

AROUND THE PHILIPPINES

THE YARNS OF BOB'N BILL

By HERMI-

It was while Tops'l Barney's schooner was lyin' at th' dock in Manila that Kangy and I went out into th' country beyond Manila to see what we could see.

We'd no sooner cleared th' town when a native cart hauled by a water-buffalo hove in sight. Th' brown youngster drivin' grinned and motioned to us to hop aboard, which we did. We had a fine ride for a mile or so, then the little fellow pointed to a side trail and stopped. I got th' meanin' of his jabber—that was where he turned into another road.

So we hopped down and once more struck off afoot. We'd gone a little ways when our peepers lighted on a lot of bamboo cages hung around a native house. A brown fellow that could sputter a little English told us that he had to shut his chickens in th' cages at night to save 'em from th' rats. A little farther along

we spied a native walkin' up th' leanin' trunk of a tree to his front door. Then we passed a native carryin' a load of fruit and chickens in from his farm.

Well s'r we had a lot of fun on that trip. Before th' day was over we rode on a cocoanut raft, had a ride on a native horse, and heard th' dong, dong, dong, of a strange bird that calls out th' hours like clockwork.

Later on I hired a native and his outrigger canoe for a trip on a blue lagoon. Well s'r in th' water of that lagoon we saw some queer fish. There were fat and thin fish; fish shaped like a blown-up balloon covered with spines; big, fierce-eyed eels with gapping mouths; fish colored like a rainbow, and some as thin as a leaf.

When we came ashore th' sun was gettin' low in th' sky so we struck out for Manila and soon were on th' deck of our schooner.

