

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1993 -- 2006 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this disc (CD or DVD) by any means is forbidden,
and copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this disc.

THRILLING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA
By Fred T. Fuge



Published By
God's Revivalist Press
Cincinnati, Ohio

Copyright 1936
By M. G. Standley

* * * * *

Digital Edition 10/12/09
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Foreword

- 01 -- When I Was But A Boy
- 02 -- God And Stale Water Saved Us From The Whales
- 03 -- Old Uncle R_____ And His Fiery Ghosts Of The Sea
- 04 -- Capturing The Great White Shark
- 05 -- Lights That Live And Burn In The Sea
- 06 -- The Wreck Of The Blossom
- 07 -- A Great Fight In The Deep
- 08 -- A Sailor Swallowed By A Whale
- 09 -- In The Grip Of An Octopus
- 10 -- A Wild Night At Sea
- 11 -- Scenes In A Frozen World
- 12 -- My Anticipated Trip Around Cape Horn
- 13 -- Dark Days On Board The Nancy Kate
- 14 -- A Search For Blood
- 15 -- The Greatest Female Leader Of All Time
- 16 -- A Thrilling Adventure In The Wilds Of Africa
- 17 -- Splitting America In Two Halves
- 18 -- The Light That Shines In The Dark
- 19 -- The Wonderful Man That Works Under The Sea
- 20 -- Man, The Mighty, Wins Again
- 21 -- The Bravest Men That Ever Lived
- 22 -- The Lost Prize
- 23 -- The Man Who Saved Two Hundred Lives
- 24 -- A Mother Whale Avenges Her Slain Baby
- 25 -- There Goes Leviathan
- 26 -- A Thrilling Ride On A Greenland Whale
- 27 -- Boys Who Dared On Land And Sea
- 28 -- A Brave Dog And A Wild Canadian Moose
- 29 -- The Man Who Frightened A Tiger With A Newspaper
- 30 -- Travelers To The Unknown
- 31 -- The Slumbering Brute Awakes
- 32 -- At Grips With Death
- 33 -- The Hero Of Trafalgar Meets A Polar Bear
- 34 -- Death On Wings
- 35 -- Down To The Lost Port Of Ships

* * * * *

FOREWORD

Thrilling Adventures On Land And Sea is the finest collection of remarkable stories of great adventures on sea and land, that has ever been gathered in one book. And the most wonderful thing about these stories is this -- every one is thrilling, clean and true.

And, one way to help save the boys and girls from the glamorous, attractive and pernicious literature displayed on nearly every news-stand is to put a copy of this book in their hand. The author has had a wide experience, both on land and sea; and, while a few of the stories are out of the past, they are nevertheless all re-written, and made easy to understand. A few of the pictures, I have taken from the Children's Pictorial, an English paper -- now out of print.

To every reader of Thrilling Adventures, I pass along my personal compliments. May your experiences be greater than mine, and may you live to do for others more than I can do for you.

The Author

* * * * *

01 -- WHEN I WAS BUT A BOY

My father and all his people followed the sea long before I was born, and nearly all the stories of my childhood were directly or indirectly connected with the sea.

Everybody believed in dreadful sea-serpents and charming mermaids, and many imaginary creatures that never did exist. But, as I see it now, the old sea-folk could not altogether be blamed for the strange stories they told. The giant cuttlefish lived in our waters; and this monster, shooting his eight great horns into the air for fifteen or twenty feet, and at the same time concealing his bulk beneath the surface, would forever settle the question of sea-serpents. And the beautiful sea-cow standing erect, half out of the water, and holding her calf between her front flippers while it nursed, was sufficient to impress the ancient mariner with the idea of lovely sea-women, who came out of the water to fondle and nurse their babies.

The phosphorus rolling in long scrolls of pale blue flame along the shore, and kindling night-lights on the face of the deep; St. Elmo's fire sitting on the edge of the rugged rocks, flashing through the low-lying fogs, and burning on the tallest trees and the tops of vessels' spars -- these glorious phenomena, together with the aurora borealis, which often changed the mighty ice-fields and mountains of snow into gold and crimson and many other colors, were responsible for many weird and nerve-racking superstitions found among the people on our coast.

It has always appeared to me that the sea with all its strange and wonderful creatures was the most interesting, and perhaps the most inspiring of all that earthly man may know of the great Creator's work. Wherever I have gone over the world, preaching the everlasting Gospel, I have used illustrations from the sea, and have never known such illustrations to fail in interesting people both young and old.

For the first twenty-five years of my life I lived continually either on the sea or within sound of its ceaseless moaning. I have seen the ocean rage and thunder against the rock-bound coast until it seemed as though the very mountains would have to give way before the merciless bombardment. And again I have seen it so peaceful that the tiniest shell could float on its shining, crystal surface without being disturbed. Many of the sea-folk visited our shores, and played in the waters of our bay; and through all the years of my wandering, the sea has been good to me.

As I lie here, and scribble by the dim light of the candle, I seem to hear once more the same old song that the waves sang when I was but a lad, when, with father and mother, brothers and sisters who are now in another world -- we were all together as an unbroken family. I hear in the music of the waves the same glad notes that fell upon our ears, when we paddled with bare feet, and played in the water with our big Newfoundland dog. It reminds me of the happy days of childhood, when, as light-hearted boys and girls in the old fisherman's homeland thousands of miles away, we sailed our boats, built castles in the sand, and danced with glee to the music of the rippling water.

In those glad days all nature seemed to exist alone for our enjoyment. The whale, the dolphin, the porpoise and the seal appeared to have nothing else to do, but to hold ocean carnivals, and sport in the sparkling blue for our special benefit. As a child I derived more real pleasure from watching the sooty wing of the stormy petrel, and the golden legs of the sea gull, than all the clowns and acrobats of the world could bring me now.

Every season of the year brought in its wonderful train a special and different line of sport and pastime. The Autumn with its great north gales brought thousands of sea-fowl to our coast -- from the tiny bull-bird, up to the glorious "lords and ladies" which are the ocean birds-of-paradise. All sea-fowl of every kind and color seemed to visit my island coast in the stormy days of Autumn. Thousands in their migration to warmer countries tarried only long enough to rest their tired wings, and to replenish the declining contents of their living storehouse. They were not natives of our homeland, but had come down from the north and made our coast their halfway house for recuperation and fresh supplies.

Many of these feathered guests met with bitter disappointment. It is true they reached a warmer station, but that station was the cooking-pot which hung in the "cottle" above some great fire of glowing winter logs. For much of the fisherman's meat was brought down by his gun -- if it be right to call it a gun. For the old-fashioned muzzle-loading "flash-in-the-pan" of my childhood days very often killed more with one shot than twenty or thirty present-day rifles could kill. She was a battery, a fort, an arsenal, and a magazine all in one. This old six-foot "fire-spitter" charged with six inches of powder, and thirty or forty pistol balls, never failed to make its impression.

If nothing else happened, the man who discharged it very often had his shoulder beaten black and blue with the backstock, or his fingers split open with the trigger. But this was not all -- for there often dropped from one shot of those old baby cannons as many as twenty-five large ocean ducks. The recoil or "gun kick", as it was then called, often knocked the gunner overboard, or damaged his boat. And I shall never forget the gloom that spread over our harbor, when, early one Autumn morning, news was brought that our uncle was shot. One of those old guns had exploded by accident, and cut him almost like a sieve, from his abdomen to his forehead. I was only a child then, but I well remember waiting on the beach for the body of my poor uncle to be brought in. My little heart was breaking, but I tried to console myself by singing a verse of one of the old hymns they sang in church:

"When shall I see Jesus,
And reign with Him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love."

* * * * *

02 -- GOD AND STALE WATER SAVED US FROM THE WHALES

There lately came to the city where I happened to live at the time a whale on a railway truck, or at least they advertised it as a Whale. But a small Newfoundland grampus, that would have hardly made a respectable breakfast for a real whale, came nearer hitting the mark.

The old-coast skipper, or fisherman, that had charge of the exhibition, took special delight in pointing out to visitors the little shriveled throat of the creature, then holding up to mocking ridicule the Bible story of Jonah and the Whale. Swelling out his chest and flooding the cuspidor with tobacco juice, he would, snarlingly remark, "There never was a whale that could swallow a man." Said I to myself, "One thing is certain, no whale would ever swallow you, for your tobacco-soaked carcass would make the grand old ocean monster sick long before you got inside his teeth."

When I was a boy, my father fished for a living on the coast of Newfoundland, and from the time that I was stout enough to crawl into calico breeches, and handle a pair of paddles, and cast a fishing-line, my place was in the hinder part of his fishing boat like an indispensable tail. The picture represents just one scene out of that strange and dangerous field of occupation.

The morning was fair, the sea calm, not a ripple to disturb the beautiful, silvery surface that stretched farther than the eye could see. It was one of those heaven-like days when God's blessed peace seemed to settle upon the face of the deep, changing it into a typical river of life, or a sea of glass mingled with fire.

Occasionally a submarine monster would push its dark head through the shining surface, and immediately disappear again. But, to our astonishment, three whales, evidently father, mother and child, came up from the regions below, and lay upon the face of the waters. We had seldom known whales to act this way, but these I suppose were after food, or taking a bath in the bright, warm, summer sun. We might have enjoyed watching them had they been steering a different course. But, lo, they were coming straight for our boat! This was unusual, and we could not understand its meaning.

My father was quite reconciled and seemed to regard it as one of the special privileges that came into the fisherman's life. For at that time there were no whale factories on our coast; therefore, to get an opportunity of viewing the royal family of the sea at close range was indeed an exceptional privilege. I frankly confess that I was a coward, and could not braggart it through like my brother, but gave way to fear and great excitement. My father bade me be quiet and not be alarmed at the approaching giants, for he was prepared to settle with them when they were near enough to the boat. His words would have sounded like mockery had I not had great faith in him. He had brought me through many a storm. Often when the wild wind roared and the angry waves dashed over our tiny boat, he would wrap me in his old oil-skin coat, and push me into the "fore-cuddy", then sing for my encouragement one of his old sea rhymes, such as:

"Poor sailors are born for hard weather--
Great guns that blow high or blow low;
Our duty keeps us to the tiller,
Where the gale drives we must go."

And at other times when circumstances were favorable, and fish more plentiful, he would sing:

"Sometimes a-loft, more times on deck,
Some ether times below--
When the thought of Polly rolled in my mind,
And the stormy winds did blew."

Dear old Dad is gone now. He has made his last voyage, and I trust that he has cast anchor in that blessed Port where there are no more storms, no more whales, no more oil-skin jackets, and where little kiddies, like I was then, are never more afraid. The story of those far-off days seems to me now like some half-forgotten dream.

The whales were drawing nearer and my big brother was fast losing his braggart courage. Only that he feared the fate of Jonah he might have jumped into the sea, so terrified was he at the sight of the approaching monsters. I was overcome, and my heart was beating like a little steam-pump. Yet I had faith that father would deliver us, but by what means such a wonderful piece of work could be

done, I knew not. Childlike, and knowing nothing else to do, I threw myself upon his word and hugged up close to him, then waited for the deliverance which seemed so long in coming. Thank God it came! When the whales were so close that we could see their eyes and their awful mouths, father, quite unconcerned, took the water pail and dipped some sour water that had lain in the boat all night. This he scattered over them, and the scent of the foul water was more effective than dynamite. They instantly sank as though they were charged with lead and we saw them no more until they came up to breathe about half a mile away.

So you will readily understand that if whales have such a keen scent, and are so easily offended at bad odors, the old tobacco-soaked skipper of the whaling railway truck need have no fear of being swallowed if the ocean were filled with whales. No creature on land or in the sea would care to breakfast on such a polluted chunk of meat.

Any one of the whales that wanted to be friendly with us that morning on the coast of Newfoundland could have easily accommodated all three of us in one corner of its great mouth, and three or four more may have been taken in without crowding.

Dr. Hunter, who, with other scientists, dissected a sperm whale, has this to say about him: "His spinal column may well be compared to the trunk of a great tree, into his main artery a full grown man may go with ease. His great heart like a powerful engine throws twelve or fifteen gallons of blood at every throb. His mouth large enough to take in a boat and all of its crew. A dozen men could lie on his tongue without crowding each other. His tail measuring one hundred square feet, with sufficient power to smash the stoutest boat with a single stroke." This great brute one hundred feet long, seventy-five feet around and weighing more than five large elephants, could surely swallow a scrap of meat weighing 150 pounds.

Better still, if conditions were convenient, a man could put his hands in his pockets and walk down without scraping the roof of his mouth. When alarmed or wounded, this mighty creature has been known to leap fifteen or twenty feet in the air, then to plunge as far as 5,000 feet into the ocean.

* * * * *

03 -- OLD UNCLE R_____ AND HIS FIERY GHOSTS OF THE SEA

Up until I was ten years old life was very much of a routine -- eating, sleeping, crying, playing, kicking my toes against the rocks, clinging fast to mother's skirts, or romping in the water with a Newfoundland dog. But after I turned ten, things radically changed. There was plenty of crying, but little play; oceans of water, but limited time to frolic with my dog.

My station in life was the afterpart of father's fishing boat, like an indispensable tail I had always to be there. What a wretched life it was! Often I wished the fish to Jericho, the boat to fiddler's green, and myself anywhere else in the great world but fast to a fishing line. I did not understand that our living depended entirely upon the fish, but father knew that unless he worked hard during July, August, and September, there would be no bread for the other nine months of the year.

Early and late we had to be at it, often not getting more than two hours sleep out of the twenty-four. About two in the morning the stentorian call, "Turn out, boys," would ring through our lowland cottage; then a hurried getting into our breeches, a sea-gull's breakfast (that is swallowed without chewing) and we were headed for the fishing-ground. And while the grey dawn streaking the eastern sky, and the fog belting the landscape, presented most magnificent pictures, they had no attraction for me. The former might interest a lad who had plenty of money, and nothing to do but cruise around, see sights, paint pictures and eat good food. But for a hungry little chap like me turned out of his bed at two o'clock in the morning, and compelled to stay cramped up in the cockpit of a fishing smack, shivering in cold, damp breeches, the smoke of the cabin fires was much preferable; for it represented home and mother, a dry shirt and warm cornmeal porridge covered all over with East Indian molasses.

As boys, it was a high day for us when we awoke and found the northeast gale thundering against the coast, and the white waves rolling mountain high-rendering it impossible for the most gallant smack to put her nose outside of the quiet harbor.

The day that we could not get to the fishing-ground meant off to the woods. This we enjoyed much better. A number of us boys would secure a big cooking-pot, salt herring and potatoes, or cabbage and turnips; a chunk of fresh pork, or a well-cured sea-fowl, and away we would go.

There was not much wood-cutting done, however, until the feast was over. Generally two of the larger boys were drafted off to prepare the feast. When all was ready the party gathered under the shade of some friendly tree, and the most enjoyable time followed. The blue jays as tame as domestic fowls flocked around and feasted upon the scraps. We certainly enjoyed the contents of the pot, but our mothers did not always enjoy the wood. Often the bundles were small and the quality very inferior.

In those days there was no school anywhere near our village; and, had there been, many of us would not have been allowed to attend. Fish for our stomachs and wood for our fires were reckoned to be a great deal more important than slates and books.

Autumn and winter evenings had their own peculiar enjoyments and attractions. Well do I remember the old fishermen gathering at our home and spinning the most weird yarns. Old Uncle R_____ could generally outdo all the rest. His yarns were usually different in that they represented greater adventures, and were of a more daring nature. He would tell of being on the fishing-grounds at night when a mysterious ship all on fire -- sails of fire, ropes and masts of fire, men of fire -- just a monstrous ship of flame -- would come in from the north, sail around his smack, force him from his anchorage and compel him to flee for his life. And only by the most courageous maneuvering he would escape from this fiery ghost of the sea. Again, he would relate in the most solemn way how, on some lonely country road in the hour of midnight, he had been held up. by a funeral procession all clad in funeral attire and slowly bearing some unknown person to the grave.

There seemed to be no end to the stories of this kind which we were told, and listened to with rapt attention around our winter fireside. It is a wonder to me that such unspeakable liars had not followed Ananias and Sapphira long before they did, but they seemed to live on, never exhausting their stock in trade. And we children, after listening for hours to such weird and nerve-shocking stories, would go to our little beds and dream of sea-serpents, goblins, and devils. Only the mercy of an All-loving God prevented us from going mad; some of us did occasionally take fits.

There were plenty of truthful and interesting stories that might have been told. The graves and caves of the Red Indians, the mighty caribou, the black and grizzly bears, the wolf, and how it pursued the deer until exhausted, and then jumped on his back and rode him to death -- these were real facts, and might have been talked about to some advantage. The grampus, the humpback whale, the dolphin, the swordfish, the thrasher, the man-eating shark and the seal -- these strange and ever interesting tribes of the sea abounded in our waters and might have easily formed exhaustless topics for profitable conversation. But, no, it was the mysterious, the ghostly, the weird, the lie, that were invariably woven into those old fireside tales.

* * * * *

04 -- CAPTURING THE GREAT WHITE SHARK

One night in the Northern Sea our ship was becalmed; a dense, low fog covered the face of the deep. There was not a breath of wind to stir our sails; we were left helplessly to the mercy of the currents. The starboard watch had retired below for their usual four hours' rest, while my pal and I of the port watch lay around on the main deck, spinning yarns and telling tales of other days.

Suddenly we were aroused by the sound as of some great ocean steamer bearing down upon us. Knowing that our ship was entirely helpless and unable to move, we hurried to take every precaution to ward off the dreadful impact. We hung

lanterns in the rigging, in the hope that the "lookout" man on the approaching monster might see our lights and change his course. Meanwhile the dreadful rushing of the water, and splashing of the waves, drew nearer and nearer; every moment we expected some gigantic bulk to rush out of the darkness and send our ship, with all on board, to Davy Jones' locker. We decided not to call the sleeping watch, but allow them to rest on, and if the worst happened they would go down into the cold, dark ocean with less dread and torture than we.

Our thoughts flew like lightning as we waited almost breathlessly for the moment that we expected to be our last. Presently, the terrible noise was all around us. On every side the waters roared and boiled as though agitated by the onward rush of some mighty, oceanic army -- that is what it really was. A large school of sharks, probably on murder bent, was coming in from the northeast at the rate of several knots an hour. We were disgusted at the thought of such lowbred scavengers coming to disturb our peace, and interfere with our interesting yarns. So with a few rounded remarks, we retired to the main hatch to smoke our pipes and complete the tale so rudely interrupted.

