

BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

Copyright by the Musson Book Company

How the Story Started.

Frank Westhaver, known as "Shorty," lives at Long Cove on Bay of Fundy coast with his mother and his uncle, Captain Jerry Clark. He and his chum Lemuel Ring drink a bottle of rum, whereupon Frank's uncle tells him the story of his father's fondness for drink and how the "Grace Westhaver" went down off Sable Island with ten of her crew and her skipper. This has the desired effect upon Frank. He finishes school with credit to himself and spends the summer as an apprentice to "Long Dick" Jennings. In August his uncle takes him on a fishing trip as spare hand aboard the Kastalia. While at anchor in Canso after the first fishing trip, Frank rescues a French boy from ill-treatment by his fellow-sailors. The two boys try their hand at dory fishing with success. A storm bursts with sudden fury. Frank's presence of mind saved the vessel from collision with a steamer. When Frank is twenty-one and Jules nineteen, they engage for a season with Capt. Watson. Frank calls on his boyhood sweetheart, Carrie Dexter, now nurse in training in a Boston hospital, who introduces him to the matron as Captain Westhaver. When the ship reaches the fishing banks, Jules and Frank find their dory damaged.

CHAPTER EIGHT.—(Cont'd.)

While the two dory-mates were examining the damage, the skipper, impatient at the delay in getting the dory over, sung out from the wheel: "Naow thar, you number five dory! Why'n sheel don't ye h'ist her aout? D'ye think I'm a-goin' to wait all day for yez?"

"Dory's stove, sir!" replied Frank. The stout, saturnine Watson slipped the wheel in the bucket and came lumbering forward. "What's that you say?" he snapped. "Dory's stove? How did that happen, eh? Why did ye let her git stove?"

"Waal," answered Shorty respectfully, "I cal'late it ain't our fault. Some feller must ha' left this rock kickin' round in th' scuppers, an' in them dives las' night th' blame' thing hez bin bangin' agin' our dory—"

"Aw, hell!" rasped the skipper savagely. "A dory out-a-business with yer cursed carelessness. Some o' you guineys need a blame' nurse t' look after ye! Kain't ye patch her up? Don't stand an' goggle at it!"

Frank reddened. "Why, skipper, you kin see for yerself that nawthin' kin fix that. Th' whole plank is smashed—"

Watson turned on him in a blaze of temper. "Ye don't want t' make th' set, eh?"

"How kin we in a stove dory?" "Waal, stay aboard then," snarled the skipper. "Stay aboard, but devil th' share ye'll draw when we git in—"

"All right, sir," replied Frank coolly; "an' devil th' hand's turn o' work we'll do aboard here of that's th' way ye look at it. Come on, Jules, let's turn in!" And both left the stout skipper stamping and cursing with rage.

Frank knew that Watson would calm down in a day or so. He was a very short-tempered, irascible man, with nerves always on edge with the big chances he was forever taking, and much given to bursts of unaccountable fury over trifles.

"Well," remarked Jules when they entered the fo'c'sle, "I'll catch up on sleep, I tink—"

"An' I'll do a little readin'," said Frank. "I bought some books in Boston last time an' I ain't even looked them over yet." And they rolled into their bunks—Jules to sleep, and Frank to forget his troubles with the exploits of John Ridd in "Lorna Doone."

The skipper carried his temper for the whole six days they were on the grounds. He never spoke to them, nor would he look at them. As far as he was concerned Jules and Shorty were not aboard. This state of affairs continued until one night, when, with a nor-wester making up, they were lying-to.

It was after midnight, and Frank was rudely awakened by one of the men who bunked aft in the cabin. "Westhaver! Westhaver!" he said, and his voice was shrill with fright. "Skipper's taken bad in his berth an' is askin' fur ye. Hurry! for I think he's most gone!"

he took the skipper's limp hand in his. "Skipper," he said quietly, "here I am—Westhaver."

The labored breathing stopped for a space. "Westhaver—bust—blood-vessel in chest—goin' out soon—I cal'late." The dying man paused and breathed heavily. "Are ye thar, Westhaver?—can't see, y'know"—the words came in gasps—"git vessel home—Boston ef ye kin—no'-wester comin'—be careful—shoal t' loo'ard—"

He broke off in a spasm of coughing and blood oozed from the corners of his lips. "Git vessel an' me home—tell wife I got me—so long, boys!" And, with a sailor's valediction, the soul of Tom Watson—"Driver Tom"—the hardest and most daring skipper from Grand to Georges—went out to his long home.

