A Chat With General Frederick D. Grant

He Discusses Modern Warfare, the Philippines and the United States Army.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—I met General Fred Grant this morning in the Army headquarters in the Pullman building. He is in charge of the troops here, and wears, as the regulations require, the uniform of his rank. As we talked other uniformed officers entered from time to time for orders or to have the General pass upon the military business which had been entrusted to them, and our conversation took place during the intervals of this work.

General Grant has his mind well in hand. He jumps from one thing to another without friction, and, returning, takes up the first where he left off. I remember a former interview I had with him under circumstances peculiarly trying. It was when he was one of the New York Police Commissioners, and as such was acting as Judge in the famous Sherry dinner scandal trial. At this dinner a fair but frail actress had been called in by some of the swells of the fast set and in light attire had danced a nautch dance before them, to the horror of Christian New York. While the testimony was being taken General Grant talked with me about his father, giving me graphic descriptions of his life at home and on the battlefield, and at the same time keeping the witnesses and crowd in check. He carried on the two lines of thought simultaneously; and his talk was a most excellent one.

Fred Grant and His Father.

General Fred Grant grows daily more like his father. He has the same stocky frame, the same plain, honest features and the same blunt manner. He is just as unassuming as his father was, and he has much the same quiet common sense. He talks but little, but, once started, his words are full of meat, and his experiences have been such that he views the world in the broad.

General Fred Grant is like his father in his fondness for military life. His father was his hero, and it was at his own request that General Grant took him as a boy of 12 to the battlefield, and later on sent him to West Point. Little Fred was with his father during a great part of the war. He took part in five great battles, was twice shot and had many narrow escapes. He was on the flagship of Admiral Porter when the boats ran the batteries at Vicksburg, and he was wounded during the Vicksburg campaign. His wound was in the leg. It was only a flesh wound, but his leg is still paralyzed where the bullet struck. He told me once how it felt when the ball cut him, saying that the first sensation was that of a great blow, following which was a pain like a bee sting. He thought at first that he was killed, and upon his showing his wound to one of the officers the officer told him to move his toes. This he did. Whereupon the officer said he was not badly hurt. Young Grant thereupon wrapped a cloth about his leg and remained in his saddle until the battle was over.

Fred Grant in the Philippines.

After his graduation at West Point General Grant was assigned to the Fourth Cavalry and rose to be its Lieutenant-Colonel. After 10 years' service he resigned and afterward became Minister to Austria. He re-entered the Army at the beginning of the war with Spain, served in Porto Rico for a year and then went to the Philippines. I met him when he was leaving Porto Rico, and afterward visited him at Angeles, in Luzon. He there had a large military district under his charge, and we traveled over it together, visiting his several posts. Over mountain and valley, with a band of scouts in front of us to draw the fire from Filipinos in ambush, we rode, passing through many towns and villages, visiting camps in the wilds of the mountains and fording rivers. The ride was a hard one, for much of it was through the beds of streams so heavily wooded that we could scarcely see the sky for the branches overhead. At other times the grass was higher than our heads as we rode through it on our horses; I remember I had to hold my hands in front of my face to keep the grass blades from scratching it.

The trip almost wore me out, but General Fred Grant throve upon it and was fresher at the end than at the beginning. That was in 1899, when he was about 50 years of age. He is now 55 and seems to be younger than ever. He succeeded well in the Philippines. He was engaged in several battles and in the guerilla warfare, which followed the active fighting. He was the first to bring his district to accept civil government. After I left him he was sent to Northern Luzon, then to Southern Luzon and later to Samar and Leyte, where he received the surrender of the last of the insurgent forces. About a year ago he returned to the United States and took charge of the Department of Texas. Since then he has been sent to Chicago.

Philippines as Fred Grant Sees Them.

I asked General Grant to give me his opinion of the future of the Philippines based upon his stay there. He replied:

"I think the islands a valuable possession, and that they will eventually be an important self-sustaining colony of the United States. They are of large extent and their soil is very rich.