The shark is the tyrant of the deep. There is no creature in all the ocean more dreaded by man or fish than this heartless brute in which there appears to be not a single redeeming feature.

In my boyhood days, I saw scores of them taken out of my father's seal nets and pulled up on the beach. No one cared anything for them; not even the dogs, until forced by starvation, would touch their contemptible carcasses. I have never heard of anyone who had pity on a shark. The most poisonous snakes, and the most ferocious beasts of the forest, are pet lambs when compared with these merciless murderers of the deep.

The enormous white shark, sometimes 30 feet long, weighing ten thousand pounds or more, is the outlaw, the bandit, of the ocean world. He is ferocious, impetuous and insatiable. He is armed with 200 sharp and frightful teeth over which he has perfect control. In an adult shark there may be six rows of teeth, and when it suits his purpose he can throw them all flat in his terrible mouth, or make them stand on end. He can operate each row independently of the others. If one row of teeth is insufficient to tear its prey into pieces, the shark has a whole arsenal at his command. His dreadful eyes can see farther than the eyes of any other creature in the sea, but it is upon the sense of smell that he largely depends. He has great speed, and when in pursuit of his prey can outrace the swiftest eagle on thee wing. A good authority states that a shark will leave any fish in the sea to catch and devour a human body; he loves human flesh and it has been repeatedly noticed that where black, yellow and white people were struggling in the sea together, this tyrant of the deep would leave the black and yellow until all the whites were finished. He has been known even to leap into a boat to seize and devour the frightened fishermen.

I have seen him many times cleaving the water in the wake of our ship at full speed, watching and waiting to snap up any who may be so unfortunate as to lose their balance and fall over the side. In the dark days, when slave ships traded between Africa and America and other parts of the world, the shark was seldom absent from their track, but ever ready to devour the body of the wretched slave as soon as it touched the water. English and American traders may have fed sharks with African Negroes, but God will not forget. A million voices ascend from the sea, of innocent babes and broken-hearted mothers, fathers, sons and husbands, torn from their humble hovels of mud and given to the lash of the human brute or at his pleasure thrown into the deep to feed sharks.

One writer states that while the body of a slave was hanging from the yard-arm of a ship, twenty feet above the level of the sea, a shark was seen to jump out of the water and make desperate efforts to catch it; finally he succeeded in tearing it limb from limb, while the ship's crew stood on the deck and watched the terrible spectacle. Many times I have heard the fishermen and sailors tell of their hairbreadth escapes from the jaws of the shark. On one occasion my father came near losing his life in this way. Through an accident he was thrown into the sea. A shark scented or sighted him, and although he was a strong swimmer he did not reach the shore a moment too soon, for the monster was close to his heels.

Despite the fact that this horrible creature is so desperate in his work of destruction and death, and possesses not a single redeeming quality, he is, nevertheless, in some parts of the world worshipped as a god, and the royal road to heaven is believed to be by way of his awful gullet.

* * * * *

05 -- LIGHTS THAT LIVE AND BURN IN THE SEA

Lightning is a child of the air. Helium gas was first discovered in the spectrum analysis of the sun. Gold, diamonds and precious stones are the product of the earth, but coral, pearl and amber belong to the sea.

Coral has never been found anywhere but in the sea, and every atom of it is simply the skeleton-covering of what was once a living creature; a miniature savior, which labored, and loved, and wooed, and perished. They laid down their tiny lives to beautify the mansions of the deep, and to cast up highways for the convenience of future travelers. For every inch of Mr. Flagler's Railway, from the coast of Florida to Keywest, is built on coral-reef.

The Bible gives us to understand that the great basins wherein the waters of the ocean are contained are the storehouses of the Almighty. David said, "He layeth up the deep in storehouses." Scholars have informed us that Jupiter is in the act of throwing off a new moon -- as did our earth millions of years ago. "Our moon," they say, "was rolled out of the great basin that now holds the Pacific Ocean." This is

"moonshine" sure enough, but it gives us some idea of what men will say when endeavoring to account for Creation without a Creator.

In this great oceanic storehouse of God, many treasures are safely locked away, and the secrets which are given out are few and far between. Sometimes, after great gales, specimens of ocean treasures are flung upon the strand, or cast adrift upon the surface. But apart from that, brought to light in this way, man knows but little of the wealth and wonder of the mighty deep.

We may stand upon the deck of some ocean-going steamer, or on a bluff overlooking some phosphorescent sea, and enquire for the whereabouts of the powerful machinery that at night turns almost every ocean into a sea of shining light, and charges many animals, both small and great, with a strange and wonderful fire that spontaneously flashes forth in wave on wave of pale, blue flame -- until, in some cases, the moon and the stars are outshone by the marvelous night-lights of the deep.

In what corner of His great storehouse has God located this mighty dynamo? We enquire in vain -- "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying deep, there comes no answer."

In ancient days, men believed that the sea gave out by night, in shining light, the heat of the sun that it had absorbed by day. Others said that the lights of the deep were the magnificent reflection of the starry firmament above. And still others declared that it was caused by friction generated between the sea and the air as the earth rotated. But, in the lights of the sea, God hath shown His excellence and power above all the works of man -- in that He has taken what appears to be useless and insignificant, and converted it into mighty agencies for good.

The little jellyfish, with no backbone, and scarcely a sensitive organism; and so small that in many cases it cannot be seen by the naked eye. These tiny creatures light up the ocean-world and furnish Father Neptune's playground with the most wonderful display of heatless fireworks ever known. Never since the mystic Captain Jason, with his fifty Argonauts, dashed across Oceanus in search of the "golden fleece" has man witnessed a more marvelous manifestation of beauty than the phosphorus of the sea.

I have seen St. Elmo's fire, which the ancients attributed to Castor and Pollux; I have looked in amazement on the aurora borealis; but never have I witnessed such a scene of illuminating and wondrous beauty as that which followed in the wake of our ship when crossing the Equator in 1921.

Not only is this wonderful light on the surface, but far down in the deep it illuminates the dark caves of the sea-folk, and changes the hermit crab into a moving lighthouse, as he hobbles across the ocean-floor.

The glowworm, the firefly and the luminous beetle may be a part of God's great natural lighting machine on dry land. But in the great natural lighting machine He hath planted the most wonderful of all His living lights. There, light shines free from the monopoly or the interference of man. All the scientists of the world have never been able to harness it, or to tell us what it is. And some of us are content to believe that it is one of the treasures that God holds in His storehouse, to be used for the benefit and pleasure of His people in the glorious age to come.

The ancients believed and taught that Neptune, the god of the waters, who rode the waves in a magnificent chariot made of seashells, and drawn by the wild horses of foam, made his home far down in the deep. There the water King lived in a palace of wondrous beauty, in whose lofty and spacious halls thousands of the aristocracy of the sea would gather. The outside of the palace was of the brightest gold, which the continual wash of the waters preserved untarnished. Lofty and graceful columns supported the gleaming dome, and everywhere fountains of sparkling, silvery waters played over groves and arbors of feathery-leaved plants, and rocks of crystal that glistened with all the colors of the rainbow. The walks to this wonderful subterranean mansion were strewn with sparkling sand, interspersed with jewels, pearl, and amber. It was surrounded on all sides by wide fields and groves of dark, purple crystalline; with scarlet, pink and crimson flowers of the sea. And, to add further to the glory of this abode of wealth and beauty, it was illuminated by millions of tiny creatures, that supplied the palace of Father Neptune with their many-tinted lights.

If we set to one side the imaginary god and his chariot of seashells, the balance of the picture is not overdrawn. For nowhere on the face of the earth can there be found architecture to exceed the temples of coral, whose foundations are in the deep. Around these hidden palaces of submarine glory, there are trees of perennial foliage, paradises of exquisite beauty, and flowers that never fade.

Far down in the ocean world there are mountain ranges, and coral-capped peaks that are teeming with living forms of wondrous beauty -- floating, flashing, sparkling, gleaming constellations, glittering meteors, and comets with enormous tails of light; single stars, and clusters of living lamps flashing in all directions; and this wonderful exhibition of ocean fireworks is maintained by the children of the deep, altogether independent of man.

A thousand different tribes of every shape, size and color, live their strange life in the deep, dark waters of the ocean world. Many of these are well supplied with living lights, by means of which they secure their food, fight their battles, and find their way through their dark abode of night.

* * * * *

It was a dreadful Autumn night, the sky black and threatening, and the mournful howling of the tempest sent terror to the bravest hearts. There was no moon or stars to cheer the way, and on the crest of every billow -- death seemed to stand with ready and waiting shroud.

The "Blossom," a small fishing-schooner owned by the skipper and his brothers, was returning from the Labrador fishery with a fairly prosperous "catch". For about three months the men had been away from their homes and loved ones. They had braved the storms of the rugged north, where many a fisherman had struggled, suffered and died, and made his last, long bed in the cold and treacherous ocean; where the only committal service was the lash of the raging tempest, and the only funeral march the howling of the midnight storm.

On the night in question, the angry winds had lashed the sea into uncontrollable madness. The great waves rolled up and burst in all their fury upon the little "Blossom," until she could no longer meet the awful charge. And the skipper, realizing the seriousness of the situation, ordered his men to lash themselves to the mast, and in turn lashed himself in the same manner; then quietly and calmly awaited the end -- the sad and closing scene in the lives of thousands that toil on the stormy sea.

The wind whistled and shrieked through the torn canvas, and drummed on the bending spar, like the mournful clanging of a funeral bell, while on to their graves in the deep, those living seamen drifted. But hath not our Heavenly Father promised to go with His children through the waters, and prevent the waves from swallowing them? This He did that night on board the "Blossom". Far up in the rigging, lashed to a single rope, and with the white shroud of death unrolled at his feet, the skipper was singing clear and loud:

"Dark in the night, and cold the winds are blowing,
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave,
Safe will He lead me through the pathless water,
Jesus the Mighty One, and strong to save.

"With His loving hand to guide,
Let the clouds above me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around;
I can brave the wildest storm--
With His glory in my soul,
I can sing amid the tempest,
'Praise the Lord'."

The ship swept on toward the awful reef, and soon the screams and cries of dying seamen mingled with the sad moaning of the storm; but still the skipper's song was heard:

**"Dark is the night, but, lo, the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Here at the helm, I see my Father standing--
Soon will my anchor drop within the veil."**

Suddenly the "Blossom" struck the reef, and all was over! One man was thrown by the sea far up onto the great cliff, and his life was spared. But all the rest passed into eternity. Their bodies were never recovered, but beaten to atoms on the awful rocks, or devoured by the hungry monsters of the deep.

While the call of the deep has been the call of death to thousands, to thousands more it is the call of life, the call of adventure, the call of fame and world-renown. There are men whom no money could pay to stay on shore. They spend their lives on the mighty deep, and prefer to be wrapped in a winding sheet, and buried in the cold, dark depths.

There was a man in a certain city where I was staying, who planned to go abroad, but. I was told that he had ordered a lead coffin to go with him, and had given strict orders that, if he died at sea, his body was to be sealed up and sent to his relatives on shore.

But burial in the beautiful sea is surely much more humane than to be burned to ashes. I have witnessed many funerals at sea. But what I think was the saddest of all was in 1910, while crossing the Equator. Two or three people died on that voyage. The first being a Jewish man, there was but little ceremony connected with the funeral. He was buried at the breaking of the dawn. I watched from the quarter-deck as he was dropped into the sea. The body was sewed up in canvas, with round shot or pieces of lead at the feet. I had always heard it said by seamen that when a man was buried in the ocean, no matter how great the weight connected to him, the body would arise the second time and face to the ship, then disappear forever. But there is no truth whatever in the statement; if the weights are heavy enough, the body sinks immediately into the deep.

The day following the death and burial of the Jew, a woman died of gastric fever. She passed away about noon, and was buried at five o'clock in the evening. It was really sad. Her husband and daughter were on board, and both almost collapsed at the time of the funeral. The great ship stopped, the bell tolled, and six sturdy seamen brought the body to the "afterwell" deck. The gangway was opened, and the corpse, covered with the "Union Jack," was laid with its feet toward the sea. It was a very solemn time. A Congregational minister read from the sailors' burial-"We therefore commit this body to the sea." The plank was raised, and the corpse slid out from in under the flag to its cold and lonesome grave in the mighty deep. Every eye was riveted on the gangway, and every ear listened for the splash in the water-then a score of voices joined in singing:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,

The darkness deepens -- Lord, with me abide!"

To landsmen, such scenes as the above may cause the sea to appear objectionable, but death and burial are solemn anywhere. The sea can hold the bodies of our loved ones in its cold embrace no longer than the grave on dry land.

*** * * * ***

07 -- A GREAT FIGHT IN THE DEEP

I have had a walrus hunt and a most exciting day's sport. Much ice has broken adrift and come down the Sound during the last few days; and when the sun is out bright and hot, the walrus comes up out of the water to sleep and bask in its warmth. From the hilltop this morning my ear caught the hoarse bellowing of the great herd. I observed that the tide was carrying the whole pack across the outer limits of the Bay. And every sheet or separate block of ice seemed to be covered with the great beasts of the sea.

The pack on which they were floating was about two miles off. There the great, huge, wallowing sea hogs were enjoying themselves with apparently no thought of danger. Their tough and nearly hairless hides perhaps more than one inch thick looked like heavy defense armor plates, while their powerful fighting tusks had all the appearance of weapons of war, weapons that would soon finish the battle if they happened to get inside the planks of our boat or inside our human ribs. Great, thick-skinned brutes, with broad, flat noses covered with stiff, coarse whiskers that looked like porcupine quills. Out from between these bristle, wire-like whiskers protruded dreadful, gaping nostrils that seemed to scent everything that could be scented.

There were two old bulls in the herd who appeared to be dividing their time between sleeping and jamming their tusks into each other's faces, although they appeared to treat the matter with perfect indifference, as they did not seem to make any impression on each other's thick hides. As we approached these old fellows--neither of which could have been less than sixteen feet long, nor smaller in girth than a hogshead -- they raised up their heads, and after taking a leisurely survey of us, seemed to think us unworthy of further notice; and then punching each other again in the face, fell once more asleep. This was exhibiting a degree of coolness rather alarming. If they had showed the least timidity, we would have found some excitement in extra caution; but they seemed to make so light of our approach that it was not easy to keep up the bold front with which we had commenced the adventure.

Besides the old bulls, the group contained several cows and a few calves of various sizes -- some evidently yearlings, others but recently born, and others half or three-quarters grown. Some were without tusks, while on others they were just sprouting; and above this there were all sizes up to those of the big bulls, which

had great curved cones of ivory, nearly three feet long. At length we were within a few boat lengths of the ice-raft, and the game had not taken alarm. They had probably never seen a boat before. Preparations were made as we approached. The walrus will always sink when dead, unless held up by a harpoon-line; and there were but two chances for us to secure our game either to shoot the beast dead on the raft, or to get a harpoon well into him after he was wounded, and hold onto him, until he was killed,

To Miller, a cool and spirited fellow, who had been after whales on the "nor-west coast," was given the harpoon. He took his station at the bows; while Knott, Jensen and myself kept our faces in the stern-sheets, and held our rifles in readiness. Each selected his animal and we fired in concert over the heads of the oarsmen.

As soon as the rifles were discharged, I ordered the men to give way, and the boat shot right among the startled animals as they rolled pell-mell into the sea, Jensen had fired at the head of one of the bulls and hit him in the neck; Knorr killed a young one, which was pushed off in the hasty scramble, and sank; while I planted my ball somewhere in the head of the other bull and drew from him a most frightful bellow -- louder, I venture to say, than ever came from a wild bull of Bashan. When he rolled over into the water, which he did with a splash that sent the spray flying all over us, he almost touched the bows of the boat and gave Miller a good opportunity to get in his harpoon, which he did in capital style.

The alarmed herd seemed to make straight for the bottom, and the line spun out over the gunwale at a fearful pace. In a few minutes the whole herd appeared at the surface again about fifty yards away from us. The beast with the harpoon in him was among them. Miller held fast to his line, and soon there was a scene which baffles all description. They uttered one wild, concerted shriek, as if an agonized call for help; and then the air was filled with answering shrieks. The "huk! huk! huk!" of the wounded bulls seemed to find an echo everywhere, as the cry was taken up and passed along from floe to floe, like the bugle-blast passed from squadron to squadron along a line of battle; and down from every piece of ice plunged the startled beasts, as quickly as the sailor drops from his hammock when the long-roll beats to quarters. With their ugly mouths just above the water, and with mouths wide open, belching forth the dismal "huk! huk! huk!" they came tearing toward the boat.

In a few moments we were completely surrounded, and the numbers kept multiplying with astonishing rapidity. The water soon became alive and black with them.

They seemed at first to be frightened and irresolute, and for a time it did not seem that they meditated mischief; but this pleasing prospect was soon dissipated, and we were forced to look well to our safety.

That they meditated an attack there could no longer be a doubt. To escape the onslaught was impossible. We had raised a hornets' nest about our ears in a most astonishingly short space of time, and we must do the best we could. Even the wounded animal, to which we were fast, turned upon us, and we became the focus of at least a thousand gaping, bellowing mouths.

It seemed to be the purpose of the walrus to get their tusks over the gunwale of the boat, and it was evident that, in the event of one such monster hooking onto us, the boat would be torn to pieces and we would be left floating in the sea helpless. Miller plied his lance from the bows, and gave many a serious wound, while Knorr, Jensen and myself loaded and fired our rifles as rapidly as we could. Several times we were in great jeopardy, but the timely thrust of an oar, or the lance, or a bullet saved us. Once I thought we were surely gone. I had fired and was hastening to load; a wicked-looking brute was making at us, and it seemed probable that he would be upon us. I stopped loading and was preparing to cram my rifle down his throat when Knorr, who had got ready his weapon, sent a fatal shot into his head. Again, an immense animal, the largest that I had ever seen and with tusks apparently three feet long, was observed to be making his way through the herd, with mouth wide open, bellowing dreadfully. I was now, as before, busy loading; Knorr and Jensen had just discharged their pieces, and the men were well engaged with their oars. It was a critical moment, but, happily, I was in time. The monster, his head high above the boat, was within two feet of the gunwale, and then I raised my piece and fired into his mouth and killed him.

