

you to become a Christian," said Judge Oliver with dignity, all his Methodism aroused.

"Ho! Me? Wha' fo? Mus' I go swap my thlee heathen souls fo' one Clistian soul? Tellee me that!"

"Your three souls!" exclaimed the rancher.

"Chinaman got thlee souls when he die. One soul remain in bones, make him comf'able; one other stay in tombstone, make him lespectable; third soul go Happy-Happy place, feel velly nice all time."

"But, Bung, we're both getting old. We can't stay here forever. We've been together on this ranch for a good many years, and we're getting mighty used to each other. You don't like the idea of quitting me, do you, Bung?"

"Ah, no, Judge Olivah, me no likee quit!" said old Bung with earnestness.

"Well, suppose we both died tomorrow—where should we go?"

"You go up Clistian Hopen; I go over China Happy place."

"Would you like that, being separated by all the stars of the sky and never able to see Judge Oliver or the folks around the ranch any more?"

Bung's one lacquered, unfathomable eye gazed westward into the streak of glory fading behind the Coast Range. The evening was so silent one could hear the cones from the tall eucalyptus tree snapping against the roof of the packing house. Suddenly the Chinaman rose and went to the door of his cabin.

"Goo'night, Mist' Boss," he said. "I go play my Joss. Mebbe he fix it so I can workee for you in Clistian Hopen."

The white man turned away and left his faithful servant to his devotions.

**B**UNG kept the altar of his Joss outdoors, for the very sensible reason that the abominable smudge of burning aloes, punk, and rice paper would have suffocated him in the two by four interior of his hut. Tonight he made an elaborate spread at the little shrine, filling three large tomato cans with expensive joss sticks, lighting a tallow candle decorated with sacred flowers, posting up an extra row of lucky red wafers, and burning a large bundle of paper prayers. Then he kotowed before the holy place and repeated his peculiar petition: that he be permitted after death to work for a Christian without sacrificing the religion and the pigtail which he revered equally to the depths of his three souls.

Bung retired with the chickens, his wonted custom. The dim kerosene lamp that illuminated his den revealed the simplicity in which he lived. On the walls innumerable devil-chasing papers, a clipping from the San Francisco "Yat Po" announcing the death of the Empress Dowager, a colored lithograph of President Taft, a rock-hard group of celestial flowers, done in majolica; but there was yet another object, an article of dreadful portent, which Bung overlooked in his drowsy mood. On a soapbox near the head of the bare-board sleeping bench reclined the evil thing—a mirror! It was a piece of rank carelessness on Bung's part, leaving that mirror there during the night; for the Chinese coolies have this among ten thousand other superstitions,—one should never sleep in the same room with a looking glass; for the *yau-kwei*, or evil jinn, have a way of entering the world through mirrors and sliding into one's dreams, where they drop unlucky thoughts ere they fly away, shrieking triumphantly.

Twisting his precious pigtail about his head, Bung reclined on his hard pillow, knowing nothing of the Gate of Demons on the wall. It was only a cheap, face-distorting mirror, the kind any ten-cent store will offer for a dime. But this is what it brought forth:

Bung dreamed he was back on the ancestral farm near Canton, and that the sky was all red and yellow. And this was quite natural; for an army of Chinese, dressed in long frock coats like missionaries, were battling through the heavens with a host of fearful, green faced giants. Suddenly one of the fiends looked down and saw Bung standing in the midst of the rice field. "Ah Lee Bung," howled the *yau-kwei*, with the voice of a smooon, "why are you not with us?" Whereupon the vast creature swooped down, seizing Bung by the pigtail, and started up, up, up. Above farms, rivers, and pagodas they aviated, almost to the heavenly battlefield, when suddenly—horror!—the hair of Bung's head parted company with the scalp, and he shot down like a yellow Lucifer—down, down, down—

"Ah, yi-i-i-i-i!" shrieked the stricken man, tumbling out of his bunk to the hard floor. Praying in the language of his fathers, he lit a match—and the first object that encountered his affrighted gaze was that accursed mirror glaring at him from the wall. His face was deathly as he laid hands on the ill omened thing and cast it forth into the night, where it broke against a pepper tree.