"So far the political conditions have been such that there has been but little incentive to develop the island. Under the Spanish rule both church and state worked against rather than for the good of the common people. Wages were low and the opportunities of the poor so few that there was but little incentive to work and practically no hope of a poor man becoming rich by his labor. This is now changing. The projects under way to build railroads will result in cheap transportation and there will be a rearrangement of values all around.'

"Will the people ever make good American citizens?"

"I think they will, although it will be a long time before they will be able to govern themselves. If their government was left to them as they now are, revolutions would be of frequent occurrence, and I doubt if the people would not soon be as badly off as they were in the days of the Spaniards. They need education, and this we are giving them. We are protecting their interests in every possible way, and I think they begin to realize it."

The Riches of Luzon.

"Do you think the islands are naturally rich?"

"Yes. Nearly all have excellent soil and there is much magnificent timber. Luzon has valleys which will raise sugar and rice, and these crops might be greatly increased by scientific cultivation. At present the farming is done in the rudest way, some of the sugar mills being operated by water power or by water buffaloes. There is also much undeveloped country, and the mountains are said to contain valuable minerals. The islands have never been carefully prospected. As to the best forests, they have never been touched. The woods are of many kinds, including some which will take a polish like mahogany.

"One of the great values of the islands," continued General Grant, "is in their location. They lie right on the trade routes to Australia, China, Japan and India, and are thus a good base for pushing our trade in the Far East. I see no reason why they should not grow more and more valuable as time goes on."

"GROWS DAILY MORE LIKE HIS FATHER"

GENERAL FRED GRANT IN 1904.

I here turned the conversation to the Russian-Japanese War, but this General Grant refused to discuss, saying that he was an officer of the United States Government, which held an absolutely neutral position, and it would, therefore, be improper for him to criticize either army or to discuss the possibilities of its success or failure. Said he:

"We are friendly to both the Japanese and Russians, and we have been so for many years. We deprecate the war they are waging, but we do not feel that we have the right to interfere with either nation nor to criticise it."

"But, General, can you not point out some of the peculiar features of their warfare. This is the first war of the 20th century, and it is being waged after 20th century methods; have not many new inventions been brought into use and new ways of fighting developed?"

"If what we see in the papers is true I might say yes to that," said General Grant. "But we have no reports as yet that can be absolutely relied upon, and none upon which one would dare to base an opinion. New and powerful explosives seem to have been discovered, the wireless telegraph has been operated for the first time and other new things are, it is said, in use. We shall get the facts as to such matters through the information bureaus of the Army and Navy, but that will not be before the war is over. It will then be time enough to express an opinion."

United States Army in 1904.

"What is the present condition of the United States Army?"

"It is steadily improving. Our soldiers are better trained from year to year. They have better habits, there is less drunkenness and they have higher ideals."

"How about profanity, General Grant? It is said that the United States soldier is the wickedest swearer on earth."

"I don't believe that," said General Grant. "I know we have many soldiers who use profane language, but they are individual cases. There are many who do not swear at all. Profanity is, as you know, prohibited by the army regulations."

At this point the conversation turned to profanity among the officers, and I asked General Grant as to whether the stories that his father used profane language were true. He replied that they were not and that he had never heard his father use a profane word. Said he:

"My father once told me that he had never uttered an oath in his life. I know that he did not use even the ordinary expletives and that he was averse to slang. I once heard him say 'thunder and lightning,' and once or twice 'thunder,' but as he drew toward the latter part of his life he did not use even such expressions. He was a man of much natural refinement. He never told a vulgar story nor would he listen to one if he could help it."

The American Soldiers of Today.

"Then you think our soldiers are growing better?"

"Yes. The character of our army always improves when the army has something to do. Since the Spanish War we have had our hands full, and there has been plenty of active service. Army life is now busier than ever. The people have a higher regard for the soldier than they have had during the latter years of peace, and the soldiers feel it. The profession of the common soldier is more desirable and I think I may say we are making better soldiers from year to year."

"Would you advise a young man to go into the army?"