"He's gone, boys!" said Frank, rising to his feet. It was a simple sentence, but it meant much, and the words caused strong, hard-bitten men to sob like children. It was a strange scene. Outside the wind whined in the main-mast rigging; the roar of the sea dominated all other sounds, and the vessel lurched and dived over the cresting surges. In the reeling cabin were collected a mob of rough-looking, sea-bronzed fishermen, and the flickering light from the lamps swinging in their gimbals illuminated their tense faces as they gazed in on the silent body outlined in the feeble glow of the candle stuck into the bulkhead.

"Gimme a blanket, some o' you!" whispered Frank. "I'll cover him up." After he had closed the staring eyes and covered the silent form Westhaver felt the weight of responsibility resting upon his shoulders. Watson, knowing that Westhaver was probably the only man aboard competent to navigate the vessel home, had saddled him with the charge. But what a charge for an untried boy! A February nor-wester brewing; the wind blowing stronger and colder every minute; the shoal water of Georges to leeward; while twenty-two men, relieved at having no responsibility, were looking to him for orders.

Westhaver pulled out the chart-drawer and glanced over the grimy, brine-stained sheet. "Take a cast, one of you!" he whispered, and when a man had quietly hailed the water he pricked off the position and paralleled off a course for Cape Cod.

Closing the drawer, he drew the door of the skipper's berth and staggered along the ice-sealed deck to the fore-castle; he went down and donned his oilskins. "I'm a-goin' t' have a night of it," he murmured. "Yes!—a night of it." And with a determined glint in his grey-blue eyes and a grim set to jaw and mouth he swung on deck. "Reef th' mains' an' set it!" he roared to the gang gathered in the cabin. The dead was forgotten in the old familiar sea-shout, and with minds dwelling only upon the present exigency, they piled up on deck to wrestle with frozen canvas, haul out earrings upon precarious boom foot-ropes, and tie, with many anathemas and oburgations, reef-points stiff as steel wire.

"Mains'ls reefed, skipper!" Frank gave a start at the title.

"All right!" he bawled in order to make himself heard above the din of wind and sea. "H'ist away easy now! Get th' bonnet off th' jib an' stand by t' set it when I sing out. Ready?"

"All ready!" came a voice out of the darkness. And it was dark—black dark. Men felt one another's presence by sense of touch. They groped for the halliards by blind instinct, and strung along the brine-drenched alleys they heaved upon the ice-filmed ropes, while the sail went up with a snapping of canvas and banging of sheet blocks.

"Hold yer jumbo! H'ist yer jib! Draw away!" And Westhaver spun the wheel over while the schooner side-wiped a cresting surge into a burst of spray and rolled down to the pressure of the breeze. "One hundred good miles t' Race Point," he muttered as he checked the plunging schooner until the compass needle wavered at north; "an' it'll be tack, tack, tack all th' way with this blame no'-wester blowin' dead in our teeth." Aloud he shouted. "Aft here to th' wheel, someone! John Simms, you better take her for a spell while I wind th' log and put it over. Keep her close-hauled—she'll look up 'bout no'th with a good full."

The tardy daylight came at last and revealed a chilly expanse of wind-lashed black-green sea. Streaked and laced with foam, the Western Ocean combers creamed in white-watered crests and the wind whipped the wave-lips away in a whisk of frozen, hail-like shot, which slashed across the staggering schooner like the whip of a slave driver. And there is no lash which bites like the sting of a winter wind—a wind laden with particles of frozen spray which cuts the face until the blood starts, and which the men in their work have to butt into, glancing for their own safety at the cresting billows under the sou'-wester thatch or the upraised arm.

The cold was cruel, and men stamped below with the icicles forming on beard and moustache, and their fingers

and toes numb with the chill of the frost. The sanctity of the cabin, with its silent dead, was ignored in the living misery of the frost-nipped men who clattered cursefully down into the apartment to thaw out frozen mittens and warm their chilled feet. There was no let up in the gale, and Westhaver, red-eyed and blue-lipped struggled at the wheel and bullied the gang into keeping the vessel clear of the ice which was forming on her decks and rigging.

A snow squall carried away the jib, and in a trice but a few ribbon-like rags fluttered from the stay. Then the mainsail proved too much for her in the weight of the wind blowing, and Frank called the gang together for a tussle with the ice-filmed, slatting devil.

"Take in yer mains'! Set th' ridin' sail! Aft here, all hands!" And tugging with the strength of desperation at the main-sheet, the oilskinned mob dragged the big boom aboard and snapped the crotch and iron turn-buckle guys in place, while the young commander at the wheel watched sea, vessel and men with eyes which snapped alert and wakeful through their swollen, red-rimmed lids.