The night was still and black and quiet, great dry-weather stars blazing through the branches of the feathery peppers and coarse-barked eucalyptus. In the tomato cans by the shrine of his Joss the troubled Chinaman beheld a few sticks of punk still smoldering dimly. Bung knelt and prayed his familiar spirit, the patron of his good luck, to interpret to him the meaning of that evil dream. "Evidently someone wants me to cut my pigtail," he said; "but who desires this? Are the fiends merely luring me into an impious act, or did my holy ancestors send the vision, wishing that I should wear my hair like the foreign devils? If the good spirits wish it, Joss, I shall cut my hair and join the revolution. I beg you, send me some sign, that I may know!"

Bung spent many hours burning punk and making devotions; but no spirit hand was laid upon his pigtail to indicate the wish of the gods. Finally he gave it up and went to bed in disgust.

Next day he crept feebly about the ranch, going

Continued on page 16

# A CAPTAIN UNAFRAID

## PART VI.



**T**HREE cargoes of arms and ammunition were landed in Cuba by the Dauntless within a week, followed by another one two months later; and the Government's inability to convict any of those who played an active part in the expeditions set the Washington authorities by the ears. President Cleveland was thoroughly angry over the way in which his neutrality proclamation had been defied, and by his direction peremptory commands were issued that he believed would certainly put an end to filibustering. The Spanish Government, which had been complaining bitterly of our freedom of action, was advised of these additional precautions, and the chiefs of both capitals took fresh hope that there would be no further straining of their diplomatic relations.

Increased activity by the Revenue Cutter Service was ordered, and the Navy Department was called on for assistance. The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, under Lieutenant Commander John E. Pillsbury, was stationed at Jacksonville to prevent any more expeditions from leaving that port. She remained there, off the Market-st. wharf, for more than a year. The fast cruisers Marblehead and Raleigh and the light draft gunboat Marietta were assigned to patrol the coast from Key West to Jacksonville. In addition, there were half a dozen revenue cutters that watched the ports north of Jacksonville and cruised along the coast. The authorities were confident that a barrier had been established which it would be impossible for us to break through. On shore the force of detectives was largely increased, and all customs officers were cautioned against slumber when any suspected filibusters were in sight.

The Dauntless, having more than paid for herself with the four landings she had made, had been sold to a Jacksonville syndicate, and was being used as a tow-boat between Jacksonville and the bar at the mouth of the St. Johns River. The Cubans reserved first call on her, and were to pay much less than the regular price for her services; for her owners did not expect to profit from her operations as a filibuster. By devoting the Dauntless to lawful navigation for the greater part of the time, she acquired a mixed reputation, in place of one entirely bad, and the authorities were confused. It never would have done for us to use one ship all the time. The Three Friends was also towing between Jacksonville and the bar. Both vessels were closely watched by the Vesuvius; but unless there was something suspicious in their movements, or in the general situation, the warship did not follow them up and down the river on their routine trips.

**M**Y arrival soon started some talk that we were planning another violation of the neutrality law; but I pretended to be sick, and was not much in evidence. The unfailing Fritot, for whose genius for deception I had come to have great admiration, and I were working together, and our tracks were so faint that no one seemed able to follow them.

The clever detectives decided that, if there really was anything doing, we would use the Dauntless, on account of her record of unvarying success; so we naturally selected the Three Friends. George L. Baltzell, Collector of Customs at Fernandina, twenty-five miles up the coast, who was the most faithful kind of public servant and one of the few men in Florida who were not active sympathizers with the Cubans, had been indulging in much loud talk about filibustering. "They are sending expeditions out of Jacksonville whenever they want to," he frequently declared; "but I should like to see them try to get one out of Fernandina, by gosh! I'll nail 'em to the cross in a holy minute if they start anything here!"

Fernandina was as good a place as we knew of to start from; so we concluded to accommodate the explosive Mr. Baltzell. When our plans were completed we telegraphed Palma, and two carloads of revolutionary equipment, including one Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, one thousand rifles, five hundred thousand cartridges, and a lot of small arms, dynamite, and machetes, were expressed to Jacksonville. They were intercepted, in the Fritot fashion, at a siding north of Callahan and their contents transferred to other cars. The two cars that had started from Bridgeport, of which the sleepless sleuths had the lines and numbers, empty but sealed, were run on into Jacksonville, where the waiting detectives proceeded to guard them day and night. The two cars that carried the arms were switched off at Callahan and run over to Yuler, between Jacksonville and Fernandina, where they patiently waited for someone to claim them.