"That would depend much on the man, upon his character, his condition and his ambitions," said General Grant. "If he is anixous to make a fortune the army is no place for him. If he has natural business ability he can perhaps do better outside, but if he has a desire for the service and is anxious to improve himself in it, I think it offers many advantages. The common soldier is better paid, better fed and better clad than the majority of his same rank outside the army. He gets his lodging, food and raiment free, and has $13.50 a month out of which he has to pay only wash bills. If he is a good man he can make a great deal more outside of that. So you see his condition is by no means a bad one."

"Has he any chance to become an officer?"

"Yes, indeed. The army is always advancing those of the privates who are worthy. There are regular examinations for promotion, and the young man who would rise can do so if he has it in him."

"How many soldiers have we now in the army?"

"About 59,000."

"Is that enough?" I asked.

"We could use more; and when the fortifications now building are completed we shall require more."

School Cadets and the Militia.

"How about the military spirit among our young men; does it grow?"

"Yes. It has become associated with the schools, both public and private. We are drilling school cadets by the tens of thousands every year all over the country and are training them in case we should need them in the wars of the future. The militia is very strong everywhere. Indeed, we have now a vast amount of reserve material upon which we can call should it be needed. The American, trained or untrained, is, you know, always ready to enter the army if his country needs him. In this respect the United States has a strong fighting machine. If all our men from 18 to 44, which should be considered the militia age, were in the army, we should, in round numbers, have 16,000,000 fighting men. Of these about 14,000,000 would be white, and the remainder colored.

Military Education in Europe.

"How about the military systems of Europe, where every boy is required to spend so much of his life in the army? Would they be good for this country?"

"I do not think our people would consent to that, and our geographical situation is such that we do not need it. There are, however, advantages in the military systems of Europe. The armies there are great schools in which the young men are taught obedience to law and good citizenship. They are taught sanitation and the laws of health, and by the exercises and drill forced upon them the nation individually and collectively is improved. These are some of the compensations for the loss to the nation of the work of the young men for several years. I do not wish to say that the system ought to be adopted here."

"Does the army have much trouble in securing recruits, General?"

"No, there are always men who want to be soldiers. We treat our soldiers better than almost any other nation, and we have little trouble in recruiting. When the times are hard the applications increase."

"How about the desire to be officers?"

"That seems to be born in a large proportion of our American boys. There are always ten applicants for every vacancy at West Point." (Copyright, 1904.)

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction - - - - - "THE BACK TRACK" - - - - - By Henry C. Rowland

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PART I.

THE ship was one mass of incongruities from stem to stern. To begin with, she wore the red, white and blue of Uncle Sam's Quartermaster's Department on her two big buff funnels and flew the British ensign.

The greatest incongruity of the whole outfit was that of the ship's captain and his first mate. The captain was an ex-Royal Navy officer of the frequent bluff, beefy, seagoing type, with a voice like a sealion and a hand like the fluke of a whale.

The mate, on the other hand, impressed me as being the mongrel strain of two fine breeds. It was not easy to form an idea of what nationality he belonged to. One instinctively felt him to be a type without being able to say what. Some thought that he was an Egyptian, others a Mongol, a few sized him up as a "down East" Yankee. Whatever he might be, he certainly possessed all of the earmarks of a gentleman both in appearance and behavior. I never knew of but one person that gauged him correctly for what he was, and that was myself.

To one who had made the study of anthropology that I had the man was absorbingly interesting both mentally and physically. He stood about six feet in height and might have weighed 175 pounds. I saw him several times early in the morning taking a bath under the deck hose, and noticed that, when standing naturally, his arms hung well clear of his hips, reminding one of the figures of the men pictured in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

His face was the most sinister that I have seen on any man, savage or civilized. The hair, straight, coarse and black, typically Indian, was brushed away from a brow broad and intelligent enough, but carved straight across without the slightest superciliary arch. Underneath a pair of heavy brows there shone a pair of cold metallic eyes as fierce and unblinking as an eagle's. His nose was aquiline and keenly chiseled, and his mouth, thin-lipped and compressed, was cut straight across his face like a gash.