It was big Jules who proved Shorty's most valuable lieutenant during the wild, man-killing passage to T Dock. It was Jules who hovered jealously around his old dory-mate, ready to give a hand at the bucking wheel, or to execute an order. It was the Frenchman who hurled himself on the belying, thunderously slatting mainsail, and with wild oaths and whirling fists set the example to the back-weary, listless men. "Git her in, de devil!" he yelled. "Come on, boys, beat de hell out of heem!" And they rolled that heavy, ice-coated sail up in record time.

Under the triangular riding sail, whole foresail and jumbo, they came about somewhere off Cape Ann, and in the whirling snow-squalls the Fannie B. Carson dragged her lee rail under as she swung off on a long slant for Boston Light. Men lolled in their bunks, oiled up and sea-booted ready for a call. Sleep was snatched in fitful dozes, and they wolfed their meals and drank huge mugs of steaming coffee standing up at the shack locker in the fore-castle. Ice formed quickly over the spray drenched bows. The cable box, fishing hawser, windlass and bowsprit were shrouded in a solid mass; the lower portions of the sails scaled and cracked like sheet-iron with every slat, and the rigging and blocks were festooned clear to the cross-trees.

(To be continued.)

When We Are Masters.

A wealthy East Indian philosopher, when arrested and notified that all of his fortune, lands, everything he possessed, had been confiscated by the government, shouted, "Allah, Allah, I'm free!"

The poor envy the rich, but they do not realize their slavery in many cases, to mere things. Most people who have any possessions become their slaves. They are dominated by things. Their lives become so complicated with entangling interests that they are not free men or women. It is a rare thing to find a really free soul. We are so cumbered with many things, and bound in one way or another that limits and shuts us in. If we are not slaves of our property, of our possessions, we are slaves of our business, of our profession, or we are depending on things outside of ourselves—outside influence, outside capital, or pull, on the help of our friends. All these are crutches which make the soul limp, which weaken the backbone of character, take the stamina out of us, and rob us of virility of freedom.

We are absolutely free only when we rid ourselves of the domination of things; when we don't live in our property, in our business; don't depend on anything outside of own soul power. Then we are masters, not slaves. Then do we discover that there is no power in things; that this course of all our power is within us.—Success.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



GETTING SMALLER EVERY DAY.

Separating Sunbeams.

Certain of the sun's rays have already been separated from the rest and used to cure special human disorders. There are other rays which might be captured and used to the same advantage.

"I love the merry, merry sunshine, It makes my heart so gay," ran the old song. Why is it that on bright and sunny days we feel so much better than we do when the weather is overcast and cloudy?

A noted psychologist stated recently that "it is because the human race was brought to life by the sun. The light and warmth of the sun are the natural elements of mankind."

Sunlight cures diseases and creates life.

Scientists have for a long time been cutting up sunlight to sort out its different powers and harness them for use, whilst X-rays have already been procured to combat certain human ills. There are other rays that can very well be extracted from the sunlight and used for scientific purposes. Some day we may be able to make ourselves happy at will—give ourselves the holiday feeling at any moment—by just pressing a switch in our homes or offices, and turning on a flow of happiness-inspiring rays.

Some people vow that they cannot cross the Equator without falling wholeheartedly and desperately in love. Perhaps in the future the fairy-tale of the magic love potion, by which the fairy prince made the fairy princess love him, will be attainable at any chemist's. Then we may read: "Ask for Daniel Cupid's Harnessed Sunshine Love Mixture—accept no other," on the hoardings everywhere.

Perhaps sunshine will be stored in a little box like a pocket electric lamp, and young ladies will discard powder and rouge, and will make up their complexion by applying a little concentrated sunlight to their cheeks for a few minutes until the roses appear.

All handsome men will be able to broadcast the concentrated sunlight all over their faces until they have that slightly sunburnt tint by which they are known.

But make no mistake; this article is perfectly serious. The rays of the sun have all these powers, and merely await dissecting by some scientific genius.

Various Handshakes Used by Celebrities.

Is it possible to judge a man's character by his handshake? Dickens thought so when he described Uriah Heep's handshake—a limp, clammy taking of the hand indicative of the calculating suavity of that detestable young man. A world of difference between his handshake and the respectfully hearty grip of Peggotty, the Yarmouth fisherman!

How do the celebrities of our day shake hands—the King, for example, and the Prince of Wales.

