to tolerate his unworthy substitute.”

“Not unworthy!” shouted several of the gentlemen.

“We are looking for knowledge now, not beauty; and the professor is handsome enough,” added Mrs. Belgrave; and then all the audience applauded the sentiments expressed very lustily.

“I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your very kind words,” added the professor, bowing and smiling with all the French politeness there was in him. “My subject is Sumatra, which is the second largest island of the East Indian Archipelago, Borneo being the first. Without the islands that lie near it, it contains about 166,000 square miles. It is a little larger than Spain, 10,000 square miles larger than California, and equal in area to ten of the north-easterly states of our country. The population is largely a matter of guess-work, but the island is supposed to contain about 2,500,000 inhabitants.

“The island extends north-west and south-east 1,115 miles, and is 275 miles wide at its broadest part. It has a mountain system extending along its south-western shore for its entire length, with peaks from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high. These are the Bukit Barisan, or Chain Mountains; and you can call them by either name you please. It has many rivers, all of them flowing to the north-east, for the reason that they cannot conveniently flow over the mountains on the other shore. I could give you the names of some of them” —

“Don’t!” exclaimed Mr. Woolridge.

“I will not; for you would not remember them till luncheon time. There are plenty of volcanoes in the island, and several of them are still active. Indra-pura (that is a pretty name) is one of them, is 11,800 feet high, and near the middle of the island. I am a merciful man, and I will not name them all. There are extensive and well-watered plains in Sumatra, and many mountain lakes, probably craters of extinct volcanoes.

“The equator extends through the middle of the island, and of course the people have hot weather. In fact, it is summer about all the year on the plains; but it is cool in the mountains, and they even have hail-storms there. The flora of Sumatra is remarkably rich. The high lands are covered with forests, though they are cutting the timber away rapidly there as elsewhere. Something in the shape of trees and bushes grows all over the island where it is not cultivated; and much of it is in this condition. It has been said that a monkey could pass from the Indian Ocean to the Strait of Malacca in the trees without once putting his feet on the ground.

“Four hundred kinds of timber are reported as growing on a small area on the south-westerly side of the island; and that is a great many sorts of lumber. The valuable productions of Sumatra are rice and sugar principally; coffee, pepper, cocoanuts, sago, maize, sweet potatoes, yams, and, in fact, all tropical plants. You will have an opportunity to see the spices and other products, in daily use at home, in the act of growing.

“The animals of Sumatra are of greater variety than in almost any other island. The birds are the same as found in all this part of the world. The *bru* is the Malay name for a king of monkeys, called by the Dutch ‘Meester Kees;’ and he seems to be a useful citizen, for he is trained to gather cocoanuts from the trees. The elephant and rhinoceros are found here; so is the genuine tiger, and the Malay bear. There are forty-four kinds of snakes, and our Nimrod will not lack an abundance of his choicest game; for they include the cobra and python, the latter fifteen to twenty feet long.”

“Let me see some of them!” exclaimed Felix.

“I hope you will not see too many of them. You can try your hand at the crocodiles; for the rivers swarm with them, up to the mountains. The people come from Malay ancestors; but they are in all stages of civilization, and many of them are not civilized at all. The Dutch are the prominent power; and farther back than almost any other nation, Holland was tolerant of all religions. Mohammedanism came here five hundred years ago, and the religion of the Hindus came long before. Some of the people are in the lowest stages of barbarism, and religion worthy to be called by that name is not of much account among them.

“The Portuguese obtained a foothold in Sumatra in 1508; and in less than a century the Dutch had ousted them, and their East India Company began to make permanent settlements. But even now they

do not possess the whole of the island, though they are still extending their sway. Acheen, a Residency, as the divisions are called by the Dutch, was not subdued till within ten years.

“The largest city in Sumatra is Padang, with 150,000 inhabitants, and is about half way down the south-west coast. Acheen has 10,000, Bencoolen 12,000, and Palembang 43,000. The latter is about fifty miles up a river of the same name in the south. Bencoolen is on the south-west coast. Between this island and Java is the Sunda Strait, through which most, if not all, ships pass on their voyage from the West to China.”

The professor bowed, and retired with the applause of the audience.

## CHAPTER XX

## HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE TEASER

MR. BOULONG was waiting for an opportunity to speak to Captain Ringgold when the lecturer finished, and the passengers concluded that his business related to the prisoner in No. 27. All of them were interested in the prince, and to some of them he appeared like the hero of a romance. Nothing had been heard of him since dinner the day before; and all of them kept their places, expecting to be informed in relation to his present condition.

"I have just paid a visit to Prince Kamran, and, as usual, he has some business with you, Captain," said the first officer, ascending to the promenade.

"I doubt if he has any business at all with me, unless it be to make me another offer to put him on board of the proa again," replied the commander. "How is he behaving himself?"

"Very well, sir. He has found out that it is useless for him to kick, and he is very quiet and submissive," answered Mr. Boulong. "A very substantial dinner was carried to him from the cabin table, and he disposed of it all with an excellent appetite. He appears to be in very good condition."

"Why can't you let him go, Captain Ringgold?"

interposed Miss Blanche, who was of the romantic age, and perhaps thought that one who had taken so much trouble to obtain the heroine of the story ought not to be hung; for he was sufficiently punished by the loss of the beautiful princess.

“Can't you let him go?”

“Let him go where?” asked the commander, laughing. “He wishes me to put him on board of the craft he chartered for piracy; and the proa is nearly a day's sail astern of the Guardian-Mother. It might take me two days' time to comply with his request, and I certainly cannot do that.”

“Then put him on shore somewhere,” pleaded the fair maiden.

“There is no land within more than a hundred miles of us. Besides, you forget, Miss Blanche, that the pirate drew his kris upon me, and might have killed me if I had not been a great deal stronger than he was.”

“I think you have said enough, my dear,” interposed her father.

“I may have to take him to Acheen, and perhaps the Dutch authorities there may interfere in his behalf; especially if he should offer some official a thousand pounds or more,” added the captain. “I will see the prince when I am at liberty, Mr. Boulong.”

“Captain Ringgold, isn't it about time for us to see the Southern Cross?” asked Mrs. Woolridge.

“Hardly, madam. The professor told you that

the equator crossed the middle of Sumatra; but we are now in about ten degrees of north latitude, and the Southern Cross is still hull down in the south," answered the commander. "If you noticed the North Star last night, you observed that it had dropped many degrees below the point where we see it at home. The constellation of which you speak is not directly over the south pole, but at a considerable distance from it, not as near it as the Great Bear to the North Pole."

"When shall we see it? I have heard so much about it that I wish to see it very much," added the inquirer.

"When we get to Singapore, if you sit up about all night, you may be able to see it. But it is not much of a sight to see, and you will be disappointed, madam."

"What is it like?"

"It is like a rude cross, the four stars of which it is composed forming the outline of the sacred emblem. You see the four stars, and you have to imagine the cross."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. There are two stars near it which serve as pointers, and three which form a triangle. A good many people voyaging to the southward sit up very late at night to see the Southern Cross; but when they have seen it some of them wish they had staid in their berths. Possibly you might see it from our present latitude, but you will have a better op-



portunity before we get to Australia. Perhaps the professor will excuse me for saying that I believe Palembang is a hundred miles up the river of that name instead of fifty, as he put it," said the captain.

"I am glad to have you correct me, Mr. Commander," replied the learned gentleman. "I measured it on the map" —

"And did not take in the twists in the stream," laughed the captain.

"I did not; but I thought it was a very short fifty miles, and I consulted two authorities when I was in doubt. Both of them gave the distance as fifty miles from the Strait of Banca; but one of them said it was on the Musi River, and the other on the Moose, both doubtless referring to the same stream with the name differently spelled."

"What were your authorities, if you please, Professor Giroud?" asked Louis.

"Lippincott, and also Chambers; of the latter the edition just published," replied the professor.

"I can add another authority, the New American, old edition, which places the capital of the Residency of Palembang on the Musi, or Sungsang, fifty miles above its mouth," added Louis.

"I must give it up, Professor; and I am very glad that you are so careful about your facts. I obtained my information that it was a hundred miles from the sea from a book of travels; and the book is of recent date. After all, it is a matter of no great consequence."

“But much of the information in regard to this part of the world is either conflicting or very indefinite,” said the professor.

“In the same book I read of the killing with bird-shot of a serpent called a boa-constrictor which was thirty feet and some inches in length by actual measurement,” continued the captain. “I thought this was a big snake, and I consulted the books. Most of them give the maximum length of the boa as twenty feet. One authority locates these monsters in this part of the world, and they *are said* to grow to thirty feet in length. We read that a serpent kept the whole army of Regulus at bay in northern Africa, and was finally killed by the stones hurled at him by the engine used in besieging cities. The skin of this serpent was preserved in a temple in Rome, and it was a hundred and twenty feet in length; and another snake seventy-five feet long is mentioned in Roman history. The book I read might have made its snake longer, therefore, looking to ancient story-tellers for its authority.”

“Sail, ho!” shouted the lookout man who had been sent into the foretop; for the commander and the officers had been scanning the ocean all the forenoon for the gunboat from the Hoogly.

The captain had studied his charts very faithfully, and made some calculations with great care in regard to the man-of-war. Ten ships of the British navy were stationed in this quarter of the globe for the protection of India and the colonies of the

crown. Captain Conant and other officers of the army at Rangoon had been considerably excited over the information that a steamer flying the British flag had been attacked by a piratical proa.

They had telegraphed full particulars in relation to the locality of the outrage, and that one of the steamers which had interfered in the affair would sail for Acheen the next morning. A reply had been received by Captain Conant that the Teaser would be sent at once to the Malay peninsula. According to Captain Ringgold's calculations, allowing that the gunboat was good for twelve knots an hour, she should have been in the vicinity of Little Andaman at daylight in the morning. The report of a sail in the north-west, therefore, made no little excitement among the officers; and the commander hastened to the pilot-house.

"Where away?" shouted Mr. Boulong, when the hail came from aloft.

"Over the starboard quarter!" replied the lookout.

"That may be the gunboat, and it may not," said the captain as he entered the pilot-house.

"But it is very plain that she will never overhaul the Guardian-Mother if she can make only twelve knots an hour," suggested the first officer. "We are running away from her all the time, and she will never get near enough for us to make her out."

Mr. Boulong had the glass directed towards the sail; but it was nothing more than a speck on the ocean. The two vessels were sailing at an angle of

forty-five degrees with each other; and the steamer had brought the distant craft into view by lessening this angle as she proceeded on her course to the south.

“What you say, Mr. Boulong, is quite correct,” said the captain.

“In two or three hours more she will be hull down to us,” continued the first officer.

“That is true; and the only way to obtain any further knowledge of her is to come about and head for her,” added Captain Ringgold; “but I should be sorry to go some miles off our course to find that she is not the gunboat.”

“There is no other method of solving the problem.”

“Certainly there is not. Come about, Twist, but steer small, and make the course for that sail,” said the captain, addressing the quartermaster at the wheel.

“That vessel is not less than seven miles from us; and if we make four of them, we shall be nearly on our course, sir, if it proves not to be the gunboat,” suggested Mr. Boulong.

“We may be able to make her out before we have gone two miles,” added the commander as he left the pilot-house.

“What has happened now, Captain Ringgold?” asked Mrs. Belgrave as he mounted the promenade.

“Nothing at all has happened; but I hope something will happen in the course of twenty minutes,” he answered.

"I don't know what."

"You will know soon."

"But the steamer is going the other way."

"No; she is coming this way," laughed the captain. "She was going the other way a little while ago. I have changed the course. The lookout reports a sail in the north-west; and the Guardian-Mother is headed in that direction in order to ascertain whether the sail is the Teaser or not, for that is the name of the gunboat sent down to look-out for the pirates."

Before the ship had been fifteen minutes on her present course, Mr. Boulong came to the promenade with his spy-glass in his hand.

"That is not the gunboat, Captain Ringgold," said he, as he mounted the steps. "She looks like a big Indiaman now, and is probably bound through the Strait of Malacca."

The commander took the glass, and examined the vessel very attentively for a considerable time.

"Undoubtedly you are right, Mr. Boulong; and all we have to do is to resume our course," said he.

"If you look a little farther to the southward you will be able to make out another sail, farther off than that ship when she was first reported," added the first officer. "It can be seen only with the glass."

"Then we will keep on our present course half an hour longer," replied the commander, handing the glass back to the first officer.

The vessel nearest to the steamer was a large British ship. She was signalled, and was bound to Hong Kong. The Guardian-Mother gave the usual information in regard to herself, and both ships proceeded on their course. The use of the signal-flags interested the passengers, as it always did; and they asked a great many questions which the captain answered, and then returned to the pilot-house. In half an hour the second sail was distinctly made out, and this time it proved to be the Teaser.

As the two ships approached each other, the gun-boat fired a gun, not shotted, as a signal for the steamer to come to, which was promptly obeyed; for this time it came with authority. The screw was stopped some distance from the Teaser, that the man-of-war might choose her own position for the interview. Both ships had already hoisted their numbers, so that each knew what the other was. The wind was fresh, but the sea was not heavy, and the Teaser came to half a cable's length from the American steam-yacht. A boat was immediately dropped into the water, with eight seaman dressed in white at the oars. An officer in full uniform took his place in the stern-sheets, and gave the order to shove off.

“Have the prisoner brought on deck, Mr. Boulong. If he makes any resistance, put him in irons,” said the commander. “Felix, bring the kris and the prince's money from my cabin.”

The gangway had been rigged out, and two seamen

stood on the platform to assist if needed ; but only the officer left the boat. The two American sailors saluted the lieutenant in proper form as he stepped on the platform. The gunboat was a full-rigged ship of less than a thousand tons burden, and was a screw steamer.

Captain Ringgold stood at the head of the gangway as the officer mounted, and saluted him very politely.

"Whom have I the honor to address ?" asked the visitor, as he took the proffered hand of the commander.

"Captain Royal Ringgold, commanding the American steam-yacht Guardian-Mother."

"I am happy to meet you, Captain Ringgold. Allow me to introduce myself as Lieutenant Gainsborough, executive officer of her Majesty's ship the Teaser, representing Captain Westwood, in command."

"It gives me very great pleasure to meet you, sir, as the telegraph at Rangoon has already informed me in regard to your mission. Will you come to my cabin, sir ?"

Lieutenant Gainsborough attended the commander to his cabin. There the fullest particulars of the battle with the proa were repeated, and the fact that Prince Kamran was a prisoner on board was announced.

"That man is the son of a very wealthy Persian of Teheran ; but if he is a prince, the title was

bought with his father's money, and not obtained by inheritance."

"I hold him to be the principal pirate in this affair, for he employed Chief Domeli to capture the Zuleima," added the commander. "I shall deliver him to you with the greatest pleasure. I have no doubt that if you proceed to the northward, you will pick up the proa also."

"The Indian Government is under very great obligation for the service you have rendered to it," said the lieutenant, who was in possession of all the facts relating to the fight, and the romantic adventure of General Noury.

They returned to the deck; and the prisoner was formally handed over to the officer, who called up two of his men to take charge of him. The kris and the money were delivered to him. The prince offered no resistance, and clothed in his rich robe he descended the gangway with his custodians. Both ships immediately got under way, the Teaser headed to the north.



## CHAPTER XXI

## THE ARRIVAL AT ACHEEN IN SUMATRA

THE Commander of the Guardian-Mother was exceedingly glad to get rid of his prisoner, for he was fearful that he might cause some complications with the Dutch authorities at Acheen. The prince had plenty of money; and custom-house officials, if not others, were likely to come on board of the ship. A health officer would probably look over the steamer, and ask troublesome questions if an attempt was made to conceal the prisoner from him.

He had a large bag of sovereigns, besides a letter of credit, and he might purchase the services of some official who came on board. The valuables had all been handed over to Lieutenant Gainsborough, and the commander had taken his receipt for them as a matter of precaution. The affair with the proa, so far as the steamer was concerned, seemed to have come to a conclusion.

From the large amount of money and credits found on the person of the prince, it was more than possible that he had not paid Chief Domelo for the service rendered by him, though he had failed to secure the lady; and therefore the professional pirate was not likely to lose sight of the prince for any great length

of time. The commander and Mr. Boulong talked the matter over in the pilot-house after the course had been laid, and they agreed that Domelo would follow the ship. The Teaser would probably fall in with the proa, and capture her.

At any rate the Guardian-Mother was done with the proa and the pirates. The ship's company of the Zuleima would supply all the witnesses that were needed to convict the desperadoes in Calcutta, and the prince and the chief were in a fair way to pay the penalty of their crimes. The event of the day was the subject of the conversation among the passengers, and the captain was more plain-spoken than usual in regard to the matter. But the affair did not disturb the party; and they ate and slept without fear or trembling till the middle of the forenoon of the next day, when the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" came from the lookout on the topgallant-forecastle.

The passengers had all gathered in Conference Hall, and were engaged in a lively conversation concerning what they expected to see in Sumatra, when the cry of the lookout came to their ears, and caused them to leap to their feet at once. It was not so thrilling as the same cry when it came in good Spanish to the auriculars of Columbus and his companions. They strained their eyes to see the land announced; but it was hardly different from the few clouds that floated near the horizon, and they could not distinguish the one from the other.

"You will not make it out for an hour or more,"

said the captain, mounting the platform. "The land you see first will be a group of small islands, and not the main island of Sumatra. I am going to tell you something about the town of Acheen, that you may know where you are when you get there. As you have already learned, facts and fiction are considerably mixed in the books from which we have to obtain our information, and I am not willing to vouch for the entire accuracy of what I may say; though I have dilligently compared the various available authorities, and I shall be near enough to the truth to answer our purpose.

"Acheen is the capital of the province, or Residency as the Dutch call it, of the same name; but it is a bit difficult to tell precisely what that name is, for there are at least four ways of spelling the word in English books. The oldest in use is Acheen, which I use, though Chambers writes it Atcheen. It is also given as Atchen and Achen. The Dutch name is Atjeh; but I find this spelled Atjih. Of course these varieties are only so many attempts to render a Dutch word into English; and you can take your choice of them, unless you prefer, in speaking of the town, to use the native word, which is Kota Rajah.

"Until twenty years ago the province was independent, and is said to have once been a powerful Sultanate. It has an area of 6,370 square miles, a little larger than the two States of Rhode Island and Connecticut. The population is 580,000, considerably less than the State of Maine. Sumatra has five of

these Residencies. Two of them are entirely on the west coast, Bencoolen being one of them, where there is a territory of not more than thirty miles in width between the ocean and the long range of mountains."

"The south-western portion of the country, on the Strait of Malacca," continued the speaker, pointing to it on the great map, "I suppose is called the East Coast Residency, though my maps give it no name. This part is next south of Acheen. Palembang comes next on the south, and is the largest and most populous province of the island. Most of it is low and flat; for, as you see on the map, it is streaked with rivers, some of which have a course of nearly or quite two hundred miles. It is the most productive portion; and as this region is congenial to crocodiles and big snakes, they abound here.

"South of Palembang is Lampong, reaching to the Sunda Strait. I have told you something about the whole island, reviewing what the professor gave you, and now we will return to Acheen, in which just now we are the most deeply interested. This province is the only one that extends entirely across the island on both sides of the mountains. There are other but less lofty mountains in the centre and northern parts of the province; but the middle of it is a valley fifty miles wide. A hundred miles south of the capital is Abong-Abong, a mountain 11,000 feet high. These elevations make this the healthiest region of the island; and that is one reason why we happen to be here."

“Are there no snakes, big ones I mean, in this part of the island?” asked Felix.

“Plenty of them, Mr. Mongoose. The city of Acheen is on a river three or four miles from the sea, which rises near the high mountain I mentioned; and, doubtless, on this river you will find crocodiles and big snakes enough; and on either side of it tigers and elephants; and we shall expect you to come in from your hunt with an elephant in your game-bag. You will not be among the uncivilized unless you go some distance back from the town; and even there you will find the region highly cultivated, with plenty of villages, each with its creamy white mosque.

“There is a bar at the mouth of the river over which no craft drawing more than four feet of water can pass; but the Dutch have a taste for this sort of thing, and they will soon dig out a deep channel to the town. The place, which was formally a large and thriving city, contained the fortified palace of the king, many fine public buildings, and numerous mosques. But all this has passed away, though within the last twenty years the new masters have made wonderful improvements.

“The city was practically destroyed in the long war that ended in the subjugation of the whole province not more than fifteen years ago. The town has been rebuilt for the most part, though it now has only about 10,000 inhabitants. We shall come to anchor off Oleh-leh, which is the port of the city, and is connected with it by a railroad. You will find the

vegetation very rank here, and so much foliage gives even the town a picturesque appearance. I have nothing more to say; and by this time you will be able to see the land distinctly."

The passengers hardly waited to applaud the remark of the commander, but hastened to the front of the pilot-house. They clapped their hands with delight, or some of them did, when they plainly saw three islands, and looming up at the south of them on the mainland a mountain lofty enough to be seen at a distance of fifty miles, as the captain said it was. The shores in sight were so bright and green that it looked like fairyland to the company. The commander had talked so long that the ship was now within five miles of the land; but no fault was found with him, even inwardly, for all had been much interested in his discourse.

"The island farthest north is Rondo, and the other is Way. Between the latter and the great island is the Malacca Passage, through which we shall go," the captain explained.

"What is that mountain we see?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, who was always sure of a ready and pleasant answer from the commander.

"On my latest map it is Mount Ya Mura; on the chart it is called Bato Pedir," replied Captain Ringgold. "I don't know the meaning of either name, or which is the right one, and I dare say the Dutch have their own name for it."

The gong for luncheon sounded while the party

were still gazing at the shores ; and as was invariably the case, the sea air had given every one a keen appetite. Dr. Hawkes had nothing to do but to enjoy himself. The captain wished to have the collation disposed of before the ship reached her anchorage. A pilot was just coming on board ; and after the man was properly received and given in charge, the commander joined the party in the cabin. The information received during the forenoon was discussed, and some questions were asked and answered. But the passengers made rather short work of the luncheon, for they were impatient to return to the deck and view the approaches to the land.

The pilot was an enormous Dutchman, who would have tipped at a figure over three hundred ; though not all of them were of his nationality, for some natives were engaged in the business. He spoke English very well, and gave the captain all the details in regard to landing. He mentioned the names of the bays and capes, and pointed out a village on the shore which greatly interested the party. It was in front of a hill, and the only trees to be seen were palms. The houses were low structures, too far off to be seen distinctly. A large party were bathing on the beach, and several boats came near enough to be examined. They were rather long and narrow, with a sharp, elevated bow.

The pilot brought the steamer safely to the anchorage off the port of Oleh-leh ; and the heavy iron had hardly sunk into the mud before a custom-house

officer and the port physician presented themselves on the deck. The latter proceeded to discharge his duties relating to the health of the ship's company, and Dr. Hawkes answered all his questions. No sick person could be found on board, and the clearance proved that she came from a port where no epidemic prevailed.

"What is your cargo, Captain Ringgold?" asked the custom-house officer.

"We have no cargo. This is a yacht making a voyage around the world for the instruction and amusement of the cabin party," replied the captain. "You will find it so stated in the ship's papers."

The officer examined them, and was satisfied. But before he departed another boat came alongside. It was manned by nine sailors in white jackets and trousers, with an officer in full uniform in the stern-sheets, who mounted the gangway with hasty steps. Dr. Hawkes had been informed by the port physician that the captain, any of the crew, or other person, was not permitted to land till the ship had been visited by an officer from the guard-ship; and this was evidently the person indicated. The commander received him with the greatest politeness at the head of the gangway.

