

**Yates Stirling**

*A United States  
Midshipman  
in the Philippines*

**Yates Stirling**

# **A United States Midshipman in the Philippines**



Published by Good Press, 2022

[goodpress@okpublishing.info](mailto:goodpress@okpublishing.info)

EAN 4064066421052

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction

Illustrations

CHAPTER I THE START FOR PALILO

CHAPTER II A POLITE CAPTOR

CHAPTER III A LEAK OF MILITARY INFORMATION

CHAPTER IV LANDED IN CAPTIVITY

CHAPTER V CAPTAIN BLYNN MARCHES

CHAPTER VI THE "MINDINAO"

CHAPTER VII THE GUNBOAT COÖPERATES

CHAPTER VIII THE PRIVILEGES OF RANK

CHAPTER IX THE KATIPUNAN SOCIETY

CHAPTER X IN THE SHADOW OF A SUSPICION

CHAPTER XI A TRAITOR UNMASKED

CHAPTER XII THE MIDSHIPMEN RECONNOITRE

CHAPTER XIII UNWELCOME COMPANIONS

CHAPTER XIV CLEVERLY OUTWITTED

CHAPTER XV A NIGHT OF ALARM

CHAPTER XVI A FILIPINO MARTYR

CHAPTER XVII A DARING PLAN

CHAPTER XVIII A RIVER EXPEDITION

CHAPTER XIX A WILLING CAPTIVE

CHAPTER XX THE STRUGGLE FOR THE STRONGHOLD

CHAPTER XXI THE GUNBOAT TAKES A HAND

CHAPTER XXII THE ESCAPED OUTLAW

CHAPTER XXIII COLONEL MARTINEZ

CHAPTER XXIV THE GUNBOAT ON GUARD

CHAPTER XXV CONCLUSION

# Introduction

## Table of Contents

THE writer has attempted to describe in this volume the life of two young midshipmen of the United States Navy, serving in a small gunboat in Philippine waters.

The fighting between the United States troops and the lawless bands of Filipino bandits (for they were bandits, more or less, after Aguinaldo's army had been dispersed) was in most cases "hand to hand" and to the death. The navy had but small share in this war, but in some instances the helpful coöperation of their web-footed brothers saved the soldiers from embarrassing situations.

Midshipman Philip Perry and his classmate at Annapolis, Sydney Monroe, first made their appearance in "A United States Midshipman Afloat." They had a part in stirring adventures during one of the frequent South American revolutions. Here they became involved in diplomatic intrigue, and had some success; but unfortunately diplomatic successes cannot always be proclaimed to the world.

"A United States Midshipman in China" told of the adventures of the same boys in China during a threatened uprising of fanatical Chinese against the foreigners. Here again diplomacy counseled silence, and their reward for saving the day was a mild rebuke from their admiral. One of the principal characters in all three books is Jack O'Neil, a typical modern man-of-war's man.

These books are written in an endeavor to portray the life led by young officers in the naval service. The writer's own

experiences warrant the belief that the incidents are not unusual. The midshipmen are not merely automatons. To one of Napoleon's pawns an order was an order, to be obeyed, right or wrong. But the doctrine, "their's not to reason why" when "some one has blundered" is no longer accepted as an excuse for poor results. In these days of progress we court-martial an officer who stubbornly obeys an order, when he knows that to do so will injure the cause he has sworn to uphold.

Further account of the boys' stirring adventures will be found in "A U. S. Midshipman in Japan" and "A U. S. Midshipman in the South Seas."



# Illustrations

## Table of Contents

PAGE

SOME ONE TURNED ON THE CURRENT

HERE WAS FREEDOM WITHIN HIS GRASP 69

“I AM IN COMMAND HERE!” 126

“HELLO, HERE ARE SOME CANOES!” 205

UP THE FACE OF THE CLIFF 288

HE GAZED DOWN INTO THE STILL FACE 333

A MAN STEPPED SILENTLY FROM BEHIND A TREE 356



A United States Midshipman  
In the Philippines

# CHAPTER I

## THE START FOR PALILO

### [Table of Contents](#)

THE “Isla de Negros,” a small inter-island steamer, lay moored alongside the dock in the turbulent waters of the Pasig River, the commercial artery of the city of Manila. As the last of its cargo was noisily carried on board by a swarm of half-naked stevedores, the slender lines which held the steamer to the stone quay were cast off, and with many shrill screeches from its high treble whistle the steamer swung its blunt bow out into the strength of the current.

