

far"—and here he cocked a wicked eye upon the king's marines and also on the minuteman drinking with them—"I say knowed ye ever the time when such good fortune lasted? My lads all, we was, as well as we could make it, in latitude 10 and 10 minutes, or about 120 miles east of Cape Cambodia, where all that good fortune with that breeze left us. By sundown the southwest wind was gone, and in its place there fell upon us a northern wind, sweeping down from Hainan and past the Parabels and making us to 'bont ship and run before it for any part of Borneo we could reach. And yet it was not thus that our course was to be determined, for before the morning broke once more the wind had changed again and was a-blowing southeast by east of the Malay coast. And, shipmates, this here were such a storm as cut our sails to ribbons—nay, in one event sending our mainsail down the wind as easy as this silken neckercher I wear would go down our English March wind, and we could not even hope that our ship could hold together much longer, but feared that she must break to pieces. Likewise, too, we was in much distress, for our longboat was gone, and our other boats must be dashed to bits against the ship's sides ere we could get them off.

"Will it avail us, Bunce," says our captain to me, "to fire the carronade, think you? Or are we out of the line of commerce now?"

"I think not, your honor," says I, "but there are in these seas but few larger ships than ours. Even though there should be others near to us, it must be that they are in the same plight as us and but little able to give assistance." Yet, in the hopes that there might be some Christian vessel near unto us, the captain bade the gunner to fire signals of distress.

"If indeed there had been other vessels near unto us, which we knowed afterwards there was not, and they had been in as bad case as was the Loving Friend, it would have been but little help they could have given us, for, mateys, ours were a sorry plight. Our mainsail was, as I have related, gone. So was our spritsail yard, and that was the worst evil of all, we had sprung a leak, though as yet no one among the sailors could find out where it was.

"But as the morning wore on the wind did somewhat abate of its fierceness, and the clouds began to clear, and at last the captain tried to take an observation, which, however, he failed in, for still was the sun obscured. Yet ever it was noticeable to us that the storm was past or passing, that indeed its fury was spent, and that the waves were becoming calmer and the ship not rolling so in the sea.

"And now the captain, who was a-giving orders to the sailors to bring up some spare sails and loose canvas from the hold, with which, if God was good, we might yet make the mainland—provided that the leak could be found—calls to me and says, 'Bos'n, come here.' And, going up to him, I see that he was a-looking careful through his perspective glass.

"It is still a hazy morn," says he, "What do you make that out to be, about," he goes on, "two points off on our quarter?"

"I takes myself a long look, shipmates, and I sees something about two miles off, but what with the haze and the mist—pecoliar to them seas after a storm—and the still rolling of the ship I could not at first make anything of it. But at last the captain is able to see more clear, and then he says to me, 'By God's grace, it is an island, though a small one and a bare. There is nothing on it that I can see except one tree. The rest is sand.'"

"Yet good enough, captain," says I, "to lie by in and to reef. If we can make it, we can find the leak and stop it and so make for the mainland."

"I doubt not that we shall make it," replies the captain, "but fortunate indeed it is that we are well found with both water and provisions, for, so far as I can see, on that island there is nothing but that one tree, and to me it looks not like a fruit bearing one." And then he gives orders from the poop where we was a-standing to give way a bit and to bear up gently for that island.

"Friends all, we made that island, and being, as it were, half tide, we gently beached our ship. Thus we should at low tide be able to discover where was the leak she had sprung, and to call and repair it and at high tide to float her off again.

"But at first, so faint and weary was we all, as all hands had been at work the long night battling with the storm, that the captain—always a good man and a tender—says that here we would rest and take our ease for at least some days and until the storm was quite past and gone.

"So now, my lads," says he, when the ship had been gently beached and was a-lying peaceful on her port side, "there ain't naught but a small watch required; so tumble in and take your rest, but let first a party go the rounds of this island to see as their ain't no foe, human or otherwise, upon it. It will not take you half an hour. Bunce, go you with them."

"It took but little while for our party to go around that island, friends, for in all its circumference it were not more than half a mile, and on it there were nothing but that one tree. And that was down near the water's edge, hard by the shore the Loving Friend was lying. On it there were nothing else but sand and seashells—not a blade of grass, nor a herb nor bush nor flower—no, not so much as a place where a rabbit could have hid, let alone a wild beast or a savage man. Well, when we see all this and found out as how there wern't nothing to fear on this little island, we turns back to the ship and passes by the tree, and, naturally, we stops to inspect it.