The man's actions were as striking as his appearance. He seemed incapable of slowness or deliberation. Once I saw him reach for a loose roll of marlin stuff that was lying on the deck at the same time that one of the sailors stooped to pick it up. The rope was off the deck, thrown into the bosun's chest near by and McKim on his way aft before the sailor had straightened his back again.

One could see at a glance that the transport captain hated the sight of the mate, having, no doubt, the usual British navy suspicion and dislike of anything that acted independently and of its own volition. The captain was forever growling and faultfinding, and I often wondered just what effect it had upon the mate, for his face was as immobile as a mask, and he would simply salute and get to work to remedy the matter. The clash which I plainly saw was imminent came at last, and in a most remarkable manner.

The captain was just finishing his morning inspection of the ship, made in company with the quartermaster, captain-doctor and aids. As they came through the forward alleyway to reach the deck he noticed a small puddle of water formed by the condensation of the moisture on a waterpipe overhead.

The mate was standing by the starboard bitts at the foot of the companionway leading to the deck above.

"Mr. McKim!" growled the captain. The mate was at his side in three quick steps.

"Why don't you keep the water off the deck? What d'ye think this is—a fishin' smack or a Sound coaster?"

"You don't want the pipe parceled, so it can't be helped, sir," replied the mate. He said "can't" with the broad Maine accent. "The pipe's cold and the air's hot, so the water's bound to condense!"

"Hol—very interestin'!" sneered the captain. "Well, mister mate, I want to tell ye that it will be helped, by —, or the deck 'll be gettin' as rotten as the crew! Get out the way!"

He stepped across the puddle, and the mate leaned back against the bulkhead to give him room to pass. Whether it was by accident or design I do not know, although I suspect the latter, but the burly brute of a skipper, although the ship was steady and there was plenty of room, deliberately planted his great heavy-soled boot on the mate's instep, at the same time brushing him roughly with his elbow.

I heard a low, soft gurgle—the sound of a cat when stroked—and saw the mate's hands flash up to the captain's waist, just above the belt. It simply looked as though he had grasped him instinctively to take the weight from off his foot, but the next instant there was a bellow of pain and fright that fairly shook the deck, and the captain came lurching through the door and reeled over against the rail. The high color had left his face, and it was drawn and tense.

"My God!" he gasped; "my God!"

I turned to him instantly, and noticed that his shirt on both sides of his body was blood-soaked. I glanced for a moment toward the mate; his hands were hanging empty at his sides, and his face was expressionless, but just for an instant I caught the flat red gleam in both eyes. The captain was getting paler, and the perspiration stood out on his face in beads. I pulled up his shirt, and to my astonishment found not the cut that I expected, but a great semi-circular tear through skin and adipose. The mate had torn the flesh apart with his hands!

No one seemed to know just what course to take in the matter. The action was so grotesquely inhuman that it didn't seem to fall under any definite jurisdiction, so the captain-quartermaster decided to let the matter drop until we reached Manila and then ship a mate more canny in his actions.

The next day I was leaning on the rail watching the little flying fish spattering out under the bows, when I was conscious of a light tread behind me. I looked over my shoulder and saw McKim.

"Good morning," I remarked casually. I was intensely interested in the man, but felt instinctively that to betray it would be to fog the plate.

"Good mornring, Dr. Boles," he answered. He paused a moment, then remarked suddenly, "You saw me lose my temper with the captain yesterday?"

"Yes," I said; "you have a strong grip, McKim. I've seen some queer wounds in my time, but never one made in that way."

"What do you think they'll do about it?" he asked.

"I think you'll lose your billet," I answered.

"I don't care for that," said he. "All I wanted was to get out here."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, carelessly.

"Get a little vessel and trade around the islands. I can buy a 50-ton brig out here for five thousand." He regarded me silently for a few minutes.

"Doctor," he said, I don't know why a man of your age, and an Englishman at that, should want to come out to this God-forsaken place as an acting assistant surgeon in the army. There's no money in it and not much glory." There was a bit of a sneer on his face as he said this.

