

boat was lowered and sent to see what it was. It proved to be a ship's topmast and had evidently been in the water a long time as it was covered with barnacles and was greatly wormeaten and swimming about underneath were hundreds of dolphins and other fish. We tried to catch some of them but they would not bite. As the spar was worthless we did not trouble it but left it to float on till it got waterlogged and sank.

A few days after this we were soured up from our monotonous life by the exciting cry of "Land ho" from the masthead. "Where away" from deck.

"Right ahead," is the answer. As it was just visible from the masthead of course we could not see it from deck but as the ship was going about six knots in the course of an hour we caught a glimpse as the vessel rose on the swell of what seemed to be a cloud but it continued to grow larger until no one could mistake it for anything else but land and as we kept making it we could see the hills and cliffs resolving themselves into their proper shape and outline and in two or three hours we were alongside of the Island of Flores Western Islands.

Chapter II.

From Flores to Pleasant Island.

As we sailed down the coast it was beautiful to see the green hill sides with the clouds floating about their summits and dotted here and there with cottages and the rocky cliffs with the breakers thundering at their base and sending up clouds of spray high in the air. When we had run down the coast sufficiently we came to the wind and backed our topsail. Boats were starting from the shore and soon we were boarded by a motley crowd of islanders principally clothed in rags who had brought off their commodities for a trade. The only thing in the shape of fruit were fresh figs which found a ready sale. They all had what sailors call "jackan chieves." These are small chieves about the size of a saucer and about as hard as flint made of goat milk. One of them would sleep up to you. "I saw, I swore you present me one old shirt no never been wore me present you one shankass shieve." But as their liberal offers were all declined they were soon glad to negotiate for "belash" as they call hard bread. As it was now getting dark they soon disposed of what they had and started for shore.

The Capt. having gone ashore we stood off shore about half the night and then stood in again. In the morning a boat was sent ashore after the Captain in charge of the third mate who was a native of Flores. He could not see any place to land but kept pulling right for the breakers as it seemed but when we had nearly reached them a little opening in the reef made its appearance about the width of the ship through which our passage lay. Watching our chance we dashed in through it and into smooth water beyond and when we reached the beach the islanders took our boat and dragged her up high and dry. The