* * * * *

08 -- A SAILOR SWALLOWED BY A WHALE

I have taken the following story from the well known book, "Can A Young Man Trust His Bible?" by Mr. Arthur Cook, Missionary to Iceland. The whole account has been sifted carefully by M. de Parville, editor of the famous "Journal des Debats," whose name and reputation as a scientist are a sufficient answer to those who call the story of Jonah into question from a scientific standpoint. The detailed report is as follows:

"Last February (1891) the whaling ship, 'Star of the East,' was in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands searching for whales, which were very scarce. One morning the lookout sighted a whale about three miles away on the starboard quarter. Two boats were manned. In a short time one of the boats was near enough to enable the harpooner to send a spear into the whale, which proved to be an exceedingly large one. With the shaft in his side the animal sounded and then sped away, dragging the boat after him with terrible speed. He swam straight away about five miles, when he turned and came back almost directly towards the spot where he had been harpooned. The second boat waited for him, and when but a short distance away from it he rose to the surface. As soon as his back showed above the surface of the water, the harpooner in the second boat drove another spear into him. The pain

apparently crazed the whale, for it thrashed about fearfully, and it was feared that the boats would be swamped and the crews drowned. Finally the whale swam away, dragging the two boats after him. He went about three miles and sounded or sank, and his whereabouts could not be exactly told. The lines attached to the harpoons were slack, and the harpooners began slowly to draw them in and coil them in the tubs. As soon as they were tautened, the whale arose to the surface and beat about with its tail in the maddest fashion. The boats attempted to get beyond the reach of the animal, which was apparently in its death agonies, and one of them succeeded, but the other was less fortunate. The whale struck it with his nose and upset it. The men were thrown into the water, and before the crew of the other boat could pick them up one man had drowned, and James Bartley had disappeared. When the whale became quiet from exhaustion the waters were searched for Bartley, but he could not be found; and, under the impression that he had been struck by the whale's tail and sunk to the bottom, the survivors rowed back to the ship.

"The whale was dead, and in a few hours the great body was lying by the ship's side, and the men were busy with axes and spades cutting through the flesh to secure the fat. They worked all day and part of the night. They resumed operations the next forenoon, and were soon down to the stomach, which was to be hoisted to the deck. The workmen were startled while laboring to clear it and to fasten the chain about it to discover something doubled up in it that gave spasmodic signs of life. The vast pouch was hoisted to the deck and cut open, and inside was found the missing sailor, doubled up and unconscious. He was laid out on deck and treated to a bath of sea water, which soon revived him; but his mind was not clear, and he was placed in the captain's quarters, where he remained two weeks a raving lunatic. He was carefully treated by the captain and officers of the ship, and he finally began to get possession of his senses. At the end of the third week he had entirely recovered from the shock, and resumed his duties.

"During the brief sojourn in the whale's belly, Bartley's skin, where it was exposed to the action of the gastric juices, underwent a striking change. His face and hands were bleached to a deathly whiteness, and the skin was wrinkled, giving the man the appearance of having been parboiled. Bartley affirms that he would probably have lived in his house of flesh until he starved, for he lost his senses through fright, and not from lack of air. He says that he remembers the sensation of being lifted into the air by the nose of the whale and of dropping into the water. Then there was a frightful rushing sound, which he believed to be the beating of the water by a whale's tail, then he was encompassed by a fearful darkness, and he felt himself slipping along a smooth passage of some sort that seemed to move and carry him forward. This sensation lasted but an instant, then he felt that he had more room. He felt about him, and with his hands came in contact with a yielding, slimy substance that seemed to shrink from his touch. It finally dawned upon him that he had been swallowed by the whale, and he was overcome by horror at the situation. He could breathe easily, but the heat was terrible. It was not of a scorching, stifling nature, but it seemed to open the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality. He became very weak, and grew sick at the stomach. He knew that there

was no hope of escape from his strange prison. Death stared him in the face, and he tried to look at it bravely; but the awful quiet, the fearful darkness, the horrible knowledge of his environment, and the terrible heat finally overcame him, and he must have fainted, for the next he remembered was being in the captain's cabin.

"Bartley is not a man of timid nature, but he says it was many weeks before he could pass a night without having his sleep disturbed with harrowing dreams of angry whales and the horrors of his fearful prison. The skin on the face and hands of Bartley has never recovered its natural appearance. It is yellow and wrinkled, and looks like old parchment. The health of the man does not seem to have been affected by his terrible experience. He is in splendid spirits, and apparently fully enjoys all the blessings of life that come his way. The whaling captains say that they never remember a parallel case to this before. They say that it frequently happens that men are swallowed by whales who become infuriated by the pain of the harpoon and attack the boats, but they have never known a man to go through the ordeal that Bartley did and come out alive."

* * * * *

09 -- IN THE GRIP OF AN OCTOPUS

Sponge fishers were working on the coast of Florida. The morning was clear, and the sea calm, and with the water-glass, the bottom of the ocean twenty 120 feet below could be clearly seen. It was covered with long, waving weeds, among which vicious creatures of the sea might be hiding and waiting for their prey.

Some sponges were seen, and the men prepared to dive and bring them up. Patterson, the oldest diver on board, was the first to go. He took a fine header and within a few seconds was down to the bottom. Nearly a minute passed, and Patterson did not appear. We all knew that something had happened, but just what we could not tell. Perhaps a great, man-eating shark had gotten him, or he might be entangled in the weeds, or jammed between the rocks. At any rate the time for him to come to the surface had passed, and there was no sign of him. We knew that our old sea pal had gone; and who the next would be, we could not tell.

Not one on board had any faith in God, all were desperate sinners. Every face was solemn. Old Patterson had gone, and some other one of us had to go down in the dangerous water (for the sponge business had to be carried on). We drank brandy to get our courage up; "Dutch Courage" we called it, but it was Devil courage. Presently the captain said: "Jack Field, it is your turn next." He gave me a long, sharp knife; with this I might butcher a shark, or cut old Patterson's body free from the seaweed.

I had barely reached the bottom, when I felt something whip across my shoulder, and around my naked waist, and around my legs. My body burned like fire and I felt I was being dragged into hell by some burning fiend. I was a wicked man,

but in my heart I begged God to deliver me. In a second I thought of my knife. My left arm was bound, as was my neck and waist, by the burning arms of a mighty octopus, but my right hand was free. Seconds seemed hours. I glanced down, and there was poor old Patterson, dead and cold, with the fiery arms of the devil-fish around him. Now, with its other arm it was dragging me to the same dreadful fate. How awful were those seconds, none can ever tell. The monster was hugging me up nearer to its parrot-like beak, but with my knife I began to cut, one after another. I severed those burning fetters that bound me, and escaped to the surface with only sufficient life in my body to be rescued.

Thank God, I escaped a dreadful death that day on the bottom of the Florida sea. Soon after I was saved from sin, and escaped the clutches of the devil. Just think what it would be like to be encircled with the dreadful arms of that mighty octopus, and every arm filled with scores of burning suckers, that gripped your body like a vice.

But here is another way to deal with the octopus. Diver Smith went down to work where the octopus lived. He carried with him a keg filled with gunpowder, and an electric wire leading into it from the surface. When the octopus came for him, Smith threw the keg of powder; the octopus thinking it good to eat, hugged it, then Smith hurried to the surface, touched the switch, exploded the powder, and blew the octopus to bits.

The octopus is one of the most wonderful of all the works of God. It has a head furnished with perfect organs of respiration. It possesses the faculties of sight, hearing and smelling. Its jaws are like the bill of a parrot. But what is more remarkable, its circulation is carried on by three distinct hearts. It is the triple-hearted giant of the deep, and on earth there is nothing with it to compare. Its mouth is surrounded by eight long, fleshy arms, capable of bending in every possible direction. The under surfaces of these strong arms are furnished with numerous suckers, by means of which they can fix themselves to anything they choose to lay hold of. With these arms they can walk, swim, or anchor themselves safely to the rock in times of storm and tempest. With their powerful jaws they crush lobsters, crabs, shells, fish and men. They easily capture and devour creatures much larger than themselves. Their eyes are large and prominent, carrying in them an aspect of ferocity that strikes terror into every other animal.

* * * * *

10 -- A WILD NIGHT AT SEA

It was a wild night in November, and we were rounding Cape St. Jack. To the windward as far as our eyes could see the ocean seemed to be on fire, while close under our lee, the mighty billows rolled and burst in mad fury, perhaps a hundred feet or more up the ragged sides of the old Cape, and it looked as though the crack of a single rope would have meant the death of every man on board. Shivering with

cold, and often buried with the waves, I clung to the wheel, endeavoring to keep the vessel along her course. For just under our lee there was a treacherous reef jutting out from the main, and unless we could weather that reef there seemed to be no hope. We were making directly for the rocks of death upon which the "Blossom," with her living freight, was lost, and only God and good management could save us from her fate.

Captain Ned, a new captain, was a good seaman; but it takes more than a good seaman to make a good captain. A man may be able to maintain his position in the roughest gale and manage his ship under the most unfavorable circumstances, and yet lack many things really necessary in the life of a true sea captain. Captain Ned has made his last voyage, and has anchored in the eternal port, where'er that port may be. Therefore, I have no desire to refer to his life (for any coward can fight a dead man) any more than to say that he was not in all respects what a captain on the high seas ought to be. But drink was at the bottom of all his little blunders. He was not a great drunkard, but occasionally went too far, and when drink was in, the man was out. When under its influence he did not always agree with the sailors, nor did his sailors always agree with him.

Our ship was light in ballast, and required careful watching, for sudden squalls might at any time strike the sail and turn her over, and such an accident would likely mean death to all on board. We were ordered to clew our topsails, but some failure or neglect on the part of the sailor who coiled the ropes caused a dangerous delay. A knot went aloft and jammed in the block, so that the important rope could not surrender, and the heavy flying-sail was left to struggle and beat in the wind. Our unfortunate ship was almost on her beam ends, and Captain Ned and the sailor concerned were fast coming to blows on the main deck. Things were beginning to look rather wild, and the vessel was in imminent danger of being overturned. The heavy topsail, driven by the force of the gale, was bidding fair to carry away our main mast. The infuriated sailor with an uplifted axe was threatening to kill the captain, and the writer for dear life was clinging to the wheel, endeavoring to keep the vessel on her feet until the fury was over. God alone brought us through without any serious damage to the ship, or to any one on board. Rows and fights in those days were not regarded as being serious, but came among the all things that went to make up a sailor's life.

This was our last voyage with Captain Ned, for on reaching port we asked for our discharges and never sailed with him again. But not long after, his vessel sailed into the port where we were staying, and I went down to the docks to see and to have a chat with our old sea leader. I stayed with him for a considerable time, and we talked of many things. He told me of his desire to quit the sea and remain at home with his wife and family. I believe that he said he was then making his last voyage, and sure enough it was. I left him that evening never to see him alive again. Sometime during the night he fell between a large steamer and the dock, and was instantly killed, and his lifeless body sank to the bottom of the great sea that he loved so well, and over which he had sailed so long. With the breaking of the

morning the brave sons of the deep began to search for the missing captain; they knew the way he went and were successful in finding him with their sea-hooks.

* * * * *

11 -- SCENES IN A FROZEN WORLD

Ancient men believed that away in the wild and unexplored North country there existed nothing but fabulous whales which, together with demons, inhabited a sea of everlasting darkness.

But for the last sixty years, that great frozen world has been slowly unfolding its secrets, and now we know that away North, within the shadow of the Pole itself, where icebergs are born, and everlasting snow abounds -- the Polar Bear, the Killer Whale, and the Empire Penguin roam the desolate coast, and sport in the wild and uncharted waters.

Away in that heartbroken land, upon which the sun refuses to smile for six months of the year, and whose sombre silence is never disturbed by the footsteps of a human being, save that of some lion-hearted explorer, to whom in many cases it is the land of no return, there lie buried beneath the dreadful snowdrifts, or sleeping on the chilling ocean bed, the bones of Sir John Franklin and his men, and many more to whom that cruel country refused commission to return, and make known its deep and awful secrets.

Every year, in the month of June, there comes to this great, lonesome land, a comparatively small bird, known to civilization as the "Arctic Tern", but sometimes called the "Arctic swallow". It belongs to the gull family, but is a much more venturesome traveler than the ordinary sea gull. It is fourteen inches long, as light and buoyant as a butterfly. It has a long tail, a red breast, a black head, and a powerful pair of wings, so that it floats on the air like some jeweled-set insect. It has a well set frame, and stout breastbone, which seems to suggest that God intended it to make long aerial flights back and forth across our world, for that is what the "Arctic swallow" does.

During the Southern summer it lives in the Antarctic, or the South Polar region; but every year it makes a journey of not less than 11,000 miles north, and there on the dreadful Arctic coast she builds her nest of seaweed, lays her eggs, and hatches out her brood. This is all done within the amazingly short period of fourteen weeks; then, in the lead of her newborn family, she mounts the heavens again, and takes up the homeward trail of another 11,000 miles.

In the month of June the whole of the structure was confined inside the shell of a little white egg, weighing not more than two ounces. Fourteen weeks later the machine was perfect, the frame was built, the feathers were on, the wings were spread, and with no stock of provisions, no chart of the air, no compass and no

prepared landing place, she started upon the amazing journey of 11,000 miles. On she flew day after day. Her God-built pump forced blood through her little heart, strength to her outstretched wings, and instinct to her tiny brain. If food was needed, she would dart down to the ocean, and snap up a flying fish; if rest, she would alight on the bald head of an iceberg, or the sea-washed brow of some undiscovered mountain. "Safe in the midst of danger, dry in the midst of water." Undismayed by storm and tempest, this dauntless little airship built by God accomplished the astounding journey of 11,000 miles in less than ten weeks. And this is only half of the year's work, for by the coming of the next June she will again be at the North Pole, to the nest where she was born, there to hatch and raise her young.:And so the life of the "Arctic swallow" goes on. Every year this little creature, fourteen inches long, and weighing about three pounds, flies not less than 22,000 miles back and forth from the North Pole to the South Pole.

Were God to open her mouth to speak intelligently, what marvelous stories she could tell. The undiscovered graves of Sir John Franklin and his men. The spot Where Commander Peary raised the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole. Clear across the world to the South Pole, where Amundsen nailed the Norwegian flag. And the cruel snowdrifts, where disappointed Captain Scott lay down and died, for the want of a few gallons of gasoline.

It was a dark night, and we were running "square-boom" before a driving northeast gale. Up to that time I had not been allowed on deck at night, for I was only a boy, and not knowing the ropes too well I might get in the wrong place. Perhaps some flying boom might knock me overboard, or dispense with me in some other way; therefore, the captain thought it best for me to stay below whenever the ship was under sail at night. And by so doing I could help the men by keeping the coffee-kettle hot, and be ready for emergencies of that kind.

On the night referred to, I came on deck about 10 o'clock. I do not know why I did so, but have often thought since that God called me out of the cabin that dark night for no other purpose than to save all on board from a cold and watery grave. For, when I went forward, the ship was within a few yards of a huge iceberg, and running about ten knots an hour; so there seemed to be but a step between death and us. I did not know what to shout, but ran aft and told Mr. Fro, the wheelsman, who at once changed his course, swung over the boom with terrific force, and averted the tragedy.

As far as I can remember every man was on deck in time to see the great mountain of ice as we passed it by. Later, investigation proved that cousin Dick had gone to sleep "on watch," and had I not come out of the cabin and gone to the forward part of the ship, all would have been lost; for the sea was running high, the night was dark, and the ship was heavily laden, and would have sunk like lead.

My boyish days were over now, and from that night I had to take my place with the men.

Many a staunch vessel has gone down with all her living freight, and many a brave seaman sleeps on the cold ocean floor -- all because of such carelessness and neglect as that of cousin Dick.

* * * * *

12 -- MY ANTICIPATED TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN

Skipper Joe was the ugliest man I ever met. In his younger days he fell into a fire and narrowly escaped being burnt to death. In some marvelous manner he managed to live, however, but not without being badly disfigured. One side of his face, from his eye to the point of his chin, was so badly burnt that his beard refused to grow, while the other side was normal. And when the beard on the normal side was half an inch long, on the other side it was painfully conspicuous by its absence.

Old Joe was a pickle. He was filled with the devil, and at times his eyes fairly sparkled with venom. Once when a sailor drew a razor across cousin Dick's throat, almost cutting his windpipe, Joe reached his climax, and for a while it looked as if the offending sailor might become food for the fish -- for Joe raged, paced the deck, and threatened to throw him overboard. A stray whisker here and there struggling to get through the charred crust of his face, like vegetation endeavoring to live on an extinct volcano, seemed to stand up like hog's bristles, while his pointed chin, crooked mouth, and one-nostril nose, all added to the fury of the tempest.

Joe was our skipper at the time referred to, and a better seaman never stepped the quarter-deck. His greatest fault was his uncontrollable temper. I heard some of our lads say that Joe at one time belonged to the Salvation Army, and many were the stories told of how he acted upon the Army platform, and of the strange things he said when "giving his testimony." Joe was certainly not refined in word or deed, neither was he a theologian. But such characters, redeemed by the power of God, added more to the prestige of the world-encircling Army of William Booth than all the refinement and theology obtainable.

"Hard down, hard," shouted Joe to the wheelsman, as an impudent skipper who had been chasing us nearly all day shot his vessel across our weather-quarter, intending to take the wind out of our sails, and beat us on the run. We were running well aboard the land, and a stiff breeze was blowing. Men were sent forward to watch for the bottom, and Joe frothed at the mouth, and raved "fore and aft" the deck. He swore and threatened to sink the intruder if he did not fall behind, and bear away to the lee. The poor fellow saw his game was lost, so shivered his ship and bore away; and no one was louder than Skipper Joe in cheering our defeated competitor as, like a whipped dog, she slunk away to the leeward.

Shortly after reaching port, I found that the splendid ship "Talanta" under the command of a squint-eyed, stoop-shouldered, stammering little skipper was soon to put to sea. She was bound for Halifax with a cargo of dried, salt fish, and from Halifax she was to proceed around Cape Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, to engage in the south seal fisheries. Here was my chance to explore new fields, and travel in lands which hitherto I had not seen; so I shipped as first mate on board the "Talanta."

I never did discover where the skipper sprang from, for he seemed to possess the combined characteristics of a Spaniard, Turk, Jew and North American Indian. And by studying him closely one could almost catch glimpses of China, Lapland and the South Sea Islands; while an Eskimo sailor on board had a forehead which closely resembled his. He was indeed an extraordinary creation, but we got along all right, and had rather a pleasant and uneventful trip to Halifax. There, however, our troubles began. It was Saturday night, and the skipper and the crew were on shore, the writer being left on board to look after the ship. About nine o'clock two gentlemen came on board bearing an official document, which they claimed was an order of the Court for the seizure of the "Talanta" and her cargo. But having had some experiences with crooks, and such like, I refused to allow them in any way to meddle with the affairs of the ship; but asked them to wait until the captain came, then they could deal with him. They had no alternative but to submit, for being left in charge of the ship it was my duty to protect my trust at all cost, and resistance on the part of the strangers would have surely meant resistance on my part, for the Law upheld me in standing by the ship.