"Now, I've got a proposition to make. I want another man to go in with me on this trading scheme. There is no end of money in it. I've made two trips out here before, and know what I'm talking about. Do you know anything about a ship?"

"A little," I said.

"When will your time be up?" he asked.

"It's up now, as far as that's concerned. My contract was only made for a month."

"Have you ever been in the East before?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I once went out to China as a medical missionary. Now I want to see the Filipinos. You ought to be interested in them yourself," I remarked, turning to him suddenly. "They're distant blood relations of yours."

His eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Haven't you got some Indian blood? North American, I mean."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I've studied racial peculiarities and see many points of similarity."

"You are right, doctor. My grandmother was a Tuscarora woman."

"And your grandfather?"

"A Scotch Puritan," he answered, with a slight smile. "Queer combination, wasn't it? I was brought up among the Indians until I was 12 years old, and then I was sent to my cousin's people in Maine."

"And went to sea with the fishing fleet. Summer on the banks and Winter on the farm," I added.

"How do you know that?"

"Partly because every one there's a fisherman, partly from the way you hold your hands."

"Right again, doctor, but let me tell you more about my trading scheme."

He explained the idea with so much clearness and certainty that I began to get interested, and before he had finished I was about as enthusiastic as a man can be who has made a failure of everything he had tried from boyhood to his fortieth year. The outcome of it was that I decided to go into it with him, he to be master of the vessel, with a three-quarter interest, and I as mate, with a quarter. The proceeds would be shared on that ratio.

When we reached Manila McKim was informed that his services were no longer required, as I had foreseen. I had rather more difficulty than I expected in getting my contract annulled, and was, in fact, subjected to considerable criticism for leaving the service right upon arriving on the scene of action. But I had gotten past the age when sentiment counted for much, and I was sick and tired of taking orders from every one in sight, anyway; so I simply demanded that my contract be annulled, and in due time was successful.

McKim came in to see me almost every day. Most of his time was spent along the pasig and paddling around inside the breakwater looking for a suitable vessel at a reasonable price. Until my contract was annulled I was occupied with my duties in the First Reserve Hospital, where I had been temporarily assigned. One day I met him on the Escolta talking to a Spanish mestizo, who seemed greatly excited.

"Good morning, doctor," he remarked in Spanish. "Senor Valdez," turning to the mestizo, "permit me to introduce my partner, Dr. Boles. Senor Valdez," he continued to me, "owns a vessel that I think might answer our purpose were it not for the sad fact that some of her frames and part of her keel are badly burned as the result of a fire that broke out in her cargo a few months ago."

Before we got through with him he was overjoyed to let us have her at our own price, which was fair enough, and we made him throw in an extra anchor and 200 fathoms of three-inch coir hawser.

The following day McKim shipped a native crew, three Tagals and two Visayans, Ilollo men, who afterward turned out to be brave, devoted servants. Our idea was to run down among the southern islands of the archipelago and try to pick up a cargo of hemp and tobacco, especially the former, as the war had put the price 'way up. Many of the ports were still closed, but natives can be induced to run cargoes off at night, and, besides, there were the pearls and copra to consider. I was strongly in favor of a trip to Sydney or Melbourne after a load of trading junk, calico prints, condemned cutlery and stuff of that sort, knowing how much the natives preferred these things to money. But McKim seemed to think there was more in getting our hands on all of the loose hemp around the islands.

A week later we had got our craft in pretty good seagoing shape. I had the cabin aft slightly remodeled and made very comfortable. Some Chino carpenters had been strengthening the burned portions, replacing some of the teak frames and fishing others in weak spots. One afternoon I was superintending the work, as McKim was ashore haggling with Valdez about stores, when I saw a banca coming alongside. Under the awning sat the biggest, fattest Chinaman I ever saw. As he seemed to want to come aboard, I called to one of the crew to drop the ladder for him. With amazing activity for a man of his size he came up over the side and stood smiling at me placidly. It was easy to see that he was a person of some consequence, both from his brisket, for only a wealthy Chinaman grows really fat, and from the richness and care with which he was dressed.

"Good afternoon," I remarked in Spanish. He answered fluently in the same tongue.

