

king of Portugal and his prime minister. After showing a clean bill of health we were graciously allowed to proceed on our way, and within half an hour were riding at anchor off the historical city of Lisbon. There was a great scramble and after haggling with and beating the boatmen down 500 per cent we pulled off in boat loads of twenty for a five hours' run on shore.

The first three hours the young bloods owned the town, the subsequent hour being spent in dodging and persuading Lisbon with many prayers and cold cash not to own them. After getting sickened at a bull fight I went on a tour of discovery! What a quaint old city is Lisbon, with its narrow streets, gaudily painted houses, public squares crowded with peddlers and beggars, oxen drawing carts with solid wooden wheels, loaded with wine, porters with terrible loads on their backs, and everyone smoking the everlasting cigarette. One street in particular attracted my attention, it being a long street almost entirely composed of jewelers' stores. The Portuguese ladies are very pretty and petite, and smile upon one with those wondrous black eyes in a way that soon made one realize why so many jewelry stores were necessary. The Portuguese struck me as being a very free and easy-going people and cigarettes seem to be their only manufacture. A locomotive I saw bore a German firm's name. Their drugs were manufactured in England and France and even the grating outside the store was cast in England. When they don't use a sharpened stick for a plough, I was informed, they use the American one every time, and so they give us all a show. Their coinage consists of copper twenty reis pieces mostly, which are equal to about two cents. It is quite a shock for one to stroll into a store and buy a couple of handkerchiefs and a tie and find the bill foots up 1000 reis. But I guess one can get used to it. Our restaurant bill for five of us came to 25,000 reis. We gave him an English gold sovereign in despair, and lo! we received enough change to start store keeping.

We left quaint old Lisbon with many regrets that we could not stay longer, and once more were out on the boundless ocean. The next evening the second saloon gave a very creditable minstrel show, followed the evening after with a dance on the quarter deck for the first saloon, the ball room being very effectively gotten up with flags and colored lanterns hung around the bulwarks. Of course we had the inevitable amateur theatricals and for five or six days we were bundled unceremoniously around the ship to make room for rehearsals. One could pick out the company at a glance. That pained expression of countenance, those ever moving lips, together with a manuscript that never left their hand, denoted that the deadly stage fever was amongst us. One would be dozing comfortably over a book, dreaming maybe of home and country dear, to be rudely called back to earth (or rather, later, with a blood-curdling voice saying "I will defend this package with me life's blood!") Of course we all attended the performance and voted it a great histrionic hit. The *Trojan Weekly* devoted two columns of favorable criticism to the effort. Yes, we even ran a paper on board; if it was

only manuscript it was racy and well edited. This is a sample of one of the advertisements. "Just out, a new work on hygiene! How to sleep in the Tropics with your clothes on! The sign of the dirty fellow state room 24."

Then again we were entertained with a mock trial, in which genuine lawyers participated, the defendant being a young lieutenant of the British army with a weakness for the gentle sex on trial for breach of promise, the cross-examination of the plaintiff bringing down the "house."

On the fifth day we sighted land once more and dodged in and out amongst bare, desolate looking islands. Soon there appeared a small cloud on the horizon which grew bigger and gradually took the form of a large island. Then we knew we were approaching the far famed Madeira, the land of wives, the Mecca of the wealthy consumptives; higher and higher it rose out of the ocean, a beautiful green mountain with snow covered summit, little, white houses nestling amongst the foliage, the whole forming a picture never to be forgotten. As we approached the principal city, Funchal, hundreds of small boats put off from the shore and old pirate stories ran riot in my brain as the boat loads of swearing, perspiring Portuguese raced for the ships. Pirates are a mere circumstance to these fruit, parrot, wicker-ware, embroidery and jewelry peddlers. They swarmed up the sides and took possession; in three minutes the deck of the steamer was one huge bazar, every man vieing with his brother to bilk the unsophisticated stranger.