Presently, the squint-eyed, cowardly little captain came on board, and the two men, who proved to be lawyers, presented their claim. They said they had been advised by cable from another country to have the "Talanta" and her cargo arrested, and they had now brought the warrant for that purpose; but this was lawyer bluff. They certainly had been advised to hold our ship for debts, contracted by the supposed owner; but being late Saturday evening when their instructions arrived, it was impossible to secure from the court a legal warrant before nine o'clock Monday morning, and there was a possibility of the "Talanta" leaving port before that time. So their scheme was to hold her by sheer bluff, and in this they succeeded; for the captain allowed them to put up their sham attachments, and send their watchmen on board to take charge of the ship.

Sunday morning I asked the captain if he had informed the consignee of what had taken place. He said he had not, but would do so at once. The consignee, a vicious blue nose, was soon on the scene, and then the fun began. He tore the sham attachments from the cabin and flung them in the fire, and ordered the watchmen to leave the ship at once. But he did not have it all his own way. One of the watchmen was an old, deep sea sailor, and the other a soldier from Prince Edward Island -- a pair of hard nuts indeed. And when the consignee became boisterous they prepared to fight. The row raged until nine o'clock Sunday night, and the consignee, failing to accomplish his purpose, left the ship with a volley of

bad grammar. But soon he returned with a sturdy, black-eyed, little chap, who seemed to mean business. That little fellow about five feet six inches high, and as plump as a pudding, was as full of ginger as an egg is full of meat. He said to the watchmen, "Gentlemen, I have not come to put you on shore, but I have come to tell the captain to do so." This was just what we sailors had been waiting to hear, for at a moment's notice, if our captain had given permission, we would have transferred the watchmen to the pier, or over the side into the sea. But, alas! The captain was afraid of the issue, or we thought so at the time, but as I see it now, he acted wisely.

The black-eyed stranger was raging. "Captain," he shouted, "you are a fool. These men are intruders, and have no right aboard your ship. Order them on shore, and if they refuse, shoot them, chop off their legs, or throw them into the sea." The soldier from Prince Edward Island was rankled, and demanded by what authority such instructions were given. The little fellow pushed his hand into his bosom and pulled out a roll of papers stamped with the King's seal. "There is my authority," he yelled, "I am Harry Wright, the county detective. I have traveled forty miles today, arrested my prisoner, and am here to order you to leave this ship. Get out at once!" The watchmen surrendered, the row was ended, and on Monday morning the "Talanta" was legally arrested, the crew was discharged; the little squint-eyed captain lost his job, and the writer was appointed by the Admiralty Court as a special constable to guard the water front.

Later the old "Talanta" was sold by public auction to pay our wages, and other liabilities, and our anticipated trip around Cape Horn ended in Halifax Harbor.

* * * * *

13 -- DARK DAYS ON BOARD THE NANCY KATE

The sky was dazzling bright, with here and there long ranges of peculiarly shaped clouds that hung in the glorious summer sky like magic islands afloat on a magic sea. Sea birds with golden slippers danced on the rippling water, and their feathered friends from the dry land, with plumage ablaze with all the colors of the rainbow, came out on shining wings as though sent by the king of the birds to welcome the "Nancy Kate."

Refreshing fragrance from perennial flowers and fruitful fields filled the air with the sweetest perfume as the "Nancy Kate" with snowy sails and shining spars glided gracefully over the sparkling sea. It was indeed a glorious morning, and all nature seemed to be at peace with the toilers Of the deep. But the captain of the "Nancy Kate" was crestfallen, and gave his orders in an unusually stern manner, for he had not yet recovered from an insult of the evening before.

A gentleman passenger had perpetrated a deed that the roughest and most hardened man of the sea would not dare to commit. He shot and killed two Mother Carey's chickens, the welcome little birds that always brought good luck (at least

the sailors thought so), and the killing of such choice friends of seamen was an unpardonable sin in the days of the long ago. Even in this enlightened day no real sailor would dare to kill a Mother Carey's chicken.

They are wonderful little creatures. The ocean torn and tossed by the dreadful storms seems to be their most attractive playground. Thunder, lightning and tempest all appear to add to their enjoyment. Great waves that could tear the stoutest ship into pieces are unable to daunt or even discourage this feathery child of the deep. They float gracefully over the wildest sea, with never a shadow of fear. They patter with their tiny feet the crest of the raging billows, and play in the awful trough of the sea where ships go down to never rise again.

It was two of these feathery friends of seamen that the gentleman passenger shot the evening before; and from the moment that they dropped dead on the sea, the sailors one and all believed that they were in for a bad time. And no one was more alarmed over the tragedy than the captain, for when he was asked if a boat might be sent to pick up the dead birds, he replied, "Yes, if the gentleman who shot them will go and never return."

Everything that happened after that fatal shooting, the sailors put down to the death of Mother Carey's chickens; and even though the sky was clear and the ocean calm, bad luck as they called it was certain to come. Every dark cloud that blurred the sky was to them the forerunner of danger and death since Mother Carey's chickens were dead.

The morning was calm, and the great southern ocean shone like a sheet of polished silver, here and there broken by the shining head of some denizen of the deep. The dolphins were numerous; they would dart across the bow of the "Nancy Kate," and gambol in her foaming wake as playful as lambs in a dry land meadow. These jolly jack-tars of the ocean world, turning somersaults and playing hide and seek around the "Nancy Kate," for a little while seemed to atone for the cruel death of Mother Carey's chickens. Both sailors and passengers prepared their hooks and bait, and went in for a catch of dolphin. And within a very short time many of the jolly sea jumpers in their shining black, white and silver coats were landed on the deck. With the dolphin, a strange fish, that no one on board seemed to know, was caught. It looked all right, and with the rest it was prepared for the great fish supper, which was a part of the program planned for the celebration of St. George's Day; for the ship and all on board were British.

The cooks and stewards were all at their best to make the great fish feast a swell affair, and it really was. It was put up in true sea style, and spread in the captain's cabin. Sparkling canteens were filled with the best of wine; ladies and gentlemen, officers and passengers were all dressed or undressed to suit the warm south climate. And when all was ready, the gay company dined to the music of clarinets played by members of the ship's crew.

Supper being over, the ladies and gentlemen retired to their respective cabins for rest, while the ship's officers and men made ready their plans, and the clarinet players prepared their music for the great ball on the quarter-deck just after the sun went down. The "Nancy Kate" with snowy white sails, and the gay colors of old England flying aloft, danced over the shining, summer sea in seeming anticipation of the swell time ahead. But Mother Carey's chickens, the bad luck -- the unforgotten tragedy. Just as all was ready for the ball to start, the chief officer brought the captain the sad news that the wheelsman had dropped senseless on the deck, and another man in the fore-castle was too sick to speak.

Some of the passengers said it was quite common for sudden changes such as this to take place in the Southern Seas. But just as the captain, who had not forgotten the unwelcome death of Mother Carey's chickens, was about to start an inquiry into the affair, two other seamen dropped, and a lady passenger came screaming that her sister had fainted, and the entire ship's company were being greatly excited. The captain managed to get their attention, and in a state of great agitation, said, "This is a dreadful business, and while I hate to do so, I nevertheless feel it my duty to tell you that we have eaten poisoned fish, and are all likely to die." At that moment a third sailor dropped dead, and five others were near death. All thought of the ball was forgotten, and men and women, sailors and passengers, were alike distracted.

"O Captain," cried a lady, "do you think we are poisoned? Must we all die? Is there no remedy?" "None that I know of," he replied; "all remedies are vain -- that poisoned fish -- dead Mother Carey's chickens --" So saying, the brave old captain staggered and would have fallen on the deck but for a near-by gentleman who managed to catch him. By this time dreadful cries and groans were heard all over the ship. Some were crying, "Is there no help, is there no pity, is there no one to save? Lord, have mercy on us, and permit us to be saved. Have we escaped so many dangers only to die at last in misery like this? How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean, away from friends and home and loved ones, and to be buried in the cruel sea! O God, have pity on us, and send us help!" "There is no help," the captain tried to say; but before the sentence was finished he dropped dead on the deck.

"He is gone," they cried; "our captain is dead! O God, have mercy on us!" "Hush, hush," cried a more reconciled passenger, "all that we can do is to be resigned. Let us all do this, and die together."

Most of the sailors were dead, others were lying unconscious about the deck, and the poor old "Nancy Kate" was almost unmanageable. One hour after sunset, about the time set for the great ball, every person on board was either dead or in a dying state, and the oncoming night looked dreadful. Dark and angry clouds covered the face of the sky, with occasional flashes of lightning. The wind was rising, and the sea was running high; and the bulging sails and creaking spars told that the end of all could not be far away.

A survivor said, "I stood on the quarter-deck, but nothing could be heard save the splashing of the angry waves, and groans and dying cries, mingling with the solemn murmur of the sad night winds. To me the entire ship's company was dead, or in the jaws of death, and my end was even at the door. . . . At last I saw in the distance the light of some approaching ship. Soon there was a sudden crash, and loud cries, for the ships had collided. But in the darkness they shook themselves apart, and struggled on with the waves, in a wrecked and broken state. By this time the first officer had recovered sufficiently to give orders to cast anchor, for we were in shallow water. And by the few that were able to do so, the dead were prepared for burial. They were all sewn up in canvas, with heavy weights at their feet. One by one they were solemnly dropped over the side of the "Nancy Kate." The waves over which they had sailed so long parted to take them in, then closed over them forever. But as the water was shallow and clear, they could all be seen in their white canvas shrouds, lying still and cold on the dark bed of the ocean."

That evening about the time of the dogwatch, the recovering mate looked up and cried, "They come, they come, thank heaven they come, the Mother Carey's chickens have come again." Every sailor who had a spark of life was ready to cheer their returning little friends of the sea. Preparations were made, and very soon the "Nancy Kate" was safe at anchor in some West Indian harbor, and the superstitious sailors to the day of their death charged all their troubles to the shooting of Mother Carey's chickens. But it was poisoned fish that did the deadly work!

* * * * *

14 -- A SEARCH FOR BLOOD

The country for miles around was all astir on account of the reported activities of a band of ruffians hunting for blood. Many of the school children having to travel through lonely forest, and for miles along dangerous footpaths, were afraid to come to school. Skebangas (bad men) were known to loiter in the thick bush, like lions watching for their prey; therefore, the children's fears were not without cause. The herd boys that brought the cattle to the Mission Dip usually came in groups, and whenever possible with older boys or men; and women and girls were seen hurrying over the mountains in order to reach their humble homes before the sun went down. It was no make-believe scare, but a real fact, that rowdies from among the heathen concealed themselves in the dense forests by day, and wandered among the huts in lonely and isolated places by night, for the purpose of obtaining human blood, and if possible a human skull.

Long before the white man settled in Africa, it was customary among the Zulus at the time of appointing a new Chief, to secure a human skull, and put it into the bucket or dish set for the first washing of the newly appointed chieftain. Blood from this human head, mingled with the water of the first washing, was certain to

make their king a man of fierce countenance, and courageous appearance -- just as the eating of the heart and liver of the lion would make him strong and brave.

The Zulus of Africa are not the only people that practiced the gruesome custom of skull or scalp hunting. Scalp hunting by the Red Man of the West is well known to the student of history; and I was surprised to find that such a highly civilized concern as the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh -- with Bach, Galileo, Michelangelo and Shakespeare, guarding the entrances-should exhibit in one of its showcases a fierce, warlike Indian chief, holding the scalping knife in one hand, and a bloody scalp in the other. In view of the bad effect it is certain to have on the minds of children, this exhibit should be removed to some chamber of Horrors, or completely destroyed. The mere thought of such cruel work is sufficient to terrify our Zulu women and children, and for the American children to stand in the Carnegie Institute and study it in all its lifelikeness, cannot possibly have a good effect. While I am writing, there lies before me a picture of the strange Parliament House of the skull hunting tribes of New Guinea. The columns, or pillars that hold up the roof, are filled with spikes, upon which human skulls are hung. We live in a strange world, and those who stay at home, scarcely ever going beyond the limits of their own city or state, cannot form any conception of what it is really like. It would be difficult to say just what we might have to contend with in Africa, but for the strong and powerful arm of the British Law.

The cause of the unrest referred to may be traced to the recent death of two Zulu chiefs, who passed away not far from us. One lived a few miles to the West, and the other about the same distance to the East, and both died within the last eight or ten months prior to this writing. No Zulu chief may be appointed now without the sanction and approval of the British Government. It is nevertheless true that the people themselves, whenever and wherever possible, try to carry out at least some of their old customs in connection with the appointment. So I was informed that human blood, or what is more likely a human skull, was wanted by the Western tribe for inaugural purposes. The parties sent to do the work, however, may not have properly understood their business, for in olden days the person whose head was taken had not to be killed with a spear or any other weapon that drew blood. But he was to be caught and bound, then his neck twisted and broken, and after life was extinct, the head was cut off and put into the chief's wash basin and covered with water. And as I have stated before, the newly appointed ruler, in order to become a man of fierce countenance and warlike appearance, had to wash many times in the bloody water. But it appears that the three young men who were to carry out the work in question were not quite up to their business. They rounded up their prospective victim in a big bush about three or four miles from our Mission; and instead of adhering to the old method, they stabbed her in the breast. But being a strong girl she fought for her life and cried aloud for help. Her cries aroused the neighborhood, and soon many Zulu men, with spears and clubs, surrounded the bush. The leading man among them told me the story. They stood almost shoulder to shoulder in an unbroken circle and closed in upon the would-be murderers, and at last cornered them in the center, like rats in a trap. There was no escape, they

were compelled to give up their knives, and lie on the ground. The wounded girl was brought and readily recognized the man who attempted to take her life. The native police were then sent for, and the criminals were soon in chains, and carried off to await their trial before the Supreme Court of the country. The girl was brought to our Mission Dispensary for treatment.

Behind all such work among the natives there is the awful influence of the witch doctor. Almost every crime may be traced directly or indirectly to this demonized piece of humanity. A little while ago in a village about fifty miles to the west of our Mission, a native from the Pondoland district was brought before the British magistrate for the murder of a native woman. He was about forty years old, and evidence showed that he first beat his victim with a club, then stabbed her with a spear, and afterward burned her hut. The condemned man told the Court that he first consulted a witch doctor, who assured him that the woman was responsible for the death of nine of his relatives. This made him so angry that he determined to murder her.

The faith of the heathen natives remains unshaken in this arch-fiend of darkness, and many of the so-called Christians, if not publicly, secretly believe in him, and occasionally things happen that strengthen their faith in his work by leaps and bounds. A case in point is that of a white trader in Rhodesia. For a long time there had been trouble between a certain witch doctor and this white man. Recently a boy was found dead in the vicinity of the witch doctor's kraal. He was arrested, and charged with the murder, and, strange to say, almost immediately after the arrest of the witch doctor, the white man lost his reason. Perhaps business worries, or the joy of having his dreaded foe locked up in prison, may have affected his mind. However, on the day of the wizard's arrest, the trader divested himself of all his clothing and took to the hills like a wild buck. The report went around the district, and a number of farmers and traders commenced a search which lasted seven days. At last they found the unfortunate white man, naked, and in an exhausted condition. After medical examination he was declared to be insane, and taken to the asylum. All the natives in the district firmly believed that the arrested witch doctor possessed great power; he must be wonderful, they said, seeing that he could have such power over a white man.

Number two -- A Zulu policeman told the court that on a certain occasion his wife was sick, and he informed the witch doctor of the case, who insisted that the sick woman be brought to his kraal for treatment. This was done, and immediately the doctor set to work on the patient. He took a calabash and filled it with water, then from among his articles of witchcraft he brought out a little toy Celluloid duck. This he set afloat on the water in the calabash, and for ten minutes he talked with the duck and calabash concerning the woman's disease. Then turning to the policeman, he informed him that by talking to the duck he had diagnosed his wife's trouble, and that it would be necessary for him to pay Six Pounds, or Thirty Dollars at once. This being done the police was ordered to fetch a pure white goat, which later on was killed and mixed up with the patient's medicine. A mat was spread on

the ground, and the goat and the sick woman were laid out facing each other. They were covered with a blanket and kept quiet for one hour or more, then the goat was led outside, and its throat cut. Certain kinds of roots were chopped up and put into a pot, together with the blood and hair of the goat, and when all was brought to a boil, the sick woman was ordered to put her face over the steaming concoction, and have a certain kind of powder blown into her eyes. This was the first treatment. Fortunately the poor creature outlived it, but after spending six weeks with the doctor she became so ill that her people had to take her away. This kind of thing is going on all over the country.

* * * * *

15 -- THE GREATEST FEMALE LEADER OF ALL TIME

More than 500 years ago on the high-road to Germany, in the old town of Domremy, a little girl sat in her father's field watching the flocks and herds, while her mother sewed as she watched her little maiden from a near-by window. She was only a child, but she loved her beautiful France. "France," says the historian, "with her little churches, great Cathedrals" -- she loved the church bells, the old well, and the great oak trees around her humble village.

One day, amid the solemn loveliness of her native surroundings, this little girl said she heard heavenly voices, and saw white-robed figures, that she called saints. The voices said, "Daughter of God, go on, and I will be with you. You must go to the corrupt Court of France; I have a great work for you to do there."

At the sound of the voices, she moved about like one in another world. No facts in history, nor anything natural, can explain Joan of Arc. She turned history upside down. A mere girl of sixteen set out to save all France, to set a tottering king firm on his throne, and to drive the English invaders from their shores. With all but God against her, she gained her objective. She was placed at the head of the armies of France, over Generals, and Captains, and with her royal standard of gold and white, embroidered with the portrait of Jesus, she led all France to victory. But she died at Rouen -- as another had died long years before outside the city wall.

The mention of Rouen seems to revive the history of more than a thousand years; for the ships of Rouen were trading in British waters in the days of Alfred the Great; and Charlemagne, the strange old Emperor, walked through its streets 800 years after Jesus Christ was born.