"Lieutenant Ransdorp, of the guard-ship," said the officer, raising his cap and bowing very politely.

"I am happy to know you, Lieutenant Ransdorp. Captain Ringgold, at your service," replied the commander, as he presented his hand, which was cordially taken.



"The flag at your peak informs me that this is an American vessel," continued the lieutenant. "In the merchant service?"

"No, sir; a yacht, making a voyage around the world for the instruction and amusement of the owner and his party. Do me the favor to come into my cabin, and I will exhibit the ship's papers."

On the way, the commander spoke to Mr. Sage, who hastened below. In the captain's cabin the papers and the clearance from the last port were examined.

"The health officer reports your sanitary condition as excellent. My visit is a formality in most cases, and certainly is so in this instance. You and all persons are at liberty to land at your own pleasure," said the lieutenant.

"We shall be happy to see something of the island of Sumatra, and later we shall call at Batavia."

"You have a magnificent ship, Captain Ringgold," added the officer. "May I be allowed to look her over a little? for I am already interested in the beautiful craft."

"With the greatest pleasure, Lieutenant Ransdorp," replied the commander, as he led the way from the cabin. "Our party are all assembled on the promenade to see the sights, and I should be glad to present you to them."

The lieutenant made no objection, and followed his guide. He was first introduced to Louis Belgrave as the owner of the ship.

"He must be what you call a millionaire to own

such a magnificent ship; and he is so very young," suggested the visitor.

"He is eighteen, and more than a millionaire," said the captain, while the officer still held the hand of the young man.

"I hope I shall see more of you."

"I thank you most heartily, Lieutenant Ransdorp, and I shall be very glad to know you better."

The officer was then presented to all the party, first to Mrs. Belgrave. When he came to Miss Blanche he seemed to be astounded, and almost lost his head. The commander then took his guest all over the ship, Louis with them by request. In the cabin a collation was ready for him of which he was invited to partake, and accepted.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN EXCURSION UP THE ACHEEN RIVER.

THE Dutch officer was exceedingly polite, and while he was taking his luncheon he gave the captain and Louis all the information they desired. He was greatly interested in the appointments of the Guardian-Mother, and assured his host that no such yacht had ever visited Acheen. The battle with the proa was rehearsed as a matter of news, including the delivery of Prince Kamrau to the British man-of-war.

“I have never heard of any pirates in these waters in late years,” said the lieutenant.

“The instance I mention was only technical piracy, for plunder was not the object in view,” replied the commander. “It was only a scheme to obtain a lady whom the employer of the chief had hired him to carry off; though it is probable that the Zuleima would have been robbed if the miscreants had captured her.”

“But it was piracy all the same.”

“No doubt of it; and the British government is not in the habit of winking at such outrages. The Indian authorities have been very prompt in the suppression of crime. I learn that there is a railroad from the port up to the city of Acheen.”

“There is; but we have a steam-launch for the use of the guard-ship. As I am in command in the absence of the commander on a visit to the governor of the Residency, I am happy to place it at your disposal for the afternoon,” said the visitor, as he rose from the table. “With your permission I will send for it at once.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant; you are very kind, and I am glad to accept the offer,” returned the captain.

“The launch is alongside the ship, with steam up, and there will be no delay,” added the visitor. “She is of very light draught, and she will not delay you by getting aground.”

“Can she go up the river beyond the city, sir?” asked Louis, as they were returning to the deck.

“She can go up the stream for a considerable distance above the town.”

“The young gentlemen of my party are very fond of hunting, and they are always very anxious when they go on shore to find a place where game is abundant,” the commander explained.

“They will find plenty of game anywhere on the island of Sumatra,” replied the lieutenant. “Leaving the river at any point, and going to the southward, they will come to the forest; and if they go far enough they will find tigers, bears, deer, the Malay hog, and birds in great variety. The importation of firearms is not permitted, but fowling-pieces of a certain value for sporting purposes are admitted. I will

send an officer with you who will save you from all annoyance."

"You are very kind, Mr. Ransdorp; and I highly appreciate your courtesy. Will you do me the honor to dine with us at seven, and bring with you such of your officers as you desire?"

"I accept the invitation with the greatest pleasure; and I hope Captain Barneveld will return in season to join me, for he would be delighted to meet your party."

"I shall be very glad to see him; and bring with you as many as you please," said Captain Ringgold, as the steam launch was approaching the ship, for the lieutenant had sent for her some time before.

It was a handsome little craft, such as one may see about Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The officer in charge of it was introduced as Mr. De Heem, and he was said to be the hunter of the ship. He was very cordially received, especially by the young Nimrods of the Guardian-Mother, and was invited to dine with the other officers. By the time of Acheen it was only one o'clock, and the company had a long afternoon before them for the excursion.

The "Big Four," equipped with guns, game-bags, and ammunition, were ready at the gangway. The Dutch officers assisted the ladies to their places in the standing-room of the launch, which was also provided with a very cosy little cabin. The channel of the river was quite near the land, so that the party had a good view of the shores at the port. Farther

up the stream they saw some houses which were elegant compared with most of the buildings.

"This is Oleh-leh," said Mr. De Heem, in answer to a question. "It is the port of the city, and is given over to commercial uses."

"But some of it looks very like a garden," added Mrs. Belgrave.

"Everything grows very rankly in this island; and you will find all the houses, even of the poorer people, embowered in palms and luxuriant shrubs and bushes."

"Are you a Dutchman, Mr. De Heem?" inquired Mrs. Woolridge, who thought his language was almost as flowery as the shores along which they sailed.

"A full-blooded Dutchman; but I learned English in college, and I have been in England and America many times for a young man," laughed the officer.

"I found that nearly every native in Holland, or in the cities, spoke English very fluently," added the lady.

"Our country is so near England that all our business men have to speak it. The scene will change now, ladies and gentlemen, and you will see something besides warehouses and piles of goods."

"What is that scragly bush near the water, Mr. De Heem?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, pointing to a plant, the branches of which were propped up with poles.

"That is a pepper-plant; but farther up the river you will have an opportunity to examine some better

specimens than that one, and I will tell you something about them," replied the lieutenant. "Sweet potatoes grow in your country, and they are not a novelty to you. They are raised in great abundance in Sumatra. On this trip you will also see yams, sago, coffee, Indian corn, pepper and other spices; but the principal products of the country are rice and sugar, the latter made not only from cane, but from the Arenga palm."

"As our maple-sugar is made from the sap of the tree, I suppose," added Mrs. Woolridge.

"Precisely so. You will see a sugar-palm, as the Arenga is also called. It is a very valuable tree in this and other countries where it grows, for it has about as many products as the reindeer of Lapland," explained the lieutenant. "The sweet sap makes a dark-colored sugar called *jaggery*. This sap fermented gives an intoxicating drink named *neroo* or *brum*. From the pith of the trunk of this palm vast quantities of sago are obtained, sometimes as much as two hundred pounds from a single tree. From the leaves comes a certain kind of fibre, from which ropes of great strength are made. Finally a kind of woolly moss is found on the older palms, which is used for calking vessels, stuffing cushions and mattresses, and makes good tinder."

"That palm is certainly a very useful tree," added Mrs. Woolridge.

"But here we are at the landing-place," the officer announced. "Carriages are not plenty here; but I

can procure some kind of a vehicle for you, though the city is quite compact."

"We don't need any carriages," suggested Dr. Hawkes. "It is not very hot to-day, and Brother Avoirdupois and I can walk as far as will be necessary to see what we wish of the town."

Uncle Moses assented, and the party landed. The government buildings were pointed out to them, and they were solid and substantial, like everything built by the Dutch. In less than half an hour the company had seen all they desired of the place, which was hardly more than an exaggerated village. They had seen too many great cities in their travels to become excited over a small one. What interested them most was the people in the streets, and the houses in which they lived.

Men and women were dressed very nearly alike, in drawers or trousers reaching only to the knees. Most of the males wore nothing above this, while the women had a sort of jacket, as did also a few of the men. They were dark-colored, like the Malays, in general. They are said to be unlike the inhabitants of the other sections of Sumatra, being shorter in stature, and more active and industrious. They make good sailors and soldiers; but they are treacherous and revengeful, greatly addicted to the use of opium, and their morals are of the lowest degree.

Like the houses down the river, those of the city were surrounded with palms and a great variety of flowering and other plants. Probably no attention



was given to them except to keep an open path to the street. But the indigenous shrubs come up and grow without being planted, and nature made every householder's garden for him.

"What queer houses they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom.

"There is a little variety about them, madam; but they are such as you see all over the island. They are all built of bamboo, and you would find the floors of them very shaky. In better dwellings they use palm and other woods for the floors."

"Here is one that looks more like a low pagoda than a house," added Mrs. Belgrave.

"That is of the Indian style of architecture," said the lieutenant.

"The roofs are something like those we used to call French, though they were not like those we see in France; and I am very glad they have gone out of fashion," Mr. Woolridge remarked.

"They have the in-curved roof, the ridge rising to a considerable height," Uncle Moses observed. "There is one whose ridge-pole curves from one end so as to terminate in a sharp point at the other end, forming a sort of pinnacle or pointed turret."

"But there is one like a Yankee corn-house," said Captain Ringgold. "By the side of it is another with a four-sided roof. I must say that some of them are quite picturesque."

"But this is dry land; why do they set them all up on piles or posts?" inquired Dr. Hawkes, looking to the lieutenant for an answer.

"That is a Malay fashion; and even in Sumatra they always build in the water if they can find any," replied Mr. De Heem.

"They have the same fashion in Burma," added Louis.

"In Palembang, where there is plenty of water near the river, the houses and shops along the water are built on piles. These people never walk anywhere when they can go in a sampan. In that city, as in some others, people go to market or shopping in boats. I suppose the fashion came from people who have lived in regions that were sometimes inundated," the lieutenant explained, as the company were returning to the landing-place. "There is the captain of our ship," he added, indicating a gentleman in full uniform coming out of a house.

The Americans halted; and by "regular approaches," directed by the lieutenant the party, came into the presence of the commander of the guardship, who wore a very pleasant and inviting face; and all of them were duly presented to him. Mr. De Heem explained the situation, and the magnate of the man-of-war was as agreeable and affable as could be. He was happy to meet the party, and accepted the invitation to dinner the captain of the Guardian-Mother extended to him.

"Where are you going now?" asked Captain Barneveld, who evidently was not inclined to part company with the members of the party.

"Up the river, sir; the young gentlemen desire to

do some hunting, and all of the company wish to see something more of Sumatra, for they sail to-morrow morning for Penang," replied the young officer.

"I will go with you, if the ladies and gentlemen will permit me to do so," said Captain Barneveld, who appeared to be about the age of the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

"We shall be delighted!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave; and the sentiment was also expressed by several others, especially the captain.

The Dutch captain was as polite, not to say gallant, as a young man; and he had good taste, for he offered his arm to Mrs. Belgrave, who accepted it, while the junior officer was equally polite to Miss Blanche. In a few minutes they were all seated in the steam-launch, and she left the pier, heading up the river. The craft made good time, for recent rains had raised the stream to high-water mark; and in half an hour she came to a village, at least ten miles from the sea. Captain Barneveld did most of the talking now, the junior retiring into the shade.

"Why is that heavy fence, or palisade, built around the village?" asked Uncle Moses, pointing his question at the Dutch captain.

"It is a fashion the people here have to surround their homes with a fence," replied the captain. "We are not a great distance from the mountains and the forest, and wild beasts might make terrible havoc among their cattle and poultry in a single night. But the fence does not keep the snakes out.

At the governor's house I heard of a village in which a big boa had taken possession of a dwelling, and driven out all the inmates. The natives were afraid of him, and the serpent was in full possession at noon."

"Where is that village, Captain Barneveld, if you please?" eagerly asked Felix McGavouty, while all the others laughed.

"It is the very next one we shall come to," replied the captain.

"May I be allowed to land there?"

"Certainly; but I hope you don't think of attacking the serpent."

Felix declared that was just what he intended to do, and the launch proceeded up the river.

## CHAPTER XXIII

## A WINNING BATTLE WITH A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR

CAPTAIN RINGGOLD and the Dutch commander had already become very congenial ; but they were talking about the affairs of the Residency, and loud enough to enable all the party to hear them. Captain Barneveld said the Dutch had fought a long war to obtain entire possession of the province, and having obtained it, they were not disposed to lose it.

“ We keep two thousand soldiers from home here, besides breaking in some native troops,” said the captain of the guard-ship. “ They make good soldiers, though it takes a deal of training to overcome their natural tendencies to be wild and independent.”

“ You have done your work exceedingly well in the conquest of these islands. It is really marvellous that such a small nation as Holland should hold such a vast territory at such a distance from its own location,” added the American captain.

“ We have some trouble in holding our own ; but we do it. We are fighting in Lombok now, and it all goes one way. Excuse 'me, young man, but I advise you not to drag your hand in the water as you are doing,” he added, addressing this warning to Felix.

“Do I damage the water of the river?” asked the Milesian, as he withdrew his hand.

“Not at all; but a crocodile about where we are now might damage your arm by snapping off a part of it,” replied the Dutch commander.

“Do be careful, Felix!” cried Mrs. Blossom.

“Don’t worry, aunty; show me a crocodile, and I will make it uncomfortable for him,” added Felix, as he looked over the repeating-rifle he had brought with him.

“You may shoot all you can of them, and we shall be thankful to you, for the reptiles are a great nuisance to us,” said Captain Barneveld. “Down by the town the water is stirred up by boats so that they do not stay there, but retire to the quieter parts of the stream. There are some lagoons farther up where they are very plenty. Some of our people hunt them, but they are not easy game to kill.”

Farther up the river they came to something like a beach on one side of the stream, with no village near; and here were four of them sunning themselves on the sand. The “Big Four” all sprang to arms as though there were an enemy at hand. Though Louis and Felix had choice fowling-pieces of their own, they had brought with them half a dozen of the ship’s rifles as better suited to the hunting they were likely to do. Shooting birds was too small game for them.

“There is one of them swimming across the river!” exclaimed Captain Ringgold. “There is a good chance for you, Felix.”

The Nimrod of the party had already sighted the monster, for none of the reptiles were baby crocodiles, and had gone to the bow of the launch. A moment later he fired, and the party saw a great commotion in the water ahead of them. He had put the ball through the left eye of the creature as he swam near the surface with his head lying flat upon it.

“Bravo, Mr. Felix!” shouted the Dutch commander. “You made a good shot that time.”

“I do it like that every time,” replied the Nimrod, with a bit of Milesian brag.

The bullet had crashed through the brain of the reptile; and when the launch passed him, his spasmodic struggle had ceased. The noise of the machinery of the little steamer disturbed the meditations or the slumbers of the four saurians on the beach. They raised their heads and took a survey of the situation, with which they were evidently not satisfied, for they began to waddle towards the water, which is their stronghold in time of danger.

Captain Ringgold took one of the rifles, and then offered others to the Dutch officers; but wishing to leave the sport to the strangers, they declined to take them. Uncle Moses took one of them, and the boys had the remaining four. The commander designated a crocodile for each of them to fire at, though there were not enough of them to go round. Two of them had to aim at each of half the number. The boat was stopped, and the party discharged their rifles nearly together.

“Aim under the fore shoulder when the leg points aft!” said Captain Ringgold, as he aimed his rifle at the one farthest from the launch.

He fired, and the other five did the same. It was plain that all of them had been struck in a vulnerable place, for they seemed to be no longer able to waddle towards the water. They roared, struggled, and two of them had turned over on their backs; and though they still kicked, they appeared to be unable to recover their natural position.

“We want to kill and not torture them; fire again,” said the commander.

Six more shots were promptly made. The two that had turned over presented the shoulders opposite where they had been hit before, and another volley was poured into them. All the hunters seemed to have fired into these two, and in one the vital organ must have been penetrated, for he did not move again. The party continued to discharge their weapons till three of the reptiles ceased to show any signs of life. But the fourth, doubtless less severely wounded than the others, succeeded in reaching the water, and began to swim away from the spot when Felix hit him in the eye, and he succumbed on the instant.

“Are those alligators or crocodiles?” asked Mrs. Woolridge.

“They call them all crocodiles in this part of the world, and they are nearly the same creature as the alligator; though there is a difference in them which



some of our naturalists will indicate at a more convenient time," replied the commander, as the launch went ahead again.

"You have rendered a good service to our people, for these reptiles are an intolerable nuisance to them. Sometimes they come on shore and carry off their calves, goats, and sheep; and about a year ago one of them snapped up a little boy bathing with others in the river," said Captain Barneveld. "I have heard of one attacking a cow that was drinking in the stream; though she was saved, she had to be killed, for two of her legs were broken. But they are not so plenty or so savage here as in some places I have visited; as Palembang and the Philippine Islands. We are coming to the village where the great snake scared the people out of their houses; and this is about as far up the stream as we can go in the launch."

"We are quite near the mountains and the forests here, and you will find the best hunting-grounds within a hundred miles of Acheen back of this village," said Lieutenant De Heem. "But some of the party wish to see a sago palm, pimento bushes, and other plants."

"Very well, Mr. De Heem. We will attend to the snake first. Then you may take charge of those who wish to hunt in the woods, and I will explain the plants to those who have no taste for hunting," replied the Dutch captain.

A few minutes later the boat came up to a bam-

boo pier, and made a landing. Scott had been looking over the cordage in the launch, and found a small coil of very strong half-inch line, which he was permitted to take on shore, though he did not explain the use to which he intended to apply it; but the other members of the "Big Four" smiled, for they had seen him operate before with such an article.

The ladies all declined to witness the battle with the serpent, if he had not already been captured or killed. The two "heavy men" preferred to stay with them; but the captain, Mr. Woolridge, and the professor landed, for they desired to see the sport. Several natives appeared on the little wharf, and Captain Barneveld asked if the snake had been killed. He had not, for all of them were afraid to attack him. The party landed, and were conducted by the natives to the house where his snakeship had taken up his quarters.

The village was surrounded by a sort of stockade which might keep the crocodiles out, but was no protection against serpents or tigers. The houses were not fenced in like the village, and an enterprising boa could go from tree to tree to the centre of the hamlet without touching the ground. When they came to the house that had been invested by the snake, the guides declined to go any farther. They said the visitor had swallowed a calf that morning, and was languidly awaiting the process of digestion.

The hunters entered the grounds that surrounded the house; and coiled around a mango-tree, with his



"He threw his lasso over the head of the reptile."



head resting sleepily on a large branch, about fifteen feet from the earth, was the boa-constrictor, for such he was. At first he took no notice of the visitors, and seemed to be in a semi-torpid state. Every rifle was ready to put a ball through the head of the reptile, and his position was entirely favorable to this manner of disposing of him.

Scott had a brilliant reputation as a lassoist, and his companions had seen him apply his cord implement to three men. The commander looked on with interest, and Mr. De Heem with curiosity. The operator picked up a stick, and threw it at the body of the serpent. This was to wake him up; and he immediately proved that the process of digesting the calf did not deprive him of the power of defending himself, for he darted his head about six feet from the branch, and looked ugly enough to swallow the third officer of the Guardian-Mother.

“Look out for yourself, Scott!” cried the captain, as all the party pointed their rifles at the head of the snake.

“Don’t fire, if you please;” and at the same moment he threw his lasso over the head of the reptile.

He handled the line with exceedingly great skill; for he had not only used it in actual affrays, but he had practised a great deal with it. He worked it behind the head to the soft part of the throat, when he hauled out the line. The boa was a prisoner beyond a doubt. But he made a fearful commotion. The line became tighter around his throat at every

wriggle he made. In his struggles to escape he unwound himself from the tree. Scott had passed the line around another tree thirty feet from the lodgment of the reptile, and hauled it taut every time the captive made any movement.

All hands hauled on the line as requested by the operator. The natives, when they saw that the enemy was practically vanquished, came forward and assisted in manning the cord. Little by little the boa, weakened by the choking, yielded his ground till he finally dropped on the ground. He was now helpless, and "the fun had all gone out of him," as the Dutch officer expressed it. But he was likely to revive if the pressure upon his throat was removed.

"Do you want to keep him, Mr. De Heem?" asked Scott.

"No, sir; not at all. You had better make a good snake of him as you sometimes make a good Indian in your country," replied the Dutch officer.

"We will drag him down to the launch for exhibition to the party, some of whom never saw a boa-constrictor; and he will be a good snake by the time we reach the pier," added Scott.

With a dozen hands hold of the line the pier was soon reached. The party on board of the launch came on shore to see him, though the ladies were very shy of him till Dr. Hawkes declared that the snake was "very dead," choked to death. A measure was then called for, and the surgeon had a six-foot tape-line in his pocket. The reptile was nineteen

feet and five inches in length, and the natives declared that he was the biggest snake they had ever seen.

“What shall we do with him?” asked Scott.

“Turn him over to the natives,” replied Captain Barneveld. “In Africa, and in some other parts of the world, they eat this snake; but I don’t know that they do so here. I heard a white man at the mouth of the Congo River say that a boa-constrictor steak was very nice eating; but I never was tempted to taste one.”

“Are there any orang-outangs in these woods, Captain Barneveld?” asked Louis Belgrave.

“They are very rarely found in Sumatra, though I have heard of one being seen in the woods not many miles from this village. They are more plentiful in Borneo; and they are found only in these two islands. They are an ugly beast to encounter; and our hunters don’t care to come across them, for they are very savage. But you can go and look for one, young gentlemen, and I will show the sago and sugar palm, the pepper bush, and other plants, to the rest of the party. Mr. De Heem will go with you.”

Scott detached the line from the neck of the snake, and carefully coiled it up, intending to take it with him. All the party but the “Big Four” elected to see the trees and plants; and the young hunters started for the forest under the guidance of the Dutch lieutenant, who was a very agreeable gentleman, and not much older than his charge.

## CHAPTER XXIV

## AN ORANG-OUTANG HUNT IN A SUMATRA FOREST

THE young hunters asked a great many questions about the orang-outang, of which Captain Barneveld had spoken as having been seen not far from the village they had just left.

"I can almost hope you will not find him," said Mr. De Heem very pleasantly, and with a laugh. "I have no doubt you will find plenty of monkeys."

"We don't care for monkeys; and some of us have a good deal of the feeling that prevails in India, where they do not shoot them," replied Louis Belgrave. "But they regard him as in some degree a sacred animal; and in one city there is a monkey temple. They seem to me to be too much like human beings to be shot for game."

"I have some of that feeling myself. The crocodiles are very fond of them, and so are the boas, which have a better chance to catch them than the saurians, for the latter do not climb trees as the former do," added the lieutenant.

"But why do you almost hope that we shall not find an orang-outang?" asked Scott.

"In the first place because they seem to be even more like the human race than the ordinary mon-



key; and in the second because they are more cunning and skilful in defending themselves. They are an ugly, savage, and powerful beast, and a fight with one is not child's play. Again, the orang-outang minds his own business, and makes no forays on the villages as the crocodiles and boas do. So far as I know in this country, he does not come near the settlements, and does little or no harm to the trees and crops."

"But I have read that the orang-outang carries off children when he can find them near a house," suggested Morris.

"I have heard such stories; but there is not a word of truth in them," replied the lieutenant. "Like human beings, he is omnivorous in his food; though, as a rule, he confines his diet to vegetable productions, cocoanuts, mangoes, and such fruits as come within his reach. But he is fond of eggs; and in a tame state will eat meat, cooked or raw. He is wonderfully strong for his size, and makes nothing of splitting open a cocoanut with his two hands."