"Is this Mr. McKim?" he added.

"No," said I; "he's ashore, but he'll be back soon. Come under the awning and sit down."

At first he started to pump me about our plans, but I cut him short, gave him a cigar and went on about my work. In about an hour McKim came aboard.

"Who's that chap?" he asked.

"Some Chinese compradore, I expect," said I. "Seems to be quite a swell in his way. Probably wants to sell us a few extra kegs of nails. Looks as if we might need 'em before we get back, too." I pushed a sprung piece of deck planking back into place with my heel. McKim walked aft. A few minutes later he called to me.

"Come here, will you, doctor. This gentleman," said McKim in Spanish, indicating me, "is my partner, and whatever I do must be done with his consent. Will you please state the proposition to him?"

The big Chinaman looked at me with twinkling eyes; one would have sworn that he was about to tell a funny story.

"I have just been telling Mr. McKim," he said in very good Spanish, "that I wish to charter your vessel to carry a cargo for me from Hai Chin."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"Ten miles up the Hai Chin River."

"What is the cargo?" said I, though I knew what was coming.

"Opium."

"And where is it to be landed?"

"Here; but I will attend to that myself. You will run no risk whatever."

"And we are to keep our mouths shut."

"That is, of course, understood; your own interests would demand it."

I looked at the old scoundrel in admiration. He was willing to trust European honesty to bring a valuable cargo across the China Sea, and was consistent enough to see that it would not do to try to persuade us to run it for him. But our being silent accessories of this act of smuggling did not seem to occur to him as crooked. In his Oriental code of ethics there could be no dishonesty where there was no risk of punishment. I looked at McKim. His face was as expressionless as the Chinaman's. Then I turned to the latter.

"How large a cargo?" I asked.

"Altogether, including a few bales of silk, about what you could load into a casco."

"And the compensation?"

"Two thousand pesos."

I shrugged my shoulders disdainfully.

"I have lived in China for many years," I said, "and I know the danger of loading a cargo of opium; also of getting it away from that part of the coast. The place you speak of being shallow and dangerous and full of pirates we risk losing our brig and, as you know, our lives as well!" I caught McKim's eye.

"What do you think of it?" he asked in English.

"It's worth while," I answered, "and he will give us ten thousand; let's do it."

McKims sinister face almost beamed.

"Good," he said; "I thought you wouldn't be foolish about it. You see we don't have anything to do with landing the stuff. And it isn't smuggling."

"Yes it is," said I, "and I don't give a hang if it is. If I can make a dollar without breaking God's commandments I'll do it. The devil for those made by fool legislators!" I turned to the Chinaman.

"We won't take a peseta less than ten thousand pesos," I said, "and if you try to beat us down we'll raise our price."

The Chinaman still smiled and his eyes twinkled merrily.

It is a bargain," he said; "do you want an agreement signed?"

"Oh, no," said I, "it's not necessary, but we want the money before we transfer the cargo to your lighters."

"Very well, you shall have it. Now, if you will come to my office tomorrow morning I will give you all the necessary information."

"One moment," said McKim. "How is it that you dare intrust such a valuable cargo to strangers and foreigners?"

The Chinaman smiled joyously and emitted a few happy little chuckles.

"I cannot go myself," he said; "it is necessary to trust some one, and I have found that white men of the better class are honest. Besides, there will be more cargoes to carry."

The following day we went over to Manila and saw our patron. He explained in detail what was required of us, at the same time giving suggestions as to the easiest way of accomplishing the undertaking. It was easy to see that the thing had been done before, and not to his satisfaction. We were to clear in ballast for the open ports of the southern islands, ostensibly after a general cargo of rice, tobacco, coffee, hemp, sugar, etc., and, once clear of the land, were to make all haste across the China Sea, run into the estuary of the Hai Chin River and drop anchor. Then we were to charter a boatman to take a letter about 20 miles up the river to a place called Wai Fu, lying in the foothills of the Yan Chin Mountains. The following night a small junk would come alongside from which we would transfer our cargo. On our way back we were to call at Cebu, where a general cargo would be quickly put aboard. Then we were to break out the hemp and bale it up around the opium and silk. If there were any questions about the time it took us to go from Manila to Cebu we were to answer that we had got aground and sprung a leak, so that it was necessary to beach her for repairs. This story the appearance of our craft would amply justify.

