OLD JINKS'S MONEY.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

I was once sent for by a firm of lawyers who practised in a quiet little country town situated in Norfolk. They wished to consult me, they said, in a matter of very considerable importance, and they would feel obliged if I would lose no time in seeing them. I, therefore, set off at once from London, and arrived at my destination on the afternoon of a delightful summer day. The country round about was charming; and as the light from a cloudless sky fell upon it, I thought it was as pretty a panorama as I had seen for some time.

I found that the little town was a restful, dreamy, sleepy, hollow sort of place, with the grass growing up between the cobble-stones in the High Street. The town hall was an old, red brick, tumble-down building, standing on arches in the very centre of the High Street, and bearing date 1617. The arches were the common playground of the arabs, and general meeting-place for the men-folk, who assembled there to smoke and discuss weighty affairs of State, and particularly the affairs of their neighbours. The "oldest inhabitant," a toothless old fossil nigh on to five score, was a walking encyclopædia so far as that particular strip of country went, for he had been born there, and had never in the whole course of his long existence been more than fifty miles away, except once when he was first married, and he took "t'owd ooman to Lunnun." But "by gomm" he never went again; for it "wur wickedest plaace" as ever he "seed," and not only was "t'owd ooman's hankurcher" stolen, but they actually took his silver watch that had belonged to his grandfather, and he had heard his grandfather say himself that the watch cost "five punter." This interesting mummy had very pronounced views on things in general, and he was decidedly of opinion that the world had gone to the devil since he "wur a lad," what "wi' new-fangled noctions of railways and telegraph, and such like abominations." "Foak in my day," he exclaimed indignantly in the course of a conversation I had with him, "wur content to ride in coachers, and didn't want none o'yur 'spress trains what is allers a killing somebody." He waxed wroth when I ventured to suggest that the exigencies of modern existence necessitated a more rapid means of locomotion than that which satisfied our grandfathers.

"Noa, noa," he cried, "nowt o' sort. What wuz good enough for Jack in my day is good enough now. What good does your railways do, 'cept fill t' pockets o' t' owners on 'em?"

I found that Mr. Howden, the head of the firm of lawyers at whose request I had gone down to this out-of-the-world little place, was a typical country lawyer, not far behind the oldest inhabitant in the point of age, but still a hale man, with a fondness for snuff and old port wine. The modern fever of haste and bustle had not affected him, for he did everything with a slowness and deliberateness that taxed one's patience sorely, and seemed to suggest that he had some idea he was going to live for another century or so. With a great deal of unnecessary detail, and with a round-aboutness which caused me to wonder if he would ever come to the main point, he told me the following story, which I give in outline only, as being sufficient to indicate the nature of the case I was called upon to investigate.

Samuel Jinkinson had been born in the neighborhood eighty years back. He was the son of the then squire, and was a wild rascal in his youth, a portion of which had been spent in London, and the other portion in travelling abroad. At last he married Miss Oldcroft, the harum-scarum daughter of Oldcroft, the miller, who had made a bit of money, and gave his "gal" a fair proportion of it when she married. Sarah Oldcroft, while being regarded as the village belle, was also unanimously voted to be the worst of coquettes, and the most heartless of young women. The village croakers, therefore, were not slow to predict that Samuel Jinkinson would soon find he had made a wrong choice, nor were they wrong in this particular instance, for it was speedily made manifest that they were as ill-sorted a couple as ever came together. A daughter was born and died in her infancy, and then a son came and lived. When the boy was only four years old the mother took herself off and went to London. Her husband did not make any efforts to bring her back, but concentrated all his affections and hopes on his boy, who remained with him until he was fifteen years of age, when his wife, through her relations, succeeded in poisoning the boy's mind against his father, with the result that the lad went off to his mother, and Jinkinson was broken-hearted. From that time he became quite a changed man; and as the years passed on he grew into a misanthrope; shunning his acquaintances and neighbors, and living an isolated, lonely life on his estate, which he let out to farmers, and proved one of the most exacting of landlords. His habits became those of a miser, and while he would not spend a penny on improvements he took good care to collect his dues to the uttermost farthing. So matters went on for many years, and he had become a grumpy, soured, broken man.