On the upper deck of the vessel, clad in white naval uniforms, two United States midshipmen stood in silent contemplation of the activity about them. They watched with undisguised interest the hundreds of toiling orientals; resembling many ant swarms, traveling and retraveling incessantly between the countless hulls of steamers and lorchas and the long rows of hastily constructed storehouses facing the river frontage. Here and there stood a khaki-clad sentry, rifle in hand and belt filled with ball cartridges, America’s guardian of the precious stores now being idly collected. Into these spacious storehouses the sinews of war for the army of occupation were being hoarded to be afterward redistributed among the small steamers plying between the metropolis, Manila, and the outlying islands of the archipelago.

The American army in the Philippines, always too small for the stupendous task before it, was at last, owing to the added disaffection of the tribes in the Southern islands,

receiving the attention from home which had long been withheld, and its numbers were being increased by the arrival of every transport from the far-away homeland.

“We are here at last, Syd,” Midshipman Philip Perry exclaimed, a ring of triumph in his voice as he turned toward his fellow midshipman, Sydney Monroe. Friends of long standing were these two; for four years at the Naval Academy at Annapolis they had been companions and classmates, and during the past year they had together witnessed stirring service in South America and in China.

“We’ve missed nearly six months of the war,” Sydney replied querulously; “from the last accounts, Aguinaldo is on the run. Why,” he ended mirthlessly, “the war may be over before we even see the ‘Mindinao.’”

“Pessimistic as usual,” Phil laughingly retorted; “where we are going, in the words of the immortal John Paul Jones, they ‘haven’t begun to fight.’”

The steamer had now swung her bow down river, and the chug of the engines told the lads that they were fairly started on their voyage to Palilo, the capital of the island of Kapay, where the gunboat “Mindinao” was awaiting them.

“Hello, what’s this?” Phil exclaimed, while the engine bell rang with throaty clanks, and the chugging of the engines ceased. The two lads leaning inquiringly over the rail, saw a small navy launch steam alongside the moving steamer; then a tightly lashed bag and hammock were thrown on deck, and finally from the depths of the white canopied awning there appeared the familiar form of a sailor, who sprang nimbly on board, waving a parting good-bye to his

mates, while the launch swung away; and again the "Negros'" engines chugged noisily.

"Jack O'Neil!" the two lads cried, their faces beaming with surprised pleasure as they grasped the newcomer's hand.

"It's me, sir," the sailor declared ungrammatically though heartily, highly delighted at his enthusiastic reception. "Telegraphic orders from the admiral to report to Midshipman Perry, commanding the gunboat 'Mindinao.'"

"But where's your old ship, the 'Monadnock'?" Sydney questioned blankly. "We looked for her this morning as we came in on the cattle boat from Hongkong. Is she in the bay?"

"Sure, sir, she is," returned O'Neil, "over there at Paranaque keeping the ladrones out of the navy-yard with her ten-inch guns. They made a rush for it once, about six months ago, then the gugus had an army and we were kept guessing; but a few brace of hot ten-inch birds, exploding near them from our coffee kettle of a monitor soon made 'em change their minds. They decided they hadn't lost nothing at the navy-yard after all. But," he ended, the enthusiasm dying out of his voice, "that, I said, was six months ago; we've been bailing out there ever since, awnings furled, guns loaded, expecting to be boarded every night." He made a gesture of utter disgust as he stopped.

"They don't know anything, these gugus," he began again, seeing that his friends didn't understand his disjointed explanation; "they won't try to board a man-of-war. They'll attack you on shore; but as for paddling out in their canoes to capture a steel monitor, it's too absurd. Yet

we stood watch on and watch off every night waiting for 'em to board. Do you blame me, sir, for feeling happy when I got these orders?" tapping his telegram against an awning stanchion. "This means life again; like we had in the dago country and up with them pigtailed chinks."

The midshipmen slapped the loquacious sailor joyfully on the back.

"You're not half as glad to be with us as we are to have you," Phil exclaimed frankly. "We're just aching for something worth while—we've been roasting up on the Yangtse River since you left us, doing nothing except watch the grass burn up and the water in the river fall. I never felt such heat."

While the Americans were talking the little steamer slipped noisily down the busy river and out on the bay made famous by Admiral Dewey on that memorable May morning.