Our patron promised us that there would be no risk to us, as he would give us an order duly made out to carry his cargo, of which, of course, we would not be expected to know any more than its general appearance seemed to justify, from Cebu to Manila. Once anchored in Manila Bay the whole work of discharging would be taken by him, and all it would be necessary for us to do would be to show him the manifest signed by his Chinese partner and receive our pay. The whole trip should not take over six weeks.

Three days later we sailed. Much to my surprise the Purissima proved to be a fairly good traveler, and it was truly a marvel the way the old coffin would get to windward. McKim had made a few alterations in her rig and had given her a tremendous fore and aft mainsail, which made her something between a brigantine and a hermaphrodite brig. It had a queer look, but it helped her wonderfully in getting up into the wind. Our crew turned out very well., They all bunked forward, of course, and seemed to get on peacefully enough. McKim had the starboard watch with the two Tagals, and I the port with the Visayans. The old man cooked.

An incident had occurred on our way across that I must not forget. On the morning of the second day out McKim came on deck to relieve me at eight bells, and before I went below to get my breakfast he dipped up a bucket of water from over the side and threw off his clothes for a bath. I was watching him casually, for his quick, lithe motions always had a fascination for me, and I noticed around his neck a sort of rosary, which, when I observed more closely, seemed to be a diminutive imitation of those peculiar ancient rosaries that have frequently been found in use in China, Tibet, North America and Old Mexico. I believe they have also been dug up with the relics unearthed from the ancient tumuli of the mound builders.

"Why do you wear that thing, McKim?" I asked. He flushed and then looked rather vexed.

"It belonged to my grandmother," he answered shortly. "It is an amulet. Here, boy, throw that water over me," he added, turning to one of the sailors.

I saw that he was touchy about the thing, so I made no further comment, but went below.

The little bay where we dropped anchor was a fine harbor, landlocked on all sides by high, bold, rounded hills, naked of vegetation and studded with great black granite boulders; a wild, desolate place and uninhabited except for a few fishermen's huts on the shore. We got hold of a couple of coolies who came out in a sailing sampan, and after much haranguing, for their dialect was different from any that I had encountered in my missionary work, made them understand what we wanted, and that there would be twice the amount of money paid them when they returned. Our patron's agent was to send us back a scrap of paper bearing a character of which we held the duplicate to indicate that our message had been received.

The following day the messengers returned, so I got everything in readiness to receive our cargo. The silk was to go down in the fore peak under some extra sails and the opium under a false flooring beneath our cabin. I had seen enough of Chinese character not to trust it too far, so I got out my Colt's revolver and carefully oiled and loaded it, getting McKim to do the same. Then I armed the sailors with heavy knives that I had secured before leaving Manila, and cautioned them again turning their backs on the crew of the dhow.

The night came down dark and murky, and blotted out the shore line except where here and there the shoulder of some great overhanging hill loomed blackly against the somber sky. The water was dead and dismal. Not a ripple nor a flicker of phosphorescence came from the sea, though now and then I felt the puff of a chilly land breeze, smelling of moist earth and rotting seaweed. I was leaning on the rail trying to cheer myself with a reflective pipe, for my spirits were low, and thinking of the altered conditions between my first and second trips to China—the first as a missionary, the second as a smuggler.

Suddenly I caught the faint "chunk-a-chunk" that the great stern sculling oar of a freight sampan makes upon its thole pin. I called McKim, who came up through the companionway buckling on his gun. We listened together, and presently heard the soft "pat, pat" of naked feet as the coolies who were sculling the craft threw the weight first on one foot and then on the other. Our crew were gatherer together forward in a little black huddled knot, and presently one of them crawled stealthily aft.

"What is it?" I asked in a whisper.