He had taken up his residence in a cottage which stood in one of his fields; and a woman known in the village as Betsy Clarke became his housekeeper. Betsy was the widow of a farmer, and at the time she entered the service of Mr. Jinkinson as his housekeeper she was nearly forty years of age.

Many more years passed. Jinkinson grew old, and was familiarly known to all the villagers and for miles around as "Old Jinks." As the years gathered about him he became more crotchety and eccentric, and his miserly habits increased. He looked after his rents with the keenness quite characteristic of the miser; but not a penny piece would he spend on his property, except to keep fences in repair; but even then he would haggle and quarrel about a halfpenny. Portions of his estate he subsequently sold, realising far more than its value. But it was bought by a wealthy gentleman who came to live in the neighbourhood, and who was anxious to extend his own ground which adjoined Jinks's. And as money was no object to him, and as Jinks would not sell it until tempted by a big price the land was secured.

Now, there was a circumstance in connection with Jinks which sorely exercised the minds of the rural population. What did he do with his money? He kept no banking account, he spent very little, and his wealth was always increasing. Before concluding the bargain about the sale of his land, he stipulated that the purchaser's lawyers should pay him the amount agreed upon in coins of the realm. This was done and Jinks carried the coins off in a big canvas bag. Of course, as was only natural, Betsy Clarke was frequently asked what the old fellow did with his money. But her invariable answer was—

"What's the use 'er asking me. I ain't got nothink to do wi' it. And the old man don't make me his banker."

People believed as much of this as they liked; and it was considered most unlikely that Betsy could live as long as she had done with the old man and be entirely ignorant of the manner in which he disposed of his money. Many nasty things were said about her, and hints were freely dropped about her looking after her own ends and feathering her own nest, for spiteful folk are to be found everywhere. However, as Jinks never complained about his housekeeper, and indeed, seemed perfectly satisfied, no one else had any right to interfere. But still curiosity ran high, though it was never gratified.

So the years sped and Jinks's hair became snow-white, his cheeks hollow, his form bent, and his footsteps halting and feeble. With advancing age his miserly habits, if anything, increased, and it was currently rumoured that he and old Betsy lived on a few pence a day, and that fires and lights of any kind were unknown. The money, therefore, went on accumulating; but what became of it? Not a penny piece would the old man give away. And he did not spend a hundredth part of what he received.

When he was about seventy-five years of age he began to think that his sands were nearly run out, and one day he called on the firm of lawyers of which Mr. Howden was the head, and requesting that he might see this gentleman in private, he told him—having first exacted a promise of secrecy from him—that he wished to make a will.

As may be supposed, Mr. Howden was much surprised, and asked old Jinks to whom he was going to leave his money.

"To my son," was the old fellow's answer. "He is an ingrate, and has never been near me since he went away, but then I cannot take my money into the grave, and I've no one else to leave it to. Besides, he is my son after all," the old man added pathetically.

Mr. Howden asked him if he knew where his son was, but he said he did not, though he considered there would be no difficulty in finding him.

"And will you leave him everything?" Mr. Howden inquired.

"Everything," was the answer.

"Without any restrictions?"

"Without any restrictions whatever."

Mr. Howden next ventured to hint that perhaps Mr. Jinkinson would like to acknowledge the long and faithful services of the housekeeper in some way. But on this the old man got raspy and said—

"Don't you bother about Betsy. I'll see that Betsy doesn't want for anything, and before I die I'll give her good honest coin of the realm, so that she won't be bothered with any of you lawyers."

This remark suggested to Mr. Howden to remind his strange client that, according to common rumour, he kept no banking account, and that he must have hoarded somewhere. Upon this old Jinks smiled, as though he considered a great compliment had been paid to him, and, with a knowing wink he answered—

"Well, of course, if you don't know where to find the money you could not give it to my son, could you? But you can make your mind easy; it will be all right."

The lawyer urged upon him the importance of revealing his hiding place, as otherwise there might be considerable trouble; and at last, after much pondering, Old Jinks wrote on a slip of paper, which he made Howden promise faithfully he would keep a secret until the time came to use the money that he had accumulated a sum of nearly forty thousand pounds in notes and gold, and that the money was tied up in a sack, which was carefully stowed away in a little loft over his bedroom, and the only access to the loft was by a trap-door in the ceiling of his room. Every night before he retired he climbed up into the loft to see that his money was all right, and the ladder he used for getting up to the loft he kept underneath the boards in his room. He had arranged two of the boards so that he could lift them with the greatest ease, and over the boards he spread a piece of carpet. He flattered himself that no living soul knew of his hiding-place, not even his housekeeper, and in order to throw her off the scent he had frequently displayed before her a wooden bucket, in which he kept a few hundred pounds in gold, and this bucket was kept concealed in a disused and perfectly dry well in the orchard.