"I see that some of the books give him what looks like a new name, which is orang-utan; but I ascertained that this is the Malay name for the creature," said Louis, as they began to ascend a rather steep incline, indicating that they had reached the foot-hills of the mountains. "*Orang* means a man, and *utan*, the woods; the whole name is wild man of the woods, though the adjective seems to be an extra word, not at all out of place."

"I don't know where Captain Barneveld heard of one of these animals being in this vicinity, for I never heard of one here, or, in fact, anywhere in Sumatra," added the officer.

"But about all the books say they are found only in Borneo and Sumatra," continued Louis, who had begun to look up the subject as soon as Borneo was included in the programme of the voyage. "Wood says they are found in only a small part of Asia, and that Borneo and Sumatra are most favored by the animal."

"But a large portion of this island is even now unknown to white men, and very likely the orang-outang lives in some of the unexplored portions of the country," said Mr. De Heem. "Our friend Mr. Scott has brought with him the line with which he lassoed the boa; and I conclude that he means to try his hand at taking one of these wild men of the woods in the same manner, if we happen to find one, which is more than doubtful."

"That is certainly my idea," replied the third officer of the Guardian-Mother.

"If you will excuse me, I must warn you earnestly not to try the lasso on an orang," said the lieutenant very decidedly. "He is harmless enough when let alone; but when attacked by man or beast, he is a terrible fighter. I read years ago a story of a battle between a crocodile and an orang, though I don't know whether it was true or not. The saurian caught the wild man by the foot on a beach; but the

orang got away from him, and was furious at his assailant, and pitched into him. With his great strength he upset the crocodile, and got at his throat, and soon killed him. I doubt the truth of the story, though it is not wholly improbable."

"There he is!" suddenly exclaimed Felix, stopping short, the others following his example, as he pointed to a tree some distance ahead of them. "He has taken a high perch."

It was only through the openings in the branches of the huge trees that he could see the animal which he indicated as an orang-outang. It was some time before the rest of the party could obtain a view of the creature.

"She has got a baby, and we may kill two birds with one stone," added Felix. "It is a pity to kill both mother and child."

"I don't want to kill them," replied Scott. "I want to take the pair alive, and my method is more humane than shooting them."

"But with an orang you would have to kill her in self-defence. She would bite off the line in the twinkling of an eye, and then come at you," said the lieutenant, though he seemed to be laughing.

"But I should like to try it on her; and if she gets to be dangerous, there are enough of us to riddle her with rifle-balls, and blow her head all to pieces," persisted Scott. "I should like to take her on board of the ship and tame her."

"With an *orang* that would be a big contract for

you to take," returned the Dutch officer, placing a heavy emphasis upon the first name of the creature; and Louis was trying to fathom the meaning of the stress he put on the word, and the laugh that he indulged in, for the latter did not indicate that they were on the eve of a fight with a dangerous animal.

"She is not so large as I supposed an orang was," added Scott, as he resumed the march, the lieutenant keeping well in the rear so that the lassoist had a suspicion he was afraid of the beast.

The party advanced very cautiously, led by Scott, who was always in the front rank on an occasion like this one. Felix kept close by him, and all the hunters had assured themselves that their rifles were in condition for immediate use. The creature in the tree with her baby did not seem to keep a bright lookout for enemies; for she was playing with the little one, and they appeared to be having a good time together.

"I wonder what the lieutenant is laughing at all the time," said Louis, who was walking a little distance behind, while the Dutchman had dropped a rod behind the whole of them. "He seems to be amused at something, and don't appear to realize the danger of having his head bitten off by the orang."

"He acts just as though he were playing some joke on us, or at least on Scott," returned Morris; but neither of them could see anything that looked like a trick.

The animal in the tree was still undisturbed by

the approach of the hunters. She seemed to be too busy with her baby to heed anything else. But Scott did not fear anything just then so much as that the orang would escape, and the front rank of the party came to a halt. The leader proposed to make a flank movement on the position; and directing the rest of the number to remain where they were, he and Felix made a considerable circuit around the tree occupied by the animal, and were soon seen on the other side of it. From this direction they moved towards the enemy, as they regarded the mother of the baby.

“Ra! Ra! Ra!” shrieked the beast, as though she was giving three cheers for some reason.

But this was evidently her war-cry; for her manner, and her hugging the baby, indicated that she was alarmed at the approach of the hunters. She behaved just as though she was prepared for a battle. She looked about her on all sides, and realized that the enemy were on her front and rear.

“That orang is not more than three feet high,” said Louis, as they approached the tree. “I thought the wild man was bigger than that.”

“That is a female, smaller than the male,” replied the lieutenant, with his constant chuckle.

“She is trying to get away,” added Louis. “But Scott does not wish us to fire, and I am sure I don’t wish to do so; for it seems to me more like shooting a woman with a human baby than like killing a wild beast of the forest. I could stand here an hour and

watch them; and I declare that I will not fire into the mother unless in self-defence."

"She is trying to escape; but Mr. Scott has chosen the only spot where a limb of the tree reaches out in that direction to another tree," added the Dutch officer when they were near enough to take in the situation more exactly.

But the animal braved the danger of the only way of escape on the side where the fewer foes were. She descended a short distance, and then paused before she attempted to make her passage over the available limb. Scott had his lasso all ready, coiled in his hand, and he made a vigorous throw with it. He was as fortunate as usual with the line, and put the noose around the neck of the creature. She resented this treatment; but when she attempted to seek safety higher up in the tree, the line held her.

"Don't pull her down, Scott," said Felix. "The fall might kill her."

"I don't believe it would, Felix; but I don't want to hurt her. She isn't half so savage as I supposed she would be."

"Look yonder! There are a dozen more of them!" exclaimed Felix, pointing into the forest. "There are enough of them to whip us out if they come down upon us."

"Fire your rifle at them, Felix, while I work my prisoner, and try to get her down from her perch," said Scott.

Felix discharged his rifle, though with little expect-

tation of hitting any of the group. He fired three shots, and the whole of the troupe fled with desperate haste.

"That is not like what I have read of the orang," added Scott, as he continued to manipulate his line. "They are cowards, as the man of the woods is not, for he always faces the music."

As the creature was securely entrapped, the rest of the party joined their comrades under the tree. Scott pulled gently on the line; the prisoner did not like the pressure on her throat, and to relieve it she began to descend from branch to branch. By skilful and gentle handling of the line, he brought her to the ground with the baby in one of her long arms. The party retired to a respectful distance from the tree, though the captive did not show fight. She seemed to be bewildered by the situation, and was somewhat stupid rather than belligerent. Even Scott still kept his distance.

Lieutenant De Heem still chuckled; but he went up to the prisoner, and took one of her paws as though she had been an old friend, and then stroked the head of the baby, which seemed to like this attention. Then he gave the lady an orange he had in his pocket, and they seemed to be good friends all at once.

"But it is time for us to return to the landing, or we shall not get to the ship till after dinner-time," said Louis, as he looked at his watch.

"But I want to take this orang with us," said

Scott. "I will throw another lasso around her neck, and we can lead her between a couple of us so that she cannot bite either.

"No need of that," laughed the lieutenant. "I will take her to the ship without any help."

"What are you laughing at, Mr. De Heem?" asked Scott, with a heavy smile himself. "We have had a very easy time of it in capturing this orang, but I do not see anything to laugh at."

"This is not an orang-outang," replied the Dutchman, patting the creature on the head.

"Not an orang!" exclaimed Scott, laughing in sympathy with the other.

"Not at all; if it had been you might have had some holes in your arms or legs made by her before this time," replied the officer. "I did not say it was an orang; Mr. McGavonty said it was, and I let it go at that. But you have had more fun in taking him than you would have had if it had been the wild man of the woods. You will have a chance to try it on when you get to Borneo. But you might travel a hundred miles in Sumatra without finding one."

Scott was a little mortified, but he soon got over it. The lieutenant explained that the prize was a siamang, very common in the island, and one of the monkey tribe; but the description of her was deferred to another time. They all made friends with the animal, which is a lively and affectionate creature when kindly treated, but will fight like a dragoon when injured or imposed upon.



The cord was transferred to her body behind the fore legs, and Mr. De Heem led her all the way to the boat without any opposition on her part, while Felix carried the baby. They found the party on board of the launch; but the ladies did not like the looks of the siamang at first.

## CHAPTER XXV

## A DISCOURSE RELATING TO MRS. MINGO

THE Dutch lieutenant had been very gentle and pleasant with the siamang, and she was quite tame by the time the hunters reached the river. The baby was much more reasonable than some human babies are. Felix had ceased to be a savage Nimrod while in charge of the little one; and it cuddled up to him as fondly as to its own mother, though she was in sight all the time. The party had procured some fruit on shore; and the stranger from the woods, as well as her captors, joined in the feast.

Miss Blanche was the first lady to approach the siamang, rather timidly; but the creature seemed to like the looks of her, which was very human on her part. Louis patted her on the head; and she appreciated this attention, so that the fair maiden was encouraged to do the same. She was delighted with this fondling, and expressed her satisfaction with a kind of squeak which was not exactly musical, but it was so modulated that its meaning was as unmistakable as the purring of a cat. It ended with a bird-like chirp, more harmonious in its tone.

“Don't you want to hold the baby, Miss Blanche?” asked Felix.

“Be careful, Blanche,” interposed her mother. “She may bite you.”

“There is no danger of that,” added Captain Barneveld. “We had a mother and her little one on board our ship for some months; and the sailors and marines all loved them, for they were very affectionate, and never bit any one. If the mother or the baby was displeased or angry they expressed themselves to that effect. The men used to hold the little one as though it had been a genuine infant, and were inclined to quarrel for the possession of it.”

“When this lady discovered me in the woods, she gave three cheers,” said Scott. “It was ‘Ra! ra! ra!’”

“They were not cheers, but her expression when she was dissatisfied,” the Dutch captain explained.

Miss Blanche took the young siamang; and the baby indulged in a tiny chirp to indicate its pleasure at the change, though it had taken very kindly to the Milesian. The other ladies soon lost all their fears both of mother and child, and fondled both of them; and both of the creatures were intelligent enough to understand that they were in agreeable company. They chirped and croaked their satisfaction, and it looked as though they were almost able to talk.

The launch started on her return to the ship. The hissing of the steam and the noise of the machinery startled the denizens of the forest, and they clung to their new protectors; but in a few minutes they were reconciled to the unusual sounds. The mother was

seated on her haunches upon the cushions of the standing-room, and looked about her with something like human interest. The baby was passed from one to another of the ladies, and got acquainted with all of them.

It was quite dinner-time when the launch reached the Guardian-Mother. The interest of the siamang in the novel sights that confronted her continued ; but she made no objection to anything, walking up the gangway stairs as dignified as a Dutch officer, the baby preceding her in the arms of Felix. The first lieutenant of the guard-ship and all the officers received the party, including the members from the forest.

The mother and her infant were given a home at the end of the platform of Conference Hall. The officers and the seamen of the ship were as much interested in the new-comers as the passengers had been, and they were not likely to want for attention when the company retired to the cabin. The only duty that remained to be performed at Acheen was to entertain the guests at dinner. The captain had obtained his clearance and other ship's papers at Oleh-leh on his way from up the river, and the ship was to sail on the early tide the next morning.

Mr. Melancthon Sage, the accomplished steward and caterer of the steamer, had prepared a dinner suitable for the occasion ; and it is doubtful if the Dutch officers ever sat down to a better one. Speeches were made by Captain Ringgold expressive of the obligation of the passengers to their guests for their

kindness and many attentions, and the commander of the guard-ship and his lieutenants replied to them. When they left the table they retired to the music-room, where an old-fashioned "sing" was had, in which the guests joined with evident pleasure.

At eleven o'clock, after very earnest expressions of friendship and good-will, the steam-launch conveyed the guests to their ship, and the passengers were tired enough to seek their berths after the fatigues of the day. The carpenter had constructed a commodious house for Mrs. and Miss Mingo, as the commander had named them; and the siamangs were better lodged than they had ever been in their native wilds. The top of it, with a slanted roof, was covered with canvas, so that it was water-tight. The house was supplied with plenty of the moss from the sugar-palm, a quantity of which had been sent on board from the port, both for use and for specimens.

Mrs. Mingo accepted her new home with evident satisfaction, though her nest had always been in a tree; but the length of her tether permitted her to walk about the deck, and this was to be removed when the ship went to sea. After she and the baby had been installed in their new quarters, some of the ladies visited them at the close of the concert, they were so much interested in the family.

Before the passengers left their berths the next morning, the Guardian-Mother was under way; but they hastened to the deck as soon as they were called, as requested, by Sparks. The steamer passed close

to the guard-ship, as the pilot had been asked to do. Two heavy guns saluted her, and the captain and other officers were in the main rigging, shouting adieus, and waving their caps. The salute was promptly returned from the two twenty-four pounders forward, and the salutations were returned by the passengers. Then came three cheers from the crew of the Dutch ship, which were responded to by the seamen of the American.

The ship passed out through the Malacca Passage, and all hands voted that they had had a delightful time at Acheen. The passengers retired to their state-rooms to finish up their sleep, for they had retired at a late hour for them. As soon as the ship had made her offing, the course, east a quarter south, was given out by the commander; and all was quiet on board, as everything dropped into its usual routine.

Mrs. Mingo and family had slept well all night, the watch on deck reported; but after the ship passed out of the channel into the open sea, the motion affected both of them, and the boatswain declared that they were sea-sick. They would not eat the fruit that was offered to them, though the mother drank some water, and hugged her baby very earnestly. Biggs was a sensible man, and ordered the sailors to keep away from her. The lady of the woods was very sick; but as an evidence of the neatness of her species, she came out on the deck when she paid her tribute to Neptune.

At the late breakfast, Captain Ringgold delicately

stated the condition of the new passengers to the party, and requested them not to meddle with them till they recovered. He announced a conference at ten o'clock, for there were several subjects to be considered. The Dutch captain had not been able to explain as he desired to do the plants of Sumatra, and Louis Belgrave was to tell them something about the siamang and monkeys generally.

When the passengers gathered in Conference Hall, they found that the Mingo family had entirely recovered from their *mal de mer*; for they had no imagination to exaggerate the malady, though it is by no means confined to those endowed with this faculty. They were taking their breakfast with apparent relish, which was sufficient evidence of their recovery. When they had eaten all they desired, the party renewed their attentions to the distinguished strangers, and they were well received. The first thing the commander did was to remove the line which secured the mother, and she was at liberty to go where she pleased.

But she had no disposition to leave the party, and the ladies had already taken possession of her baby. She seemed to understand that she was in the keeping of devoted friends. The captain took her by the arm as he would a lady, and conducted her to the rostrum, where Louis placed an armchair for her, in which she was seated. She sat up, and looked about her at her companions; and a lamb could not have been gentler. Mrs. Belgrave seated herself near her with the baby in her lap.

“Our friend Mrs. Mingo seems to need a more formal introduction to you, ladies and gentlemen, and I have invited Mr. Belgrave to officiate as her usher for this purpose,” said the commander; and the lady mentioned looked up at him as though she wished to understand what he said, to the great amusement of the company.

As usual, Louis was greeted with applause, consisting of clapping of hands by those of both sexes. Mrs. Mingo seemed to be astonished at this demonstration, opened her mouth and chattered, with a squeak and a chirp, evidently regarding it as part of the play.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to present to you Mrs. Mingo and her baby; and although she is not supplied with a tail, I shall speak in de-tail,” the young speaker began, interpolating a hyphen in the last word.

“Oh! Oh!” groaned the other members of the “Big Four.”

“The speaker that makes a pun is worse than an anthropophaginian!” exclaimed Dr. Hawkes.

“Merciful popguns! What a word!” ejaculated Felix.

“But I did it to call attention to a remarkable distinction between the anthropoid apes and others of the monkey tribe,” pleaded Louis.

“Then you are excusable,” added the surgeon magnanimously.

“But some of us don’t understand you, Louis, though the doctor can, for he gives us a word of



learned length and thundering sound," said the speaker's mother. "I don't see the joke. What does anthropoid mean, and what is that thirteen-syllable word the doctor used?"

"Anthropoid monkeys means those that most nearly approach the human form; and they are not supplied with a caudal appendage any more than the human family," replied Louis. "The doctor may remove the skin of his own odoriferous game."

All the audience were laughing, and the siamang gave several squeaks and chirps as her share of the mirth.

"I will do so with pleasure," replied the surgeon, prompted by the commander, who thought there was an opening for something instructive. "*Anthropos* is a Greek word that means a man. Anthropology means a discourse on the natural history of the human family. Anthrophagi comes from the same word with another, signifying to eat; and the whole means eating a man, or cannibalism. An anthropophaginian is one that eats human flesh, or a cannibal."

"Mrs. Mingo is an anthropoid for the reason stated. It would take all day to tell about the monkey family; and I will not try to do it, though I have been studying the subject since we left Ceylon. There is a difference of opinion in the books about our friend here," continued Louis, pointing to Mrs. Mingo. "Some say the siamang is dull and stupid, does not know friend from foes, is too lazy to move

of his own accord, or even to put food into his mouth.

“Others regard him as an intelligent, lively, and affectionate creature, attaching himself very closely to those whose acquaintance he has made, and who have treated him kindly. I think, after our experience with our friend here, we know which of these views to adopt;” and this remark was received with rapturous applause, and Mrs. Mingo croaked and chirped as though she fully understood the decision of the party in her favor.

“Sumatra is the home of the siamang; and so far as is known, he is found in no other spot on the globe. As you see in the specimen here, he is a colored person, the hair being black, and so thick, that his skin cannot be seen, except in a couple of spots under his throat. He is a large animal as monkeys go, a full-grown male being quite three feet in height. His arms are very long, and he could almost pick up a ten-cent piece without stooping, which a gibbon or orang-outang could quite do.

“The spots of skin seen on the breast,” and the speaker put his finger on them, “are the locality of a double pouch under the throat, composed of loose folds of skin. When the animal gets excited either by fear or delight, these pouches are inflated so that no hair can be seen, nothing but the skin. I cannot tell what they are for, unless it is to increase the volume of sound in his voice.

“The scientific name of our lady friend is *sia-*

*manga syndactyla*, which the doctor can interpret better than I can," continued Louis.

"The first word is Mrs. Mingo's generic name in Latin; and the other word is not half so bad as it looks, for it signifies joined fingers," replied Dr. Hawkes.

The speaker took one of the hind feet of the lady in the armchair in his hand, patting her head at the same time, and called the attention of the audience to it, pointing to the space between the first and second fingers.

"You notice that these fingers are joined together for nearly their own length. I don't know their use, but he is web-footed so far as stated. At sunrise and sunset the siamangs gather together under the command of one of them which appears to be their leader. The natives declare that he is proof against their weapons. Perhaps a party of them that we saw in the trees were collecting in advance; and they are gregarious. Possibly Mrs. Mingo was on her way to join the company when we discovered her. We supposed she was an orang; for Mr. De Heen fooled us, or we fooled ourselves.

"At this gathering the siamangs indulge in the most hideous yells; and one writer thinks their power to make a tremendous sound, each trying to outdo the others, is assisted by the inflated pouches. At other times the animal keeps very quiet. If our pleasant lady gets mad some time, we may be able to observe the pouches. The father takes care of the

male young, and the mother of the female; for they appear to have an understanding between them to this effect.

“They are a very cleanly animal; and the mother washes her babies at times, who act like human infants, in spite of their struggles and cries. The siamang is said to be unapproachable when in the trees, though very clumsy on the ground. It was Mr. Scott’s lasso that brought down our friend, for she would otherwise have escaped. I should judge that from the speed of those we dispersed, it would be next to impossible to overtake them. I will leave the subject here, though the gibbon would be in order next, and he resides in Malacca and Siam.”

Louis retired from the rostrum with hearty applause; and then the company devoted themselves to Mrs. Mingo and the baby.

## CHAPTER XXVI

## LOUIS'S LECTURE ON THE MONKEY FAMILY

. It was rather amusing to see the ladies, one after another, walking about the deck, carrying Miss Mingo in their arms, sometimes followed by the little one's mother. The baby had already become a universal pet with the gentlemen as well as the ladies, though the latter had the first claim upon the darling, as they had upon everything else.

Mrs. Mingo was not a graceful walker on the solid earth, much less on the uneasy deck of the ship. She waddled with much difficulty, extending her long arms to assist in balancing herself. She was at home in a tree rather than on a flat surface; and the young people could not help laughing at her uncouth movements. But it was soon demonstrated that she was very sensitive to ridicule. She appeared to understand the meaning of the laughter as readily as one of the humans would, and it was very plain that her feelings were hurt by it.

When the young men laughed at her she halted before them, inflated the pouches under her throat, and indulged in three emphatic protests: "Ra! Ra! Ra!" She looked at her revilers; and when one of them attempted to pat her head she resented the

familiarity, though she did not bite, but left them. It was so evident to them, that they saw they would lose her good-will ; and after that did not ridicule her any more than they would have made fun of one of the lady passengers. But she forgave them, and was as pleasant as ever when they met again.

After a recess of half an hour, the company returned to their seats in Conference Hall. As Louis Belgrave had intimated that he had more to say about the monkey tribe, the party manifested a desire to have him proceed with his subject.

Miss Blanche had obtained possession of Miss Mingo ; but the young lady's mother did not seem to be inclined to take her former seat on the platform. She came to the steps ; and when she saw her baby, and was satisfied that she was in good hands, she wandered about the deck again. The sailors, and even the officers, were disposed to make fun of her ungainly gait ; but Louis begged them not to laugh at her.

After a tour to the quarter-deck, she came aft again, and halted at the mainmast. She looked up into the rigging for a few moments. The mast was not a tree, but it was nearer like one than the hard planks of the deck. Suddenly she made an agile leap when she had made up her mind what to do ; and grasping the main shrouds, she went up the ropes as lively as the squirrel mounts the trunk of a tree.

About half way up she whirled her body over, and reached the outside of the rigging ; but she continued



“Grasping the main shrouds, she went up the ropes.”





her upward flight till she reached the cross-trees to which the topmast stays were attached, and then seated herself upon them. The gaze of all on deck was fixed upon her; but she paid no attention to the spectators who were observing her. She looked all about her, first scrutinizing the rigging of the ship, and then surveying the entire horizon like an old salt on the lookout for weather indications.

The open sea seemed to be a novel sight to her, though from the top of some tall tree in the mountains she might have seen the ocean on the west coast of Sumatra. She expressed no opinion in regard to the broad expanse of water; but presently her attention was attracted by a large dhow, doubtless from the port of Murdoo, on the north coast of the island. She fixed her attention upon the vessel, and continued to observe its movements for a long time. She seemed to have placed herself in this position for a long stay, though she occasionally glanced at the baby in the lap of Miss Blanche. She was a devoted mother; but as the little one was entirely contented with her present situation, she appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and continued to watch the dhow.

Louis Belgrave took his place on the rostrum; and explained that he had been requested to continue his remarks in regard to the monkey tribe. Before he began, Mr. Gaskette suspended in front of the party a large sheet of Bristol board on which, at Louis's request, he had drawn representations of five skeletons.