Corregidor Island lifted itself slowly out of a molten sea to the westward. The "Negros'" bow was pointed out through the southern channel, passing close to the precipitous island, standing like an unbending sentinel on guard between the wide portals of the Bay of Manila.

"A few guns over there on Corregidor would soon stop this talk of our waking up some morning and finding Manila at the mercy of an enemy," Phil declared after studying the landscape earnestly. "But these islands are too far away for our people at home to take much interest. Half of them would be glad to see another nation wrest them from us.—Hello! there's one of those native lorchas,"<sup>[1]</sup> he added as his keen eye discovered a sail some miles away almost ahead of their steamer; "we passed one coming in this

morning on the 'Rubi.' I looked at her through the captain's spy-glass; her crew were the ugliest looking cutthroats I've ever seen. They reminded me of that picture 'Revenge.' Do you know it?" he asked suddenly turning to Sydney, and then describing the picture in mock tragic tones: "A half score of scowling Malays, in the bow of their 'Vinta'; their curved swords in their mouths and their evil faces lustful with passion and hope of blood, approaching their defenseless victims. I hope the captain gives them a wide berth, for I haven't even a revolver."

The Americans had so far discovered but few people on board the steamer; the captain and pilot were on the bridge while on the lower decks there were scarcely a dozen lazy natives, listlessly cleaning the soiled decks and coiling up the confused roping.

"Do you think we are the only passengers?" Sydney asked as they entered their stateroom to make ready for the evening meal.

Phil shook his head.

"No, there must be others, for I heard a woman's voice in a cabin near ours."

As they again emerged on deck and walked aft to where their steamer chairs had been placed, a young Filipino girl rose from her seat and bowed courteously to the two young officers. Phil noticed as he saluted that she was a remarkably pretty girl of the higher class dressed in becoming native costume, and from her dark eyes there shone intelligence and knowledge.

"Have I one of the señor's chairs?" she asked in excellent Spanish. "It was very stupid of me to have forgotten mine."

Both lads remarked at once the air of good breeding and the pleasing voice; the guttural lisp so common in the Malay was lacking. She could not have appeared more at her ease and yet they saw by her dark skin and straight black hair that no other blood than the native flowed in her veins.

“This is my small brother,” she explained as a slight lad of about seven came toward them from behind a small boat, resting on the skids of the upper deck. “He is my only companion,” she added half shyly.

The midshipmen were at a loss how to talk to this girl of an alien race. If her skin had been fair they would have welcomed her gladly, seeing before them a pleasant two days of companionship before they would arrive at their destination; but she belonged to a race whose color they had been taught to believe placed her on a social footing far beneath their own.

The girl seemed to divine the hesitancy in the midshipmen’s manner, and for a second a slight flush spread over her dark cheeks.

Phil was the first to recover and break the embarrassing silence, heartily ashamed of himself for his boorish manner.

“We are glad, señorita,” he commenced haltingly in Spanish which had become rusty through lack of practice, “to have you use our chairs, and also,” he ended lamely, “to have you with us. I fear we are the only passengers.”

A few moments later a servant announced dinner, and the four took their seats at a table spread on the upper deck after the custom of the tropics.

“The captain will not be with us,” the girl explained as Phil’s eyes rested inquiringly on the seat at the head of the

table; "he begs that we will excuse him, for he is navigating the ship through the entrance to the bay."

They sat down in silence; Phil's seat was next to this remarkable girl.

In a few moments both lads had quite forgotten that her skin was dark, so skilfully did she preside over the plentiful board, attentive to their wants with the natural grace of one accustomed to dispense hospitality.

"Juan and I are on our way to Palilo to join our father," she explained after the meal had fairly started. "I am very much concerned over the bad news I have heard. Oh! I hope we shall not have war in our beautiful island," she added appealingly, "but the Filipinos are so ignorant; they will follow blindly where they are led, and so many of our educated men are at heart bad."

"There has been some fighting there already?" Phil questioned.

"Yes," she answered, "but it has been only guerilla warfare so far. My father fears that reinforcements may come from the north. The natives in Luzon are of the Tagalo race, and if they come after being driven from their island by the American troops, we shall have the horrors of war on Kapay."

The midshipmen's eyes sparkled; they were just about to express their delight at this possibility when they suddenly realized that she was of the same blood as those they were wishing to fight.

Phil was the first to see the reproving look in the girl's eyes.



“You must not blame us, señorita,” he hastened to say apologetically. “You see fighting is our business; we look for it the same as a merchant looks for trade or a fisherman for fish.”