At Rouen, the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion was burned, together with the bones of a prince strangled by the king who gave Great Britain her Magna Charta. In a Rouen Cathedral, between the altar and the choir, the dust of William the Conqueror lies waiting the resurrection; and at the foot of Rouen's fair mountain, sweet Joan of Arc, the stainless maid of France, was given to the flames. This girl of Domremy-heroine, patriot and saint, and the greatest female emancipator of all

time demands a little of our attention. It is said that Louis the Ninth and Joan of Arc stand out as the two greatest characters that France has ever given to the world. But as Louis has no place in our present discussion, I shall confine my remarks to Joan.

This lovely girl never lived beyond her teens, and all her greatness came in two short and vivid years; but in these 73° days she made herself, or God made her, the wonder of the world. "She startled all France and England, she struck dismay to the hearts of kings, and lifted up the hearts of the common people. She led armies into battle, and gained great victories for France. She raised her country up from misery, and gave it new hope and confidence, and as a reward they put her stainless body on the fire, and sat around and watched her burn, then gathered her precious ashes and scattered them on the river, believing they were doing the blessed service of God." She prayed that she might return to her own green fields and rest in the quiet graveyard by the meadow, where she heard the voices of angels. But at Rouen the cruel church bosses gave her to the flames.

Of all the kings and princes, saints and sages, that ever graced or disgraced the ancient city of Rouen, there is none so mighty and charming as Joan of Arc. The Church imprisoned her in a cage of iron until the time had come for her to die -- May 13, 1431 -- and, as they led her forth to the stake, she looked up to Heaven and cried, "My body, my body, that has never been defiled, must it be burned today?" But her bitter cries and falling tears made no impression upon the murderers who thirsted for her blood. They put her on a rough cart, guarded by 800 soldiers, and dragged her through the streets to the place of death; there they chained her to a log of wood, and lit the fatal fire. Alone, humanly speaking, in that awful hour, stood the liberator of France, and the greatest female emancipator that the world has ever known. There was no eye to pity, no hand to help, and no arm outstretched to save. She was forsaken by her beloved France, and deserted by all for whom she had given her life. The Church burned her pure and stainless body, and scattered her ashes on the Seine, but her righteous soul went sweeping to Heaven that day in a chariot of fire.

* * * * *

16 -- A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

The Natives Say That God Was There

Unless God had been there, nothing could have saved him. I can scarcely believe that he is still alive." These words were spoken of a man who had barely escaped with his life from a furious bull elephant in the wilds of Africa. He was a famous hunter of big game, and had experienced many thrilling adventures, but never before had he encountered anything just like this.

It happened in Uganda, and one of the native chiefs of that country was responsible for the opening statement of this article. The chief was one of the hunter's companions on a great elephant tracking expedition. The hunter, himself a Christian and a very modest man, was always reluctant to tell of his adventures, although he had been in all parts of the world, and seemed to possess unlimited knowledge of conditions almost everywhere. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to relate the great experiences through which he had passed.

"It was in June," he said, "and we had been tracking a particular herd of elephants for some time. At daybreak we started after them, and before long found ourselves close to the main body of the herd. Through the bush and scrub, we could see seventeen of them digesting their breakfast.

"They were within twenty yards of us, and I got out my camera to take some pictures. About two hundred yards away there were nine more of the herd.

"I had taken some photographs when I felt a touch upon my arm. As I cannot speak the native language of this region, it had been arranged that whenever the chief saw danger he should tap three times on my arm. I looked around and nodded; but, anxious to get another photograph, I cocked up the camera, and as I did so I received on my arms three tremendous thumps from the frightened chief. At the same moment I heard a crashing in the bush, and saw a large bull elephant making straight for me."

Then the coolness and assurance of the practiced hunter came to his aid. He dropped his camera and snatched up his rifle, and shot the bull through the heart. Just to make sure, he gave the creature the second barrel as well; then he turned and, as he thought, ran after the rest of the party. Unfortunately, he missed the track the others had taken, and got to leeward of the elephants, so that they could now scent him. Before he had run one hundred yards, another big bull broke through the bush and charged him.

The animal's trunk was held in the shape of an S, so as to get all the scent that was going. His ears were widely spread and he trumpeted with a terrible roar. He was on the hunter in a second, and with his trunk violently knocked him down. Soon he saw the huge feet feeling for him and methodically pressing down the soil with catlike softness but deadly force.

As a last chance the hunter sprang to his feet and took a flying leap under the bull's body in a desperate effort to get to the windward and escape without being scented. But the elephant was too quick and knocked him down the second time. He could see the enormous tusks and hear the sniffing of the mighty trunk. In a second the hunter was on his feet again and made one more dash to escape the furious monster. Then to his great astonishment the elephant took off full speed in another direction.

"But what made him go when he had me at his mercy?" asked Mr. D , and then went on telling his story. "I'll tell you what I believe; the animal had seen something, but what that something was I cannot tell. I only know that somehow Providence intervened to save my life. The natives say that God was there, and I am content to leave it at that."

* * * * *

17 -- SPLITTING AMERICA IN TWO HALVES

In 1563, Sir Francis Drake, the lion-hearted explorer of Britain, climbed up a tree on the back of the Isthmus of Panama. He looked eastward and saw the familiar Atlantic Ocean, and westward, the great unknown South Sea (afterward called the Pacific Ocean). And there, hanging to a branch, Drake prayed that God might allow him to sail on that uncharted sea in a British Ship. But, try as they might, the explorers could find no way to take their ships through the Isthmus, to the waters of that great new sea. For hundreds of years they tried to find an opening, but all to no avail. At last the French Government sent their great engineer, Monsieur DeLesseps, the man who dug the Suez Canal, to cut America in two, and find a way to the other side. The story of the adventure is heartbreaking. A thousand men were sent to dig, but every man ,was dead within a year; another thousand were sent, and within a few months they were dead. The attempt of DeLesseps was a gigantic failure; it sent fifty thousand men to the grave, ruined government, sent thousands of families to beggary, wasted 500 million dollars, and landed DeLesseps himself and many of his creditors in jail.

Some years after, America said the canal must go through, and paid France forty million dollars to cancel all her rights -- then watch what happened. They sent nearly fifty thousand workmen and two leading men to head the mighty undertaking. One of these men was Colonel Gorgas, a medical doctor, but made colonel by a special Act of Congress. This man said to himself, "Forty-five years ago I entered Baltimore a ragged, barefoot, little rebel, with empty pocket and empty stomach. My father had gone South with Lee's army, and my mother's house with all that we had was burned, leaving her with six small children." This was the plain man whom America made sanitary king over the Panama with fifty thousand men, and a workshop forty-five miles long and ten miles wide. He had neither gun nor weapon of war. He forbade all strong drinking, and put a penalty on abusive language, and drove the canal through. They opened the great front door at Colon, on the Atlantic Coast, climbed up three steps, utilized an inland sea, supplied by the river Chagres, for thirty-two miles, then dropped thirty feet, and slipped through the back door at Panama, out into the great Pacific. Five years after these men undertook to cut the Isthmus, President Theodore Roosevelt pressed the button, opened the mighty gate at Gatun Lock, and the great ships steamed in from the Atlantic, climbed eighty-five feet above sea level, sailed thirty-two miles through fresh water, slipped downstairs on the other side, and away into the glorious South

Sea that Drake had prayed to: sail. The Panama was opened. America was cut into halves, and the world's commerce by sea was shortened by thousands of miles.

But think of all that it meant to get that shorter route. The American workmen cut down twelve million square yards of brushwood, drained one million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million square yards of grass, dug three million feet of ditches, emptied three hundred thousand kerosene-oil cans, used three million pounds of quinine, and fumigated eleven million cubic feet of house space. They brought into action forty thousand workmen, a hundred powerful excavators, twenty dredges, 500 locomotives, five thousand trucks; pumps, elevators, cranes, tugs, and the most powerful crushing machines. They broke up mountains, carried off enormous rocks, plowed huge shovels in the waters and brought up thousands of tons of earth. The ground that they moved was equal to driving a tunnel clear through the earth. Think of this great venture when you see or read of the Panama Canal.

* * * * *

18 -- THE LIGHT THAT SHINES IN THE DARK

The most celebrated lighthouse in all the world is beyond doubt the Eddystone on the coast of England; somewhere near fourteen miles from Plymouth, and ten miles from Ramshead, there to shine its hopeful light across the treacherous Lizards and the storm-torn waters of the Bay of Biscay.

It is built on a lone rock that rises almost perpendicular from the bottom of the ocean, with anywhere from thirty to eighty fathoms all around it, which means that on every side the building must get the full force of the storm. This treacherous rock so near the coast, and directly in the route of a great seafaring nation, offered serious danger to all approaching vessels. But to build a lighthouse there called for the most courageous engineering talent; and to secure someone to live there after it was built would mean a great deal more. But such a builder was found; and, still more wonderful, the builder consented to live there and keep the light burning.

The man was Henry Winstanley of England. In the year 1696, Mr. Winstanley came forward and submitted his plans to the British Government. The plans were accepted, and the great task of building a sea-washed lighthouse far out in the ocean was begun. The work was rapidly pushed to completion, and Mr. Winstanley longed for the first great storm to come and test his structure. He was so certain that his work would withstand the most dreadful shock that the insulted ocean could hurl against it that he decided to remain right there.

On all sides of his building he engraved proud and boastful inscriptions, and when the gales would blow and the waves break in fury, he would climb to the tallest balcony, defy the storm, and cry over the dark waters, "Blow wind, rise, O ocean; break forth, ye elements, and try the work of Henry Winstanley!" Needless to

say, he did not have long to wait for a storm to meet his challenge. He completed his work on the building in four years, and almost immediately after, the challenging storm broke over him. On November 26, 1703, the greatest storm in the history of British shipping up to that time swept over the ocean, and charged down on Mr. Winstanley's work. A crash, a roar, a grinding of broken timber, the screams of a dying man, and the proud, boastful Mr. Win, stanley with his great structure was swept from the Eddystone rock and lost for evermore.

"The lighthouse was built a second time, of wood and stone, by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood took fire, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called to build. He raised a cone from the solid rock, upon which it was built, and riveted it to rocks, as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he raised the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." And' on the keystone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "Laud Deo!" The structure still stands, holding its beacon light to storm-tossed mariners.

"Christ, the Light, must be held up before men, or they will perish. Let us, then, place Him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood or stone. But taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble inscription; then we may be sure that the lighthouse will stand."

Lighthouse men all over the world encounter great dangers, and pass through many thrilling experiences.

On a dark and stormy night a ship was running for a certain harbor on our coast. Presently, a light appeared, and the drunken skipper decided that it was the light at the entrance of the harbor they wanted to make. But the crew remonstrated and contended that it was the flash of a lighthouse ten miles farther north. They all saw the danger and plead with the skipper to change his course, or all would be lost. They knew that the mad breakers lay right in their path, and to encounter them meant sure and sudden death. But the drunken skipper persisted in having his way, and soon all was over. The vessel struck with a dreadful crash, and was quickly broken in pieces. The man in charge of the lighthouse that night told me the story. He said it was very dark, and the sea was running high, when, mingled with the moaning of the tempest, he heard the beating of canvas, the breaking of timber, and the cries of dying men. The poor fellows were going into eternity, and through the storm and darkness of that awful night the lighthouse keeper heard them praying for God to have mercy on their souls. But, suddenly, their cries were hushed, the angry waves had gained the victory, and all on board, with one exception, had gone to meet their God.

The light-keeper with his wife and child, the only people on the island, were helpless to render the slightest assistance. The great billows rolled up and broke at their feet, completely covering the rocks upon which the lighthouse stood. Presently, there appeared through the darkness the form of a man struggling with the awful waves. Surge after surge, wave after wave, dashed him against the jagged rocks. At last, with one gigantic fling, the ocean landed the mangled form at the very feet of the light-keeper and his wife. It was a man from their own home; but life had fled, and the scalp, torn from his poor head, hung over his face like a veil. The awful sight unnerved the woman, and soon after she bade adieu to that lonely rock in the Atlantic Ocean, never to return.

As in thousands of other cases on the high seas, as well as on dry land, whiskey was to blame.

* * * * *

19 -- THE WONDERFUL MAN THAT WORKS UNDER THE SEA

Perhaps the men who venture down into the deep, dark ocean-world deserve a higher place of honor. The "bird-man's" work is, for the most part, in the interests of science; but the work of the "fish-man" is of stern necessity.

By far the greater part of our globe has never been pressed by the feet of man. The oceans hold within their grim and awful prisons more than 144,000,000 square miles of water, and none but the bravest of the brave dare venture down into its dreadful abyss. The scientist dreams of flying to Jupiter, and landing his dreadnought of the air on some bright field of Mars. But here is a mighty world, the basement of our own dwelling, which lies, at its deepest depth, about 32,000 feet below the floor we live on, and it is a great question if man will ever gain admittance to that dark and lonesome cellar. Thousands of years may pass away, should time go on, before the bravest human being will stand as far below the level of the sea, as George Malloy stood above it when he climbed 26,800 feet up the dreadful slope of Everest. After all the improvement in the diver's outfit he is still unable to work deeper down than 210 feet, and at this depth the water pressure on his body is more than ninety-one pounds to the square inch.

Recently, I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Mr. Marshall, a man who for many years has given his time to deep-sea diving around the coasts of China, Japan and Korea, Africa, and in many other parts of the world. His great diving-helmet, a combination of steel, copper and glass, was there on a pedestal, and his wonderful boots of leather, copper and lead were close by. When I asked him the weight of his suit he had it put on the weighing machine for me. His helmet, boots, and a couple of lead weights for his breast and shoulders, weighed about 149 pounds, but this was only a part of his outfit for working in thirty or forty feet of water. The deeper he descended, the greater the weight upon his body would have

to be, so that working 210 feet below the surface his outfit would weigh more than 500 pounds.

I asked him if he had ever had any exciting experiences under the sea, and he modestly answered, "No." "Did you ever have trouble with sharks, whales, or other ocean monsters?" I enquired. He assured me that there were plenty of sharks and whales about, but they seldom came down to the ocean floor where he was working; they are timid creatures and prefer to keep away. The swordfish is the most treacherous and dreaded of all the diver's enemies. "What about the octopus?" I continued. He replied, "I have encountered many of them, but only the smaller kind." "Did you ever go down to recover dead bodies from lost ships?" "That is one of the diver's simplest jobs," he replied; "for, just as soon as he begins to move about the wreckage and disturb the quiet waters, whatever dead bodies there are anywhere near will all come floating to him."

A diver recently went down to investigate the wreck of a ship sunk by a German submarine during the great war. On reaching the bottom, he was terrified to find, by a piece of the broken ship, a marine standing with rifle and bayonet fixed, as though keeping guard over his dead and buried comrades. It appears that for more than five years the dead soldier had been standing "at-arms" in the dark and lonesome world beneath the waves.

Mr. Marshall would not consent for me to go down in his suit, but he allowed me to dress in it, just to let the boys and girls see what I would look like if I were a real diver.

* * * * *

20 -- MAN, THE MIGHTY, WINS AGAIN

There is a thrilling tale told by one who actually witnessed the scene while living among the Eskimos in the far-away region of the Arctic circle.

The whole land was bathed in the splendor of the Arctic Spring; it was one of those long, nightless days of sunshine. The ice was almost all melted away from the hills, and shining streams were pouring down from lately uncovered mountain tops, and the sheltered little nooks in the valleys were gay with flowers of many colors. The main ice-pack had broken up and gone out in huge blocks, that were scattered in confusion along the shore.

The rivers were teeming with fish; the ocean trout going up to the spawning grounds were everywhere seen darting about like living bars of silver, or resting quietly behind some boulder in the stream. All around there seemed to be signs of peace and plenty. By the open mouth of one of the rivers an Eskimo family was encamped. Their skin tents were well out of reach of the highest tide, and a safe landing place had been selected for their kayaks and the larger boats. This jolly

band of Eskimos were about to return from their temporary fishing station to their more permanent home.

The scene was full of life and interest. The women were busy taking down the tents, and the children were gathering up the smaller things and carrying them off to the boats. Several well equipped, six-oared boats were in readiness, and the men were superintending the affair. Soon they were off, sails were spread, and oars were taken in, and there was a sigh of relief, for the hustle and bustle of the day was over. The men gave orders, and the women sang the song of the tribe, while the entire crowd clapped their hands and shouted long and loud, for they were off for home.

The young hunters of the party displayed great skill with the spear and the paddle, while the kayaks (little skin boats) dashed through the water like miniature torpedoes. Suddenly, a great head, armed with tremendous tusks, broke through the shining water. In a moment the cry, "A walrus! A walrus!" was broadcast far and near. The great brute was old and wrinkled, his eyes were bloodshot and his tusks worn crooked. Hunger had driven him away from the main herd to a field farther south where there were plenty of fish to eat, and bright warm sun to bathe in. The great noise of the happy party had aroused him from his slumbers somewhere along the coast, and he plunged into the water and came up to see what it was all about. His unexpected appearance sent pandemonium through the crowd.

The children were wild with fright, the women seized the oars to maneuver the boat, while the men made ready their fighting weapons. The chief of the party had fought many battles with polar bears and walrus too, so he was not to be defeated this time. Slipping quickly into his little kayak he prepared to meet the monster single-handed. Soon he was face to face with his dreadful and merciless enemy; and knowing well how to maneuver the kayak, he succeeded in diverting the attention of the beast away from the boat where the women and children were, to himself. After some hesitation the walrus charged, but the old Eskimo ducked and circled his tiny boat, completely outwitting him. This was repeated several times. When the fighting monster of the sea planned another movement, he dived straight down, intending to come up directly under the kayak, but the old hunter over whose gray head many Arctic moons had passed, was too smart for him. He saw his dark shadow in the clear water and prepared to strike the fatal blow, and when the huge head broke through the surface, the shining spear of death was thrust into his mighty bulk. Ferocious with rage, and roaring with pain, the great walrus made one last charge, but it was too late, the fight was won. The old man of the kayak was game to the last. The giant of the Arctic was dead, women and children danced for joy, and applauded their hero, then went home to tell around their fireside the thrilling tale to children yet unborn.

Dr. Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer, had an experience similar to that which I have described in the foregoing article. He was paddling his kayak along the edge of the ice floe, when a huge walrus attacked him. He tried to escape, but the

savage beast was determined to get him. The doctor had no weapon of any kind, and for a while it looked as though all was lost for him, but he managed to land his sinking kayak, outrace the angry beast, and escape with his life.