“I am to speak now about the anthropoid apes,” Louis began, placing a little manuscript on the table at his side; “but a few words on monkeys in general will not be out of place. The various divisions of the subject are differently arranged and named by the scientists. The anthropoid apes make a class by themselves with all the writers, and it has many subdivisions. They call all others monkeys, meaning thereby all those that are provided with a tail, as the anthropoids are not. Chambers prefers the division of the whole tribe into three classes.

“The first is the anthropoids. The second is the platyrhini; or if you don’t like the word, the New World, or American, monkeys. The third is the catarhina, or Old World monkeys. These terms relate to the noses of the animals, the Americans being broad-nosed, and the other narrow. Stormonth’s Dictionary makes both words mean broad-nosed.

“The Old World monkey has his nostrils near together, has thirty-two teeth like the rest of us, and his tail is not prehensile, or, in other words, he cannot hold on by his tail, as a South American can and does. Some monkeys have thirty-six teeth. There are a great many kinds of both classes, which time does not permit me to describe. To return to the anthropoids, I will first say a word about the gibbon.

“The skeleton drawings Mr. Gaskette has been kind enough to make for me will illustrate the subject. The one on your right,” said Louis, as he pointed to it, “is the skeleton of a man, and the

other four are anthropoids. The man is there for comparison. Next to him is the gorilla; and if he straightened up his bones he would be as tall as his neighbor on the right. Mr. Du Chaillu, whom I had the honor to meet in New York, has written so much, and in such an interesting manner, that we know more of the gorilla than those who lived forty years ago. He is a terrible animal to meet in the woods, for his prodigious strength excels that of the orang-outang.

“Hanno, three hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, conducted a Carthaginian expedition down the coast of Africa. He found gorillas on an island; but they were unable to capture a male, though they secured three females. They were so savage, and fought their captors with such persistency, that they were obliged to kill them; but they carried their skins back to Carthage. Hanno and his followers believed the animals were the human inhabitants of the country.

“For two thousand years the gorilla was unknown to the civilized world. Modern travellers, especially Mr. Du Chaillu, have unearthed him. He is to be found only in Africa. The next skeleton is the chimpanzee. He is one of the most human of the anthropoids, and belongs to the same genus as the gorilla. He is about four feet in height, if he ever stands up straight, or eighteen to twenty inches less than the average man.

“Dates are mixed in the books; but Hanno also

confronted this anthropoid in the north-western part of Africa, of which division he is a citizen, one book says, in 470 B.C., or one hundred and twenty years after he struck the gorilla. If the two books I consulted are correct, the Carthaginian admiral must have lived to be a very old man; but it is more probable that there were two seamen and generals of this name.

“The chimpanzee is nearly black, has a small, flat nose, and a very wide mouth, so that he would make a negro minstrel without the use of the red paint. He has no cheek pouches for the stowage of spare food, as many of the monkeys have. His hands reach down to his knees, while a man’s fall but a little below the hips. He is flat-footed, and can walk better than our lady friend in the main rigging. But he likes to squat, supporting himself with his knuckles on the ground. He lives on wild fruits, but sometimes eats meat. He runs away at the sight of a man, but when cornered he is a formidable antagonist. One of our American doctors believes that apes have a language of their own, and he has been to Africa to experiment upon the chimpanzee; but nothing very definite has resulted from the study.

“The second figure on your left is the orang-outang, which I shall leave till we approach Borneo, where alone he is to be found. The gibbon, of which there are several kinds, is shown on the left of the sheet; but the drawing makes him about double his porportionate size, and, therefore, he is the shortest of

the four. He is a first cousin at least of those I have just mentioned; and though he may be the smartest, physically, of the family, he is the least intelligent. He is smaller than the others; and the drawing indicates that he is not more than half the height of the average man. He is also more slender than the others of his family, and his agility is very surprising. He takes long-distance leaps from one tree to another, and is said to accomplish forty feet at a single spring. As you see in the picture, his hands reach very nearly to the ground on which he stands.

“One of this group is called the agile gibbon, and another the silvery gibbon; the latter is so called from the silvery gray mingled with his dark hair. He looks like a man with a white beard, for his face is surrounded with the light hair. They are all so skilful in handling their limbs that they are not readily captured. Their general habits are like those of Mrs. Mingo. They have a very strong voice, which they cultivate by howling in the forest. Some of them are said to have musical voices. You have had monkeys enough for the present, and I will retire with your permission.”

By this time the ship was out of sight of land; and when Mrs. Mingo saw the party disperse from the platform, she came down to the deck. She looked for her baby first; and when she approached Miss Blanche, who still had it, Miss Mingo was handed over to her. She took it in her arms and retired to her house, prob-

ably with the intention of getting it to sleep after the method of human mannnas.

In the afternoon another conference was called, and this time the commander mounted the rostrum. Mrs. Belgrave wished to know where the ship was then ; and the drawing was removed so that the map was again in view, and he put the pointer on the present position of the steamer.

The distance from the point of departure off Acheen to Penang is 344 statute miles, or 295 sea miles, a twenty-one hours' run at the ordinary speed of the steamer.

"We shall slow down to-night so as not to reach our destination too early in the morning," added the captain.

"What is our destination ?" inquired the lady.

"Our first stopping-place will be Penang, the next Malacca, and the third Singapore. Pulo Pinang is the Malay name for Betel-nut Island ; but the proper one is Prince of Wales Island, so called in official documents. It is from two to ten miles from the Malay shore, and the capital of the province is George Town. It would hardly interest you to listen to the details of these colonies of Great Britain. Penang is a beautiful island, largely used as a shipping point for the productions of the Malay states, and it has a population in the neighborhood of 100,000. The capital has 25,000. I will say nothing more about it now, for I have another subject in mind.

“Captain Barneveld was so much occupied that he gave you very meagre descriptions of pepper and sago, and I will speak of them. You were told about the sugar-palm, whose varied products were compared with the uses made by the Laplanders of the reindeer. This is not the only palm from which sago comes, for there is one called the sago-palm. One of these trees yields about 600 pounds of pith, from which our domestic article is made. It grows in Siam and all these islands. The trunk of the tree is a shell, the wall of which is two inches thick. The inner space is filled with pith, from which the natives make a meal of which their bread is composed. Both the sago meal and the pearly article are shipped to England and other countries.

“The stem of this palm is from fifteen to twenty feet high. It is cut into suitable lengths, and then split open. The pith is then taken out, and put into a kind of sieve. Water is added to separate the pieces, and run it off into another vessel. The moisture is then drawn off, and the residuum dried, forming sago meal. The Chinese workmen do the granulating of the flour into the form which we generally use. One kind has been exported from India called tapioca, which is an entirely different thing, made from cassava, or manioc plant, growing in South America.

“You saw the pimento, or pepper-plant, at Acheen, and at the village up the river. It is a straggly bush, spreading out twelve feet sometimes, and not

often higher than that. It has long, leathery leaves, opposite to which is the stem of the flower and fruit. The pepper-corns grow on a rather long stem, without branches. I counted thirty kernels on one stem. They plant other shrubs or trees near it, for it needs some shade. The berries are green at first; but they become red as they ripen, and afterwards dry up as we find them. This is the black pepper, most common in use; but the white pepper grows in the same manner. That is all for to-day."

The party again devoted themselves to the care of Mrs. Mingo and her baby; for the latter had finished her nap, and came out of the house followed by the mother.



## CHAPTER XXVII

## A FEW HOURS IN PENANG AND IN MALACCA

EARLY the next morning the Guardian-Mother arrived at George Town. The English colonies in the Malay Peninsula, not including any portion of Burma, are called the Straits Settlements. They include Singapore, Malacca, Penang, Keeling, and Christmas Island. They occupy 1542 square miles, and together have a population of 506,577 inhabitants, very few of whom are English. One hundred and fifty thousand of them are Chinese, and most of the remainder are natives of India, who are coming and going at the rate of 18,000 a year.

The principal productions of the colony are tin, rice, sugar, pepper and other spices, and gambier. The last is a very important article of commerce, used for medicine and for dyeing and tanning. Tapioca is also included in the list; but the name is sometimes given to sago. Doubtless the entire peninsula will come into English possession in time.

The island of Penang was ceded to England in consideration of a pension of £1000 at the close of the last century, and a few years later the province of Wellesley, as it now is, was acquired for the purpose of suppressing piracy, which was for-

merly the chief industry of the peninsula. The latter is on the mainland. The capital, once in Penang, is now Singapore.

The steamer stopped but a few hours at George Town, as it is sometimes written, but also as one word. It contains several hotels, and has a resident councillor, as there is in some of the other settlements. The United States consular agent, who saw as he was taking his morning walk the American flag flying at the peak, came on board. He made things easy for the party when he found that the steamer was a pleasure yacht, and breakfasted in the cabin.

The commander and the passengers landed in the barge, carriages were taken, the principal public buildings were pointed out by Mr. Watson, the consular agent, and then a ride of four miles through a dense forest to Flagstaff Hill was the principal excursion on shore. The elevation afforded a magnificent view of the beautiful island, the strait, and the surrounding country.

"Are those butterflies or eagles, Mr. Watson?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, who was in the carriage with the commander and the agent.

"They are butterflies," replied the representative of the great republic, laughing heartily at the question, as they observed the green insects, though this name seemed not to be at all applicable to them. "But the pair you observe are not so large as some you may yet see. Those two are not more than

eight or ten inches across the wings, and we have some that measure fully twelve inches."

Before they reached the summit of the hill they saw a couple that fully justified the gentleman's statement, and he stopped the carriage. He was obliging enough to capture a couple of them with his straw hat, and present them to the lady. For half an hour they enjoyed the view. Mr. Watson pointed to the extensive forests in sight from the hill, and intimated that, as the young men were very fond of hunting, they could find no better place for the sport. But Borneo was the chosen ground for the next shooting.

On their return the gentlemanly agent went on board of the ship, and lunched with the party. The commander expressed his gratitude to him for his welcome attentions, and all the ladies did so on their own account. Mr. Watson was sent to the shore in the barge; and as soon as the boat returned, the ship got under way again. A considerable quantity of fruit had been brought from the town by Mr. Sage, who had gone ashore in the jolly-boat to obtain supplies.

When the party appeared on the upper deck, Mrs. Mingo, with the baby in her arms, ran to the gangway to welcome them back, and appeared to be very much delighted to see them. She chirped her satisfaction, and all the ladies shook hands with her and patted the baby. When the company went to the promenade, she attended them, but stopped

at her house. Louis brought up a durian, and Felix a mangosteen, from the chief steward's supplies, and placed them on the deck in front of the siamang. As they grow in all the islands, Mrs. Mingo was acquainted with them.

She manifested her delight at the sight of her native fruit, and at once selected the durian for her present feast, and proceeded to open it in siamang fashion, doing her work very skilfully. The party observed her with great interest, and commented on her skill in the management of the fruit, which is as big as a man's head. Achang, as he was generally called, ignoring his marine title of captain, looked on with as much interest as though he were not familiar with both the siamang and the fruit. He was a Bornean by birth, and he had told the boys all about the hunting in his native island.

"Do you know about that melon Mrs. Mingo is eating?" asked Miss Blanche, who had been talking with her brother Morris.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Achang, whose English had been very much improved under the tuition of Morris, though some corrections were still needed in reporting it. "It grows in all the islands of the archipelago, and in Malay land."

"Is it good for human beings to eat?" asked the fair maiden.

"It is very nice to eat."

"I will bring up another, and we will try it," added Morris, as he went below.

“It grows on a very high tree, and the leaves are like those of a cherry-tree. It has a thick, hard rind with little soft prickles on it. Inside it is a soft, white stuff, and it tastes very nice; but those that not eat it before, it don’t smell very good. Folks that eat it much call it the very nicest fruit of the whole region round here. It has ten or twelve seeds inside, as big as pigeons’ eggs; and when you roast them they taste like chestnuts. One tree gives you two hundred durians in a year.”

While he was explaining the fruit, Morris returned with a durian and a mangosteen on his arm, and a shingling hatchet in one hand.

“I brought the hatchet, for I don’t see how we can open it without one,” said Morris, as he laid the fruit on a stool.

“When the tree is in blossom, it has great bunches of light yellow flowers,” added Achang, as he took the hatchet from Morris. “I know how to open it for you, unless you ask Mrs. Mingo to do it. She is very strong, and can open it with her hands and teeth as you see.”

“You open it, Achang,” said Miss Blanche.

The fruit was somewhat oblong like a watermelon; and the Bornean placed it in a certain position on the deck, turning it over until it was just as he wanted it. With a knife he cut out some of the pulp and passed it to the maiden, who was proceeding to taste it.

“Whew!” she exclaimed, as the odor saluted her nostrils.

"You must not mind the smell, Miss Woolridge; nice ladies eat durian, and think it very nice," interposed Achang, afraid she would throw the slice of pulp overboard.

Slices were passed to the ladies and to the gentlemen; but the putrid odor was not agreeable to any of them. Some of them soon conquered their prejudice, and tasted the pulp.

"It is certainly delicious!" exclaimed Dr. Hawkes, who was more accustomed to strange odors than the others, and his verdict encouraged the others to follow his example.

"I don't see how anything that smells so bad can be so delicious," said Uncle Moses. "Try it, Mrs. Belgrave, and the sense of taste will vanquish the sense of smell."

The lady tasted the fruit in a very gingerly manner; but as soon as she got the flavor of it, she finished the slice, and all the others did the same. Achang continued to serve it out until the whole melon was gone, just as the commander, who had been busy with the pilot, joined the company. He had eaten durian before, and it was not necessary to open another for him.

"I have eaten them at Singapore; and after the first time, they had the odor of newly blown roses to me," said he, laughing at his own experience.

"Now let us try the other fruit," said Morris, as he picked up the mangosteen; and the captain

immediately sent for a dozen of them. "Tell us about this fruit, Achang, if you know how."

"I know it very well. It belongs to the Molucca Islands, but it grows on other islands," said the Bornean, and he took the fruit from Morris. "As you can see, it is no bigger than an orange, and the rind is hard ; but you can easily break it open."

"It is considered the most delicious and wholesome fruit in the East," interposed the captain.

"The tree is about twenty feet high, with great leaves, dark green on top, and olive underneath. The flower looks like a red rose, but it has only four leaves."

"Four petals, like a wild rose in New England," the commander explained.

"The inside is like the durian, divided by partitions into cells; and the soft stuff is of the color of the rose," said Achang, concluding his explanation.

"This fruit is cooling, and slightly laxative. It has a flavor something like lemonade well sweetened, the mingled saccharine and acidity giving it a very delicate taste. It may be freely eaten ; and it is very agreeable and beneficial to fever patients," added the commander.

One of the mangosteens was then passed to each of the company; and after they had eaten of the fruit, the universal verdict was that it was even better than the durian; and it did not smell bad at all. Mrs. Mingo and the baby had devoured the

portion given to them; and it seemed to make them sleepy, for they retired to their house for a nap.

“Where are we going next, Captain Ringgold?” inquired Mrs. Belgrave.

“If you will take your places on the promenade, I have something to say to you,” replied the commander; and his suggestion was promptly adopted.

“Our next stopping-place is Malacca, two hundred and fifty-seven nautical miles from Penang; and we shall be there about seven o'clock to-morrow morning. The name of the place is a common one hereabouts, and it was formerly applied to the whole of the peninsula we have just visited; and the strait between it and Sumatra is still known by that name.

“The British settlement of this name includes a territory forty-two miles long by eight to twenty-five wide, with a population of nearly one hundred thousand; but in the last ten years it has been reducing this number.

“On the coast the land is flat and swampy, but it yields large crops of rice. Inland there are low hills, and the productions are about the same as those of Penang. Tin is largely mined and exported. Tapioca, if that is the right name for it, is the only other export of value. The town of Malacca is not much of a place, and is at the mouth of a small river. The Portuguese and the Dutch have both held the territory within the last three hundred years, and the old town they built is on one side of the stream while the Chinese and Malays occupy the other. That is all I need say about this settlement.”



At the time mentioned, the Guardian-Mother was at anchor at the mouth of the river, and the passengers were gazing at the town, though the prospect was not very inviting, especially on the Chinese and Malay side. A landing was made, and the commander found a vehicle that conveyed them through the principal streets.

“Perhaps you would like to remain here for a day or two and do some hunting, boys,” said the captain, when they returned to the landing-place. “About all the wild animals you found in India are very common here; and it was formerly reported that the increase of the native population had been checked by the ravages of fierce tigers, leopards, and the black panther. Of the forty-three miles of coast, half of it is a swamp, or mud-flat, and the streams are full of crocodiles. Farther inland it is a jungle, where the ferocious beasts thrive. If you hunted here you would be obliged to do a great deal of wading; though for that matter, you will not fare any better in Borneo. Our Chinese driver could speak English enough to point out a nutmeg-tree; and we shall have to look up this popular spice at one of our conferences.”

The party took their places in the barge, and went on board of the ship. The order was immediately given to get underway. The company had fallen in with no one who was disposed to assist them in seeing the town and its suburbs, though doubtless there were many who would have been glad to do so

if they had been informed in regard to the need of their services.

“It is now only twelve o'clock, and it is but about ninety statute miles to Singapore,” said the captain, as he seated himself at the head of the table for luncheon. “Our visit at Malacca has not been very satisfactory; but that at Singapore will be much more interesting, for it is a large city for these regions. We shall be there in season for dinner. I have taken a Singapore pilot; for the strait in this portion is full of islands, and we sail near the coast. I think you will find enough to interest you during the entire afternoon.”

This prediction was realized as soon as the party went on deck.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

## SINGAPORE, MONSOONS, AND TRADE-WINDS

BETWEEN the scenery of the strait and the siamang family, the passengers found abundant occupation for a couple of hours; and perhaps the interest would have been longer retained if the commander had not summoned them to the promenade about that time after dinner to learn something about Singapore, where they were to arrive at a later hour on the same day. They were always interested in the talks from the rostrum, whoever was the speaker; and if any of them were more popular than the others, the company out of pure courtesy and kindly feeling treated them all alike.

“It is well to have some idea of a country or city before we reach it,” said Captain Ringgold, as he took his place at the head of the hall, “for you are not so likely to be interested in statistics and dry description when you are engaged in sight-seeing, as at a more quiet time; though an occasional fact or figure may be interjected at such a busy hour,” said the commander as an introduction.

“I have already spoken to you of the Straits Settlements, and we have visited two of them in a very hurried manner. Singapore is the capital of

them, and the governor-general of these colonies resides there. It is not a very extensive territory, though the city is a place of very great importance, being the stopping-place of the great lines of steamers on their way to China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, and many other ports of the eastern portion of the Indian Archipelago.

“The colony of Singapore is on an island separated from the Malay Peninsula by a narrow strait only three-quarters of a mile wide. It includes a number of smaller islands near it. The city is in the south-eastern part of the principal island, which is twenty-seven miles long by fourteen in width, containing 206 square miles. The population in 1891 was 184,554, of which only 2,769 were white people. It has an undulating surface; and the chain of mountains that extends through the Malay Peninsula does not cross the strait. The most elevated ground is but 520 feet high.

“The climate is healthy, though it is what the English call hot and moist, as it is only eighty miles from the equator; but it is hardly hotter than New York in the few days of extreme heat we sometimes get in July or August, though the humidity makes it more trying to visitors. In your bungalow the glass varies from seventy to ninety, and at this season it is necessary to keep out of the sun in the middle of the day.

“The soil of the island is not very fertile, though it is always clothed in a dense robe of tropical ver-

ture, and produces good crops of pineapples, coffee, coconuts, aloes, and every kind of fruit, especially durian and mangosteen. Gambier, pepper, and nutmegs were formerly extensively cultivated, though less at the present time. The island was purchased in 1824 of the Sultan of Johore for £12,500 and a life annuity of £5,000. Either he or his successor is still living there; and as the American consul was formerly intimate with him, and perhaps is now, we may be invited to visit him.

“The city was founded a few years before the cession of the island by Sir Stamford Raffles. This is a name often encountered in the history and records of the East Indies. He was born in the West Indies, off Jamaica, for he was the son of a sea-captain. He became a clerk in the East-India House in London, and was sent later as assistant secretary of the branch settlement at Penang, where he was promoted to the principal position. He wrote a history of Java while that island was a British possession, and was efficient in its government.

“He visited many of the islands of the archipelago. He was called a British administrator, which means that he served his government wherever he was needed, and appointed the English residents, or advisors, in all the colonies. He was often successful in conciliating the natives in the various settlements, and rendered very valuable service to his country. He was a naturalist, and gave to the world a vast amount of information relating to these islands. He

founded the Zoölogical Society of London, and was its first president. He died in 1826.

“His settlement at Singapore has grown till it is the most important city in South-eastern Asia. The town is somewhat picturesque, well-built, with fine public buildings, and everything in the nature of public works. It has a Protestant and a Roman Catholic cathedral, Mohammedan mosques, Hindoo temples, Chinese joss-houses, a Raffles Museum, and other structures you will see to-morrow.”

“What is a joss-house, Captain Ringgold?” asked Miss Blanche.

“It is the Chinaman’s church. Joss means deity. In China the word applies to the household gods of every family, whose religious worship is of their ancestors in part, besides of other gods. Singapore extends six miles along the seashore, has a number of excellent docks, and is a naval as well as a commercial coaling-station. The harbor could not be better. I neglected to say that Sir Stamford Raffles married the daughter of the sultan or rajah of Johore, which is the mainland from which the island is separated by the strait.

“There are no seasons, as we understand the matter, at Singapore. The south-west monsoons prevail from April to October. There is no rainy season as in most tropical countries, though we may count the whole year under that head, for showers come two days out of three, and though they don’t last long, they are generally very heavy.

You will not forget to take your umbrellas and waterproofs with you when you go ashore. The fortifications of the settlement are very extensive and very strong, and they are permanently garrisoned. We shall visit the shore to-morrow if it does not rain too hard, and you will see much that I have not time to mention."

"You spoke just now of the south-west monsoons," said Mrs. Belgrave. "When do we get the east or the west, the north or the south monsoons?"

"We don't get them," replied the commander with a smile.

"I don't see why they should always be between the cardinal points of the compass," added the lady.

"I am afraid you have forgotten some of the physical geography you learned at the academy," replied the captain.

"I don't remember a thing about monsoons. I studied Guyot; and though monsoons does not seem like a new word to me, all about them has gone out of my head."

"I am not surprised; and it would have been the same with me if my profession had not kept the subject before me," continued the commander. "The trade-winds of the Atlantic and the Pacific come under the same head as the monsoons. This word comes from *moussim*, which means a season. These winds are due to the different degrees of heat in the various countries of the Eastern Hemi-

sphere. When it is summer in the northern part, or Northern Hemisphere, they have south-west monsoons, and in winter from the north-east, as we had them when we were crossing the Arabian Sea."

"But I don't see why it should be north-east instead of east or north," persisted the lady.

"If you will be patient for a few minutes it will be explained. We are still in the north-east monsoons; but in May, as I have said, they will come from the south-west, and so continue during the northern summer. It was winter when we left Egypt, and we have been in the cool or cold season ever since. Now, will you please to tell me which is the warmest part of your parlor when you have a good fire in it at Christmas time?"

"I can guess that easily enough," laughed Mrs. Belgrave. "Heated air always rises."

"And what does cold air do?"

"It falls, of course."

"These two natural phenomena are the key to the monsoons and the trade-winds; and they also explain a good many other atmospheric facts."

"I don't see what the air in a room has to do with these winds," suggested Mrs. Woodridge, who was farther from her school-days than the mother of Louis.