“I think your ideas are wrong, señor,” she replied quickly, but in a caressing tone, to soften the sting. “Your duty is not necessarily to fight, but to prevent fighting. The sisters in the convent taught us that a soldier’s duty was to uphold the honor of his country. If fighting only will accomplish this duty, then it is just to fight, but in this case no honor is at stake. How can our people hurt the honor of a great nation like yours?”

Phil blushed half angrily, half in shame. This girl of a dark race had the temerity to tell him what was his duty, and he was defenseless, for she was in the right.

“It is true, señorita, what you say,” Sydney came to the rescue, “but peace for us is very monotonous, always the same eternal grind. War is exciting; it stirs the blood and makes men of us.”

“Yes, señor,” the girl answered in a low, hard voice, “and it arouses all the evil passions in us. We forget all our training, all our ideals, all our instincts for good, and give way to the instincts of the beasts. My people in war are not men, señor, they are demons.”

While the girl was talking the steamer had drawn closer to the lorcha which Phil had sighted earlier in the afternoon. The night was not bright; a crescent moon cast a dim light on the hull scarcely a hundred yards on the weather bow. The breeze had freshened, and with wind free the lorcha’s

sails bellied out, giving it a speed almost equal to that of the steamer.

“Why doesn’t he give that sail a wider berth?” Phil exclaimed suddenly as the girl’s voice died away. “If she should yaw now, she’d be into us.”

“Look out!” Sydney cried in alarm as the lorcha suddenly sheered to leeward and the great mass of tautening canvas careened toward the unsuspecting steamer.

The midshipmen were on their feet in an instant, while O’Neil came running up from the deck below.

The Spanish captain, calling loudly to all his saints to witness that it was not his fault, jammed the helm to starboard, throwing the steamer’s bow away from the rapidly approaching lorcha. The engine bell clanked riotously, as the excited Spanish captain rang for more speed. Then the Americans’ blood froze in their veins, for the chugging of the noisy engines had ceased in a wheezy wail, and the “Negros” lay helpless, almost motionless in the path of the strange sail to windward.

The lads looked at each other in consternation. The suddenness of the emergency had rendered them powerless to act.

“Was it only a stupid blunder? Or was it by design that the silent lorcha had shifted its helm and stood down upon the demoralized steamer?” were the questions that came into their minds.

A guttural hail from the lorcha accompanied by a fusillade of rifle-shots put an end to all doubt.

“Pirates!” O’Neil gasped as he dislodged an iron crowbar from a boat skid. “And there isn’t a gun among us.”

A bright glare suddenly darted from the bridge of the steamer as some one turned on the current for the search-light, and the Americans saw in the bright beam a motley crew of natives lining the lorcha's rail, their eager bodies crouched ready to spring upon the deck of their helpless victim.

"Tagalos," the girl cried out in sudden alarm as she instinctively put her small brother behind her, shielding him from the flying bullets.

"Don't do it, sir," O'Neil commanded hoarsely as Phil started precipitously forward. "We can't stand them off, we're too few. Here we can make a stand if they attack us. We can't save the ship."

The lads saw at once the wisdom in O'Neil's advice. No power could save the ship from the terrible onslaught of that savage horde. The two vessels came together with a mighty crash, and the air was rent with harsh cries of triumph as the captors leaped on board, firing their guns and slashing with their sharp bolos. The cries for mercy from the cringing crew were soon swallowed up in the shrieks of pain and anger as the vengeful victors satisfied their inherent love for blood.

The triumphant natives scaled the bridge deck, and in the bright glow from the search-light, the Americans were horrified to see those on the bridge, in spite of their hands held aloft in supplication, cruelly butchered where they stood.

The Americans in mortal dread pressed their bodies close within the deep shadow of the boats. The blinding glare from the search-light aided them in their attempt to hide

from the searching eyes of their assailants. Phil and Sydney had manfully lifted the native girl and her brother into the boat behind them and stood their ground ready to protect them with their lives. So this was to be the end of their hopes for adventure?—to be butchered, unarmed and in cold blood by a band of lawless murderers.

# CHAPTER II

## A POLITE CAPTOR

### [Table of Contents](#)

THE Americans were not kept long in suspense, although to the anxious boys, huddled helplessly in the shadow of the boat, the time seemed hours until the victorious and jubilant natives moved aft, bent on annihilating those whom they believed were hiding from their search.