* * * * *

21 -- THE BRAVEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED

The question has often been asked, "Who were the Vikings of the North, and what became of them?" Their bones lie scattered in deep, dark ocean caves, and "on Alpine mountains cold." But their blood-stream continues to flow in the veins of Norwegians, Danes and Swedes. But the men of Norway above all others are the blood relations of the great and mighty Vikings, that once upon a time were the terror of the known world.

For 300 years there sounded in all the churches, monasteries and convents of England, the strange old prayer, "From the fury of the Norseman, good Lord, deliver us." The Vikings belong to the land of the midnight sun, the land of everlasting glaciers, where the wild bear and the ravening wolf roam the forest, and carry on perpetual war with the reindeer and the flock; where the lynx still holds his own in the tree tops, and mighty icebergs creep upward to the sky.

Norway is now a land of peace and contentment, but in the days of Olaf, their mighty king, their greatest glory on land or sea was war and bloodshed, and their greatest honor in "Valhalla" was wine from the skulls of their conquered foes.

For hundreds of years the Vikings were the outstanding race of the world. They were pirates on the high seas, and burglars on the land. "They sailed their open boats into the Arctic night for the love of adventure." And made their way into the unknown West for the joy of contest with nature. It is said that they were like a cohort of wild lions set down in the midst of a flock. They arose a phenomenon in the world, and energized their cause with fire, sword and battle-axe.

Nearly five hundred years before Columbus was born, the bold Captain Leif with a band of wonderful men came with their sea dragons down the coast of Labrador, through what is now the Straits of Belle-Isle, along the shores of Nova Scotia, and it is believed explored some of the New England States. It is said that these old Norse rovers believed that there was a savage land of vast, unchallenged freedom beyond the setting sun; and strong in the faith that they were able to brave all intervening dangers, they launched forth to claim it.

In the year 1006, with a band of 160 persons, some cattle, and material for homes, they sailed forth to take possession of the New World in the West. This was 600 years before the Pilgrim Fathers piloted the "Mayflower" through the Western seas and landed at Plymouth Rock. The Vikings in the new world came in contact with a strange and savage people, with whom they carried on continual war. At last;

with their king dead, and their company homesick and disheartened, they sounded their deep-voiced trumpets, launched their little dragons of the sea, and sailed away to their homes in Iceland, never to return.

The historian tells us that they left their king asleep in the unknown lands, but they took with them a new-born daughter, a little white baby Viking, and this was the first white child ever born in what is now the great United States, 600 years before the Puritan mother welcomed her earliest baby.

But Olaf, who was then a boy in his teens, was to write in Viking history the most wonderful page of all. His widowed mother married a strange pagan ruler, who became a Christian when Olaf was but a child. The career of Olaf I shall not deal with, any more than to say that he was a wonderful hero, and a warrior not easily defeated. His greatest work, however, was the smashing of the great god Thor, and the establishing among his savage people of the North a crude form of Christianity.

He did not know that Christ came to save the souls and the bodies of men, nor had he learned the deepest meaning of His gentleness and mercy. He was a very militant Christian, and wherever faith in the old gods refused to yield to his entreaties, he scourged, hanged, beheaded and burned the worshippers, and smashed their gods in bits. We are told that he went through the land like a fire, converting at the point of the sword, shattering doubts with a battle-axe, and pointing to his new-found doctrine with the iron end of a ponderous club.

At one place he was most stubbornly opposed by the worshippers of the heathen gods, and to defy him they brought out a colossal image of Thor, and set it up in the plain, saying as they did so, "There is our god for everyone to see -- where is thy God, O king Olaf?" It was a cloudy day, but just at that moment the sun appeared through a rift in the cloud. "There comes my God," cried Olaf, whereupon he caught up his battle-axe and rained blows upon Thor, and broke the image in bits. As the rats and reptiles came scampering out of Thor, "See there," cried Olaf, "these are the creatures that devour the offerings of food that you bring to your god. Take your gold and silver and carry it to your wives and children, but hang your hopes no more on gods of wood and stone. Now," said Olaf, "you will accept my faith or fight with me this day, and he will win, whose God shall give the victory."

* * * * *

22 -- THE LOST PRIZE

A Tale of Whaling Days and Bravery

A great storm had been raging over the Greenland sea for several days, and vessels of the whaling fleet had not been able to do anything along the line of hunting. But when the weather cleared, and the storm abated, everything was rush

and hustle. The sea was covered with loose ice, which made whale hunting difficult and dangerous.

Two of the fleet were slowly creeping through the floe, when the lookout man on each ship just about the same time sighted a dead whale floating among the loose ice some distance away. Both ships crowded on sail and forced their way toward the prize, which might mean several thousands of dollars; and according to the law governing the whale fishery the first to get attached to the prize would claim it.

Both parties were bent on winning, but one could not get ahead of the other. When quite near, the two ships struck their bows together, and bounced like rubber balls away from the floating whale. Both parties threw their harpoons, but both missed. Suddenly it occurred to the second mate of one ship that he could win the prize, and running forward he leaped into the sea, pushed his way through the ice and reached the whale. He caught the monster by one of its fins, thinking to climb on its back, and hold his prize until his ship came up. But the great hulk was so swollen that it was like a little mountain on the sea and the courageous sailor, finding it impossible to climb, had to hold fast to the fin and remain in the ice-cold water.

There was a great cheer on board, for all knew that as long as their man was attached to the whale their prize was sure. The foolish captain made no hurry. The poor man, dying in the icy Arctic waters, gave him no special concern, for he knew that he had to hold fast to the whale or drown. So he took his time to tie up his ship. Meanwhile, the captain of the other vessel put out a boat and pulled up where the dead whale and the persisting sailor were, but he could not touch it as long as the man held fast to the fin. "My man," said the captain, "you have got a fine fish there." "Yes," was the brave reply. "But don't you feel it cold?" "I am almost dead and I wish you would allow me to get into your boat until ours arrives." "I will be delighted to help you in, for you will soon be finished." So the half dead seaman let go the fin of the whale, and they pulled him into their boat. That was just what the captain of the second boat wanted, for as long as the sailor held the fin it was his prize, but when he let go, the whale was free again. And at that moment the captain thrust his harpoon into the great body, hoisted his flag, and claimed the prize.

Now I can almost hear every real boy that reads this story cry out with indignation, "What a cowardly thing to do." Yes, it was the very meanest of cowardice. But what about the hard-hearted captain of the first ship? Why was he so thoughtless and so cruel as to neglect his brave sailor who had risked his life to gain the prize? There was plenty of time to care for the ship after he had rescued the suffering man, and made secure his prize. But delay in attending to the greatest necessity first resulted in great loss. Then he tried to justify his neglect by abusing the brave man who had ventured and endured so much. His grand old mate had won the prize for him in the very face of death, but he was concerned about other things, and lost it after all.

"Hold fast that which thou hast, let no man take thy crown."

* * * * *

23 -- THE MAN WHO SAVED TWO HUNDRED LIVES

Arecibo is a small town on the coast of Puerto Rico. It is an open roadstead, with no shelter whatever from the broad, expansive ocean; and when the hurricanes come roaring down from the north or the northwest, it is one of the most dangerous places in all the great South world. And the old-fashioned sail-ships caught there in a storm were absolutely helpless. Often they parted their chains, broke loose their anchors from their hold in the ocean floor, or foundered, and were dashed in pieces on the cruel rocks.

It was a certain death-trap for all ships that could not escape before the storm broke on them. Its merciless waters had made hundreds of happy wives into weeping and broken-hearted widows, and left numberless little orphan children to mourn for their drowned daddies. So the great storms from the north always brought dark times for the people of Arecibo.

But looking out of their sea-ward windows, they were often encouraged by the solitary figure of a little man sitting on a dangerous rock in the midst of the raging sea. It was the figure of a poor Negro fisherman by the name of Victor Rojas. He was born in 1832, and had spent the whole of his life among them; and in the time of storm and great danger, there was nothing more inspiring than his presence on that sea-washed rock. At such times they would shout their inspiring cry from cabin to cabin, "No lives will be lost tonight, Victor is on the rock."

While Victor was a fisherman, his overwhelming passion was to save life, and whenever he saw a ship in danger of being lost with all on board, he would run to the nearest point of land to the helpless vessel, and drive a strong, iron stake into the sand. To this, he would securely fasten one end of a long rope, and with the other end fastened to his belt, he would plunge into the raging sea, and amid the breakers and dangerous: rocks he would swing and dive and struggle with the cold grip of death, in waters that no boat could possibly endure, until he reached the helpless wreck. He would then clamber on board, fasten the end of his life-line, and tell the helpless seamen to, one by one, lay hold of the line, throw themselves into the sea, and work their way to shore. But seldom would: they, ever venture: until Victor led the way. Nothing could ever discourage• him. Man by man, they would cling fast to his body, and he would pull them through the waters of death to safety on dry land.

In this way he saved two hundred lives or more.

So Victor's presence on the rock was reassuring, and whenever they saw him there, they shouted their inspiring cry, "No lives will be lost tonight, for Victor is on

the rock." For his great work of rescue he received medals from England, France, Germany, United States and other countries.

One day when he appeared in a religious procession with his medals on the breast of his fisherman's coat, some drunken sot rushed up and snatched them off, crying as he did so, "No nigger has any right to wear such things as this." Such beasts are made by drink. With tears in his eyes, Victor gathered up his precious medals, but was never known to wear them any more.

Shortly after this humiliating affair, Victor was sent to prison for catching two small fish and selling them in the public market before paying the required duty to the Customs. The treatment he received in prison, together with his crushed and broken spirit, resulted in the loss of reason, and from the prison he was taken to the asylum, and from there he soon went on his last adventure; where there were no more suffering seamen to rescue, and no drunken ruffians to insult him.

It was a sad finish to a great and noble life. For the crime of selling two small fish for which he had not paid the few cents duty required, the noble little Negro who had saved two hundred lives from death in the cruel sea was sent to prison, to the asylum, and to the grave. His Island people were filled with sorrow, and the entire population followed him to his last resting place. The nations whose subjects he had rescued from drowning, together with friends, raised to his memory a bronze memorial on a granite pedestal, with six short words for the coming ages to read --

"Victor Rojaz -- Saver Of 200 Lives".

* * * * *

24 -- A MOTHER WHALE AVENGES HER SLAIN BABY

The most of my sea stories belong to the long ago, when the far lands of the world were linked up by means of the old wind-jammer, when sixty or ninety days were a reasonable voyage from England to New York, and passengers expected nothing less than a nine months' trip from the British Isles to Africa. Now the fast ocean liner may weigh anchor in Southampton Roads, and in four days' time pull into the New York docks.

It took Francis Drake three years in the "Golden Hind" to sail around the world, a voyage now accomplished by ship in sixty days or less. So, Of modern travel, there are no great stories to tell. The ships of this wonderful day are floating palaces of light, luxury and speed, and the most of modern-day sailors are nurses and housekeepers, instead of the grand old jolly tars of one hundred years ago.

Therefore, for great stories of the sea, and sailors of real worth, it is indeed necessary to go back before this kid-glove, rocking-chair, namby-pamby age began. By the above, I would not infer, nor would I have my reader to think, that the writer

of this story is a hundred years old. For I have lived but little more than half of a centenarian's life. Nevertheless, when I first began to look out upon the world, life on the ocean-wave was vastly different from what it is today.

The present, with all future generations, will never know the tremendous price paid by their great ancestors to purchase for them the comforts and conveniences that they now enjoy; and among these gracious benefactors of the past the grand old heroes of the sea must have first and foremost place.

The story which I am about to tell may sound to the landlubber that has never seen the sea, and perhaps to many that have, as an incredible sea yarn, a fish story, but there is no reason to doubt it.

It comes down from the days of the old Bedford whaler, when midget men would encounter a mighty sperm-whale, and never yield until his own body sank in the dark water to rise no more, or the ocean monster yielded up his life, and floated dead by the bow of his conqueror's boat.

Perhaps one of the strangest happenings in all man's life on the wonderful sea took place on the Pacific. A whaling vessel commanded by Captain P_____ lay idle on the great, shining surface, while her lookout man with his powerful glasses was scanning the ocean everywhere with a hope of sighting a whale. Presently, a little fellow, a calf, was seen not far away. . . . Soon the boat was ready, and set off at top speed to engage the junior, or lightweight champion of the ocean world. They were not long in overtaking him, and as he pushed his head above the shining sea, the whalers' keen harpoon was thrust deep into his body, and for the next hour or so the fight was terrific. The young' whale fought to free himself from the power that bound him, but all to no avail. He struggled, bled and died, and man once more was master.

At the time of the battle the mother of the ocean-baby must have been some distance away from her little one, but returned shortly after the struggle, only to find the water red with his blood, and his dead body in chains by the side of the whaling ship. Her great heart was broken, and her savage grief was uncontrollable. She had lost her baby. The liberty of the great sea had been infringed upon, her strange affections had been outraged; man, the beast with two feet instead of a tail, and arms instead of fins, had come into her free ocean realm, and with his cruel and murderous weapon had taken the life of her water baby. She seemed to have a sense of what had taken place, and prepared to avenge it all.

Swimming a considerable distance from the ship, she turned and prepared to charge; then rushing through the water at a terrific speed, she struck the stern of the vessel with all the weight and strength of her great body. The impact was tremendous, and perhaps such as seamen never experienced before or since. The force of the impact shattered several of the vessel's timbers, and caused her to pitch and roll almost on her beam ends. But one charge was not sufficient. The

infuriated monster wheeled off, and prepared for a second attack. This time she went more than a mile away, so as to gather the greatest possible momentum and speed; and shooting through the sea with incredible swiftness, she came like a thunderbolt, with all the force of her mighty tail, and the weight of her enormous bulk, possibly more than one hundred tons, and crashed into the bow of the already weakened ship. Nothing could stand before the dreadful charge of aggravated love. The trembling hull buckled up and broke in pieces, and every man of the crew was precipitated into the sea in small boats, or on broken pieces of wreckage.

Having thus avenged her murdered water-baby, the mother whale turned from the scene of death and wreckage to leave the shipless seamen to toss for several days on the great sea without food or water, and to endure hardships and suffering never before experienced. With a blow of her tail she could have easily broken every boat, and swept every man to destruction. But after demolishing the ship and sinking it with the slain body of her calf down into the dark depths beneath, she appeared to be satisfied.

Perhaps down in that underworld of water she found again the body of her slaughtered offspring. But never again would it feed on her warm milk, or answer to her whalish mother-call.

Captain P ____ and his men, after being adrift on the ocean for many days, were picked up by a passing ship, and taken to their homes and friends on shore, to tell this remarkable tale.

* * * * *

25 -- THERE GOES LEVIATHAN

I shall not soon forget the groans and cries that often broke the stillness as our ship loitered around, with not a breath of wind to stir the sails. These strange sounds told us that there was trouble somewhere among the great creatures of the sea.

One night, when the ocean was as calm as glass, and the silver moon shone forth in all her glory, a roar much louder than, and not unlike, that of an angry bull, came out of the east. It was not a shout of victory, but a groaning cry of the vanquished and dying. A whale pursued by his enemy (the swordfish) must have been responsible for the noise -- at any rate that was our conclusion.

Sea animals fight among themselves as do the animals of the earth (including the two-legged ones), Not long ago, a ship, steaming along the west coast of Africa, quite unexpectedly came into one of the great battle zones of the sea. Scores of whales were lying wounded and bleeding upon the surface, and the ocean was streaked with blood for two hundred miles or more. The conclusion of the officers and men on board was that the whales were at war among themselves. But this was

quite unlikely; whales may have their individual quarrels, but no kingdom or tribe of the sea can be divided against itself -- it takes the two-legged tribes of the earth to do that kind of thing.

A great whale is the largest living creature that God has ever made. The elephant, the rhinoceros, and even the giant eighty-foot *Dioplosaurus* of other days, whose wonderful skeleton I saw in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, cannot hold their own in bulk against this monster of the sea.

The great swordfish abounded along our coast, and no doubt it was the sword of this giant that was responsible for the dying groans of the whales to which I have referred. The old-fashioned fishermen firmly believed that the swordfish and the thrasher (a specimen of the killer-whale) were united by some inseparable bond of fellowship, for they acted together as though controlled by the same mind.

The swordfish has cold blood, and needs never to come to the surface to breathe; the thrasher, like the whale, is a warm-blooded mammal, and depends upon the air for its life. So when war is declared on the whale, the swordfish goes underneath and forces his sword into the great bulk, the thrasher watches for the whale to breathe, then springs into the air, and comes down with awful force upon the victim's back.

The blow helps to push the sword farther into the whale's body. Very soon the fight is won; and the thrasher and the swordfish, partners together in crime, carry off the spoil.

I know not what the mighty creature was, which God so minutely described to His servant Job. I have read that the honor belongs to the crocodile, but all such explanations are a waste of words. The sneaking, slippery cur of the swamp is not fit to scrape the barnacles off the leviathan's tail. Leviathan was in all probability a huge sea monster belonging to the whale family, but was covered from his head to his tail with an impregnable armor of Scales, impossible for any known weapon at that time to enter. The exact creature has entirely disappeared from the ocean world, but his nearest relation is the sperm whale.

It would seem as though Job was really needing some remarkable evidences of God's power, and leviathan supplied the need; for after hearing from God Himself a detailed description of this marvelous oceanic monster, Job answered the Lord and said, "I know that thou canst do everything." Such a wonderful display of leviathan and his work was enough for Job.

For all the ages past this monarch of the deep has maintained his independence, yielding only his dead body to the masterly hand of man. The realm over which he rules is a realm of bloodshed and death; perpetual war rages beneath the surface of the sea. But the sperm whale is the indefatigable and absolute monarch that puts down whom he will, but none dare put him down. Man only is his

master, and long and dreadful have been the struggles between this midget of the earth weighing 140 or 150 pounds, and the king of the watery worlds as heavy as twenty-five elephants, 100 feet long, seventeen feet through the breast, with a jaw bone twenty-five feet long bristling with great teeth six inches out of the gum, and from 500 to 1,000 gallons of pure vaseline floating around his enormous skull; and as a guarantee against the chill of the Arctic water, its body is wrapped in a blanket of fat three feet thick. Practically blind, deaf, and without the sense of smell, this lordly ocean monarch pursues his amazing way, and thrives beyond belief until he meets man; and to this mite of the universe, leviathan bows and dies.