"That in a room has nothing at all to do with them, but the same natural law is in force in the atmosphere as in a heated room. During the north-



ern summer, Southern Asia, including these islands, has the sun overhead, and its rays fall directly on the land, and not at a greater or less slant, depending upon the distance from the poles; and consequently the earth becomes greatly heated, as we found it at Malacca this forenoon, and it warms up the atmosphere in the same ratio. Now, my friends, will you tell me what this heated air does?"

"It rises!" shouted a dozen of the audience, thus proving that they were giving good attention.

"Precisely so; it could not help itself under the circumstances. As it rises it makes not a vacuum, but a vacancy as we may call it; and the air of the north, cooled by the winter there, rushes in to fill this void, just as the air from the warm parlor will rush into the hall if you open the door, and cool your room very soon. The heated earth near the equator sets the wind to blowing from the north."

"But not from the north-east," said the first lady.

"Let us see. Did you ever see a man rowing a boat across a stream with a strong current at right angles with his course? If he pulls without regard to the current, what will be the effect?"

"That is a nautical conundrum, and I never saw it tried," replied the lady.

"What will be the effect, Morris?"

"He will not hit the point he started for; his course will be the resultant of two opposing forces; and he will hit the opposite shore a considerable distance down stream from the objective point," replied

the young gentleman promptly. "If he rows with exactly the force of the current, he will follow the diagonal of a square; if he pulls faster than the current flows it will be the diagonal of a parallelogram."

"Well and scientifically answered, Morris!" exclaimed the commander. "We say that the sun rises in the east; but we all know that it does not, and its apparent rise is caused by the revolution of the earth on its axis, thus turning it over till the sun comes in sight from any given point. Here are the two opposing forces. The daily motion of the earth would carry the flowing air to the west, and the vacancy, so to speak, would carry it to the south. As in the case of the boat, the wind moves in the direction of the diagonal of any given square; or in other words the wind blows to the south-west; and that is the whole of it."

"Then, that is the south-west monsoons," added Mrs. Woolridge.

"On the contrary, that is the north-east monsoons. When you say the wind is west, what do you mean by it, Madam?"

"I mean that the wind comes from the west, and blows towards the east. I see that I have made a blunder, and you may laugh at me if you please," replied the lady, a little nettled at the mistake.

"We all make too many blunders to laugh at those of others, Mrs. Woolridge. If the wind blows towards the south-west, of course it comes from the

north-east: hence the name of the monsoons described. But I have talked much longer than I intended, and you must charge it to the questions put to me."

"It will not be a heavy charge, not as big as a doctor's fee," added Dr. Hawkes. "I am very much obliged to Mrs. Belgrave for putting her question, for I dare say many of us have forgotten all we ever knew about the subject; and if it had not been for exposing my ignorance I should have asked the same question."

"I never knew anything at all about it, and never studied it in school, so I have not got to blame my memory," said Mrs. Blossom with a chuckle.

The company retired from the promenade, and renewed their attention to Mrs. Mingo and daughter, or to the islands in the strait, and the various craft, from a gigantic steamer to a Malay dhow. A few hours later the Guardian-Mother passed into the harbor of Singapore, and came to anchor in the midst of a very lively scene. The place is a free port; and there was no bother with custom-house officers, though a health-officer appeared soon after the anchor was snugly berthed on the bottom. With him came a gentleman who was a stranger. He stood at the gangway till the doctor pronounced the ship in an entirely healthy condition.

"Captain Ringgold?" said he, approaching the commander.

"At your service, sir."

“Allow me to introduce myself as Major Studer, United States consul at this port.”

“I am extremely happy to meet you, Major Studer,” added the commander, extending his hand to the official; and the interchange was exceedingly cordial on both sides.

“I have kept the run of you, Captain, since you arrived at Bombay, and hoped you would come this way,” continued the consul. “I had a telegram from our agent at Penang, informing me that you were coming. A despatch from Malacca assured me that your steamer had started about noon to-day.”

Major Studer was a nice gentleman; and he was promptly introduced to all the members of the party, and dined with them at the usual hour.

## CHAPTER XXIX

## A CHINESE MAGNATE IN SINGAPORE

WHILE the company were at dinner, a clerk of the banker of Uncle Moses, who paid all the bills of the ship, brought off a huge package of letters. The passengers were too impatient for news from home to wait, and the missives were distributed at once; but when a glance over the pages assured them that all was well, they were laid aside for a more favorable time. With the exception of Professor Giroud, no one had left any member of his family behind.

“I have a letter from Captain Sharp, who informs me that the general is married, and that the Blanche will join us again at Batavia,” said the commander. “I gave him the probable time at which we should arrive at the several ports within a couple of weeks; but we are two days ahead of the time given.”

Major Studer told the company all they wanted to know about Singapore. There were plenty of good gharries, as carriages are called there; and the next morning, if it did not rain, as it generally did, they would ride over the city. A very delightful evening was passed in the music-room, though the consul went on shore at an early hour in order to make arrangements for the next day.

The day proved to be one out of the three when it did not rain incessantly in the morning. The consul came off to breakfast with the party, as he had been invited to do, at an early hour; and the meal was served at half-past six. The tourists were disposed to fall back into their habits of early rising when they were in India, for the morning was the coolest part of the day.

"I found a wagonette which recently arrived from Calcutta," said the consul. "It will seat eight on a side, with a place beside the driver for another. It is drawn by four English horses, and is quite as comfortable as any vehicle in the town. I thought you would prefer to be in the same carriage."

"You are quite right, and we have always taken such a vehicle as you describe when it could be had," replied Captain Ringgold.

"Do nutmegs grow here, Major Studer?" asked Mrs. Woolridge.

"They do; all the spices and tropical fruits grow here, though not to the same extent as formerly. You wish to see some nutmeg-trees; but to do that we must take a ride into the country. I met the Rajah of Johore yesterday, and I told him you were coming. He charged me to take the whole party out to his palace, which I shall be happy to do at your pleasure."

The barge was at the gangway when the party, provided with umbrellas and waterproofs, went on deck. The harbor was full of large steamships,

and more were arriving all the time. This is the half-way house to China and Japan, and most vessels bound to the score of ports which lie farther into the archipelago stop here on their way. They soon reached the landing-place, where the wagonette was in waiting. But the passengers were rather sorry that the trip to the shore was so short, for they were amused and interested at the sights they saw on the way.

They saw a large Dutch steamer coming to anchor. She was immediately surrounded by a multitude of boats, each with a crew of Malays, whose business was made profitable by extortion in conveying passengers to and from the shore. They were rather more than half naked; but after six months in Egypt and India, the party had become so accustomed to the costume of the natives that they had ceased to notice it. They yelled and gesticulated with frantic energy; but they did not obtain a single fare from the steamer.

“Do you speak the Malay language, Major?” asked the commander, as they landed.

“Not much of it, though I have picked up a few phrases which answer my purpose, for many of the natives speak a little English,” replied the consul. “A vocabulary of English and Malay was published in Batavia, and copies of it are to be had here. ‘*Rapputteen kahar ka peentoo*,’ is a specimen of it, — ‘Back your cart up to the door.’ That is the last sentence of it I had occasion to use.”

"I shall take Captain Achang Bakir with us; and he speaks Malay fluently. He is a Bornean; and that is he in the fore-sheets," added the captain.

The company seated themselves in the long vehicle as suited themselves, though the consul was placed in the middle so that he could be the better heard. Achang was to have been placed with the driver; but Miss Blanche begged that she might be permitted to sit there, and Louis assisted her to mount to the place. The driver said there was room enough for another, and the young man took his place at her side. The Bornean had been provided with European clothing, and he made quite a respectable appearance. He was seated at the end of the carriage next to the door. He had done his best since he came on board of the ship to make himself useful, and was always ready to wait on the ladies.

The driver started his horses, which were quite different from the ponies in use in the town. They were high-spirited animals, and were from a horse-farm near Bombay. The tourists soon had enough to keep all their eyes busy, for they first explored the better part of the town. The streets are wide, and the shops looked very inviting to the ladies. It was a busy part of the day, and many people were out. Most of them in this section were Europeans, though there were many natives of the better class.

The Malays of the "upper crust" were fine-looking men, and it would pay to look a second time at the



young women. The men were a cross between a brown and a copper color, wearing bright-hued sarongs and turbans. The sights were novel, with nothing particularly attractive in them. The vehicle next proceeded to the Government House, situated in a park in the outskirts of the city. It was like many other such buildings which they had seen in other colonies; and the park was kept in excellent order, the grass closely cut down, and tastefully decorated with tropical trees and shrubs. The house was a large and handsome structure, with broad verandas, and looked as though it might be cool on a hot day.

"This is Dhobi Green, Mr. Belgrave," said the driver, as they came to a considerable lawn with a stream of water on one side.

"What are all these women on the lawn?" asked Miss Blanche.

"They are the washerwomen of the city," replied the Jehu, who was a very pleasant and intelligent man; and he had never had such a beautiful young lady at his side as at the present moment. "They wash the clothes in the stream over yonder, and you see them on the lines."

The joss-houses were pointed out to the company by Major Studer, and they were all in a quarter by themselves. In fact, every particular interest appeared to have its exclusive space; for all the hotels were in a bunch, and every industry was clustered by itself. Then the wagonette passed through a street not less than a mile in length, which was almost ex-

clusively Chinese ; and this was the most interesting part of the town to the travellers.

Red lanterns were abundant, and so were dragons and other Chinese emblems. The Chinamen thronged the street in the costume of their own country. Some of the shops and some of the houses were elaborately constructed, the latter with handsome gardens such as one might see in China. Some of the merchants from the flowery nation have become quite wealthy. These take kindly to European fashions ; and they have fine turnouts when they take their airings. The buildings of the ordinary class are neat and substantial ; and there are no tumble-down old rookeries, such as may be seen in most Oriental towns.

At the suggestion of the ladies, the carriage stopped at one of the best shops, and the tourists alighted. They entered two or three of the stores, where the Chinamen treated them with the utmost courtesy and kindness. A considerable number of curiosities were purchased, and everything was explained to them in pigeon English. The Malay quarter was not so attractive as the Chinese ; but they went into some of the shops, and Achang did the talking for them. They were taken back to a side street in the suburbs, and the carriage stopped at an extensive walled garden.

“Is this a prison, Major Studer ?” asked Mrs. Belgrave, as she looked at the wall.

“You would not have asked such a question if you

had waited till we were inside the wall," said the consul with a laugh, as the gates were thrown wide open, and the vehicle passed into the grounds, forming one of the most beautiful gardens they had seen for a long time.

The ladies were enraptured with the sight that suddenly burst upon their vision. There were pagodas, summer-houses with elaborately ornamented roofs, flowers of every description, such as they had never seen before, in the ground, and in pots on walls and stands for the purpose.

"You have brought us into a fairy garden, Major!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave. "But it is all Chinese."

"This is the residence of Mr. Whampo, a very intelligent and wealthy Chinese gentleman, who is the consul here of China, as well as vice-consul for Turkey, and who is a member of the Legislative Council of the Settlements," said the major. "I met him yesterday, and promised to call upon him this morning with the party, for he enjoys meeting foreign visitors. I have sent my card and that of Captain Ringgold to him."

An attendant soon appeared, and invited the company to enter the mansion, which might well have been called a palace. They were received by Mr. Whampo with the most unaffected kindness and cordiality, and he took the hand of every member. He was quite an old man, somewhat bent in form, with a very sparse cue of white hair, and an exceedingly pleasant expression on his wrinkled face.

He spoke English as well as any person in the party.

The visitors were seated on the elegant divans of the apartment; and after a chat of half an hour, mostly used up in answering the questions of the host about the Guardian-Mother and the voyage from New York, Mr. Whampoia invited them to pass through the mansion and garden. The house was filled with elegant and costly articles. Major Studer pointed out some things in a low tone that cost many thousand dollars. The furniture was all of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, and carved with marvellous skill.

The rich articles were Chinese in character, and a description of them in detail would require more space than can be afforded. The Chinese consul had quite a zoölogical garden on his premises. The first animal noted was a monster orang-outang. He was as savage as a tiger; and none of the visitors dared to go near him, for he reached out his long arms and tried to get hold of some one. The ladies were not pleased with him; and they hastened to see the other beasts and birds, of which there was a great variety.

“Here are three siamangs from Sumatra, which were presented to me by one of my countrymen in Siak,” said Mr. Whampoia, when they reached an immense cage in which they were confined; and then he opened the door and permitted them to come out. “They are very tame, and are pleasant companions.”

“One of them looks just like Mrs. Mingo,” said Miss Blanche; and this remark brought out a full account of the family on board of the ship.

“You have only one?”

“One and the baby,” replied the fair maiden.

“Then the mother must be lonesome. I have two males; and if the captain will accept the gift I will give him one of them,” added the accomplished Chinaman.

The commander said he would gratefully accept the gift, and the present owner said he should be on board of the ship before night.

“Now you must go into the house and take luncheon with me,” said the host. “I have ordered some Chinese dishes especially for you; but you need not eat of them if you do not wish to do so, for we have European food; but they are very nice.”

It was impossible to decline the invitation of the courteous host, and the company were soon seated at a table in a magnificent saloon. The first dish served was bird’s-nest soup, of which the travellers had often heard, but had never tasted. The commander set the example, and without exception all followed him. What was better, they all liked it, strange as it may seem. Then they could not do less than praise the dainty, greatly to the satisfaction of the host. The next thing was pigeons’ eggs. No one rebelled at this dish.

Shark’s fins did not suit them so well; but they made the best of it. Pigeons stewed with an herb

was excellent, and was warmly commended by all, especially the ladies. Fish brains was very good as it was prepared, and stewed mushrooms was an old acquaintance. By this time most of the party felt as though they had eaten enough for a luncheon, and most of them had partaken heartily.

But then came sliced ham, a roast pig, boiled fowls, and roast mutton. The visitors were hardly able to do justice to these viands; but the venerable host rubbed his hands with delight when he saw his guests eat so sparingly of them.

“Now I know you like some Chinese dishes, for you don’t take the European food!” he exclaimed.

But it was time to return to the ship; and after obtaining the promise of Mr. Whampoa to dine on board, they departed.

## CHAPTER XXX

## A VISIT TO A NUTMEG PLANTATION

THE excellent Chinaman appeared to be greatly pleased with the visitors, partly because they had partaken of the dishes of his country, and he continued to chuckle over the success which had attended his feast until the wagonette drove off, for he hardly ceased to say something about it rather slyly. Adding half a dozen European dishes to his bill of fare seemed to be a trick, as he understood it, to ascertain whether or not his guests really liked Chinese food.

The tourists were so well rested by their stay of two hours at the residence of the Chinese magnate that they visited the Raffles Museum, a joss-house, and looked into one of the Mohammedan mosques. The place of worship of the Chinamen was most novel and interesting, with its statue of the sun with a bull in the mouth, the big gong and bell suspended from the roof, and the burning joss-sticks.

The barge was ready for them when they reached the landing-place, which was at a considerable distance from the central part of the city, at the new harbor, as it is called. Small vessels come to the port by the strait. When they went on board they

found the siamang had been sent to the ship, and he seemed to be on the best of terms with Mrs. Mingo. The house of the lady was large enough for both of them if they chose to occupy it together. The barge returned to the shore to wait for Mr. Whampo, and Louis went off to receive him.

At the appointed time the Chinese gentleman appeared. He had been educated in England, and was perfectly at home in the highest grade of society. He was shown over the ship by the commander, attended by Louis, and was very enthusiastic in his commendation of the elegance and comfort of all the appliances of the steamer. The state-rooms, with the baths adjoining, and the convenient furniture with which they were supplied, especially pleased him.

Mr. Sage, the steward, and Monsieur Odervie, the cook, had made unusual preparations for the distinguished guest; and the two fair daughters of Major Studer as well as the consul himself were of the party. If the Chinese magnate preferred the dishes of his native land, he was by no means indifferent to those of the French cook; for he not only reciprocated the compliments bestowed by the Americans upon the lunch of that day, but he ate with a relish that testified to the sincerity of his praise.

He was all devotion to the ladies, and was as polite as though he had just come from the salons of the Elysée. The consul and his daughters were not neglected or overshadowed, and all the passengers



did their best to make the guests happy; and they appeared to succeed admirably. After the smoke of the gentlemen, who burned the weed on deck, the electric lights illuminated the music-room, and the evening was passed in the most agreeable manner in singing and conversation; and Morris Woolridge recited a poem to the great satisfaction of all present.

It was midnight when the barge conveyed the guests to the shore, escorted by the commander and Louis Belgrave. The arrangements for the next day had been made; and as the tourists had "done" the city, a visit to a nutmeg plantation and to the palace of the maharajah of Johore were to occupy the greater part of the time. The party were tired enough to sleep soundly after the long ride, and the weather was comfortably cool at night.

The party were called from their berths at an early hour in the morning, and breakfast was served at six in the cabin. By seven o'clock they were at the landing-place, where the wagonette was waiting for them. The consul and his two daughters were called for at their residence; and they were a very jovial company, for the cool air of the morning inflated their spirits. Mrs. Belgrave started a song in which all the singers joined; and they attracted more than usual attention as the vehicle passed through the streets.

Major Studer was entirely at home among the plantations. An immense orchard of cocoanut-trees

first claimed the attention of the Americans, and they alighted to look at it in detail. Then they visited a sugar estate, examined the cane-crusher and the boiling-house, and had the whole process described to them. A pepper-farm was visited; and finally they reached the nutmeg plantation. Under a group of shady trees, Major Studer proceeded to describe the tree and give the details of its culture; and his remarks formed a very interesting lecture, such as the party had been in the habit of hearing on the promenade of the ship.

“The nutmeg-tree is one of several species of myristica, and belongs to the order of exogens called myristicaceæ,” the consul began; and at the same moment Captain Ringgold and several others began to laugh.

“My subject is not as solemn as theology, though it is quite serious; but I observe that it amuses you,” said the speaker.

“I beg your pardon, Major Studer; but you seem to have the idea that my passengers are all scientists, and some of the words you use might as well be in Greek or Chinese,” replied the commander. “Several of them are graduates of colleges; but most of them are simply well-educated and well-read people, but their sense of hearing has not been trained for the reception of technical and scientific terms, and I fear that most of them are in utter darkness in regard to what you have already said. Dr. Hawkes, Professor Giroud, and Squire Scarburn doubtless understood

you ; but the rest of us did not. Excuse me, Major ; but if I had invited Mr. Whampoa to give us the description of the nutmeg-tree in Chinese, we should have understood him as well as yourself."

"But I had to read up for this occasion, and I supposed you would not be satisfied if I omitted the scientific terms," the consul explained. "I understand the situation now, and will conform to it. It was no small task to load up my memory with those words ; but I know what they mean. *Myristica* relates to nutmegs and similar plants ; and the longest word I used relates to the forty species of tropical trees and shrubs classed under this head. They are exogenous trees and plants. The exogens are those trees and plants which grow and increase in size by additions to the outside of the stem or trunk. Am I understood now ?"

"Perfectly," replied the captain.

"But it would be well to stimulate the memory of the audience by giving the antithetic word," suggested the surgeon.

"I will do so, thanks. The endogens, or endogenous plants, are those in which the addition by growth is added within, pushing the previously formed layers of wood out from the middle. All these plants are natives of Asia, Southern America, and Madagascar. They have a sap or juice which is either red or becomes so upon exposure. The leaves are alternate, or not opposite on the stem, to each other.

"I will leave the doctor to tell you about the med-

icinal virtues of the plant. The fruit is a nut, about as big as a medium-sized apple, but of pear-shape. It is smooth outside, and bursts open as it becomes mature. Then you see the bright scarlet of another spice, which perhaps you did not expect to find in the fruit of this tree; I mean mace, which all the ladies have used perhaps without knowing where it came from. It is the inner covering of the nutmeg, and is the most aromatic portion of the tree, though all parts of it have this quality. It is bright red; but when it is dried in the sun it becomes light brown. It is then sprinkled with sea-water to make it flexible, pressed flat, and then exported; and most of it comes from Penang and Singapore.

“The outside shell of the fruit is called the pericarp, as in any seed-vessel, which is sometimes used when young as a sweetmeat. Next comes the mace covering, and then we reach the nutmeg, which I need not describe as you are all familiar with it. This tree is peculiar in that it bears its fruit at all seasons of the year, and may be seen with the bud, flower, and fruit upon it at the same time. Though it may be gathered at all times, the last four months of the year are the period of the greatest harvest.

“These trees average five pounds of nutmegs and one and a quarter of mace each; and in good years they are a profitable crop. The plant is a native of the Molucca Islands, and has been transplanted to other favorable regions; but, though it has been tried, it does not thrive in the West Indies. It needs a

level soil, for it has such a slight hold on the ground that the tropical rains would wash it out on hillsides. The young plants are obtained from a nursery, where they are brought forward from the seed, and then transplanted as you see here in rows.

“They bear the seventh year, and are at their state of perfection in the fifteenth; and in the Moluccas they are said to yield the fruit till they become of the full age of man, — seventy or eighty years. They have their enemies, like the grape and most other fruits, in the shape of beetles, which eat out the life of the germ. At the end of the last century the Dutch had a monopoly of the nutmeg in a portion of the Moluccas, and did not allow it to be transplanted to other regions; but while the English had temporary possession, plants were sent to Penang, India, and elsewhere. The export of spices from the Straits Settlements has amounted to \$11,000,000, but fell off about one-fifth last year. I believe I have covered the subject, and perhaps have more than covered it,” said Major Studer, as he bowed to his audience.

A real storm of applause greeted him as he finished; and Louis moved a vote of thanks to him for his very interesting lecture, which was carried unanimously. The party moved back to the carriage.

“Isn’t this the *nux vomica*?” asked the surgeon, as he pointed to a plant growing near the road.

“It is,” replied the consul; “but it is not cultivated much here.”

“It is the plant from which strychnine and brucin come, and is a most deadly poison, but largely used in medicine,” added the surgeon.

The excursionists seated themselves in the wagonette, and the journey was resumed.

“It looks very much like a jungle over there,” said the captain, after they had gone some distance.

“It is a jungle; and there are tigers, pythons, wild pigs, and other large game to be found there, though it is not so plentiful as formerly. The region was once overrun with tigers, and they did a great deal of mischief; and the loss of life from them, the snakes, and crocodiles, was as severe in proportion as in India,” replied the major.

“There are snakes here, then?” asked Felix McGavonty.

“Plenty of them, though less than a few years ago. A party of young Americans were here last year; and when roaming about not far from the strait they were confronted by a good-sized python, or boa-constrictor. There were several young ladies in the party, and two of them fainted away very promptly. They were in charge of a Chinese conductor, and he ran away. A young man fired several shots at the snake from his revolver, but did not kill him. Some coolies working near heard the screams of the ladies, and went to their assistance. They were used to the snake, and brought their implements with them.

“One of them threw a line with a slip-noose at the end over his head, and they dragged him out

of the tree where he was lodged. They put another line over his tail, and on the ground they crushed his head with rocks."

"Then my lasso is not original with me as I supposed," added Scott, as he related to the consul the use he had made of the line at Acheen.

The party reached the palace of the maharajah. The gate was wide open, and the driver stopped at the court entrance of the long structure; and they were received in the magnificent saloon by his Highness, and immediately invited to lunch, for they were expected.

He is a very companionable gentleman, has travelled extensively, and visited the Exposition at Chicago. His domain is properly a Sultanate, but he does not now use the title. He makes himself quite familiar with people in the city, and especially with strangers of any distinction.

