

CAPTAIN AND CONSUL.

A Stormy Scene Between Skipper Roper and Colonel Bee.

A report was published yesterday by a contemporary that Captain A. Roper of the *Anier Head* had sold his ship for a large sum of money and that his Chinese charterers had failed, by which failure Captain Roper had lost some thousands of dollars. A visit to William F. Coleman & Co. showed a reporter that the statement was without foundation in fact.

As the days roll along, Captain Roper finds himself entangled deeper and deeper in the meshes of Yankee law and technicalities, and troubles daily spring up, until the British mariner heartily wishes he were far out upon Britannia's ocean wave, where American customs officials cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Yesterday morning about 100 Chinese boarded his vessel, lying at the seawall, and took up quarters for a passage to Honolulu, for which port the *Anier Head* is destined as soon as she gets her clearance papers. To this action the Captain demurred and ordered them to leave the vessel, which they did in a very short while. Consul Bee, ever-faithful guardian of his chosen people, filed a most decided protest against this "outrageous proceeding," and there and then met his foe on the quarter-deck and—was vanquished for the nonce.

BEARDING THE LION.

At about 8 o'clock last evening a CHRONICLE reporter entered the cabin of the *Anier Head*. There sat Captain Roper, resting his weary head in the palms of his hands, and buried in thought. On his left stood a pint of milk, in front of him a box of cigarettes.

"Captain, I fear that you are in more trouble," volunteered the reporter.

"I refuse to talk. You newspaper men have dragged me through the mud long enough. I am tired." The bristly mustache threw out its hair-like porcupine quills. "I am going to keep my own counsel." This last remark was emphasized by a stroke of the fist on the table.

"Your ship was seized this morning in the name of this great nation."

"It was. I have given strict orders not to have any more bonds issued for me. I am sorry I ever gave bonds for anything I have done. I wish I had gone to jail. Ah! you people are so worked up by this blasted Chinese question, you know, you bound a man to death. Ah! but I know the Chinese better than you do. I like them."

"When do you expect to leave this port?"

"Not, sir"—his fist came down again—"not, sir, until I have fought my cases in the Courts, and if I cannot get justice here I can get it in Washington."

A SCENE WITH CONSUL BEE.

"You had some trouble with Consul Bee this morning, did you not?"

"Yes, young man. He tried to send on board 400 Chinese, first asking me if I wouldn't let them come and stay until I sailed for Honolulu, as Chinatown is so crowded they had no place to stay. He sent them down. But do you think I'm going to take that gang on board this ship: have the smallpox break out among them, and get quarantined for fifty-five days, like the *Attouner*? No, sir. Well, he got into a blind rage at this, declared that they had a right to come on board as they had engaged their passage for Honolulu, and that I had to take them. I refused. Now he swears he's going to sue me. 'All right,' says I to him; 'go and do it, Colonel. I'm a drenched man, and a few more buckets of water ain't going to hurt me.' But, sir," continued the Captain, "not one of those Chinese are going to come on board this vessel until they show me tickets for Honolulu signed by William F. Coleman & Co."

A TABOORED KINGDOM.

"Why is Colonel Bee going to cause you trouble?"

"Let me tell you. He claims that these Chinese have engaged passage from Hong-kong to Honolulu. That is false, for the laws of England and China are strict against any English vessel carrying immigrants into the Hawaiian Islands, because both these nations believe that slavery exists there. I am now under bonds of £1000 to the English Government for each passenger that I carry, and if I should take one of them into those Islands direct from any port in China or England, my vessel would be confiscated and sold, and my immense bond forfeited. No vessel is ever cleared for those Islands from China. So you see I could only agree to bring them to this port and now, when I am ready to sail for Honolulu, I will take these Chinese, but each and every one of them must have a ticket from William F. Coleman & Co.," and the fist came down once more as emphasis upon the last remark.

"How long do you expect to remain in this city, Captain?"

"Until I have fought my cases to the bitter end and until I get justice. That will take about a month. They take me for a piece of cheese, and so let them all take a nip at me, Colonel Bee and the rest. I am cautious. The British Government and the authorities at Washington will see me righted by the wiles of that old Hail McAnister," and the Captain said good-by.