O'Neil grasped his weapon firmly, while the lads made a mental resolve to seize the arms of the first natives within reach and sacrifice their own lives as dearly as possible.

Suddenly the beam of the search-light swung directly aft, revealing to the pirates the defenseless band of spectators to the recent tragedy.

The helpless passengers were confident now that all was over. As if in broad daylight, they were visible to the outlaws. A volley from their rifles would send them all to death.

Blinded by the bright light, they could but speculate as to the movement of their enemies, but they well knew that they must surely be advancing slowly, only awaiting the word to throw themselves on their helpless victims.

What could be done? Phil realized only too vividly that something must be done and quickly. A false move would condemn them all. Once those wild men, steeped in the blood of the innocent, had commenced, even the power of their leader could not stop them.

Then a girl's voice, clear and commanding from behind them, made the Americans gasp in wonder. O'Neil with his

great club raised to strike the misty figures just beyond his reach stiffened. The girl's words were unintelligible to the Americans, but to the advancing natives they were like a flash of lightning from out of a clear sky. They stopped short, and for a few seconds a deep silence reigned. The girl was speaking in her native tongue. Phil cast a swift glance behind him; she stood boldly upright in the bow of the boat, like a beautiful bronze statue. The light threw her face in high relief against the black background of sky. He saw the flashing eyes, the quivering straight nostrils, and the scornful curve of her mouth. She finished speaking, and still the silence was unbroken. From the gathered crowd the leader advanced, his hand held above his head in mute sign of peace. Phil could scarcely believe his eyes, but the girl's low voice in his ear caused his heart to beat tumultuously.

"He has accepted your surrender." She spoke in Spanish. Then, with her hands placed lightly on Phil's shoulder she jumped down to the deck and advanced to meet the native leader. At a few paces from her he halted, and the Americans held their breath in wonder to see the bandit bow low before her, raising her hand to his lips. Then he turned and gave several harsh commands to his followers, who quietly dispersed.

Inside of but a few minutes the lorch had disappeared in the night and the "Negros" resumed its journey, the noisy engines chugging away just as faithfully under their new masters.

The Americans, as they gathered about the table to finish the meal long forgotten in the excitement of the attack, marveled at the outcome of the affair.

“Who can she be?” Sydney whispered. “Why, she orders the ladrone leader around as if she were a princess.”

Phil was about to reply when the girl herself appeared from the shadows, followed by the native chief.

The lads regarded him with a mixture of feelings, admiration for his soldierly bearing and disgust at the thought of the wilful butchery they had seen him permit on the bridge of the steamer.

They recognized at once that these two were of the highest caste among their people. The man’s face, almost perfect in contour, except in the cruel lines of the mouth, beamed hospitably upon them.

The girl spoke quickly, breathlessly.

“Colonel Martinez wishes to meet the brave Americans who would have fought unarmed against overwhelming odds and who had no thoughts of asking for quarter.”

The Americans bowed, but the Filipino advanced, his hand outstretched. Phil took it with almost a shudder. Why had this hand been withheld while the Spanish captain and his officers were asking for mercy scarcely five minutes before? Yet he knew that he had no choice but to take the proffered fingers; he and his companions were in the power of this man, the lines of whose mouth told what might happen if the native leader’s pride was offended.

After shaking hands, Colonel Martinez went straight to the point. “You belong to the country of our enemy, and being such you must remain prisoners of war. We shall land at Dumaguete to-morrow, and if you will give me your solemn parole not to bear arms against us, I shall send you

with an escort and safe conduct to Palilo. If not, I must send you to the headquarters of my superior, General Diocno.”

Phil as spokesman bowed.

“We shall not give you our parole, colonel,” he said emphatically. “We prefer to remain prisoners of war.”

“As you will,” the insurgent answered coldly, but his swarthy face betrayed his admiration. “I shall assure you of my good offices with our general. And now, I shall leave you, but I warn you that your lives will be in danger if you leave this deck, or if you make the slightest attempt to thwart my plans. I shall have your belongings brought back here. You see I can take no chances, and I appreciate that you three Americans are no mean antagonists.” He cast a look of admiration at O’Neil, who had been listening in silence, his muscular fingers still clasping the stout crowbar with which he would like to have brained this pompous little Filipino.

