KAKEMONOS: TALES OF THE FAR EAST

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Kakemonos: tales of the Far East by W. Carlton Dawe

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W. CARLTON DAWE

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ON THE BANKS OF THE MENAM

THE voyage up the Gulf of Siam had been an uneventful one, and we had no sooner cast anchor off the island of Koh-si-chang than I was all impatience to be away sight-seeing at Bangkok. But our ship being too big to go up the Menam, we perforce had to wait for the small steamer which plies between the island and the capital, unless we cared about venturing a voyage in one of the ricc-boats. This latter alternative not being to our way of thinking, we decided to await the steamer; so, the next morning after breakfast, we got out one of the ship's boats and pulled ashore in search of game. In those days there were only a couple of native huts on Koh-si-chang, the half-clothed inhabitants of which rolled out to gaze with wonder upon the white invaders. It is with surprise I hear that the king has since built a summer palace there,