There is not a single case on record to prove that a sperm whale was ever killed by any living creature, other than man. The following is fairly representative of the fights that have often taken place between man and the sperm whale. A monstrous fighting whale had been twice harpooned, and had gone off at top speed for several miles, drawing two boats behind him in his foaming wake. At last the monster tired a little, and the boat's crew with exultant shouts charged on their prey. They drew alongside, and a lance was hurled full length into the leviathan's body; then the boats shot clear to avoid the peril that threatened, and that a few moments later happened. The whale prepared to charge, It needs strong efforts of imagination to picture that dark and solemn sea, lighted only by tiny splashes of phosphorescent light (for it was in the night). A wavelet broke in obedience to some hidden power, and occasional fleeting, brilliant bands of light marked the swift passage of some great fish through the burning water. Then without a sound, and like the sudden extrusion of some gigantic flame cone from the uncanny depths, there arose majestically a vast luminous body. Floods of light streaming downward revealed the black bulk that seemed to hang in the air, then suddenly fell, and at the impact fiery waves rolled off in all directions, and the sound as of muffled thunder broke the stillness of the night. A few moments later the dreadful monster arose, and with jaws wide open came straight for the boat, intent on biting her in half. The men were almost frantic, but retained their nerves; lances and harpoons flew thick and fast into the body of their awful foe. He raged and roared like thunder, but finally dropped his monstrous head, and a last dying groan seemed to shake the ocean. The boat's crew sent up an exultant shout; man was master, and leviathan, the ocean monarch, was still and cold in death.

This dreadful monster answers nearer to the Lord's description of leviathan in Job 41 than any other creature. There he is pictured as dashing furiously through the midnight sea, aflame with phosphorescent fire; from his snorting nose great balls of light roll out, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning, his mighty tail stirs up the deep until it looks like a boiling pot, and such streams of phosphorescent light follow behind him that the sea seems to have lost its, natural blueness and turned grey in a moment.

* * * * *

Some months ago a friend of mine, a man thoroughly acquainted with the sea all of his life, told me of an incident on the coast of Newfoundland.

He said a friend of his, with his little boy, was anchored one day on the fishing ground, when suddenly a large whale that had been playing around came up and bumped into their boat with such terrific force that the boy was pitched clear away from the boat, and landed on the whale's back. The great creature lingered for a moment on the surface, and the father, in sheer desperation, reached out and grabbed the child just as the whale was carrying him under. That was a miraculous escape, and a thrilling adventure that not many boys have ever had, and I expect that not many would care for such an exciting ride.

But a story down from Greenland is even more thrilling. A captain of a whaling vessel, having sighted a whale, commanded his officers and men to make ready the boat just as quickly as possible and hurry away to the attack. The harpoon man stationed in the bow was ready. They knew the way that the whale was diving, and steered the boat so as to be just as near as possible when he came up to blow. Vinkes, the harpooner, stood with harpoon in hand ready to thrust it into the whale's body just as soon as he was in sight. But, to their great surprise, he came up directly under the boat, and struck it such a terrific blow that it was shattered to pieces, and the men were scattered in all directions over the sea.

Vinkes had struck his harpoon into the whale's back, and the great beast was furious; but Vinkes got entangled in the line and could not possibly free himself. So, hanging to the harpoon that was anchored in the whale's body, he flew along the surface at a great rate. Fortunately the whale did not dive, but madly careered with his head above the water, and Vinkes standing on his back held fast to the harpoon. Did ever a man in all the history of land or sea have such an exciting experience as this?

Meanwhile, another boat had picked up the other struggling men; and the captain, seeing the dreadful plight of Vinkes, shouted for him to cut his way clear. He tried to do so, but could not get his knife, as he had to hold fast to the harpoon in order to save himself from being dragged to death in the coils of the entangled lines. But, as his comrades were expecting, the harpoon broke loose, and poor old Vinkes fell from his wild horse of the sea and was picked up by his companions, near death.

* * * * *

27 -- BOYS WHO DARED ON LAND AND SEA

On a bright Spring morning some years ago, a young soldier was suddenly seized with a spirit to do something out of the ordinary, something that others had not done.

It was a wonderful thing for Blondin to walk across the Niagara Falls on a tight rope, and a whole lot of other feats that had been accomplished. But a boy hardly out of his teens attempted something not less daring.

He went to the great Cathedral of Strassburg in northern France, stood for a moment gazing up at the mighty tower with its top 465 feet in the air, and quickly decided to climb to its very peak. Up there a little platform eighteen inches square crowned the spire, so the lad decided to climb up and stand on that spot where no man had ever stood. It took great nerve and strength, but up he mounted till he reached the platform about halfway to the top. Here began the four turrets leading up to the octagonal pyramid which forms the spire. He mounted to the top of one of the turrets and then did what only a strong and 'daring man could do, climbed up an exposed ladder to the lantern.

Above the lantern is a crown which is very difficult to pass, and above that the climb is more difficult still. Here the spire appears like a needle crossed by horizontal bars, an arrangement forming a sort of cross. This is difficult enough to pass, but above there are no crossbars of metal and no projecting stones, so that there is nothing for the climber to do but to pull himself up by the lightning conductor.

At the very top is a little platform which at one time served as a base for a statue, a very dangerous point to negotiate; but the youth managed by sheer strength to swing himself up onto it, and then, apparently having no nerves and no fear, he stood up, danced about, and waved his cap to the crowd. Then, as if feeling what he had done was not bold enough, he kneeled down and began to turn upside down, until at last he was standing on his head. To the spectators below he was but a speck, but those watching him through glasses saw what he was doing, and the news soon spread.

People were almost breathless, expecting every moment to see him fall from his perilous position, but he did not fall. He went through all sorts of gymnastics, and then, with a final wave of his cap, began to descend, eventually landing safely in the street.

But where is the boy on land that can outdo the boy at sea? In a Gibraltar port, a British warship was lying up undergoing some necessary repairs. A great monkey, "Jacko," was the clown of the ship's company. Nothing was too clever or too mean for this monstrosity to attempt. A boy on board, by the name of Bob, the commander's son, was Jacko's special playmate. One day Jacko caught Bob's cap, and made his way aloft, as though daring the boy to follow. Bob accepted the challenge, and soon there was a race to the highest pinnacle on the ship.

Jacko went higher and Bob followed. At last when Bob reached the maintop, he seemed to forget Jacko, and did a little special climbing all on his own. Up he

went until he could go no farther, for there was no farther. He pulled himself up to the ball that crowned the maintop; this ball, not larger than a man's cap, was all that was above him. Soon Bob decided to conquer this. Up he went until he was standing in space with only room for his two small feet. There remained nothing around him, nothing above him, and to attempt to get back meant certain death.

All on board were terrified, the slender pole under him seemed to shake with his weight, and his strong nerves seemed to be giving way. All saw the dreadful predicament, but none realized the seriousness of it more than the commander, Bob's father. So, commanding everyone to be quiet, he took his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, took aim on the boy, and then shouted, "Jump, Robert, or I will shoot." Bob knew what that meant, and mustering all his nerve, he jumped through space; he fell like a cannon ball. He scarcely struck the water when twenty sailors and officers dived after him. He arose alive, and they brought him on board. The old commander stood motionless and watched it all until Bob was brought on board; then his eyes glistened, his face turned white, his knees bent under him, and he staggered forward. He was carried to his cabin, where the ship's surgeon attended him with the utmost skill, When his mind was restored, Bobby was sent for, and after that long conference with his father, he was seen to be crying as he left, and never after that did he go maintop climbing.

* * * * *

28 -- A BRAVE DOG AND A WILD CANADIAN MOOSE

It is many years ago now, but the story that I am about to tell is just as new as though it happened yesterday, for more than likely not one of my readers has ever heard it before.

On a Saturday evening, a few minutes after nine o'clock, a large passenger sail-ship was on her way from England to Quebec, with about 385 souls on board. Included in that number there were many women and little children. The night was dark, and heavy winds and high seas added to the dreadfulness of the situation. Probably owing to ocean currents, or bad reckoning, the ship was off her course, and instead of heading north for the Belle Isle and Quebec, she had gone farther to the southwest, and when it was all too late, the officers saw the blunder; but there was no hope. The ship was driven by the force of the gale upon one of the most dangerous reefs on the coast of Newfoundland. In a minute panic spread through the terrified ship's company; and, to add to the hopeless state of things, a lighted candle set fire to some explosives in the captain's cabin. Thus storm, darkness and fire raged around and through that helpless ship's company of 385 men, women and children, and no one but God could describe the dreadful scene.

The spars were cut away, and many people were killed when they fell Water rushing in filled all the cabins, forcing every person to the upper decks. In the dreadful scramble many were swept overboard and lost forever, and many more

were killed by flying booms and broken pieces of the ship. Before eleven o'clock that night the boats were all broken and swept away, and the wretched passengers and crew, huddled together, were praying for the daylight. In the darkness, the mate and four sailors were swept away in one of the boats which, by the mercy of God, was washed up behind a huge rock not far from where the ship was breaking up. When daylight came they were seen by the sufferers on the wreck to be alive. The first thought was to throw a line to them, but the force of the storm made that impossible. The next move was to tie the line to the ship's dog, throw him overboard and pray for him to swim to the rock. The dog made a great effort, and it is impossible to describe the excitement among the sufferers as the dog struggled to reach the shore. Repeatedly he was driven back by the waves, then dashed against the cruel rocks again, but he never lost courage. He seemed to understand that the lives of all on board depended upon him, and in one last desperate struggle he reached the men on the rock. The line was secured, and a strong cable pulled ashore, and by six o'clock in the morning the first sufferer was saved from the wreck. Some were pulled ashore unconscious, others were killed against the rocks. Finally, the cable was cut by the sharp, jagged rocks, and this put an end to the tragic scene.

No one could now describe the picture of the wreck. Little children clinging to their parents for help, and parents struggling with death to save the children. Two hundred and eight were lost, one hundred and seventy were saved, the survivors clinging to the top of the rugged rock where the angry waves threatened to sweep them to the fate of their comrades on the wreck.

On the rock in that dreadful storm a baby was born, and lived through it all. The next day they were rescued, and cared for in a fisherman's cabin one mile away. Let us hope that the storm-baby and the faithful dog were not forgotten.

Here is another kind of adventure -- something that not many would care to attempt. A doctor camping somewhere in the wilds of Canada, perhaps for the thrill of adventure; but from all that I know it might have been from sheer necessity.

Out on a lake in a canoe, he came in contact with a wild bull-moose. Whether the moose attacked the canoe or not, I cannot say. However, the doctor attempted the experiment of riding one of the most dangerous beasts on all the North American continent.

Indeed, it may be difficult to find anywhere on earth a more dangerous brute than an enraged Canadian bull-moose. But the courageous doctor took his chance, leaped astride the monster's back, and started his wild John Gilpin ride across the foamy lake. But when the moose gained footing in the mud, the good doctor went flying -- sunbonnet and all!

And who would envy him his predicament? The little information that I have of the affair says that the moose tried hard to kick his venturesome rider. And had

he succeeded in getting one of those mighty hind feet of his full force against the doctor's chest, the poor man would have cured no more aches or pains. And the moose would have gone to his wild friends in the bush, -- while the man who undertook to ride him would have gone to another world where there were no rivers, no canoes, and no more wild Canadian moose.

* * * * *

29 -- THE MAN WHO FRIGHTENED A TIGER WITH A NEWSPAPER

Though they bring us us a lot of lies mixed with a little of the truth of the world, newspapers can be useful things to have around. They are handy for kindling fires, cleaning out chimneys, and a lot of other things. But who ever heard of a newspaper frightening a savage Bangalore tiger? But here is a case where that really happened.

A young British officer had gone out to India to serve in his regiment. One night while sitting on the verandah of his quarters, deeply interested in what the latest newspaper had to say, suddenly a savage-looking tiger appeared directly in front of him, with his two front feet upon the verandah rail. The officer had no weapon of any kind, but, with great presence of mind, and rustling his newspaper, he sprang at the tiger with a thunderous BOO! The strange bombardment was as effective as bullets, for the frightened tiger hurried back to his haunts in the bush, and disappeared in the darkness.

In this situation it was not the man who was frightened but the tiger. The rustling paper scared the animal. For a moment it stood its ground; then with a loud hiss it turned and ran off. The lieutenant took the incident more or less as a matter of course. Was he not in India and might he not expect this sort of thing? Going into the mess-room he said: "I say, I frightened that tiger all right!"

"Tiger?" questioned the other officers, "What are you talking about?"

"Why," replied the lieutenant, "a tiger came and looked over the verandah, and I frightened him away by rustling my newspaper."

"Nonsense," said the others, "you must have caught the sun. There are no tigers in Bangalore and have not been for ten years past."

"But I tell you a tiger came up to the verandah just outside the door here and hissed at me."

An incredulous and pitying smile passed over the faces of the older men, at which the young officer said: "Well, tomorrow morning if you will look you will see its footprints."

When daylight came a search was made, and there, sure enough, were the undoubted footprints -- pugmarks as they are called -- of a tiger leading up to, and away from, the verandah.

The old settlers of the far North where I used to go in my early sailor days were always ready to do their best to entertain us. They told strange stories of the wild and Stormy North, where many of them had spent the whole of their lives. The great bear; the wolf, and the mighty caribou roamed over their: desolate mountains, and the Greenland whale placed in the icy waters along their inhospitable shores.

I remember that one of their stories was of an "old woman who had a most thrilling experience with a bear. It went something like this: Two girls and their old mother started out with their dog-team and sledge to visit another village. They had not gone far, however, when a hungry bear came galloping after them, and with such a heavy load the dogs were unable to run fast enough. The girls, to save themselves, decided to roll the old woman off, leaving her to the mercy of the bear while they drove away with all speed. The old dame saw that her chances for life were poor indeed, but endeavored to make the best of a bad situation. So, taking one of her seal-skin mittens, she pulled it over the end of her stick, and when the angry bear came upon her with wide open mouth, she pushed it down his throat and choked him. Thus the old woman, who was thrown off the dog-sledge to make a breakfast for the bear, was spared for a longer day.

It may not be our fortune to fight an Indian tiger with a newspaper, or choke a Greenland bear with a seal-skin mitten, but there are other vicious enemies that we may be called upon to conquer. The drink habit and bad language are vicious and treacherous foes.

* * * * *

30 -- TRAVELERS TO THE UNKNOWN

I have said elsewhere that a man is essentially a child of the earth, and in spite of all his attempts to get away from it, he will never succeed, only as he can contrive and invent some mechanical arrangements to lift him a few miles into the air, carry him across the oceans, or sink him a few feet under the sea. But apart from his machine, man must remain on terra firma until the morning of that blessed age, when mortality shall change to immortality and God shall bid him rise.

Until then, man in his most perfect machine will be restricted to a limited area. Everywhere nature will challenge his advance with her, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." If he soars too far in the air, he will freeze to death, or die for the want of oxygen; if he descends far down in the earth, he will burn to death or be killed by foul air, and if too deep in the ocean, his heart and blood vessels will burst and he will die from over pressure.

All through the ages the depths of the mighty sea have held, and at the present time are holding out the most stubborn resistance to the investigation of man. Man has traveled further toward the moon than toward the great abyss of the ocean. The great deep sea jealously guards her secrets, only yielding an occasional specimen to the drag net of the marine explorer, The adventurous diver, who in armor of copper, rubber, and lead, dares to invade its dark domain, has seen more of this Wonder World than any other living person. As I have stood and watched him, dressed in a coat of mail, more cumbersome than that of some ancient knight, climb over the side of the boat, and disappear beneath the waves, I have been so stirred that I really coveted the experience, and plead with the diver to dress me in his suit and let me go down, but I could not prevail upon him to do so.

There are two types of divers. The naked adventurer who fills his lungs with air and grips a heavy stone that pulls him down for perhaps sixty feet, where he snatches a few pearl oysters from their moorings, or recovers some long-lost treasure. In the Island of Madeira this class of diver, minus the sinking stone, swarms around the ship like sea gulls. They plead with passengers to throw coins into the sea; which they have not the slightest difficulty in recovering before they reach the bottom. For this dangerous work little boys are trained from a very early age. I have seen a big strong man catch a little fellow of five or six years by the feet and shout to the passengers on the ship, "A penny, mister, to see the small boy dive." As quick as the penny touches the water the boy is flung eight or ten feet from the boat; then the man dives, securing the penny, and the boy as well. But the real traveler to the unknown is the man who goes below in a complete diving suit. This man has a heart and nerves of steel, and is by all means entitled to all the care and provision that science and money can give, for there are no other men in the world that have to contend with such a rugged and dangerous life.

The sailor, the soldier, the hunter of big game, or the intrepid man on wings, all have a comparatively easy time when compared with the diver, who, alone and practically unarmed, goes down into the mighty deep.

Mt. Everest, in northern India, is called the top of the world, the highest mountain on the face of the earth, reaching twenty-nine thousand feet in the air; but there are places in the ocean deep enough to bury Mt. Everest and leave safe sailing over the highest peak.

The average depth of the Pacific ocean is about five miles, the Atlantic slightly less, and the Indian ocean about four miles; but in these great waters there are depths that the lead of the marine explorers has never reached. And from out these awful oceanic caverns swarm hideous and ferocious animals, for which dry land has no equal. Mighty octopuses, devilfish, and sea snakes of gigantic proportions, sneak through the forests of the deep, seeking their prey with greater ferocity than that of lion or leopard in an African jungle. Often the diver has found his way challenged by such bloodthirsty monsters as these, and being clad in such cumbersome armor, to fight is no easy matter. But the victories which he achieves

in battle with the uncanny warriors of the deep are wonderful, and should honorably entitle him to the Victoria Cross, or the highest medal of any nation of which he may chance to be a citizen.

With his short knife he has slashed to death the mighty octopus, butchered a man-eating shark, cut sea snakes in pieces, and sent other monsters scurrying through the deep in a mangled and dying condition. Modern science, I am glad to say, has not forgotten the diver, and the inventions lately brought out to make his perilous journey safer and easier are wonderful. A Frenchman, at the present time, is making preparations to dress in a diving suit and go down for special walking trips across the ocean floor, for the purpose of photographing the strange creatures and objects that are found nowhere else, but here. When his work is finished, he rolls his camera in an oil-cloth, and puts it under a coral plant, or some other ocean tree, then comes to the surface, and leaves his outfit in the deep for days. He says there is no fear of losing it; the fish do not want it, and there are no thieves or troublesome boys to disturb it.

A New Yorker, desirous to keep America at the top, has gone down in a diving bell, a sort of cage with windows on all sides; and in this strange room, or studio, he sits and paints pictures of the fish in all their gorgeous colors. He also paints submarine trees, plants and flowers and anything of special interest that he can find on the ocean floor.