Such was the story as told by Old Jinks, and as the lawyer knew that he had been hoarding and accumulating for very many years, there was no reason whatever to doubt his statement as to the amount. A will was, therefore, carefully prepared, and by it everything was left to the son; or, in the event of his death and his leaving children behind him, it was to go to the children. But failing children, the money was to be used for building and endowing an orphan asylum, which was to be erected on the old man's land, and was to be known for all time as "Jinkinson's House."

These details and wishes of the testator were set forth with great preciseness, and the will was drawn up with a view of avoiding any subsequent misunderstanding. And, at last, all being right and in perfect order, it was duly signed and attested; one of the witnesses, by the old man's request, being Betsy Clarke, his housekeeper.

So far, then, all was well, and old Jinks seemed highly satisfied, with what he had done, and in the lawyer's hearing said—

"Now if my son would only come and see me I should die happy."

Whereupon Mr. Howden suggested that the son should be found, and requested to come and see his father. But on this Jinks flared with anger, and exclaimed—

"No, no. If he won't come of his own free will, he shan't come at all. And when he has my money after I'm dead it will be like gall and wormwood to him as long as he lives."

This was a strange idea of Jinks; but as no one had any interest in contradicting him, he had his own way, and about a year later he died suddenly of sheer old age. He was known to have become very feeble six months before his death, and for three months his familiar figure had been missed from the village; but until Betsy Clarke gave the information that he was dead, no one had any idea that he had passed away to his eternal rest. As no medical man had attended him, an inquest and post-mortem became necessary; but this left no doubt about his having died from extreme age.

As soon as Mr. Howden heard of old Jinks's decease, he lost no time in proceeding with his son, and his two business partners, to Jinks's house, in order to secure the money, and place it in the bank, but no money was found in the loft. And when Betsy heard what they had come about she smiled, and told them she knew where the old man's money was, and led them to the well where sure enough in a bucket a sum of a little over a thousand pounds in gold and silver was found. That was all in accord with what Jinks had told the lawyer; but it was absolutely certain that it did not represent all the testator possessed. Betsy pleaded entire ignorance of any other place of concealment, and declared that old Jinks had always given her to understand he kept his money in the well, and she had never seen him put any anywhere else.

On the face of it, it seemed absurd to suppose that the old man, after a generation and more of scraping and hoarding, had died worth only about a thousand. It was well known what his property brought in, and, besides his annual income, there was the large sum he had received for the sale of a portion of his estate. What had become of that?

A most exhaustive search was made of the premises, but without any result. Nothing further was forthcoming, and so from lip to lip was bandied the question—

"What has become of old Jinks's money?"

Mr. Howden was convinced in his own mind that Jinks had not deceived him, and he came to the conclusion that the money had been stolen, and though his suspicions fell upon Betsy Clarke, he could not get a shred of proof to support him, and in the dilemma he sent for me; for it was a serious business, as until the money was found the provisions of the will could not be carried out, though steps were at once taken to trace the heir.

Such was the story and particulars I got from Mr. Howden, and I could hardly have done otherwise than have come to the conclusion that Betsey Clarke was not so ignorant of where the money was as she pretended to be. I therefore sought an interview with her.

She was an old cross-grained woman, surly and sour, as well she might be, after the many years of hermit-like life she had passed with the miserly old Jinks, whose parsimony led him to deny himself and her anything that was not absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. And yet, strangely enough, he had lived a good deal beyond the allotted span, and she was turned seventy. So that it seemed as if hard fare, together with cheerlessness and discomfort, had not tended to shorten their lives.

I was by no means struck with Betsy. She gave me the impression of being a shifty and untruthful old woman, and notwithstanding that she had been so long in his service, she had not a good word to say for him.

"But did he not leave you anything?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he gave me a paltry five hundred pounds a few days afore he died. But then I suppose, it will do me my time, and keep me out of the workhouse."

