

The Man Without a Country

PART II.

NOLAN must have been in every sea and yet almost never on land. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time more than to do anything else all the time, but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading, and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "odds and ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated.

Till he grew very old, he always went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill he was the kindest nurse in the world, and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did, and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead on which he had mounted in desperation and said: "For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese and one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet and a general

rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was—that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninies and our own women.' And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes. Tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White desert they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And they all fell to kissing him and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long, and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy. Forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy. Write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me, but he did almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

To be continued.

Egg Eating Fowls.

The egg eating habit is a bad one and not easily cured. The probabilities are that it is first caused by a broken egg in the nest or a soft shelled one found under the roost in the morning. After once getting a taste of their own product the hens want more and will try to break every egg they can find. When one discovers that the hens are eating the eggs, strenuous measures should be taken at once. Scatter china eggs on the floor in order to let them see that all eggs cannot be broken. You will find that they will pick at these for a time and then desist. Feed plenty of raw meat for a time and keep them busy working for all food they get. If you find a hen persistently breaking eggs you had better have her for dinner. Watch the hens closely till the trouble ceases.—Kansas Farmer

Clean Up the Poultry House.

If the cleaning of the poultry houses has been neglected now is the time to remedy the matter, for it won't do to let the fowls into a dirty house for the winter campaign. First of all clean out the loose filth, droppings and scratching material; then spray the whole interior—walls, roosts and nest boxes with a good disinfecting fluid, and besides all this a thorough fumigation of the whole premises will not be out of order.

Make Hens Exercise.

It is not advisable to have heat in the henhouse. While it may be the means of more eggs, it also has been the starting point of more colds. Warmly built houses and the fowls compelled to exercise will be far better than artificially heated houses.

Selecting Steers For Feeding.

In selecting steers that will feed to a profit the Wisconsin station advises: They must have beef characteristics, a wide, strong back and a large heart girth.

They must have strong frame, with plenty of room for vital organs, for a weak constitutioned animal cannot endure the feeding season.

A wide head and muzzle usually indicates good feeding qualities. Short legs, heavy hind quarters and arched ribs are essential in the feeding animal.

The skin should be reasonably thick, soft and covered by a heavy coat of hair.

The animal should have a straight back and low set appearance, due to the depth of body and short legs.

That Little Scare Word

TAX is an awful sounding word and seems to bring up mental pictures of dollars and dollars, when in reality, it is only collectively that it amounts to much.

A five mill special road tax if levied against the property owners of Estacada, would have averaged less than \$1. per tax payer, but it would have helped build some new pavements.

The Portland Railway Light & Power Co. and a few others would have paid the greater part of the tax, and they would have paid it willingly, as usual.

There is hardly a tax payer in Estacada, who would not "chip in" from four bits to a dollar, for any sporting fund, or charity, and do it gladly, but when it comes under the guise of a TAX, it scares them and they vote it down and let the mud holes remain.

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1 doz. cans	-	1.75
1 case	-	3.40

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3 " Corn	-	.25
2 " Peas	-	.25

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