"It was a tree, mateys, of most pecoliar appearance, and what struck us all as the remarkablest thing was that in

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my hair up in a kind of manner as, when we was boys, we dragged a stone up with a sucker. Then I gives my head a wrench and so seems to get free of whatever had got hold on it, and I myself moves off a bit. I ain't got none of them superstitious what most on them in our calling has, or I should have thought the island was haunted. But that, I says to myself, could not be. There wern't no ghost up in that tree, I could see every branch of it and nearly count every leaf on it in the clear moonlight, and there was nowhere else for a ghost to harbor.

"Then I looks down at the men, thinking as how perhaps some on them was a-lying or a trick on us, but they was all asleep—if ever I see men asleep in my life. I say they was all asleep, and so they was a minute before, but even as I looked at them they all with one accord springs up, some sitting, some standing, some rubbing their eyes, some cursing and swearing, and two on 'em falling to a-fighting.

"Stop this here," says I, a-interposing between the two fighting ones. "I'll have no fighting here. I'm in command on this island. Stop, I say!"

"He pulled me up out of my sleep," says one. "You're a liar," says the other. "You pulled me up." And another on 'em sits up right straight, and says, says he, "God, I feels like death!" and all the others mumbled and muttered to themselves.

"Mates," says I to them, "listen to me. There's a something on this island as ain't right. Whether it's in the air or whether it's in the soil or whether it's in the sea around us I know not. But there's something here as should not be. You was all a-sleeping peaceful two moments ago and nobody pulled any on you, and yet here you all are saying as how some one did so, and one on you says as how he feels like death."

"And so I do," says the man—Will Winter by name. "I feel death upon me."

"To the fiend with death," says I: "get up and walk about."

"I can't," says he: "I can't. I can't move." And he couldn't. Friends all, that man was in a kind of paralytic state, as the doctors call it, and he could not move.

"Then," says I, "this won't do, men. This here is worse nor the storm. Let's hail the ship." And with that we hailed her. "What cheer?" I sings out to the man I could see on the fo'castle. "What cheer, shipmate?" And he sings back: "All's well aboard. What cheer, shipmate, ashore?"

"Dad," answered I. "We think this land is infected. Tell the captain Will Winter says he's dying." Well, with that we hears voices on the ship and see a lantern moving, and then the captain hails us. "What's this, I hear, Bunce?" he calls to me.

"Will Winter took with sickness, skipper," I replies, "and I think we are all going mad, captain. We can feel something as we can't see a-catching hold on us and a-dragging of us."

"Come aboard," halloos back the skipper, "all on you, at onst." But here was a difficulty. We others could all have clambered up the ship's side—all on us excepting Will Winter. But, as for him, he couldn't move, and there wern't no moving of him—and naterel, and sailorlike, we wasn't a-going to leave him there—the more so as there was no doubt that he was like to die. You could see it in his face, friends, as he lay there under the tree—mateys, you could see it in the horror of his eyes!

"However, I sends all the others down to the ship, and I halloos off to the captain, telling him that all my men was coming on board, excepting only Will Winter, who couldn't move, and myself, who was a-going to stand by with him and help him. And of this the captain approved.

"So off they goes to the ship, and right glad, I think, they was to do it, and, although the Loving Friend wern't a-lying more nor two cables or two cables and a half's length from the shore. I felt a bit lonesome and creepylike as I recollected that there was I on an island about which there was something most certainly strange and with a man marked for death alongside of me. However, I tried to dismiss them thoughts from my mind and to see what I could do for Will. He, poor man, was now a-lying flat on his back, with his eyes staring up to the stars through the branches of the tree, and with his hands a twitching convulsivlike, and he was a muttering something of which I could catch no words, or only the word 'tree.' But what he was talking about, or what he wanted to say, I have never known."

"What is it, shipmate?" I said, a-bending over him and moistening his lips with some rum and water. "What cheer? What can I do for you?" But he give no answer as I could understand, so I made him as comfortable as I could, and then I lay down near him, but away from him a bit and nearer to the sea, and so, sometimes raising myself to look at him, and wondering as to whether he would live till morning, I commended him and myself to God—as all good, right feeling sailors should do—and so I fell asleep.



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No. 2, Overland Limited (Don't stop) 7:19 p. m.
No. 6, Chicago Express..... 9:04 p. m.
No. 24, Freight to West Side..... 9:15 p. m.

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No. 1, Overland Limited (don't stop) 6:04 a. m.
No. 9, New Flyer, Mail..... 6:47 p. m.
No. 3, Pacific Express..... 1:31 p. m.
No. 17, Co. Bufile Passenger..... 7:15 a. m.
No. 39, Freight to Co. Bufile..... 8:54 a. m.
No. 15, Fast Mail..... 12:59 p. m.
No. 5, Colorado Special..... 9:25 p. m.
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