“Beggars can’t be choosers, Mr. Perry,” O’Neil exclaimed with a wry smile after the officer had departed, “and I guess it was a good thing the girl knew how to get the ear of that there little bantam rooster. In another minute, I’d have brained one of them, and then those words she spoke would have had as much chance to be heard as the chairman’s voice in a state convention.”

The Americans’ belongings were brought to them from their cabin by several evil-looking natives, and very soon all were comfortable under the awning, protected from the wind by the boat against which an hour ago they had been about to make their last stand.



The sun awakened the Americans at an early hour the next morning. While they were sipping their morning coffee, the lads gazed in admiration at the beautiful scenery about them. The little steamer had during the night wound its way past myriads of small islands, now but black smudges astern. The high mountains of Kapay Island rose boldly from the sea on their starboard hand. Ahead, becoming more distinct, was the shore line toward which the steamer was now traveling at an increased speed as told by the more rapid chugging of her engines.

"Hello," Phil exclaimed as he cast a glance toward the bridge, "something's happening."

Sydney and O'Neil followed his gaze. There on the bridge were Martinez and the native pilot, who had apparently been spared in the attack of the night before. Martinez was walking up and down excitedly, casting an anxious glance ever and again off on the port quarter.

It was O'Neil who was the first to discover the reason for the evident excitement of their captors.

"Smoke," he exclaimed laconically, characteristically jerking his thumb toward the islands astern fast being swallowed up in the glassy sea. "They ain't taking no chances. That stretch of shore yonder," he added, his gaze on the shore line ahead, "must be the mouth of the Davao River."

The lads gazed eagerly at the faint curl of smoke astern, but it gave them but scant encouragement, for it was only too evident that before the stranger, if it were one of the many small gunboats patrolling the islands, could hope to get within gunshot of the "Negros," the steamer would have

crossed the shallow bar of the Davao River and be safe from the pursuit of the deeper vessel.

“If we could only stop her,” Phil lamented. “Smash those rickety engines or haul fires in the boiler.”

O’Neil in answer cast a comprehensive glance at the sentries on guard on the upper deck. The evil-looking natives were squatted in plain sight, their loaded rifles held tightly in their brown fingers.

“Oh! for three good Krag rifles,” Sydney cried petulantly; “we could clear this deck and then jam the steering gear there, and by the time they could overpower us the gunboat, if it is one, would make them heave to.”

In a short time the girl and her brother joined them, and the native guards arose and moved farther away.

“It is one of your gunboats,” she announced smiling mischievously at the evident pleasure of the midshipmen; “Colonel Martinez has recognized her through his telescope. She is giving chase, but Dumaguete is now scarcely twenty-five miles ahead, so I fear there will not be a rescue.”

Phil calculated quickly. If Martinez could see the gunboat with his glass to recognize her she could not be over ten to twelve miles astern. The “Negros” best speed was ten knots, which meant two and a half hours before she could reach the river bar. He knew that several of the gunboats were good for fifteen knots. If this were one of the fast ones, which he earnestly prayed it was, in two hours and a half the gunboat would be up to the “Negros.” His face brightened as these figures awakened his hopes.

While the Americans went through the pretense of breakfast the “Negros” steamed swiftly toward the shore,

and they saw with rising hopes the white hull of a large vessel raise itself slowly out of the deep blue of the tropical sea.

Phil eyed the Filipino girl questioningly. He could tell nothing from her sphynx-like face. Would she be glad to be rescued from this band of outlaws or was she at home and safe among them? The respect shown her by the leader and his men seemed to point to the conclusion that she was of importance among her people. He knew not what were those crisp words spoken the night before to prevent the fierce onslaught of the natives, but they had calmed the storm. She had saved their lives, that much was certain; and for that, even though she was at heart in sympathy with this band of pirates, he owed her his gratitude.

His whole heart rebelled against the thought of captivity among the insurgents. He knew it would be a living death. Poorly nourished and without the necessities of life; exposed to the savage temper of a people whose spirits fluctuated more rapidly than a tropical barometer, there seemed but little to live for. Perhaps death would be happier! His thoughts dwelt upon the stories he had heard of the atrocities committed by this same Diocno upon American soldiers who had been captured. Some of them he had buried alive in an ant-hill all but their heads, with their mouths propped open and a train of sugar leading to their swollen tongues. A cold shiver ran down his spine as his imagination pictured the agony of these men as they slowly died.

“It’s the ‘Albany,’” O’Neil cried joyfully a minute later, “and do you see the bone in her teeth? She’s making nearly