The King just grips your hand firmly, giving it no shake whatever, while the Prince's hand is shot jerkily forward, pressing yours downward at the moment of gripping it.

Earl Haig shakes hands with courteous firmness. He grips your hand in real soldierly fashion, with his thumb locked over your fingers. Another famous soldier, Sir William Robertson, is content with squeezing your fingers, though none too gently.

The Prince's Serpent.

The Prince of Wales, returning from his journey around the world, brought in his baggage divers and sometimes terrible things.

The most awkward of the gifts offered to him was, without doubt, a magnificent serpent ten meters long. This serpent, to which the heat had restored some vigor, did not find the lodging given him in the Zoological Garden of London quite to his taste and refused to enter it. It took sixteen persons to compel him to move in.

When Swamps Explode.

Nature indulges in odd tricks at times. One of her latest antics is the sudden disappearance of an enormous swamp in British East Africa. The theory is that the swamp was supported by the roof of a rocky underground cavern, and that this roof collapsed. At any rate, an immense volume of water has disappeared into the earth, leaving behind a huge, and at present unexplored, hollow.

In November, 1920, a large section of the Culligh Bog, near Longford, burst with a roar that was heard for miles, says an English newspaper. Acres of slime gushed outwards. Luckily, there were no houses near the bog, and the only damage was to a road.

In 1910 a similar disaster took place near Castlereagh, in Co. Roscommon. In the middle of a November night there was a sound like thunder. Great fissures opened in the surface of the bog, and an area of more than three square miles began to slide towards the adjacent lowland. It swept on for about a quarter of a mile, overwhelming cottages and a portion of the main road.

A moving plain sliding steadily towards the sea was the terrifying spectacle witnessed in Carnarvonshire in September, 1913. This amazing performance began with rumblings like those of an earthquake. Then a large plot of grazing land began to move, its surface rising and falling like waves. Great boulders were flung out and then sucked in again. This continued until the flat, pebble-covered beach had disappeared and been replaced by the grass land.

Most people have heard of Chalk Moss, in Lancashire, the great bog that was the despair of engineers for many years. In the days of Henry VIII this mighty bog burst. It not only covered a great area with evil-smelling moss, but the peat water which ran into the Mersey destroyed thousands of fish. Great quantities of rolling moss were carried as far away as the Isle of Man.

Total Eclipse of Sun on Christmas Island.

Christmas Island, a little patch of land in the Indian Ocean which is distinguished chiefly by its pretty name, will be a busy place for a few minutes next September 20, and from this activity may come many startling announcements of a scientific nature.

Astronomers have calculated that Christmas Island will be one of the few spots on this earth over which the sun will be totally eclipsed September 20 for a full six minutes by the clock. Science, which computes its time by such vast periods as "light years," is preparing, however, to make quite a fuss over this insignificant six minutes.

A German scientific expedition, headed by Dr. Erwin Freundlich-Finley, of Potsdam University, is now on the way to Christmas Island with a large number of delicate instruments by which it hopes to make a thorough test of the Einstein theory of relativity. If Jupiter Pluvius withholds his rain clouds they expect to succeed, but if the sky is overcast their long journey will have been in vain.

The equipment to be used in the tests consists of two of the most modern photographic telescopes, one of which is 3.60 meters long and the other 8.50 meters. Both are capable of taking detailed photographs at extremely long focal distances. The plates used will be 50 centimeters square, and the time of exposure will range from 10 to 90 seconds. Eight or ten photographs will be taken during the brief six minutes.

The test of the Einstein theory of light curvature decided upon by this expedition is possible only when the sun is completely eclipsed. Thus its practicability is sharply defined.

Several American, Australian and English expeditions also are headed for Christmas Island, where they plan to make various tests and astronomical observations in connection with the six-minute eclipse.

Funeral Taxation.

Among the new taxes with which England is burdened is one on funerals.

This is however, merely the revival of a tax that existed as early as in 1695. At that time every burial involved a fee to the state of \$2.

In 1750 this law was modified and the tax was based on the profession of the deceased.

To bury a workingman \$1 had to be paid. The tariff exacted \$5 for a "gentleman" or his wife, \$25 for a doctor of law, \$150 for a duke and \$250 for a bishop.

Deliverance.

I never knew a night so black,
Light failed to follow on its track.
I never knew a storm so gray
It failed to have its clearing day.
I never knew such bleak despair,
That there was not a rift, somewhere,
I never knew an hour so drear,
Love could not fill it full of cheer!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.