His palace is a very long building, two stories high, with the roof sloped at either end. The piazza on the ground is supported by heavy square columns. Above it is a verandah, with lighter pillars sustaining the roof. In front of it is a two-story portico, with stairs reaching from the lower to the upper verandah.

The maharajah is said to be so wealthy that he cannot spend his income; though he appeared to have all any mortal Oriental could desire. The grounds around the palace are laid out in English style, and are filled with every description of tropical

plant. His Highness walked about with the party, and exhibited everything that was worth seeing.

Of course the furniture was elegant and costly; but though the visitors did not say so, they were not so well pleased with it as with that of the Chinese magnate. The lunch had not the novelty of that of the day before; but it was in European style, and elaborate enough to satisfy any prince. After luncheon his Highness invited the company to go on board the Guardian-Mother in his steam-yacht, taking it at the strait. Captain Ringgold accepted, with the condition that the maharajah should dine on board, to which he consented.

He went in his own carriage to the landing, inviting the consul and the surgeon to ride with him. The sail in the yacht was delightful; and at five o'clock the party boarded the steamer, over which the distinguished guest was conducted by the commander and Louis.



## CHAPTER XXXI

## CROSSING THE LINE, AND JAVA DESCRIBED

THE festivities which followed the dinner to the maharajah were of the usual description, and if he did not enjoy them his looks and manner belied him. There was no wine on the table at the principal meal of that day, and there was never any on the table in the cabin of the Guardian-Mother. His Highness was a strict Mohammedan, and never touched any intoxicating drinks.

At Acheen Captain Ringgold thought his Dutch guests missed the national tippie of Holland, where gin is drawn from pumps on the counter of the bar like beer in the large cities; but it was against his principles to drink wine or liquor himself, or to serve it to his friends. Louis and his mother were both rigid teetotallers, and would have protested if they had been served on board of the ship.

Some of the passengers, three of the gentlemen at least, were less strict; but they fell in with the rule that prevailed, and never drank anything in the cabin, whatever they might do in their state-rooms. But there was a difference of opinion on the subject of total abstinence, so well understood that nothing was said on either side in regard to it.

“I don't like to go to dinner-parties among the English at Singapore, because the guests drink so much wine,” said the maharajah to the captain when they were in the cabin of the latter after the dinner. “I am invited to partake of it, and I am compelled to decline, which is not always pleasant to do.”

“It is never served at our table; and no liquor is given to the sailors. If any of the passengers or officers wish to drink, they must supply themselves in their state-rooms. Of the ship's company I don't know that any of them use intoxicating drinks,” added the captain. “If a sailor should come on board drunk I should discharge him; and they all understand that very well. They have liberty at about every port where we stay any time.”

“It is a very bad practice; and I see so much of it in Singapore that I am disgusted with it.”

“I have seen a great many men, gentlemen in appearance, intoxicated.”

“The first thing here when gentlemen meet is to ‘take something,’ as they call it,” continued his Highness. “It is quite as bad in Colombo; and at the hotel where I stayed there was a room out of the way of the others where those were sent when they had taken more than enough, and were permitted to finish their debauch in this apartment.”

They went to the music-room when the commander had finished his cigar. The “Gospel Hymns” were new to the guest, and he was so well pleased with

some of them he begged that they might be repeated. Some secular songs were introduced, including those used during the War of the Rebellion. The captain was sure that the maharajah had passed a pleasant evening when he left at eleven o'clock, and he expressed himself to this effect with much enthusiasm.

At breakfast the next morning, the commander announced that the ship would sail at nine o'clock for Batavia. They had seen all there was of Singapore, though they had not exhausted the place, as they did not any other they visited.

"Are we not going to Siam, Captain Ringgold?" asked Mrs. Belgrave, with an expression of disappointment on her handsome face. "You said it would be settled here whether we go or not."

"I certainly said so; but the circumstances have changed. I had a letter from Captain Sharp saying that the *Blanche* would join us again at Batavia," replied the commander.

"Then we are not to go to Siam," added the lady.

"I don't say that; and if the company vote to go there, I shall heartily conform to their desire," replied the captain. "It will require a new programme of a portion of the route; and as we have a conference at eleven to-day, we will settle the matter with the map before us."

Major Studer and his daughters came off to the ship for a farewell visit, and she sailed at the appointed time. The Dutch steamers take more than two days from Singapore to Batavia; but as the dis-

tance is about four hundred sea-miles, the Guardian-Mother would accomplish it in thirty hours. Most of the course was in the midst of islands, and there would be something to be seen nearly all the time.

At the appointed hour the company gathered in Conference Hall, and Mr. Gaskette had displayed his great map of the archipelago in the usual place. Mr. and Mrs. Mingo were active; but the gentleman siamang was inclined to be sea-sick, though the water was quite smooth. The family, as newly organized, agreed together perfectly, though the lady would not permit Mr. Mingo to take the baby. His indisposition compelled him to retire to the house; but as soon as the audience were seated, Mrs. Mingo, with her baby in her arms, mounted the platform and made her way to the rostrum as though she desired to hear the lecture. Finding a vacant chair, she took possession of it, and allowed Miss Blanche to hold the little one.

“The first thing to be done is to settle the Siam question,” said Captain Ringgold, as he took the pointer, and indicated Singapore on the map.

It was only a few months later that France had to settle the same question by sending ships-of-war up the Menam River to Bangkok; and a little later the evening papers of Paris had on their first pages, in letters two inches high, the announcement, “*Le Siam capitule*” (Siam yields), which is the usual necessity of the weaker nation against the stronger.

“I move that we go to Siam,” said Mrs. Belgrave.

"I second the motion," added Mrs. Woolridge.

The vote was taken, and it was unanimous in favor of visiting that country. Mrs. Belgrave desired to go, and no one was willing to vote in opposition to her wish.

"That matter is settled," continued the commander. "But we go to Batavia next, and I have given out the course to that effect. We pass inside of the islands of Linga and Sinkep, the largest of a group of them we shall see to-day. To-morrow forenoon we shall enter the Strait of Banca, spelled with a "c" or a "k" as pleases your fancy, which separates the island of Banca from Sumatra. This one and several others form a Dutch Residency; and the capital is Muntok, which you may see in the distance. In the strait we pass the mouth of the Palembang River.

"In the absence of General Noury I have prepared myself to tell you something about the island of Java," continued Captain Ringgold, as he pointed it out on the map.

"Doesn't something happen before we get to this island?" asked Louis.

"Possibly; for we cross the equator about two o'clock this afternoon. What will happen then, I can't say, for I don't know; but just now we will attend to the island of Java. The Dutch call it Jâwâ, and pronounce it Ya-va. It lies between six and nine degrees of south latitude; and I believe that none of you have ever been so far south as you

are at the present moment. After you pass through the Strait of Banca you will be in the Java Sea."

"In what water are we now?" asked Mr. Woolridge.

"We are in the extreme south-western part of the China Sea; and all this part of it is a pretty closely packed archipelago, though it has no name as such. The island is six hundred miles long, and varies in width from forty to one hundred and twenty-five miles. Without Madura, the island you see on the north-east of it, it has forty-nine thousand square miles, or fourteen thousand more than the entire State of New York. The mountains are more scattered than in Sumatra, and the larger portion of the territory is level and very fertile. It has forty-three volcanoes, several of which are active more or less of the time.

"Madura is separated from the large island by a narrow strait, and contains one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four square miles, or something less than Delaware. It is mostly barren, but covered with forests. With eighty smaller islands in the vicinity it forms a province, with a Dutch resident, practically a governor.

"The island of Java has many small rivers, which are roaring torrents after heavy rains in the descent from the scattered mountains, and are seldom navigable to any extent, if at all. The large towns are on the sea; and it has many good harbors, some of them in the estuaries of the small streams. The

mountains in Java range in height up to twelve thousand feet. The average temperature of Batavia is 78.5°; the extremes being 93 and 70. In the high lands the glass drops down to the freezing-point. The rainy season is from November to March.

“The population in 1890 was 24,000,000, over 20,000,000 being natives, who are of Malay origin, nearly 300,000 of them Chinese, with a sprinkling of other Orientals. The Europeans, half-castes included, are 30,370; which is a very small fraction to keep so many millions in subjection. Why, the population of the Netherlands, or Holland, is only 4,621,744. It is a marvel how so small a nation can handle such extensive domains so far from its own location, with six times its own population; though England controls its colonies in a much greater ratio.

“The natives are nominally Mohammedans, and they are more civilized than those of the adjacent islands and countries. Their worst vice, outside of social relations, is opium-smoking; and this drug yields in licenses and duties on importation five million dollars annually to the Government. As in Holland, every form of religious worship is entirely free, but proselyting is forbidden.

“The great wealth of the island is in its luxuriant vegetation, though the strength of the soil is now somewhat exhausted. But the mountains and other elevations afford a great variety of productions, from those of the temperate zone to the tropical. The

commercial products of the island are sugar, coffee, tea to some extent, tobacco, tin, and spices of less importance.

“The animal kingdom is not so extensive, so far as numbers are concerned, as in some of the other islands; but the tiger is the scourge of the country. The rhinoceros lives here, and there are deer and wild hogs. There are plenty of crocodiles in the lower streams, and a good variety of snakes, some of them poisonous. Gold was once mined here, but very little at the present time.

“The defence of the colonies, of which considerable has to be done, consists of an army of fourteen thousand Europeans and about twenty thousand natives. The Island of Lombok has been, and perhaps still is, in rebellion; but the result of it is not at all doubtful, for it is sure to be suppressed. The island is divided into twenty-one residencies; and the resident is practically absolute in his authority, assisted by native officials set over small divisions of the territory. A labor system was adopted for Java, though with great opposition. The culture system, as it is called, is based on a Government supervision of the labor of the natives. Its object was to provide a sufficiency of food for the working-people, and at the same time to obtain in greater abundance the productions the most profitable for export. So far as the growing of sugar, coffee, indigo, tobacco, pepper, tea, and a few other articles, the labor of the natives was forced. But the opposition has



modified the system, so that it is now confined to the production of coffee, which the Government disposes of at its pleasure.

“The history of Java dates back nearly to the Christian era, when Hindu colonists are known to have been in possession of portions of the island. At the end of the sixteenth century European commercial adventurers settled there; but it was not till 1610 that the Dutch obtained a foothold. Then began a long and almost desperate struggle for the subjugation of the natives; and it has been continued almost or quite up to the present time. The island was occupied by the English for six years from 1811. Sir Stamford Raffles went with the British expedition that captured the island. He was appointed lieutenant-governor, and here his best work was done in conciliating the natives. You will learn more of Java when you get there; and I will only add that the island has over eight hundred miles of railroads in operation.”

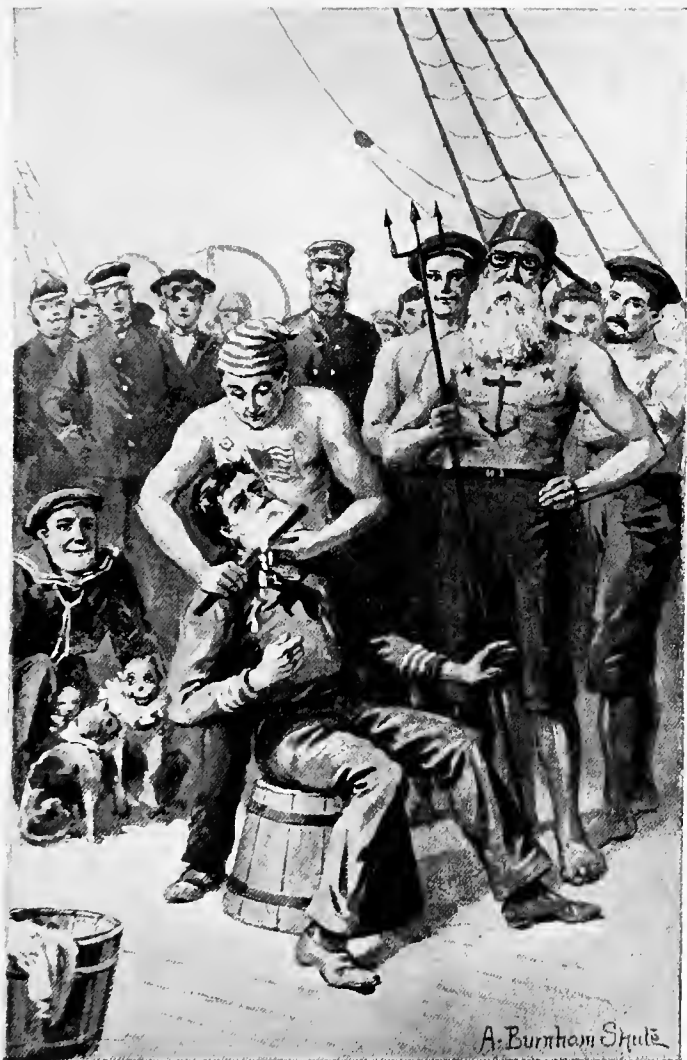
The commander retired with the usual applause, in which Mrs. Mingo joined with a vigorous succession of “Ra’s.” The luncheon gong sounded at the same moment.

When the party came on deck after the collation, they found that something was happening; the something at which Louis had hinted when he spoke of the equator. Several of the seamen were dressed in extravagant costumes; and the first officer alleged that they had just boarded the steamer. The prin-

cipal character was Neptune, who received the commander as though he had been his equal in authority; but the captain humored "his Majesty," and quite an amusing conversation between them followed.

Of course it was the old performance at the crossing of the line; but the captain had ordered that none of the passengers should be subjected to any unpleasant inflictions. The actors were dressed in short trousers only; and their legs and the upper part of their bodies were fantastically painted, Mr. Gaskette being accused of serving as the artist. Neptune had a tin kettle for a crown, variously ornamented, wore a huge pair of leather spectacles, and carried a trident in his hand. The cabin cat and the two siamangs had been pressed into service, and dressed for the occasion, though the latter did not take kindly to the garments.

Pitts had doubled himself up, and had been dressed and stuffed till he looked like an obese citizen of the ocean not more than three feet high. As usual, the first operation was to shave a sailor with a piece of hoop-iron, with similar tricks to follow; but this sort of fun has been so often described that it is not necessary to repeat it.



Ceremonies of crossing the line.



## CHAPTER XXXII

## A PLEASANT MEETING IN THE JAVA SEA

THE young men were amused at the ceremonies of crossing the line, and wished they had been called upon to take part in them, though it is often very rough sport. If it had not been interdicted, probably the cabin party would have been made the subjects of some practical jokes. Of course the commander was entirely familiar with the performance.

The next morning the ship passed through the Strait of Banca; the Palembang River was pointed out, and something of the shores on both sides was seen. The lecture on the island of Java had been given; but nothing had been said about the city of Batavia, which is the capital of the Dutch East India possessions. The company assembled for a conference in the forenoon.

“Looking at the map before us, Captain Ringgold, Java appears to be twice as long as we find it is,” said Mr. Woolridge. “You did not mention the islands on the east.”

“I did not mention Borneo and Celebes and New Guinea either,” replied the commander, “for the reason that they are not Java, of which I was speaking. The islands you mention all belong to Holland.

The second one," continued the captain as he pointed it out, "is Lombok, an island of which we have occasionally read something in the newspapers in connection with the rebellion in progress there. It is an island containing about two thousand one hundred square miles, and has over four hundred thousand inhabitants. It is mountainous, and its productions are the same as those of Java.

"But I wish to say something about the changes it is necessary to make in our route in order to go to Siam. When these lines were drawn on the map, I intended to go there from Singapore if we went there at all; but we have to meet the *Blanche* at Batavia. From there we will go to Macassar, in the island of Celebes," said the captain, as he ran his pointer over the course to the southern part of that island. "From Macassar we sail to the westward, perhaps making a call at Banjermassin, as marked before. From this place the course was to be northward through Macassar Strait, by the Celebes and Mindoro Seas to Manila, in the Philippines.

"The change compels us to go from Banjermassin to the westward again. But I learned in Singapore that the port in Borneo where we proposed to put in is not the most interesting part of the island, especially to meet the wishes of the 'Big Four.' I intend, therefore, to go to Sarawak, which is directly on our course to Siam, a voyage of full three days. From Bangkok we make a still longer run to Manila, and from there to Hong Kong.

“Mr. Gaskette will mark out the new course on the map, and I believe the matter is fully understood. We shall slow down somewhat to-day, in order to reach Batavia early in the morning instead of in the middle of the night.

“What is your usual speed, Captain Ringgold?” asked Uncle Moses. “I used to know what it was, but I have forgotten.”

“When the ship is driven, we can make over sixteen knots an hour; but our standard speed is fourteen knots, which the engineer always makes when no special order is given. After the run for the last twenty-four hours was posted to-day, I ordered it to be reduced to twelve, and you observe that we go along very quietly in these smooth waters.”

While the commander was speaking, Mr. Gaskette with a rule and a red pencil was marking out the changed course of the ship; and he finished his work while the captain was still on the rostrum. With the pointer, he went over the whole of it again; and the lines were so clear that all could study it out for themselves.

“Now I shall introduce Mr. Gaskette to you. He has been to Batavia, is familiar with the city, and he will tell you something about it,” said the commander; for the second officer was very popular on board, and he was received with gratifying approbation by the company.

“Mr. Commander, and ladies and gentlemen, I was compelled to lie in the port of Batavia when I

was first officer of an Indiaman, for five weeks, while my ship was waiting for cargo," the officer began. "I wandered all over the place, made some excursions to the interior, and read all the books I could find, including the history of the island by Sir Stamford Raffles.

"Batavia is on the north-west coast of Java, near the mouth of the Chiliwung River, sometimes called the Jacatra, from the name of the native town, by the side of and on top of which the present city is built. This stream is small and shallow, coming from a mountain fifty miles back in the country. It has a rapid current; and the stream might have been beneficial to the health of the city if the original settlers had not meddled with it.

"You know that a Dutchman cannot be happy unless he has a canal or a mud-hole before the door of his house, and he brought his fancy to Java with him. You know what Holland and Rotterdam are, for we have been there. Unmindful of the difference between latitude  $45^{\circ}$  north and  $6^{\circ}$  south, they built the city after the Dutch model, and dug out canals by means of which the water of the river was spread out over the plain. They were handsome canals, as they are in Amsterdam; and no doubt the builders of the city were delighted with their work.

"But the building of them deprived the river of its health-giving current; for the water was all used up in filling these canals, and it failed to carry off the drainage of the city, and whatever unhealthy



matter came down from above it. Deposits of filth and sediment were laid down in the midst of the town, which would have been carried out to sea by the river if its course had not been molested. The place became the most unhealthy, the most malarious, of any even in the tropics. Fatal remittent fevers followed, and it was then a city to be avoided.

“The French obtained possession here for about six years, and they saw the cause of the mischief, and remedied it. Skilful engineers took hold of the difficulty, and filled up many of the canals. The river was carried for a mile out into the shallow bay between piers, and thus its current was restored. The Dutch saw the point, and continued the improvements. The city was formerly, before the French occupied it, surrounded by walls and fortifications. These were all removed, as they became useless after the subjugation of all Java, and the possession of it secured to the Hollanders ; and the city, or the better part of it, took a march of a couple of miles or more farther back into the island.

“This is the new city, while the old one contains nothing but shops and offices, and is the home of the Asiatic population. The new city had been a suburb of the old one, and was called ‘ Weltevreden,’ which means ‘ well content ’ in the Dutch vernacular. Since the improvements were made, Batavia has been as healthy a city as any in the archipelago, though it was once known as the ‘ grave of Europeans.’ Weltevreden still exists as a suburb, and with several

others is the residence of the wealthy people of the town.

“ We called the river the Chiliwung, or Jacatra, the old name of the town, which means ‘ Work of Victory,’ and probably obtained it from the result of some battle fought among the original natives. The bay on which the city is located is sixty miles wide outside ; but it is shallow comparatively, and is well dotted with islands. Nothing but boats can get up to Batavia ; but the Government has built a great harbor within the last dozen years some distance to the eastward, which is connected with the city by road, railway, and canal. Batavia is a very thriving place, though Singapore has taken off some of its shine, and you can find everything in its stores that is to be had in Europe or the United States. The exports include every production of the countries and islands you have lately visited. The population of the Residencies is said to be about one million ; but they do not count up the Chinese, of whom there are about seventy thousand, or the natives accurately. The city has about two hundred thousand.

“ There are still canals enough left in Batavia to make it look like a Dutch city. Each of them has a street on both sides, ornamented with trees ; and they are very pleasant thoroughfares. The thermometer stands at 80° in summer, and varies but little from these figures in winter. The money is in silver florins, or guilders, worth about forty cents of our money. Each of these coins is divided into 100 *doits*,

or cents. An English sovereign passes here for twelve guilders, about \$4.80. The hotels, if you wish to use them, are *Der Nederlanden*, *Des Indes*, and others pretty good. The prices at them are five and six guilders a day, cheaper than the best at home.

“Small barouches drawn by two ponies are to be had in the town, and the roads are exceedingly good. Passports are necessary here, but I believe you are all supplied with them. There is a telegraph from Batavia to Singapore and England, and consequently to New York, or even to Von Blonk Park.”

“How far from the city is that great harbor you spoke of, Mr. Gaskette?” inquired the commander.

“Six miles, sir. Perhaps I have gone too much into detail in my description; if I have, some one ought to have said so, and I could have taken a reef or two in the yarn,” the second officer concluded.

“You have done very well indeed, Mr. Gaskette; and I am glad you did not shorten it, for it has been very interesting,” replied the captain.

That the rest of the audience thought so too was manifest from the heartiness of the applause.

“I have not mentioned the sights you will see in Java, for you will have them described to you when you visit them. There are a number of ruins of cities in Java which can be reached by railroad and post-chaise; but you are not archæologists or antiquarians, or at least you don't have it bad, and I doubt if it pays to visit them,” added the officer, as he retired from the rostrum.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the report of a gun was heard from the deck of the Guardian-Mother. The sound came over the stern, and about a mile distant in that direction a white steamer was discovered.

"There is the Blanche!" exclaimed the commander after he had looked at the vessel through his glass.

"The Blanche!" exclaimed after him many of the passengers.

Captain Ringgold ordered the gong to be sounded to stop the screw, and the ship soon lost her headway, with a tremendous racket, after the engineer had begun to ease off the boilers.

"I thought she was to meet us at Batavia," said Mrs. Belgrave.

"That was what Captain Penn Sharp wrote me from Calcutta, and we shall do so yet. But she has overhauled the Guardian-Mother because we slowed down five hours ago," replied the commander. "She will be alongside in a few minutes.

Just then one of the big guns on the main deck shook the ship with its report in answer to the shot of the Blanche. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and a sailing-ship was becalmed not half a mile from the steamer. The consort came up within easy hail as she lost her headway.

"Guardian-Mother, ahoy!" shouted Captain Sharp.

"On board the Blanche!" returned Captain Ringgold. "How are you all?"

"All well and happy!" came back.

“Hold her where you are, and I will go alongside of the *Blanche*.”

Then the crew of the consort were seen running up the rigging, and presently three ringing cheers sounded over the tranquil sea. The crew of the *Guardian-Mother* were promptly sent aloft, and returned the cheers, assisted by all on deck. Two more rounds were exchanged in the same manner, and the American steamer cautiously placed herself alongside the British, and the men made them fast with hawsers; there was not a ripple to make them chafe each other, though the bunters were lowered from each vessel.