"When you knew he was likely to die, why didn't you get medical advice?"

"I didn't know he was a-dying," she growled. "Fact is he'd been a-dying for many years according to his own account, and I'd come to think he would live longer than I should."

"But still you must have seen at last that he was going. Why did you let him die without anyone knowing even that he was near his end?"

"He would not let me tell anyone, and he would not have a doctor. He hated doctors. He said as they was all a parcel o' ignorant quacks, what took your money, and did nothing for you."

"But still, in justice to yourself, you ought to have got assistance," I urged.

"Perhaps I should, but we ain't always got our wits about us. If I'd knowd as he was really a-dying I'd a got assistance for him, for I wur worrit enough, I can tell you."

After this interview I felt sure that even if Betsy did not know anything about Jinks's money, she was an artful and untruthful woman. But the fact is, I strongly suspected that she did know. If this was true, however, it was very evident that she must have a confederate. Perhaps more than one; for if there was as much specie as the testator gave his lawyer to understand there was it would have been difficult to remove, except by small quantities at a time. Or if taken away in bulk it would have necessitated two or three strong men. I therefore began to make careful enquiries as to what relatives or acquaintances Betsy had. Of acquaintances—except of the most casual kind—she seemed to have none, for she had kept herself as secluded as her master had done. But I ascertained that in the town of Norwich she had a daughter and son-in-law living, and they had several children, all of them grown up. The daughter's name was Carmichael, and her husband had for some years been steward to Sir Joseph Paterson, the M.P. But on Sir Joseph's death Carmichael was thrown out of employment; and since then he had earned a precarious living by giving lessons on the violin, an instrument that he had learned to play exceedingly well. There is no doubt that he and his wife and a grown-up son, who was consumptive, and lived with them, had suffered a good deal of hardship and privation. But it came to my knowledge that Betsy occasionally visited them; and whenever she did so she always left something behind.

Up to this point there was nothing that justified suspicion attaching itself to the Carmichaels, although they were the only relatives Betsy had, and the only people she visited. Therefore, unless she herself had stolen old Jinks's money little by little, and had hidden it away somewhere and had told no living being, she must have had assistance; and who was more likely to have been taken into her confidence than the Carmichaels? Of course there was the other alternative, which was that Jinks had not hoarded any money. But the reader will see for himself how utterly improbable that was, having regard to the very considerable income he was known to derive from his property. So I dismissed the idea as one that was wholly untenable, and worked upon the assumption that Betsy had a guilty secret, which I resolved to find out, and to that end I set a very careful watch on the Carmichael's actions, feeling perfectly sure that if they had possessed themselves of the money, they would sooner or later commit some act which would betray them.

I may mention, as fully testifying to old Jinks's accuracy of detail, on the occasion of his visiting Mr. Howden about the will, that the ladder he had spoken of as being under his floor in his bedroom, was duly found there; and the woodwork about the trapdoor, that gave access to the loft, bore every sign of some one having frequently passed up and down. So far, then, everything turned out exactly as he had said with the exception of the bag of money being in the loft.

For some weeks, in spite of the utmost vigilance I was unable to obtain the faintest clue calculated to aid me in any way. In the meantime, Jinks's son had been found. He had passed middle life. His mother had been dead many years, and he was married and the father of a large family, but was in easy circumstances, for he was in business as a saddle and harness marker on his own account, and had a very good connection. This fact, however, did not render him less eager to obtain his father's—old Jinks's—money according to his rights, if it could be found.

Old Betsy Clarke left the neighbourhood soon after Jinks's funeral, and took up her residence with the Carmichaels in Norwich, and about three months later I learned that Carmichael had been to Liverpool, making inquries as to the cost of passage for himself and family to New Zealand; and shortly after he set about trying to let his house, upon which he had an unexpired lease of six years to run.