With the many new devices, there has come a submarine telephone, which, when attached to the roof of the diver's marvelous cap, enables him to keep up a conversation with his diver friend a mile away in some other part of the mighty deep. Through the top of his cap he can shout "hello" to the man in the boat, or make an appointment for a special cup of tea, when he arises to the civilized world again.

The diver that I have been dealing with can, as I stated a moment ago, descend to the depth of only 210 feet, and at that depth it takes not less than thirty-six men to keep air pumped down to him; and if his great harness should slip, or by accident he should lose his balance and fall, he would be shot like a cannon ball to the surface, and in all probability be killed or have his backbone broken. The most up-to-date diver has not to contend with hundreds of feet of rubber piping, nor does he need the co-operation of thirty-six men to keep him alive.

* * * * *

31 -- THE SLUMBERING BRUTE AWAKES

I have yet to learn of one useful purpose served by this scaly cur of the swamps. Just as far as I can trace, it lives alone to murder and destroy. But the best description of the crocodile I have found in Herodotus, "The Father of Ancient History." In speaking of this great creature as he saw it in the Nile, he says, "The

crocodile can live indefinitely on land or in the water, and during the months of winter he eats nothing. They grow from eggs about the size of a goose egg, to thirty feet long or more. The crocodile has eyes like a pig and great tusk-like teeth, and is the only animal in the known world that has no tongue."

When I read that statement of Herodotus, I called up the Manager of a certain Zoo, and asked if it was correct that the crocodile has no tongue. After waiting for some time on the telephone until he had scanned his Natural History, and called up all that he knew about crocodiles, he simply said, "I cannot answer your question." I concluded that he had never taken time to look into the crocodile's mouth.

But Herodotus states that they have no tongue, and cannot move the under jaw, but with the upper jaw lifted to its full height, they lie on the bank of the stream with their horrible mouths wide open. Numerous leeches, children of the mud, crawl into their mouths and stick fast to their warm, soft skin. But to save the crocodile from this scourge, the Pluvianus aegyptius or "crocodile bird" comes to his rescue. They go in between the open jaws, and sometimes down the throat just as far as it is possible, and snatch off the mischievous little leeches that come to gorge themselves with blood. To all this the crocodile raises no objection, he never closes his jaws on the bird, but treats him as a special friend that has come to his relief.

Some say that the crocodile mainly feeds upon flies and other insect life, but if flies and insects were its only food, the crocodiles in Africa would soon rid the country of these pests, for it would take a tremendous amount to keep that mighty army fat and strong. But the old "croc" is not confined to a diet of flies; anything from a horse to a little black baby, or a white baby for that matter. Crocodiles have a tremendous bulk to support. Sometimes they grow thirty feet long, and strong enough to pull a tiger or a lion into the stream. Their scales will turn bullets, and their dreadful teeth, about forty in all, are sharp and keen, and locking or fitting closely together when in action, like the teeth of a great mowing machine.

Birds, beasts and man had better steer clear of the kingdom over which this king of murderers reigns. In the breeding season, generally in June, nothing can stand before him.

In Mashonaland, Africa, a traveler was riding his horse across a stream, when one of those miserable curs shot up its great jaws, and caught him by the leg, and dragged him out of the saddle into the stream. A second one sprang for the horse and tore its neck most cruelly.

In my early days in Africa, a lady missionary told me of a friend of hers, a young man about to be married. The very evening that the marriage was to have taken place, the man, on the way to meet his intended bride, had to cross a river. He managed to get some kind of raft or punt, but before reaching the other side, it caught on some obstacle in the stream. This necessitated the man's stepping into the water to push his raft ashore, and just as he did so a wicked old "croc" caught

him. Being a strong man, he managed to tear himself out of the living trap, and crawl upon the bank -- only to live long enough to tell how it happened.

I stayed by a river in Portuguese East Africa, where a "croc" eighteen feet long often came to do his deadly work. In my picture, which I have taken from the Children's Pictorial, Sir Samuel Baker, an English explorer in Africa, was unduly surprised by the sod, or bog, under his feet suddenly becoming alive. All unsuspected, and to the horror of the natives,' a beastly old crocodile broke through the accumulated debris of the swamp, and with wide open jaws, and gleaming murderous teeth was suddenly in their midst. The picture is by no means overdrawn, and had not Mr. Baker dispatched the intruder, one or two of their company might have made a dinner for him.

These destructive brutes are fairly well cleared out of the rivers of Southern Africa, but the great inland rivers are alive with them. Everywhere in these far-off lands of the world, thrills and adventures await the traveler.

* * * * *

32 -- AT GRIPS WITH DEATH

In the early days of our work in Africa, we were ignorant of many things that we learned to understand much better as the months and years rolled by. In those days we lived and moved in the presence of death, but did not realize it. Poisonous snakes abounded everywhere, and daily we fought with, and dispatched, many of them, the greatest number killed in one day being twenty-four. No one considered this menace very seriously, but our lives were in just as great a danger as though shot and shell of battle were bursting all around us. One of our party had gone to her room to retire for the night, and just as she entered, her foot came in contact with something soft and slippery. On looking down she discovered to her horror a poisonous snake; but it so happened that the person concerned had a false limb and it was that limb that came in contact with the snake. So you may imagine our delight when she emerged from the seclusion of her chamber, excitedly exclaiming, "He could not bite the wooden leg."

The most of the snakes around our place were very poisonous, and a bite from the mamba or puff-adder meant certain death within a little while, if means for checking the poison were not at hand. Mrs. Fuge, while out gathering bananas, was bitten on the hand by a green mamba, but I quickly flayed the skin around the bite, and she suffered no bad effect. But where there is no remedy at hand, death is certain, unless God performs a miracle.

A certain man, not long married, found out that his wife was afraid of snakes; and, together with a companion, he decided to cure her. While she was absent from the home, they killed a large mamba, and dragged it along the ground to the home, and put it in her room. The plan was well thought out. When she returned, she was

pushed into the room, and the door was locked. The poor woman went wild, and screamed, "The snake is killing me." The men paid no attention to her cries, knowing that a dead snake could do no harm. But the worst had happened, the room window was open, and the mate of the dead snake had followed the blood of its partner, and crawled into the room, and had actually bitten and killed the woman. She screamed until she died, which was only a few minutes, and when her voice was still, her husband said, "Now we have cured her of snake fear." Sure enough they had, for on entering the room they found her dead.

I was told of a man walking along the country road, carrying a horse-whip in his hand. He saw a large snake with its head high in the air, and with a lash of the horse-whip he severed the creature's head. He paid no more attention to it, but on reaching his home, he complained to his wife of feeling deathly sick. Lying down on his bed his wife removed his loose-leg boot, and there was the head of the snake, dead, with its poisoned fangs locked in the man's flesh. The curl of the whip had brought the severed head and dropped it in the boot, and there it fastened in a death grip, at the same time depositing sufficient poison to kill the man, for he died within a little while.

One of these cruel reptiles has been known to strike in succession a span of fourteen oxen, and thirteen died. Travelers in Africa often wear leggings to guard the legs between the ankle and the knee.

One of our men was in the bush searching for poles to use in his new church building. There was no unusual stir, nothing more than the wild shouts of the natives, the screeching of strange and excited birds, and the chattering of scores of monkeys in the tree-tops. But suddenly the unsuspecting missionary was brought to grips with the devil of the forest -- a huge Boa, fourteen feet, ten inches long, and fourteen inches around the girth. The beast was concealed under a blanket of dried leaves, and the missionary had stepped into its coils. The fight was on. In a moment the monster tightened around his leg and opened its dreadful mouth. Mr. R_____ managed to shake his leg clear, but the snake was in for a fight. Two other men came to the rescue, and for ten minutes the battle raged. The men fought with axes, but not until they managed to break its back, did the monster yield one inch.

Finally, the battle was won. But for thirty minutes the men had to rest exhausted. Six great Boas had been killed in that district in the last four years.

The ladies in the picture did not kill this Boa, but captured the nine-foot monster alive and brought it from British Guiana to present to the New York Zoo.

* * * * *

During the tragic voyages of the early explorers to the frozen North, dreadful experiences were encountered. Frost and storm never failed to take their toll of the brave men who dared the dangers of that terrible world.

In this great day, much of the venture, excitement and danger are taken out of almost everything. With radio to talk from the South and the North Poles to your home in New York or anywhere, with improved instruments for navigation, and remarkably improved weapons for defense, and vastly better fitted ships, these dreadful trips are no longer what they used to be.

It was during the discovery of the Northeast passage, away back in 1596, that the tragedy mentioned in this story occurred. The exploring ship having come to anchor, two sailors were sent on shore to spy out the land, and bring back reports of what it was like. The men had not been long on shore when one of them was much annoyed by a great hug from behind; thinking that it was his mate, he shouted, "Stand off! Let go!" The other man looked, and to his horror, a huge Polar bear had his friend locked tight in his embrace. He could do nothing to help the unfortunate sailor, so ran and shouted to the men on board ship, who came with their pikes and guns; but, all too late, the poor fellow was dead. The great white King of the North dropped the mangled and bloody corpse and sprang upon the second man, plunging his teeth in the sailor's body and sucking up his blood.

Three men stood forth to challenge the great brute. One shot, but missed; and the bear, still holding the struggling man in his teeth, raised its head, and made straight for them, but a second shot dropped him. Then they charged with their sabres, and soon avenged the death of the two poor fellows who had fallen.

The early records of the North are filled with such stories. A Dutch captain, anxious to get one of these white-robed beasts, undertook its capture in a canoe. When near enough, he thrust his spear into the bear's body; but the wise old Polar fell back a little and climbed to the top of a near-by rock, watched his chance, then sprang twenty-four feet and landed with his front feet on the captain's breast, then opening his mouth showed his rows of murderous teeth, and prepared for war. But a sailor, just in the nick of time, by some means routed the bear, and saved the captain's life.

In another case, this time in the sea around Spitzbergen, a Polar bear climbed on board a boat and drove every man overboard.

But my picture represents a more daring act than either of these. When Lord Nelson was a boy of fifteen he went as coxswain on a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole, and while in the Arctic he set out in pursuit of a Polar bear to obtain its skin. His ammunition being exhausted, he tried to attack the bear with the end of his musket, and it seemed likely that his life was saved only by the fact that a chasm in the ice separated the daring boy from the angry animal. The captain

severely reprimanded him, but young Nelson replied, "Sir, I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father."

* * * * *

34 -- DEATH ON WINGS

Here is a description of the most devastating army that this world will ever know. They are called people, but they belong to the winged families of the earth, and are described as being turned loose over our world in tribulation times. They will charge over this planet in the day of darkness, and the onslaught will be awful. Before them the land will be as the Garden of Eden, but behind them a desolate wilderness. They will resemble horses and horsemen riding to battle; they will leap over the tops of the highest mountains, and rush in every direction with the noise of devouring fire. They will climb walls like men of war, and enter in at the windows like a thief. The earth will quake before them, the heavens will tremble, sun and moon will become black, the stars will not give their light, and men's hearts will fail them for fear.

It is an army on wings, an army of insignificant locusts, energized by all the powers of the wicked one, and turned into the most terrible scourge that this world will ever know; and their deadly work will continue for five months. Lice, flies, and frogs, were more than a match for the mighty men of Egypt, and the bayonet charge of the hornet upon the Canaanites was more than they could endure. When Israel entered the land of Canaan, the Lord said, "I have commanded the hornet to fight for you, and if the Canaanites crawl into the rock-holes, where you cannot reach them, I will send the hornet to sting them out. Every last Canaanite must leave the country; and if you do not get them out they will be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides and an everlasting vexation to you."

When Colonel Gorgas undertook to open the Panama, he found the whole Panama Zone under the domination of two tribes of mosquitoes. These murderous troops on wings had killed 50,000 Frenchmen and drove DeLesseps back to France. In Brazil, they killed 35,000 people in one year, in Naples 380,000, in Constantinople 44,000 in three years. They murdered 25,000,000 in Europe, 30,000,000 in China, and 76,000 in a single week in India; and when Colonel Gorgas undertook the most stupendous piece of work ever attempted by man, these dreadful soldiers were in charge of the Panama. He started work, but the mosquitoes charged upon his men and were striking them down by the hundreds. But the Colonel, armed by the blunders of DeLesseps, commanded every man to lay down his tools and declare war. It was a battle between the mosquito and the American Government.

One or the other had to go, and, happily for the builder of the canal, there was information current as to how the mosquito should be dealt with. The Frenchmen had no such information. Their doctors put the feet of the sick men's beds in tins filled with water, hoping that water would drown the mosquitoes; but instead the

mosquito laid her eggs in the doctor's water cans, and the young ones hatched out, and arose and killed the patient. Dr. Gorgas had better information.

Major Reed of the American army had given his life to find the cause of malarial and yellow fever. He captured the Panama mosquito, and discovered that it carried in its body a sediment that contained the germs of both these deadly diseases. The Major found the cruel germ that murdered multiplied millions of human beings, but said, "Before I make it known to the world, I must prove it." Some one must take the bite of the mosquito, and for this sacrifice he called for volunteers. Two young men stepped out of the American army and said, "Major, we are ready." The consequences were clear. Everything was explained. They were told that death might immediately follow the bite. "But," said the Major, "the United States Government will amply reward any sacrifice that you make." At once the two heroes stepped back. "We make not this sacrifice for money, sir, but give ourselves a willing offering for the benefit of mankind."

The Major touched his hat, and said, "I salute you, gentlemen." They received the bite. The Major proved the discovery, and announced to the world that malaria and yellow fever were carried in the bodies of two mosquitoes.

* * * * *

35 -- DOWN TO THE PORT OF LOST SHIPS

George Shevlock, the notorious British pirate, while out to plunder the ships of the ocean, was blown across the Antarctic; and away on that lonesome Southern sea, as though God meant to punish Shevlock and his wicked crew for their crime and plunder upon the high seas, He did not allow them to see a single living creature for many days, except a disconsolate, black albatross, which, at first, appeared to them as a good angel down from God. It followed them for a long time. At last, believing that the bird brought them bad luck, Hartley, the first mate, shot it with his bow and arrow. Immediately the storm grew worse, their water supply became exhausted, and death seemed certain to claim them all. Then the men turned on Hartley, and charged him with killing the precious bird that had brought them good luck, instead of bad. They hung the dead albatross around his neck, and with glaring, bloodshot eyes, charged him with all the trouble that had befallen them, until one by one they dropped dead on the deck, and poor Hartley was left, the body of death strapped around his neck. At last, he lifted his cruel but penitent heart to God in prayer; then the albatross fell from him, and sank like lead into the sea.

The story is too long to repeat here, but the reader may find the whole of the weird tale in Coleridge's old poem, called "The Ancient Mariner." Shevlock, the pirate, was seeking treasures on the sea. He was perhaps the first white man to sail on the Pacific Ocean. He was also the first to write of guano in Peru, and the first to call attention to gold in California.

There are many who know of these treasures discovered by Shevlock, the pirate, but only the favored few know anything of the immense wealth and priceless treasures brought up from the ocean bed. If the sponge, that we use in our morning bath, could talk as well as wash, we would, in all probability, hear a very interesting talk while taking our morning ablutions.

The sponge is a child of the deep, deep sea. It was once an animal living and enjoying its low form of life in some particular spot on the great ocean floor. But man, the "meddlesome Mattie" of the world, ever eager to try his hand at new things, especially that which is likely to increase the contents of his coffers, went down and tore the sponge away from its moorings, separated it from its parent body, brought it to the surface, spread it in the sunlight, dried out all its life, then passed on the porous, lifeless, flabby skeleton to comfort us in the morning bath.

In some parts of the world, the sponge harvest is largely reaped by the naked diver, who fills his lungs with air, and by the aid of a heavy stone, which is in some way attached to his body, descends perhaps sixty feet, or more. Snatching his arms full of sponge, he drops the stone, and hurries to the surface again. The sponge is also gathered by the diver in up-to-date diving suits; but the latest scheme, and perhaps the best of all for gathering this harvest of the sea, is a queer invention, not altogether unlike a battle tank. This awkward-looking tank-boat, manned by two divers, who, by means of submarine telephone, are always in touch with their base on the surface, sinks down to the field where the sponges grow. It carries a powerful electric searchlight, and an ingenious claw, which tears the sponge from the rock and places it in a basket attached to the ship for the purpose, and when the basket is full, it is pulled up, emptied and returned.

But my main thought in this chapter is the salvage system, or the business of raising to the surface great ships that have been wrecked and sunk in the ocean depths. This is one of the master schemes of the age; and, owing to it, many a staunch and reliable vessel is now sailing the seas that was once a battered and abandoned mass of rusty, tangled wreckage lying useless on the bottom of the sea. For this work of rescue, strong companies are formed, and great ships are built for no other purpose than to lift up their fallen sisters, who have been so unfortunate as to collide with other ships, or in battle with the elements, or the cruel rocks of some unfriendly coast, have foundered, and gone down beneath the waves.

In shallow water this work is comparatively easy. For in such cases, holes torn in the lost ship are readily patched, and great pumps force out all water, and fill the hull with compressed air. In this way, vessels sunken in shallow water, and not too badly damaged, are easily lifted, and towed into dry dock, where they are refitted, and made seaworthy once more.

In cases where the wreck on the ocean floor is covered with mud or sand, so that the divers cannot work, the salvage vessel sends down powerful suction

pumps, which are operated from the surface by compressed air. These wonderful pumps have been known to suck the sand off the sunken ship that has been buried thirty-six feet deep. Then the ship is lifted bodily, strong wire cables are laid by divers, at the risk of their lives, under the hull. Then gigantic steel barrels are towed to a spot directly above the fallen ship, where they are filled with water, and sunk to the bottom, one on either side of the wreck. And when these great barrels are securely fastened to the cables, all the water is forced out and replaced by air. Then, slowly the ship is lifted sufficiently to be brought into dock.

The British warship, "Sultan," sunk in the Mediterranean; the "Hoveric" sunk on the coast of Spain; the "Gladiator," sunk by the "St. Paul," and many other great ships have been brought up from the depths by their salvaging sister ships on the surface. A great ship ran on the breakers on the coast of England, and broke in two halves, but the salvage workers sent down their men and machinery, both parts were lifted separately, towed into dry dock, and completely joined together. Within a little while the docks opened and a reclaimed ship steamed out, stronger and better than she had ever been.

* * * * *

THE END