A railed gang-plank was sent from the after gangway of the American to the other; and the passengers of the former hastened to the deck of the *Blanche*, whose commander and passengers were all gathered to receive them. The two captains were the first to wring each other's hands, and the ladies hugged and kissed each other. Captain Ringgold hastened next to General Noury, who stood with his wife on his arm by the mainmast.

“I am very happy indeed to meet you again, General,” said the commander as he grasped the hand of the pacha.

“Permit me to present my wife, Mrs. Noury,” continued the general.

The princess extended her right hand to the captain, and then, not a little to his surprise and confusion, absolutely kissed him. She was as beautiful

as the houris in the Elysium of her religious faith. Her father, the rajah, as the party had before begun to call him for short, was the next to present himself, and he had a good specimen of American cordiality.

The captain next gave his attention to Mrs. Sharp. There were hand-shaking, hugging, and kissing for the next half-hour; but none of the gentlemen were favored as the commander had been by the princess, not even the handsome young owner of the *Guardian-Mother*, and all of them envied him who had been so handsomely saluted.

“Now come into the drawing-room,” interposed Captain Sharp; “for I suppose you wish to know what we have been doing since we parted. The general will be happy to inform you;” and he led the company to the apartment indicated.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## BATAVIA AND SOME JAVANESE CUSTOMS

THE reception given to the pacha and his bride was very enthusiastic; for all the party had made the acquaintance of the princess, and had been delighted with her. The general had also become a favorite. Captain Sharp and his wife were old friends of all but the Woolridges; for they had met them in the West Indies in the early part of the voyage, and the commander of the *Blanche* had formerly been an officer of the *Guardian-Mother*.

The drawing-room, as the principal cabin on deck was called, was a spacious apartment; and there was plenty of room for the large company, though it was no larger than the music-room of the American steamer. The general proceeded to relate the incidents of their visit to Calcutta. He had been duly and properly married twice, first by a civil officer of the government, and then by the mollah of their own faith. The extensive festivities at the palace of the rajah were fully described, and had been attended by many of the prominent people of Calcutta and its vicinity.

“Did you learn anything more about the pirates that attacked the *Zuleima*, General Noury?” asked Captain Ringgold.

“We know that a gunboat had been sent to look out for the piratical craft; but nothing had been heard from her at the time we sailed,” replied the pacha. “The naval officers sent for the officers of the *Blanche* and myself, and we gave our testimony in relation to the outrage. I have little doubt that the chief in command of the proa, and Prince Kamran, will be arrested and punished for the crime. But the latter is no prince we learned. He is the son of a very rich Persian merchant, but has no title, unless he bought one somewhere in India, which is possible.”

“Did you stop at Singapore?” asked Captain Ringgold.

“We made no stay there, for Captain Sharp was afraid we might miss you at Batavia; but he sent an officer on shore to obtain our mail.”

“Then we have later news than you have heard.”

“Indeed?” and the attention of the rajah and his daughter were attracted by the remark of the American.

“On our voyage down from Rangoon we encountered the same proa, and when we had cleared ship for action a boat put off from her. The craft impudently fired a gun for us to come to, but we did not heed it. We permitted the boat to come alongside, when we saw that its crew was small and appeared to be unarmed. A person in Persian costume asked to be allowed to come on board, and permission was given him to do so. He proved to be Prince Kamran.”



“Prince Kamran!” exclaimed in one voice the party of the *Blanche*.

“What could he want on board of your ship?” inquired the general.

“He wished to learn where the Princess Zuleima was; and I told him the whole story, assuring him that by that time she was the wife of another, which knocked all the wind out of his sails. I went farther than this; for I intimated to him that he was a pirate, and that I should hand him over to the officers of the British government.”

“You were very decided with him,” added the pacha.

“And he was very decided with me; for he drew a kris, and made a movement to run me through with it,” replied Captain Ringgold very quietly.

“He tried to kill you!” exclaimed the Moor.

“But he did not do it, for I took him by the arm and then by the throat; I handled him as easily as though he had been a child, and my men secured him. I was on the lookout for the gunboat, for a telegram at Rangoon informed me that she had sailed from Diamond Harbor. I went off my course to overhaul her the next morning, and handed the prisoner over to her officers.”

“Then he is safe!” exclaimed Mrs. Noury with an expression of relief.

“I told the officer of the *Teaser* that boarded my ship where I had fallen in with the proa; and as it was his business to find and capture her, I haven’t much doubt that he succeeded.”

"I am ever, ever so much obliged to you, Captain Ringgold, for what you have done, for you have rid me of a very persistent enemy," said the lady most interested in the subject, as she stepped forward and took his hand.

The conversation on this matter continued for some time longer. Then the commander of the American steamer had to tell where the party had been, and what adventures they had had. The visitors dined on board of the *Blanche*, and a very pleasant evening was passed in the drawing-room. It was eleven o'clock when the fasts were cast off, and the voyage resumed. Captain Ringgold had observed with interest that the *Blanche* had a steam-launch on her upper deck, and inquired about it. It belonged to the rajah, and had been used on the Hoogly and the Ganges.

It was a very elegant affair, about fifty feet long, but lightly built, and not drawing more than two feet of water with a dozen persons in her. It was not more than one-fifth of the weight of the *Maud*, which had been sold at Aden, and was not a very heavy deck-load for the ship. It had no cabin, though it was provided with awnings and with canvas curtains, so that an apartment could be made for sleeping on board. Captain Sharp had suggested to the pacha that it would be very convenient in landing at the various ports the ship was to visit, and the owner had presented it to his son-in-law.

It was ten o'clock the next day when a pilot was

taken about five miles off the city of Batavia. It had been decided that the two steamers should lie in the new harbor at Tanjong Priok, mentioned by Mr. Gaskette in his lecture; and the pilots took their charge to this port. The second officer had been invited to attend the party, as he was familiar with the city; and he was sent ahead to provide accommodations at Der Nederlanden.

The parties on both ships packed their satchels for a stay of two or three days at the hotel, and at noon they reached the quarters provided for them by Mr. Gaskette. They had excellent rooms, with all the appliances necessary to promote the comfort of the guests in a warm climate. The "Big Four" had a large chamber containing a bed for each. They had hardly entered it before a servant knocked at the door and was admitted. He carried a tray on which were four glasses filled with some kind of fluid.

"What have you there?" asked Scott.

"Schiedam," replied the man, who spoke English as well as Dutch.

"What is it for?"

"Tiffin in half an hour, and this is something to take before it."

"This is gin, fellows," added Scott. "If you want any of it, you can help yourselves; but none for me."

It was none for any of them to the evident surprise of the waiter.

"Rum is bad anywhere, but it is worse in a hot climate," added Louis. "In northern countries they drink it to keep the cold out; and I suppose they do it here to keep the heat out. But let us go and ascertain what there is to be seen."

"This hotel seems to be pieced out with bungalows," said Felix as they surveyed the premises.

"All the rest of our party have rooms in them. But what is that fellow?" he asked, as they met Mr. Gaskette in the hall.

The person alluded to was dressed in rather scant trousers of striped cotton, with a sort of petticoat of fancy material, reaching from his waist to the knees.

This garment is called a *sarong*, and is worn by both men and women. A striped jacket and a mashed-up turban completed his costume.

"He is one of the servants," replied Mr. Gaskette. "But it isn't time to see anything yet, for the people take a three-hours' siesta in the middle of the day. At three o'clock things will be lively again."

"We are going to take a little walk before the luncheon," said Louis.

"European customs prevail here, and the first square meal is at eleven o'clock; but I ordered a special lunch at a later hour for our party. I will go out with you if you don't object."

"We shall be glad of your company," replied the four.

"I should say that we were in Rotterdam again," suggested Louis. "The houses are very like those

in that city, and so are the shops and drinking-places."

"The people are not out now; if they were, every man would have a cigar in his mouth; and when they are not smoking, they are drinking Scheidam, which is the national tippie of Holland, as beer is of the Germans, and wine of the French. But here is a canal," added the second officer, after they had walked a considerable distance.

"It is just like those of Amsterdam, though they are better-looking; for here they are flanked by tropical trees, which have a more luxuriant foliage than those of the north."

"Many of these trees are mangoes. They are from forty to fifty feet high, and have an abundance of branches, with a dense volume of lanceolate leaves."

"What moight a lanceolate lafe be?" asked the Milesian, perhaps using the brogue to cover his ignorance. "Is't onything to do wid the gurrl I lave behoind me?"

"Nothing at all, at all, Paddy; it only means shaped like a lance. The fruit is largely eaten in all these countries of the Orient, and you have all tasted it yourselves. It is a fleshy drupe"—

"A what?" demanded Felix, stopping short. "Is't the droop of the gurrl I lave behoind me?"

"No, Paddy! I said drupe, and not droop. I think the lady you left behind you would be glad you did so if you use that Waterford brogue, and would not be likely to droop at your departure."

"But, Mr. Gaskette, I don't know what the word means," interposed Scott.

"I am sure I don't," added both Morris and Louis.

"It is not a common word where we come from; but it means a stone-fruit, like a peach or a plum. They vary from the size of a pullet's egg to that of a goose, and have a large flat stone, which is also eatable."

"But it is time for our luncheon," said Louis, looking at his watch, which had been set by Batavia time.

When they reached the hotel, they found the rest of the party at table. There were more waiters in service than at hotels at home. They were Javanese, dressed like the man before described, with some variety in the material. The principal dish was rice, though there were several others. It was boiled as they do it in the Southern States, leaving every kernel distinct, and not aggregated in masses.

The boys were more interested in observing the Javanese Dutchmen than in eating at first, for they desired to follow the custom of the country; but they found this was quite impossible, and their stomachs rebelled. Each guest had a soup-plate, which was first partly filled with rice. Then there were hashes, curries, and chopped meats heavily seasoned with chutnee, a very hot East India pickle, made of fruits and vegetables.

The rice was nice, but the other dishes were so hot none of the party could partake of them after

the first trial. The natives mixed all these dishes in the soup-plates, but their example was not followed. The custom of using these fiery compounds comes from the belief that they are beneficial in hot climates. Fortunately the bill of fare included eggs boiled and poached, which were stirred into the compounds by the native guests, with ham and cold chicken, so that the Americans made a hearty meal.

Mr. Gaskette engaged carriages for the company at half-past three, and the "Big Four" took another ramble to the canals. At the first one they came to, they halted on a bridge, which commanded a flight of steps leading down to the water for the convenience of landing from boats, and for bathers. About twenty Javanese maidens were bathing there, and the scene reminded them of a similar one on the Ganges. They were splashing in the water, washing, or combing out their long black hair. They were in high glee, chattering and laughing and "squealing," as girls do in more enlightened countries.

They gave no attention at all to the spectators that observed them; at least, no more than do the ladies that bathe and swim on the beaches at our watering-places. They were quite as modest too; for they all wore long sarongs, reaching from the neck to below the knees, and they cover the wet garment with a dry one when they come out of the water.

Near the bridge stood a carriage not unlike those used in Paris, sometimes called a Victoria, with a back seat for two. To it were harnessed a couple of

diminutive ponies such as they had seen in Singapore. They came originally from Sumatra, and are often called by that name. But the driver was as much under size as the horses, and looked more like a mummy than a man.

“Is he an orang-outang?” asked Scott.

“Not much; he is a Javanese in livery,” replied Mr. Gaskette. “The natives are rather small in stature, and this man is below the average.”

They wandered about for another hour, and then returned to the hotel. Their conductor was particular that they should be there at three, and hinted that more surprises awaited them.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

## THE PACHA'S BAND MAKES A GREAT SENSATION

THE Hotel Nederlanden was quite a village of itself. The principal building was neither grand nor imposing, as nearly all modern public houses are; for it was only two stories high, with the usual veranda. But the greater portion of its accommodations for guests were in the rear. A street, as it were, extended back a considerable distance, on each side of which were bungalows, like those of India. Up this street Mr. Gaskette and the boys wandered.

"This isn't a bad way to arrange a hotel," said Scott, when they reached the end of the avenue. "In order to enlarge it, they have only to extend this street a mile or two out into the country, and add a hundred bungalows or more."

"But the dining-room is in the front building, and travellers might object to walking a mile or two from their chambers to get their breakfast," replied the second officer. "The plan would work better here than in a cold country."

"Here are the cookery and the stables," added Morris, as they looked into the latter. "Nothing but ponies."

"And they have a good many of them," said

Felix, as he noticed a white man walking about the premises.

"The top of the morning to ye's this afternoon. How many of these bits of horses do you keep here?"

"We have about two hundred of them now," replied the man, who was evidently a Dutchman, though he spoke English. "We keep about fifty carriagēs also. Do you want a turn-out?"

"I have already engaged carriages at the hotel for about twenty persons," interposed Mr. Gaskette.

"Then you belong to the yacht party," added the stableman very respectfully; to which the officer assented. "Do you mean to make any trips to the ruins at Parambanan or any others? If you do, we can furnish you with comfortable travelling coaches for four or six persons, with four or six horses. I will show you one of them."

It was a sort of Victoria, with seats for four, with a covered place behind for the courier, and for the two servants to hang on. It had boxes under the seats, and pockets and pouches in every available place. A party of four could make themselves very comfortable in the vehicle; but the stable-keeper did not tell them that travelling in the mountains of Java was very fatiguing and sometimes dangerous. Still, such a trip would have exactly suited the boys, and the second officer said he would speak to the captain about it.

It had been very quiet about the hotel and its bungalow street till the clocks began to strike three;

and then it seemed just as though an electric wire went from the bell-tongues to the person of every guest in the establishment; for the avenue was instantly well filled with men, women, and children. They had turned out of their beds, and rushed into the open air in whatever garments they happened to have on. They seemed to have gone to bed for the siesta in due form, for they now appeared in their night clothes, with straw slippers on their feet. At the same time several waiters invaded the street, bearing trays with tea things upon them, flanked with flagons of Scheidam and glasses.

Everybody except the children paid their respects to the tippie, which is regarded as a very healthful stimulus even in this hot country, though all medical authorities, except, perhaps, Dutch doctors, speak and write on the other side of the question. Travellers visiting the West Indies and Hindustan are even warned against the use of liquors in their guide-books. The boys and their conductor returned to the main hotel, and tea was served to those who desired it.

The carriages for the party were at the front of the hotel, and they took their places in them. Most of them had not yet seen such turn-outs, and they were curious to examine them. The commander and Mrs. Belgrave occupied the first carriage, with Mr. Gaskette on the seat with the driver to direct the procession. By his order the carriage drove to Waterloo Square, where they found a statue.

“Who is it, Mr. Gaskette?” asked the captain.

“Jan Pieterszoon Koen, fourth governor of the Dutch East Indies, and the founder of the city of Batavia. He was a fighting-man, and finally subjugated the island,” replied the conductor.

“Jan?” queried Mrs. Belgrave.

“Or John. The last name is spelled Coen or Koen, if you should happen to be looking for it in the books,” replied Mr. Gaskette.

The next place visited was the Stadt House, which is called the Government House in English colonies all over the world. At the port, which is no port, they looked at a fort built of coral rock, and a house constructed of lava blocks brought from the volcanoes of the interior. They passed by several churches, a Chinese temple, a mosque, and the Opera House. They took a look at King’s Square, where they came later in the day. But the company were more interested in the canals and the general appearance of the city than in its public buildings.

They all alighted at one of the bridges, and observed the native bathers, as they would if they had been at Long Branch or Atlantic City. The commander had ordered a special dinner for the party; for all of them rebelled at the fiery dishes served at the luncheon, and had suggested the bill of fare. Great dishes with many compartments were passed around at the meals, containing all the hot sauces, pickles, and chutnee; and it was easy enough to add them to the food, but it was not possible to take any of them from it.

The city was Amsterdam or Rotterdam over again, except in the Chinese and native quarters; and they had examined such to their satisfaction in Penang and Singapore. In fact, it hardly seemed like a new thing to those who had visited the Dutch cities in Holland, as most of them had. They returned to the hotel in season for the special dinner. The carriages were retained for use in the evening, and the tourists went directly to the private apartment where the meal was served. It was not quite ready, but the party seated themselves around the table.

“I wonder how many of you have ever read a book called ‘The Mutiny of the Bounty,’” said the captain; and only Dr. Hawkes and Uncle Moses answered in the affirmative. “I have not seen the book for many years, not since I was a boy, though I suppose it is in all the public libraries. It was an interesting story, and not less than three volumes have been written relating to the subject.”

“Tell us about it, Captain Ringgold,” said Louis.

“I am reminded of it by seeing in Bradshaw the statement that the commander of the *Bounty* arrived at Batavia in 1789, after a voyage in an open boat of 4,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean. It is not quite correct; for his first landing was at Timor Island, the most eastern of those that stretch out in that direction from Java, and his trip was 3,618 miles to that point.

“The *Bounty* was a ship sent out by the British Government to Tahiti, in the Fijiis, to obtain bread-

fruit trees and other plants to be transplanted and acclimated in the West Indies. Captain William Bligh was in command of her, and the expedition remained six months on the island collecting the plants. In this time the discipline of the ship's company was demoralized; and I am sorry to say that it was the commander's fault: He was a remarkably able officer; but he was a man of quick temper, and tyrannical in the discharge of his duties.

“As the result of his abuse of his men, they mutinied; and Captain Bligh, with eighteen men who adhered to him, were turned adrift in a boat only twenty-three feet long. The captain navigated his frail craft with wonderful skill, and in forty-seven days reached Timor. Very likely he went to Batavia afterwards; but it is more than forty years since I read the book, and I forget most of the details.”

“What became of the mutineers?” asked Louis, greatly interested, as all the boys were, in the story.

“As a moral, a few words more about Captain Bligh will show you how a bad temper may nearly or quite ruin a man. He was sent again for bread-fruit trees, and succeeded in getting them to their destination; but they did not thrive there. Bligh was afterwards appointed governor of New South Wales; but he was so overbearing and tyrannical that the colonists could not endure him, and they arrested him, keeping him in prison two years. But the British authorities did not sanction this treatment of him, and cashiered the officials that arrested him,

for they feared any want of discipline among their officials.

“He was raised to the rank of admiral on his return to England, perhaps as an atonement for what he had suffered, and in appreciation of his remarkable ability as a seaman, in spite of his faults. Nine of the mutineers, with six Tahitians and twelve women, under a leader named Christian, established themselves on Pitcairn Island, uninhabited at the time. The natives and Englishmen murdered each other, it is said, and only two of the latter were left. One of them by the name of Smith changed his name to Adams, perhaps to conceal his crimes. After ten years Adams alone remained with several women.

“This man had reason for repentance, and his crimes as he faced them led him to change his manner of life. He became a Christian himself, and gave himself up to the education of his companions in the principles of his religious faith. Their number increased to eighty-seven in about forty years. At their own request they were moved to Tahiti; but they were so disgusted with the immorality of the people there that they made their way back to Pitcairn. Two hundred of them were afterwards taken to Norfolk Island, though many of them returned to their first home. The colony governs itself; and the people are noted for their virtue, honesty, uprightness, and piety. I advise you to find and read the book when you go home. But dinner is ready.”

The repast was a plain one, and included no "hot stuff," though those who wished such could season their food with the fiery condiments that were passed to them. The Italian band of the pacha discoursed fine music in the hall, and they had a very large audience in the house and in the street. The party took the carriages again, and were conveyed to King's Square, where a military band played at this hour.

All the "upper crust" of Batavia appeared to be there, riding in elegant carriages. It looked like a *fête* day after dark, for all the houses as well as the streets were brilliantly illuminated; but this was simply a custom of the city. The ladies were attractive, and did not wear bonnets; and the people looked with surprise upon the ladies from the Guardian-Mother, whose heads were thus covered, if not adorned.

Later in the evening the excursionists went to a concert. Some musical personage had heard the pacha's Italian band play at the hotel; and the pacha was requested through the commander to permit them to play at the concert, and he promptly complied with the desire. The audience was of the highest tone; and the Italians opened the concert as a trumpet band, and the performance was vociferously applauded. The other talent followed. The governor-general entered with his suite as a lady was singing; but she suspended her song while the orchestra played the national air. The distinguished official bowed, and took his seat.



Later the pacha's band played what they regarded as their most popular overture. It was received with the most enthusiastic applause, and the last part of it had to be repeated. Even the head of the government clapped his hands vigorously. The Italians played again at the close of the concert. General Noury said the musicians had been selected from the best in their native land, and the members of it received princely salaries for their services.

The party returned to the hotel, and all of them were ready to retire. When the boys got into bed they thought their places were already occupied, for they found a big bolster there, used to prop up the sleeper, and moderate the tone of the hard mattress of a tropical bed; but they pitched it out, for they could not imagine the mission of the "Dutch Frau," as it was called, in their beds.

The next day it appeared to have been ascertained that the visitors were of some account, for military and civil officials called at the hotel, and invited the party to visit their houses; but these invitations were all declined; and when the callers praised the band, the pacha volunteered to have them play the next evening in King's Square.

Those who desired to do so visited the Ethnological Museum, containing many Javanese antiquities and specimens in natural history. Some of the gentlemen, under the guidance of Mr. Gaskette, visited a queer place, kept by a Chinaman, about five miles

out of the city. Besides an opium-joint, there were conveniences for all sorts of dissipation, particularly smoking and the drinking of Scheidam. Malay dancing-girls were performing, very much like a nautch in India, and there was a Chinese theatre. A very little of it was enough for the American visitors; but it was one of the customs of Batavia.

The band played to the delight of the citizens for two hours in the square, and when the party returned to the hotel they were willing to vote that they had seen enough of Batavia. The next morning they proceeded to the harbor; and before noon the ships sailed, bound to Macassar, in the south of the island of Celebes.

## CHAPTER XXXV

## VARIOUS FROLICS ON BOARD THE SHIP

THE passengers on board of the Guardian-Mother and the Blanche believed they had worked very hard at sight-seeing during the two days they had passed in Batavia. They had certainly been on the move from the time they left their beds very early in the morning till late at night, and they were much fatigued. The first day of the trip to Celebes was entirely given up to rest.

The weather was delightful, and the Java Sea had put on its pleasantest aspect. The ships were about a hundred miles from land on either side. Captain Ringgold had made an arrangement with General Noury to give the lecture on Celebes instead of Sumatra and Java as agreed upon before. He had prepared himself for the four large islands of the archipelago, and was ready for the occasion.

But the party felt themselves well rested; and Mrs. Noury, as she had requested to be called instead of princess, as most of the party were inclined to address her, wished to visit the other ship, for the pacha raised her expectations very high in regard to the social occasions which had been considered before the proas were encountered. A gun was discharged;

and the Guardian-Mother, which had the lead, promptly stopped her screw, and the six occupants of the *Blanche's* cabin came on board of her in the general's barge.

The principal ladies fell to kissing each other as soon as the visitors were on board. The united companies walked and talked together for a time, and doubtless something was said about the weather; and if so they had abundant excuse for doing so, for paradise could have done nothing better for them in this respect. Then there was half an hour of music, and Mrs. Noury sang a song in Hindustanee, and the pacha one in Arabic.

After this the jubilant party seated themselves in a large circle on the promenade deck at the request of Mrs. Belgrave, who had always been the manager of all the parties she attended at home. After an explanation she numbered them all, including the commander and the rajah, and set them to playing "Blind Man's Buff." She was herself the first to be blinded, and called two or more numbers; when those indicated took the floor, she caught one of them as soon as she could, was obliged to give the name of her victim.