These circumstances seemed to me suspicious, and I shadowed him more closely than ever. In consequence it came to my knowledge that Mrs. Carmichael had been up to London making extensive purchases of clothing and other things for the family; while her husband had been discharging some long-standing liabilities in the neighbourhood, and had paid a hundred and twenty guineas for a Stradivarius violin, which he had long coveted, and which had been in possession of a well-known collector in Norwich. Now, for a man who had long been steeped in poverty, to suddenly launch out like this pointed ominously to there being something that was not fair and aboveboard. Of course, I did not over-look the possibility that he was drawing the money from his mother-in-law. But, if that were really the case, it did not seem to me in accord with common sense that he would have rushed into such lavish expenditure. The ability to pay so large a price as 120 guineas for a violin certainly argued possession of a good deal more. There was another suspicious element, the value of which I duly weighed. He kept no banking account, and all his payments were made in cash, the violin being paid for in sovereigns. With these facts before me, I took counsel with the local authorities, and it was decided that there was sufficient evidence to go before a magistrate with, and apply for a warrant to search Carmichael's house, on suspicion of his being in unlawful possession of stolen money. The warrant was accordingly granted, and my appearance at the Carmichaels, and my demand in the name of the law to search their house was like the shock of a thunderbolt to them. Their agitation and reluctance to comply with my demand betrayed guilty knowledge of some kind. Then I felt sure I was on the right track, and in less than half an hour I discovered in the coal cellar well covered up with coals, a course canvas sack containing a very large sum of money. As Carmichael could not account for the possession of this he was arrested, and, the little game being thus spoiled, he confessed that at his mother-in-law's request he had gradually removed the money from Jinks's loft during the time that the old man lay insensible.

Betsy Clarke had with extreme artfulness arranged the whole plan. When she found that the old man had made a will leaving his hoard of gold to his unworthy and ungrateful son it made her furious, for she considered that if anyone had a right to it she had, after her many years of service with Jinks. Morally, it might have been argued that she was justified in this belief; but, legally, of course, she hadn't a leg to stand upon. But so great was the shock and disappointment to her that she took to her bed and in six weeks' time was dead. What money she had in her own right she left to her son-in-law, and out of it he made good what had been spent of the stolen money, and in consideration of the peculiarity of all the circumstances of the case, and in the belief that he had been instigated to remove the money by his mother-in-law, he got off with the light punishment of three months' imprisonment for unlawful possession. I was really sorry for Carmichael, as up to then he had borne an irreproachable character; while on the other hand, the heir had been a drinker for years, and was by no means either a model father or a good husband. However, those were matters outside the cognisance of the law, and could not be taken into account. He was lawfully entitled to old Jinks's money, and he got it. Whether it brought him happiness or not, and enabled him to leave the world better than he found it I cannot say.

SENSELESS QUARANTINE.

The Ontario Health Officer Expostulates With the American Authorities.

Dr. Bryce, of the Ontario Provincial Health Board, attended the meeting of the Detroit board the other day and protested against the quarantining of immigrants in Windsor. He said that the system was a hardship for the immigrants and an injustice to Canada, being entirely unnecessary in view of the measures carried out in Quebec and Montreal. He intimated that Ontario might adopt retaliatory measures in case its protests were not regarded. This could be done by refusing immigrants from New York bound for Michigan, admission to Ontario at Niagara Falls. Members of the local board explained that they had voted to accept certificates from Quebec authorities, and that the state board is responsible for the present system of inspection.

Twenty-three immigrants detained in Windsor by the order of Dr. Mulheron on Saturday night were released on Sunday night by order of Dr. Corcoran, one of the local inspectors. Dr. Corcoran's action will doubtless stir up the state board, and some lively correspondence over the matter is expected.

Heading Her Off.

Cumso—Wait a minute, Fangle. I want to step into the dressmaker's and pay my wife's bill.

Fangle—Why don't you give her the money and let her go and pay it?

Cumso—She'd order another dress.

The Jews in Russia.

The persecution of Jews in Russia has two motives, neither of which would be regarded in any other country a justification for this policy. The Jew is—as need not be explained—outside the pale of the Christian community. Even in the most civilized nations there still lingers a sentiment of hostile prejudice against the people of Israel. The sins of the fathers through whose murderous deed, redemption came to mankind, ever since the earliest days when christians became a power in the earth, have been visited on their children. The track of the Jews down the centuries is one of blood. It is a miracle indeed that this race has not been exterminated, as it would have been had there not been a Divine purpose in its maintenance as a witness for the truth it lives only to deny.