General Morales, who had lost an eye in the Ten Years' War, was to command the landing party. He was summoned from New York, and the fifty men who were to go with him were selected in Jacksonville. Between two and three hundred Cubans who were anxious to go home and engage in the war were constantly held at Jacksonville and Tampa under waiting orders. They were allowed five dollars a week to cover their living expenses, and were ready to sail at a moment's notice. Colonel Carbo came down from New York with Morales

Narrated by CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN to HORACE SMITH

to accompany the expedition as the representative of Palma.

**I**T was arranged that the expedition should leave on a Sunday night. The one thing of which our friend Baltzell was specially fond was draw poker. One Sunday afternoon Napoleon Broward, one of the owners of the Three Friends and afterward Governor of Florida, happened to be in Fernandina, and, as he could not leave until the next day, he had no trouble in fixing up a poker game for that evening, at which Baltzell was to sit in. At about the same time that this pleasant little affair was arranged the Three Friends left Jacksonville with a schooner in tow. She reached the bar late in the afternoon, and, after casting off the schooner, stood up the coast, apparently in search of another tow.

Soon after dark General Morales and his men, one and two at a time, slipped unnoticed into two unlighted passenger coaches standing on a dark sidetrack at the old F. C. & P. depot at the foot of Julia-st., which was not more than one hundred yards from Fritot's city office. Promptly at nine o'clock an engine coupled onto the apparently "dead" coaches and took them round the city on the belt line. Fritot and I boarded it at a crossing, after having eluded the detectives.

On our arrival at Fernandina an unobtrusive signal told us the poker game was in full swing and there was nothing for us to worry about. The special train was run out on a dock to which the Three Friends had quietly tied up an hour before. The cargo was transferred to her without unnecessary noise or delay, and at daylight we were out of sight of town.

Baltzell raised a great ruction when he discovered what had happened.

**O**UR destination was the San Juan River, east of Cienfuegos, where the Dauntless had landed her last cargo, much of which, on account of the delay in getting it away from the beach, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. The loss of these arms had interfered with the operations of General Gomez, who was scattering death and destruction through Santa Clara Province, and he wanted others in place of them. However much he was in need of supplies, it was a great mistake to send them to San Juan; it was an extremely bad place to make a landing.

We were off Cienfuegos on the morning of December 19, and laid there all day, fifteen miles out, so as to be safe from observation from the shore. As soon as it was dark we steamed at full speed for the mouth of the river. When we were within two miles of shore a Spanish gunboat came sneaking slowly out of the river. For a wonder she was showing no lights. Pagluchi picked her up first. I stopped the engines until I made out her smoke; then it was "Hard aport and full speed to sea!"

Colonel Carbo and some of the other Cubans, who lacked sharp eyes, had not seen the Spaniard and were skeptical.

"You are running away from a shadow," said Carbo, throwing out his chest.

"Do you think so?" I inquired with some sarcasm. "We'll wait and see."

I jerked the bell with a stop signal; but before we had lost way the gunboat banged away at us with a one-pound shell, which splashed not far ahead of us.

"That's what you might call an animated shadow," I suggested to the subdued Carbo as I hooked her up again at full speed, without the faintest sign of objection from anyone.

A moment later I made out two more gunboats, six or seven miles away, coming up from the east and west to head us off. Their appearance made it plain that there had been treachery in our camp. Someone who knew where we were bound for had communicated with the enemy, and the trap had been nicely set for us.

When I saw the fix we were in I ordered the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, which was lying boxed up on the forward deck, into immediate service. All the deck aft, where it could have been used to much better advantage, was taken up with the dories in which the cargo was to be landed. There were several adventurous Americans on board, and among them was a praiseworthy person named Mike Walsh, who had been a gunner in the United States navy. When Mike heard that the big box contained a brand new gun he came forward and offered his services.

"If you'll let me handle it," he said, "I'll guarantee to produce a whole lot of Spanish stomachache with its pills."

"Shoot it as often as you like and as fast as you know how," I told him.

"Glory be!" shouted Mike. He shook his fist at the Spaniards and yelled at them the command, "Prepare for burials at sea!"

**P**AGLUCHI and Walsh superintended the setting up of the gun, with the mechanism of which they were familiar, and made quick work of it. They were assisted by Ralph D. Paine and two other newspaper correspondents, who, because of their sympathy with the revolution, had been taken along to see just how our expeditions were conducted. They stood their initiation splendidly; but they agreed later that it furnished all the excitement they were looking for.

I had thought we could run away from the gunboat