This game made things very lively for another half-hour. The Cupids were not as lively as the others, and were often caught; but they could always be designated when entrapped, for their bulk betrayed them, and which of the two was the only question. The "Big Four" were in their element, and the offi-



"The Cupids were not as lively as the others."



cers and the seamen were quite as much amused as those engaged in the game. It pleased the venerable rajah as though he had been a boy of twelve, and he was the most hilarious of the party.

"Turning the Cover" proved to be quite as enjoyable under the management of the accomplished superintendent of the games. In their haste to catch the cover, not a few found themselves sprawling on the deck, to the intense amusement of the others, and especially of the ship's company. Those who failed to grasp the cover before it fell flat upon the planks were doomed to pay a forfeit. The commander was made the judge, for he and the manager had considered this matter beforehand. In parties of young people of both sexes in our country, kissing is usually the most prominent penalty; but the captain doomed not one to this ignominious atouement for failure to secure the cover.

This game was even more successful than the first; but it was soon followed by "Copenhagen," and these sports were continued till "the shades of night were falling fast." Then another boat from the *Blanche* brought the Italian band, which played during the dinner and in the evening. At ten o'clock the "Blanchites," as Felix had named them, returned to their own nautical home. The older members of the tourists had let themselves down from their dignity, and it was unanimously voted that the "first sociable" was a tremendous success.

The ships went on their way all the time until

nine o'clock the next day, when the boats were again in demand, and the Blanchites were transported to the Guardian-Mother; but this time the occasion was more serious, for the business of the forenoon was to hear the lecture of the pacha. Room was made for the additional numbers, and even for Mr. and Mrs. Mingo and the baby, for they insisted upon hearing the lecture.

For a few minutes before the time to begin, the general and Mr. Gaskette were engaged before the great map of the archipelago; but what they had done did not appear, so that the audience looked for some sort of a surprise. The captain introduced the speaker for the hour in very complimentary terms, with something about his liberal education in France and England.

“Mr. Commander and Ladies and Gentlemen, This is entirely new business to me; and if I fall below your expectations, as I fear I shall, you will remember that I am a native of Morocco, where practice in speaking before an audience does not prevail as it does in England and America,” the general began when the applause had subsided. “My subject is neither musical nor poetical. It is the island which we call Cel'-e-bes, but in England it was Ce'-lebes; and I remember a book called ‘Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;’ but I suppose it had nothing to do with this island.

“Celebes consists mainly of five peninsulas, of which the one on the north is long, and the one on



the west, short. It looks something like a starfish; and it would look more so if part of the long peninsula were attached to the short one."

At a nod from the speaker, Mr. Gaskette tacked a sheet of paper over all the southern part of the island, the top of it reaching across east and west, so that only half the island remained in sight. This was evidently the surprise, and as in duty bound the company applauded.

"A fish-hook!" shouted Morris.

"Precisely so. After what has been cut off, the land on both sides of Tominié Bay makes a very good-looking fish-hook. If I turn the covering over so as to conceal the upper part of the island, the southern part forms a saddle, with the Bay of Boni between the side pieces. Possibly we could make something of the bay on the east, but never mind it now. The equator cuts the island in two in the round part of the fish-hook, so that most of it is in the Southern Hemisphere. It is 800 miles long and 200 wide, and contains 76,260 square miles, about as big as Nebraska, or as New York and Maine put together.

"The three great gulfs or bays average about 200 miles in length. I find that the names of them differ on the maps. All the peninsulas have mountain ranges through them; and you may set it down as a very hilly region, with plenty of volcanoes, which breed earthquakes here as elsewhere. The highest peak is Bonthain, not quite 10,000 feet high,

and several others are 6,000. There are many lakes, one in the centre 35 by 25 miles in size. There are rivers enough, but no room for them to become very long, though the Sadang, rising in the middle out of a lake, makes out a course of 120 miles. No part of the land is more than fifty miles from the sea.

“Though there are level grassy plains in the island, the land is all so high that it has a comfortable climate compared with lower regions. All the productions of the other islands prevail here, cloves especially, of which I may have something to say another time. Somebody’s Macassar oil has made a fortune in London. Whether it is hog’s fat or the oil of a tree that grows in Celebes, for there is such here, I am unable to say.”

“What is it for?” asked Felix.

“Hair-oil; and all the dandies used it. There is a variety of animals here not to be found elsewhere, of interest to the naturalist, but hardly to you and me. The elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, and other ferocious species, are not here; and it is a safe place for this reason, but would not suit our Nimrods. One of the lakes mentioned is said to be very beautiful, surrounded by flowering trees and shrubs, and always covered with sailing-craft; but we can’t go there.

“The Portuguese first obtained possession of the island in 1525, when their ships were very busy in this part of the world; but the Dutch dislodged

them in 1660. The English had it for a time, but it was restored to Holland by treaty in 1816. The population is an indefinite factor, but supposed to be in the neighborhood of a million. We should need a couple of years to explore this interesting island, and we can hardly stay to attend to it this time," the pacha concluded.

After luncheon the Italian band was sent for, and the party danced several hours. Many of them were not given to this amusement; but even the strictest of them, including the commander and Mrs. Belgrave, sometimes tripped the light fantastic toe in their own houses, though Mrs. Blossom refused to join, or even witness the quadrilles. But the occasion was more like a burlesque than an orderly dancing-party. The Cupids were very merry over it, and Captain Ringgold found it difficult to maintain his dignity.

On the following day the general insisted that the Guardian-Mothers of both sexes should visit the *Blanche*, both for the conference and the frolic, taking lunch and dinner on board of her. Captain Sharp had arranged an audience-room on the promenade deck, with all the appliances except the map which was needed on this occasion.

"I have the honor to be the host on this occasion, as Captain Sharp declines the position," the general began. "I must therefore introduce myself. The commander gave me two subjects to explain, and I shall begin with *clavo*, or cloves. *Aqui se no habla*

*mucho Espagnol*; but *clavo* in that language means a nail, and from that word comes clove, because a clove does not look entirely unlike a nail. The tree is a beautifully shaped one, growing from fifteen to forty feet high. The leaves are large, long, and not very wide, coming to a point, and are evergreen.

“The whole tree is aromatic; and the ripe fruit is shaped like an olive, but is rather smaller, and takes the name of mother clove. It has the taste and smell of cloves, but is weaker, though it is sometimes used. But the fruit is not the clove, for this spice comes from the blossoms of the tree. Now, will some one tell me what the calyx of a flower is while a steward is passing a clove to each one of you.”

“It is the outer case of the leaf-organs of a flower,” replied Mrs. Belgrave, who had studied botany.

“Now please to look at your cloves. The stem is the calyx, closely compacted, as in any bud before it opens. For example, take a bud of the water-lily; the green part is the same thing as the stem of the clove in your hands. The four parts of the calyx are seen like horns on the bud. Above them the petals are turned over, and massed in a little globe within the four horns. They open, and form the flower. These buds are cloves, the article of commerce used in all civilized countries.

“These buds are gathered, and then dried in the smoke of wood fires, afterwards in the sun, or by

the latter alone. They are reddish when first picked, but become dark brown when dried. The tree is a native of the Moluccas; and Amboyna, one of them, still produces what are considered the best. The oil of cloves is extracted from the buds for culinary and medicinal purposes, and the pure article is adulterated by mixing in the buds after the oil is taken from them. That is all I have to say at present, and the band will play for half an hour."

The applause was more pronounced than usual, perhaps in honor of the host, and perhaps because all the party were interested in the explanation he had given. At the end of the concert the general resumed his place on the rostrum, and Captain Sharp placed a large painting on the rear of the pilot-house behind him.

"The bread-fruit tree is one of the most useful to the aborigines of the island where it grows that the earth produces," the pacha began. "It is a rather slender tree, forty or fifty feet high. It often mounts to half its height without a single branch. The pinnatifid leaves—I had to go to the dictionary to find what this meant. Such leaves are an apparent compound of several of the same sort, each one having a stem from the principal one. You may see them in the picture which Mr. Gaskette kindly sketched for me yesterday. You see that they are like several leaves all attached to the same stem. The conglomerate leaf is from twelve to eighteen inches long, of a shining dark green. The

fruit is oval or nearly round, rough, with a sort of figures on it like the back of an armadillo, if you ever saw one, or something like that of a turtle. It is about as big as an infant's head, weighing three to four pounds.

“It is first green, then brown, and when ripe of a rich yellow. It contains a rather stringy pulp, juicy when ripe, but with a disagreeable taste. It is picked before it is ripe, and gathered for use; the pulp is mealy and white, like a nice potato, and looks something like bread just baked. The thing that looks like a Bologna sausage is the seed-vessel, which all the trees do not have, and this kind seeds in the fruit. The fruit is cooked by putting it in a hole on hot stones, and a layer of fruit and an alternate one of hot stones is the order till the pit is full.

“The inner bark of this tree furnishes the most of their clothing to the natives; and it is really victuals, drink, and clothing to them, for in one of its early stages it produces a white milk. But I must close without saying all that might be given on the subject, for you have had enough for the present.”

It was late at night when the Guardian-Mothers returned to their ship, which was still speeding on its way to Macassar.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

## FROM MACASSAR TO SARAWAK IN BORNEO

Not many weeks before the arrival of the Guardian-Mother at Batavia, Captain Penn Sharp and his wife had become very anxious in regard to General Noury, for he appeared to have grown weary of the voyage he had undertaken. He was listless, uneasy, and discontented in his manner, though he said nothing to his devoted friends, and when questioned replied that nothing ailed him, and that he was enjoying the life he led at sea. He shut himself up in his cabin, and no longer seemed like the man he had been when the *Blanche* left Gibraltar.

The captain and his wife talked the matter over by themselves. The existence of the pacha had hitherto been all excitement, passing from one pleasure to another till all of them palled upon his senses. He had fully reformed his life, and there was no appearance yet of a relapse into the reckless dissipation of the past. He was a new man; but Mrs. Sharp realized that something was needed to save him from the *ennui* of his present life, and the remedy suggested itself to her.

They had visited the Guardian-Mother together with the pacha; and while the latter seemed to be

perfectly nappy in the company of the Americans, especially the ladies, the two commanders had discussed the situation. Captain Sharp was confident that his owner would abandon the voyage before long, and he looked upon such a result as a calamity. It was agreed by the two in the captain's cabin that there was "something to be done for General Noury," as Mrs. Sharp phrased it, and the sentence had been often repeated.

The lady's remedy for the difficulty was marriage; and Captain Ringgold thought it was a wise suggestion, though none of those who discussed the matter could suggest how such an event was to be brought about while sailing on the Indian Ocean. But the commander had not proceeded far enough to be much bothered by the apparent impossibility of doing anything for the general, when the Malay proa in chase of the Zuleima was sighted.

The battle with her had been fought, the rajah and his beautiful daughter had been saved; and after these events the question that vexed Captain Sharp and his wife settled itself without any assistance or interference on their part. The only remedy that had seemed to be within the reach of the captain had been social intercourse between the parties in the two ships, and a plan had been arranged to bring them frequently together.

The plan could not be carried out at that time, for the *Blanche* went to Calcutta; but as soon as the ships left Batavia after the return of the pacha's



steamer, the making of these visits was begun. For the three days of the voyage from Java to Celebes they were kept up. Mrs. Belgrave had been consulted in regard to them; and she had managed the matter with great skill and tact, and she had certainly made both parties of tourists very happy. These visits were likely to be a prominent feature of the remainder of the voyage around the world. The transfers from one vessel to the other were readily and speedily made in pleasant weather, though the visits were impracticable in storms and in heavy seas.

In the forenoon of the third day from Batavia the two ships steamed into the harbor of Macassar, which is near the southern part of the south-west peninsula. The town was at some little distance from the water, and a pier extended out from the shore to deep water. Seen from the ships, it was located in the midst of a lovely plain, bounded in the rear by a range of mountains as may be seen in every part of the island.

Pilots had been taken in the offing, and the steamers were anchored at only a short distance from the end of the pier. The anchor had hardly struck the bottom before a boat pulled by eight oars appeared at the gangway of the Guardian-Mother, which had before been rigged out, with a gentleman in uniform in the stern-sheets, who looked like an official; and he was received on deck by the commander.

“Captain Ringgold?” said the gentleman interrogatively.

“My name, sir, at your service.”

“Permit me to introduce myself—Major Karlrode, of the Dutch army in command of Fort Rotterdam,” he added, pointing to a fortification surrounded by palisades. “I received a letter this morning from my brother-in-law, Captain Barneveld, in which he commends you to me, and I am at your service.”

“I thank him and you for this attention. Captain Barneveld made our visit to Acheen exceedingly pleasant,” added the commander.

“We shall endeavor to do the same here, Captain. We shall trouble you with no formalities of any kind, and you are at liberty to go on shore as soon as you please; and I shall be happy to show you everything in the town and its vicinity, though we have not much to place on exhibition.”

“I thank you heartily for your kindness.”

“But Captain Barneveld does not mention the other steamer in his letter,” suggested Major Karlrode.

Captain Ringgold explained the character of the *Blanche*, and what distinguished people were on board of her.

“I think I must pay her a visit,” added the officer.

“If you please, I will go with you, and my party may land at once.”

Mr. Boulong was instructed to send the passengers

on shore, and he went into the boat with the major. On the way he saw that the ship's company of the *Blanche* were putting the steam-launch on her deck into the water. Captain Sharp received them on deck, and the Dutch officer was introduced to him. His party were at hand; and the pacha, the rajah, and the ladies were duly presented.

For some reason the general had dressed himself in the rich robes of the nobility of Morocco, perhaps because his father-in-law wore his Oriental costume; and the commander of the fort was duly impressed by their appearance, and treated them with the most profound deference.

Major Karlrode was invited to look the steamer over, as he manifested much interest in her; and he expressed his admiration of the elegance and convenience of all her appliances on deck and in the cabin. No such yachts had ever visited Macassar before. By the time the survey was finished, the steam-launch was in the water with steam enough up to carry her to the shore. The major was invited to go with the party, and he sent his own boat back to the fort.

The passengers of the *Guardian-Mother* were waiting for them at the landing, and a young Dutch officer had already taken possession of them. Major Karlrode was presented to them; and there was a joyful meeting of the two parties, as though they had not met for a month, instead parting at a late hour the evening before. The ladies kissed each

other as usual, and possibly the gentlemen envied them when some of them went through this ceremony.

“How large a place is Macassar, Major Karlrode?” asked Captain Ringgold as they were standing in a group, surrounded by natives and other curious people by this time.

“We call it twenty thousand; though only a small proportion of them are Dutch, and we find it very difficult to enumerate the Chinese and natives.”

“I suppose the city is named after the celebrated hair-oil once sold in London,” suggested the American with a chuckle.

“Hardly,” laughed the Dutch officer. “A tree grows in this island which yields a fine oil; but whether the stuff you mention is composed of it or not, I cannot say; but the name certainly does not come from it. The town takes its name from the Residency of Macassar, which derives it from the people inhabiting this portion of the island, called the Mangkassar, from which the present name easily comes.

“The people of this name are the most intelligent and reliable in the island. They have made considerable progress in the arts of civilization, and were in an advanced condition when the Portuguese came in, three hundred and sixty-seven years ago. They have a written language of their own, and became the ruling power of the region after the first Europeans came here. They accepted the religion of Moham-

med, and, like the Prophet himself, forced it upon the other tribes; but they were subdued by the Dutch over two hundred years ago. Now, if you please, we will take a little walk into the town."

The streets were wide and regularly laid out; but the ground was rather elevated to make canals practicable, though most of the houses were constructed after the Dutch model. A string of vehicles was soon procured at the request of the commander, though the "Big Four" preferred to walk in order to unship their sea-legs, as Scott expressed it. The procession proceeded first to the abode of the Resident, or governor of the province, where all of the party were presented, and received with "distinguished consideration."

The company rode over the place, including the Chinese street; but the scenes had been looked over so many times before that they had little interest for them. A trip out into the country was far more satisfactory. They alighted, and looked over a clove plantation. Nutmeg, sago, and cotton farms were already familiar to them.

"I suppose your party will go over the island to some extent," said Major Karlrode, as they returned to the carriages.

"Macassar is all we shall see of it," replied the commander.

"But there is much to be seen; and if Celebes were reasonably near to England and Holland, it would be the finest watering-place in the world. The

mountains and the lakes make the finest scenery to be found in any country."

"Perhaps equal to our National Park in the Rocky Mountains," suggested Captain Ringgold.

"I don't know about that; but you must certainly go to Menada, in the Minahassa Residency, which is the most beautiful place in the Dutch East Indies," continued the major with great enthusiasm.

"We are bound around the world, and we are half-way round now; but we have not time to explore every country and island we visit. It would take us ten years or more to do so, and we can only visit one of the principal places in each of these islands. We shall sail to-morrow morning for Sarawak in Borneo, where our young people desire to hunt, and visit the interior."

"I am very sorry your stay here is to be so short. His Excellency, the Resident, intends to invite you to luncheon to-morrow."

"Please to present to his Excellency my most respectful compliments, inform him that we have to sail in the morning, and invite him to dine with our party on board of the Guardian-Mother at six o'clock this evening," replied the commander. "This invitation includes yourself, Major Karlrode, and such officers as you please to invite."

"For myself I am most happy to accept; and I will do your bidding to the Resident."

The fort was next visited, and it looked like a very strong work; but it was not a novel sight.

The commander then proposed to return to his ship to instruct the chief steward; but he found him in the town, and gave his orders. The officers of the fort were exceedingly polite and hospitable, though the Scheidam which was everywhere offered was badly neglected by all but about half a dozen.

Some of the prominent people of the town had come to the fort to see the strangers; and as soon as they had been over the fortifications, out of courtesy to the military officers, every member of the tourist company was invited to somebody's house, and this proved to be the pleasantest part of the day to them. They had an opportunity to see Dutch life in a colony.

The pacha's steam-launch was kept busy all the afternoon in conveying people to and from the ships, for many wished to examine them. Lunches were partaken of several times by the excursionists on shore, though none was served on board. The "Big Four" appeared about five o'clock, having rambled with Achang all day long. They had taken their guns with them, and brought in some small game. The guests for the dinner were beginning to arrive; and Louis Belgrave, as the owner of one ship, was in demand.

The Resident accepted the invitation, and came off with his daughter in state, and the other invitees made the trip in the pacha's launch. Mr. Sage had re-enforced the larder at Batavia and in Macassar, and Monsieur Odervie was unusually happy in the

preparation of his dishes. Speeches were made after the coffee, and the gentlemen on both sides of the banquet vied with each other in the use of compliments. General Noury made very interesting remarks as the representative of Morocco, and became quite eloquent, as he had been on a similar occasion at Colombo.

In the evening music and dancing, with the assistance of the Italian band, completed the festivities of the day. The Resident seemed to be really sorry that the two ships were to sail away so soon. No doubt it was a red-letter day to those of the island who participated in the dinner, and it was hardly less so for those who were domiciled on board of the two steamers.

In the early morning the next day the ships sailed for Sarawak, on the west coast of Borneo. It had been decided to omit Banjarmassin in the route, for Achang said it was another Dutch city just like those they had already visited. It was a three days' run, and favorable weather waited on the fleet as before during this time. The social entertainments, with numerous variations invented by Mrs. Belgrave and others, took place in one ship or the other every day, and it seemed like living in a village where frequent calls were made among friends.

Before breakfast the next morning Captain Ringgold pointed out to the "Big Four" Cape Salatan, the most southern point of Borneo. Fifty miles north of it is the mouth of the river Barito, on an



island in which is Banjermassin. The commander told the boys something about the town — that it had thirty thousand inhabitants, and was subject to frequent inundations.

“We shall see something more of the island as we sail for the next two days,” the commander proceeded. “Nearly the entire coast of Borneo consists of lowlands, while the interior is all mountainous.”

“Are there any rivers?” asked Louis Belgrave.

“Plenty of them. Sarawak is on a river of the same name, and that is where we go if the depth of water in the stream will carry us up to it, fifteen miles from the sea,” replied the captain.

“I suppose you have not forgotten the petition of the ‘Big Four’ in regard to hunting in Borneo,” continued Louis with a smile.

“I have not; but how much time do you wish to hunt?”

“About two or three weeks.”

“Two or three weeks!” exclaimed the commander. “What are the rest of the company to do while you are enjoying yourselves in the woods. Are we to remain stuck in the mud at Sarawak all that time?”

“No, sir; we have fixed that matter all right. The ‘Big Four’ talked the subject over last evening with General Noury; and we went to him because we want the use of his steam-launch while we are in Borneo; and he promptly consented to it,” answered Louis.

“That is all very well, and so far I don’t object;

but it is rather selfish on the part of you hunters to leave the rest of the company to roost in the mud while you are absent for three weeks," returned the commander.

"I did not vote against going to Siam and Saigon because mother wished so much to go there; but all the same none of our quartet care a straw to see any more heathen temples and houses on stilts. To come to the point, I propose, as the representative of our party, that the ships shall take the rest of the company to these countries, and leave us here."

"Leave you here among the uncivilized natives, bears, orang-outangs, snakes, and crocodiles!" exclaimed the captain. "This is a rather startling proposition. Have you spoken to your mother about it?"

"Not yet; but she will agree to it if you say so."

"I will think of it, and give you an answer after breakfast," replied the commander; and he retired to his cabin.

The young men waited very impatiently after breakfast for the answer; and an hour later they were called to the captain's cabin.

"I will consent to your plan with a modification which will not interfere with your pursuits on shore," the commander began. "Achang is to go with you; and I propose to add five others to your party to insure your safety against man or beast. Felipe Garcias shall go as your engineer, and four

seamen, to be selected by yourselves, armed with rifles and revolvers. That will make a party of ten."

"The launch is fifty feet long and eight and a half wide, and will accommodate that number comfortably. More than that went up the Ganges in her, the rajah told me. I assent to the modification, and shall be glad to have the extra men," replied Louis; and the other three said the same.

The boys were happy then, for the question was settled to their satisfaction. The mothers assented to the hunting expedition after it had been fully explained to them; but Mrs. Blossom wished to object so far as Felix was concerned, though he did not care a fig for her opposition. The party from the *Blanche* came on board in the forenoon; and with Borneo in sight in the distance, Professor Giroud gave the lecture about it, which will be reported in another volume.

For the next two days the hunting expedition was all the talk with the boys, though it was also to be as naturalists that they were to explore the country. From the lecture the hunters learned that the Rajang River flowed into the China Sea not more than fifty miles from the mouth of the Sarawak, and that it was three hundred and fifty miles long, very crooked, and was navigable for small vessels for one hundred and fifty miles of its course. On the third day from Macassar the ships arrived at Sarawak.

They found enough here to amuse them for a

couple of days, and during this time the steam-launch was fitted out for her river voyages. After a very moist parting between mothers and sons at the gangway, though the Milesian contrived to be very busy at this time on board of the Blanchita, as Louis had christened her, all the passengers shook hands with the hunters, and they went on board of the launch, where Felipe had steam up. Both ships' companies cheered the party; and with the assistance of the five seamen, a very respectable return was made to the greeting. The Guardian-Mother and the Blanche started on their voyage of a thousand miles, and were soon out of sight.

The hunters were not ready to go up the river yet; but they completed their preparations so as to leave early the next morning. They had a royal time of it for three weeks; and their experiences on the expedition, and what happened to them among the orang-outangs and crocodiles of the muddy rivers, will be related in "AMERICAN TOURISTS ABROAD; OR, SIGHT-SEEING IN THE TROPICS."

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