The persecution of the Jews in Russia is merely a survival of practices that were general throughout Europe a few centuries ago. The defenders of the Czar declare that, he is animated by the holiest of motives. Their defence when cleared of cant is, that he harries the Jews, in order to show his love of Christ; a proceeding which is as logical as a man getting intoxicated to show his zeal for temperance. A writer in a leading Review recently said: "Russia is magnanimous. She contradicts nothing. She subsidizes no reptile Press. Russia, confident of vindication by posterity, is silent." Poor, amiable Russia, it is sad she is so harshly criticised! As to Russia's silence, it is well known that the gold of that country is spent freely in buying the advocacy of the press of foreign countries. There is no nation so lavish in its bribes, for the cause of Russia is so hateful, so unpopular in the rest of Europe, that only by large payments is she able to secure literary defenders, of the class who would defend Satan for a fee.

But, conscious of the utter inadequacy of the cry of religious zeal as an apology for her crimes against humanity, Russia's defenders, put forth another argument to justify the cruelties inflicted on the Jews in that Country.

The object pursued by the governing classes in repressing the Jews is said to be "sheer self-defence." "The bright Jewish intellect, if allowed free play, would contaminate the whole Empire in a short space of time," so writes one Russian advocate. The "contamination" of Russia by "bright intellect," is doubtless feared by the Czar, for any people whose brains were active would soon make a bold strike for freedom from his tyranny, and demand, and secure, the liberties enjoyed by all civilized nations. The Jew, it seems, acts like yeast in dough, and Russia does not want any intellectual fermentation to be introduced amongst his despot-ruled subjects. "It has been calculated that if the repressive laws of Russia were repealed, and the Jews allowed access to any and every post in the Empire, eight years would not pass before every post worth having, outside the army and navy, would be filled by an official of the Hebrew faith." Such is the real motive of the persecution of the Jews in Russia. The Jew belongs to an educated race; to a race inheriting the force of strong religious principles; the oppression of centuries has only intensified his energies; and the heavy-brained, sodden, semi-barbarous Russian, has no chance in the contest of intellect with the race who were selected by the Almighty to be His agents in revolutionizing the world.

The Jews in Russia where they have been left comparatively free, hold 47 per cent. of the capital engaged in trade, run 67 per cent. of the retail stores, 55 per cent. of the mercantile establishments. They control in equal proportions, the distilleries of brandy, and the retail spirit stores. How enormous in their influence, compared to their number, can be judged by their being *less than five per cent. of the total population.*

The social, intellectual, material, and political, advancement of Russia will receive each a serious check if the main body of the Jewish population is expelled. They have become the veins and arteries of the commercial body, along which has flowed in streams of foreign capital.

That they are avaricious, keen bargainers, oppressive and exacting financiers, we can readily believe. A small body of foreigners, living in a land by sufferance, liable to be expelled any day, having no ties to bind them to the country; must inevitably become all that is charged against the Jews in Russia.

As the Czar is the head official of one of the most ancient, and one of the largest of Christian churches, his treatment of the Jews is a scandalous crime against Christendom, as well as a disgrace to this century. The Jews may well resist our efforts to convert them to Christ, when His religion is said to instigate such cruelties as forcing men, women, and children from their homes amid the severities of winter. It seems to us, that a mission to christianize the Czar of Russia, and his officials throughout the Empire, is as much needed as one to do that service to the Hebrew race.

The destruction of so many Russians by famine would not have occurred had their chief Ruler not been destitute of the first principles of christianity. The grain needed to keep his subjects alive, was being stored in prodigious quantities, in military granaries Such indifference to human agony as the Czar showed in the time of the famine, for which he was mainly responsible, and such callous severity as he has shown towards the Jews, proves him to have the stony heart of a savage, to be indeed a barbarian wearing a christian mask.

How Your Nails Grow.

The time taken for the tissues of your left hand to give you a complete change of nails is from eight to ten days more than that required for a renewal of those on the right hand. The growth is also known to be more rapid in children than in adults and goes on faster in Summer than in Winter. It requires an average of 132 days for a renewal of the nails in Winter, and but 116 during the Spring and Summer months.

A nautical journal published on the Pacific coast asserts that the Nicaragua Canal, if completed, will never be used by sailing vessels, for a reason which applies also to the Panama Canal. On either side of Central America, in the vicinity of the proposed entrances to the canal, is a region of perpetual calms and doldrums, and a sailing vessel would find it exceedingly difficult to get into the entrance on one side, and after being towed through would have equal difficulty in getting away from the coast into the region of trade winds on the other.