The man pointed his skinny arm into the darkness. Following the direction there suddenly resolved itself from the gloom a great square opacity that stood out against the denser darkness behind. It puzzled me at first, and then I made it out to be the big black sail of the dhow, which had been hoisted to catch the fitful puffs of the night breeze.

Our anchor light was burning a dead yellow. I went below, and, lighting a powerful lantern we had got for the purpose, hoisted it on a halliard that I had reeved through a little block lashed to the spring stay the day before. The light flared suddenly on the big sail of the dhow, that was now close aboard. A patter of muffled orders in a guttural voice came from her decks.

"Hello," said I. "Stand by for a line."

"E-ee—yah—aa——" came a voice in answer.

I sent a heaving line uncoiling snakily through the darkness. It fell athwart her decks and in a moment we had her moored bow and stern. McKim dropped our sea ladder and immediately the crew of the dhow came swarming up. I couldn't see any use for more than the captain, so I shoved the rest of the mob back and hauled up the ladder. A light whip had been rigged from the main topsail-yard arm, and I ordered our crew to man it, and in a moment the bales and boxes came swinging over the side. No attempt was made to examine them, as we were simply to receive what was sent and receipt for the total number of pieces.

The Chinaman who had come aboard carried a piece of paper in his hand which he signified that he wanted signed. McKim carried it below. The Chinaman stood beside the hatch waiting for him to come up. I was busy tallying in the bales, the last of which was just coming aboard, but something. I don't know what, impelled me to watch that Chinaman out of the tail of my eye. And as I watched the bales with one eye and the man with the other I saw his hand suddenly slide down to his belt and caught the flash of the cargo light on naked steel.

"Look out, McKim!" I shouted.

A wild, eerie scream came in answer and a wave of dark, agile figures came pouring suddenly over the bow and stern. My gun was out in a flash, and I cut down on the man at the head of the companionway, who, with another scream even wilder than the first, lurched headlong into the scuppers. The next moment McKim was on deck, and together we leaped onto the deckhouse.

Up forward our sailors were fighting for their lives, and for a moment they stayed the rush from that direction, giving me time to reach under our dinghy, which we carried lashed bottom side up on the deckhouse, and to slip out the heavy teak tiller which was shoved under the after thwart. It was well that I did so, for our revolvers were quickly emptied into the faces of the mob, and the next moment we were back to back fighting a blind and hopeless fight against overpowering odds.

McKim had got hold of a long iron capstan brake that he had torn from the hands of one of the assailants, and was lashing about him like a wildcat. I had thrown my empty revolver into a man's face, and, gripping the tiller with both hands, was getting in blow after blow as opportunity offered, parrying occasional thrusts as best I could. For what seemed a long time we beat them back as fast as they leaped up at us, then suddenly something heavy struck me in the chest and over I went with a crash, and the next moment was almost suffocated in writhing, gripping forms, and remember with disgust the abominable stench of opium mingled with a nasty, fishy smell that was overpowering. My arms were wrenched back until I thought that my shoulder blades would go, and turn after turn of thin bark twine was whipped around and cut deep into my wrists.

Although repeatedly struck and cuffed I did not lose consciousness, and the most distinct impression retained is that of McKim, the clothes torn away from the upper part of his body, a great, gaping gash over his eye from which the blood spattered over his demoniacal face, which was working grotesquely in the dim, flickering light from the cargo lantern, and even at the time I was struck by the weird similarity of his face to those about him.

So quick were his actions that they seemed unable to reach him with any weapon; then suddenly some great object flew up from the crowd. There was the scrunching noise of iron on bone, and the next moment he was gone.

(Concluded next week.)

O, Fain Would I.

Anon.

O, fain would I, before I die,
Bequeath to thee a legacy,
That thou may'st say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone!
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as lovers' fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours!

Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom-friend,
Be sure you know your servant well
Before your liberty you sell:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
And now you know that, when they please,
They can be sick of love's disease.

Then wisely choose a friend that may
Last for an age, and not a day,
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual sympathy!
Let such a friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiss thy wrinkled, furrowed brow
With as much joy as I do now.