ROUNI) THE HORN

| Experience of T. Ely <br> the Role of M, | Handen of Boston in orrhant-sailor. <br> I.....nal. <br> b,oat and |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | that and weathered every calc -...n. |  |
| Boston, who left New Yosk os |  |  |
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| casentimal manner to nearls every |  |  |
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| 0 .elty of throwing in his lot with that of sailors in the merchant service |  |  |
| would be a novel and interesting ".. |  |  |
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| Leceane deeidedly anger. -rousing. His letece was writteu several days |  |  |
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| landing postscripts were added. Following are extracts from the epistle: By the time this reaches you it |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| you wished me bon voyaze as our ship crifted out of New York harbor. These months may have passed quick |  |  |
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| been so long since I have had any communication with the world that I am beginning to believe that there is |  |  |
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| ${ }^{\text {ship }}$ A nother ten days or so will bring |  |  |
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| us to the sheres of Manila, if we meet <br> with no accident in the meantime, and <br> it will be a glad day for this ship's |  |  |
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| company when they can once more setfoot on dry land. No one who has not |  |  |
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| liad the experience can realize what it is to be six months on a sailing ship.One hundred and five days out of |  |  |
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| without even the glimpse of a passing rail, alone on the boundless P'acitic. |  |  |
| ty-nine souls all told. (of these the captain and first mate are the only |  |  |
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| ones 1 have any intercourse with, and maturally we are sufliciently tired of each other's faces. We have become |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| so bored with each other's society |  |  |
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| ynarrel and fight. For the last month we are seldom together for half an |  |  |
| personalitics and often cuffs. These quarrels are, of course, not lasting and are made up as guickly as entered into. |  |  |
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| One day is like another-Sundays ad holidays-they are all the same. |  |  |
| days of the week is by what we have |  |  |
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| to eat. We know Monday is salt-becf ciay, Tuesday salt cudisish day, Wed- |  |  |
| nesday salt pork day, and so through the week. I come on deek in the |  |  |
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| morning at daylight before dressing, take a look around at the sea and sky |  |  |
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| for a time and after watehing the sun rise, which is a sight in these waters |  |  |
| beautiful beyond deseription. go below and take a salt bath. After this coffee |  |  |
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| is in order, after which, return to the ieck, remaining until $7: 30$, when |  |  |
| breakfast is served. The rest of the morning is spent in walking around |  |  |
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| ing at the sea and sky. At 12:30 we eat dinner, after which reading and a nap are indulged in. At $\grave{\mathrm{a}} .30$ we take supper, which is followed by walking or sitting on deck exchanging yarns and, lately, saa |  |  |
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|  | and happ manuer |  |
| rariety to this life. We have had torms and calms, hurricanes and |  |  |
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| earthquakos, tidal waves and watcrspouts and about everything else on |  |  |
| Neptune's bill of fare. A storm on ocean liners is bad enough, but on a |  |  |
|  | Postmaster General Smith closed the |  |
| ng ship, when your sail |  |  |
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|  | Grant now flew alike for those who marched with Lee und would continue |  |
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| you can't see the ship's lights in any direction and the captain's voice sounds $\operatorname{dim}$ and far away above the |  |  |
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| shrieking of the wind, then it becomes serious and you feel perfectly willing |  |  |
| to exchange places with anyone, no matter who, that is on land. The spectacle is grand at first, but after awhile you cease to appreciate the grandeur and wonder that youkeep afoat. <br> I am a pretty good sailor, and | here he took a train for $A n n$ Arbor, |  |
|  | $\frac{\text { Michigan V' ni versity to morrow. }}{\text { He Was Dilug } \mathbf{1 6} \text {. }}$ |  |
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|  |  |  |
|  | one day found his lititle son astride of one of the horses, with a slate and he exclaimed, "what are you doing? reply. "Well, why don't you write it in the library"', asked the father. low, "the teacher told me to write a The family that keens on hand and <br>  |  |
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| should, if anything went wrong, be able to bear a hand, but I admit that |  |  |
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0. D. ADDERSON \& BRO.

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