Every one has heard of the Madeira diving boys! How they do fight and scramble under water for any coin thrown to them and then bob up serenely and ask for more! Any of them will under the ship for a shilling and when they have to dive down twenty-two feet clear the ship and come up about 120 feet from where they started, blow the water from their nostrils and throw you in a sweet seductive smile gratis, one thinks they have earned the money.

We lay off Funchal six hours coaling, consequently there was a huge scramble to get ashore. On landing on the beach amidst the surf and screams of the ladies, where were the hacks? There were none, for the simple reason the streets resemble the roots of houses only not quite as smooth. We had the chance of oxen drawing seds, or hammocks swung on poles with a sweating Portuguese at each end. All the young men chartered the hammocks (the girls wouldn't look at them) and then began a mad race up town. How the bearers managed to keep their feet was a mystery to me, for the streets (save the mark!) are all paved with beautiful round cobble rocks. I would cheerfully wear tight shoes all day before I would promenade Madeira avenues in their soled shoes for a single hour. We visited the cathedrals, stores, prison and other cheerful places and at last landed at the European hotel, where we found several people who could talk English (the guide said he could, but he lied). The proprietor, Mr. Jones, (from Wales I believe) put us up a splendid luncheon and the way we played havoc with the viands brought tears into the eyes of the consumptive boarders.

On returning to the ship the boat-

men laid on their oars and flatly refused to put us on board until an extra toll of sixpence per capita had been paid; we argued and threatened to no avail. One of our boys produced a gun and the four boatmen handled about 30 feet of cold steel. Finally with a little gentle persuasion the sons of Portugal voted it a good joke and handed us over to the captain's keeping once more.

We left Madeira with much sorrow and little loose change, and steamed out with our old friends the albatrosses and flying fish again. The majority on board seemed to have the gambling mania—nothing but cards, cards. They say every year has its fresh crop of fools. That year most of them were on the Trojan. At the end of the voyage three men owned half the cash on board, and four boys landed in Cape Town 6,000 miles from home, an overcrowded city, without a red cent to their name. They played all the week; Sunday made no difference. They would bet on the run of the vessel, Miss M's next victim, which foot the steward would mount the companion first with, etc. Life at sea is very much like that on shore. How the boys do flirt, and the ladies talk scandal, and split up into little cliques. And so we would jog along with some new topic to break the day's monotony.

I don't blame Napoleon for dying on St. Helena, especially if he went up and down Jacob's ladder with its 699 steps like I did; he had a good excuse for dying. We visited the spot where he was first buried and brought away a spray of willow from the grave. Given a bare rock inhabited by two or three hundred British soldiers and a few half castes, a fort perched on top, guns and big cannon bristling from unexpected quarters, a crack running through the aforesaid rock, with a little soil at the bottom, a few houses and date palms sprinkled on top of same, connect the soil with the fort above by a nearly perpendicular ladder, and a brassy sky and 170 in shade—and you have St. Helena. There is one grand thing about it—it beats the Keeley cure, for no soldier dare get drunk and go home via the aerial route, as it is fatal.

The sea since we had crossed the line had resembled a mill pond, of a beautiful violet color. At night, under the southern cross and the moon, it exhibited a peculiar phosphorescence calculated to stir up romance in any breast, and make young folks very sentimental; so much so that on reaching Cape Town four hearts were made as two.

We arrived eventually at our destination. After having spent nineteen pleasant days together it almost seemed like breaking up a big family as we shook hands and adjusted little difficulties before scattering out to our various Eldorados. We all wanted to get rich so fast that we could hardly wait until the slow-going customs officers had cleared us. On our way up town I did not observe much gold or diamonds lying around, save on the ears and noses of the gaily attired Malays. There were plenty of dusky diamonds though in the shape of grinning and yelling Kaffirs, Hottentots and Zulus—an endless procession in glaring colors and costumes—from the unobtrusive and airy gunny sack with a hole for the head and two for the arms to the full fledged nigger parson in silk hat and white choker.

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