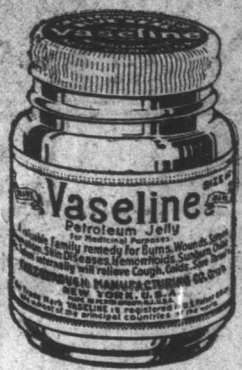


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Ships That Have Battled With Icebergs

H. F. SHORTIS.
(Continued.)

A more honest and truthful man than Captain Ash could hardly be found. As a seaman he was distinguished for his courage, coolness and skill. For years he commanded a steamer in connection with the fishery, in which he won for himself a high reputation. When the United States Government sent an expedition for the relief of the Greeley party, he had the honor to be selected as an escort of the S.S. Bear. Here he won new honors. (In parenthesis I may state that the Greeley expedition was in charge of Captain Winfred S. Schley, afterwards the Admiral who took a most prominent part in the Spanish-American war, and bottled up the Spanish Admiral Cervera.) Captain Ash was the first man to find Lieut. Greeley himself, on the shores of Smith's Sound, near Cape Sabine, when at the last extremity with hunger and cold, and thus saved his life and the lives of the survivors. Captain Ash, however, will be remembered as the one man who placed his ship on the top of an iceberg, and brought her off safely without any serious injury.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

While I am on the subject I think it just as well to give another story of iceberg experiences which is hardly less remarkable. It refers to a fight between one of the great Atlantic liners and an iceberg, in which the former had a marvellous escape from destruction. The event took place just forty-six years ago, but except in a few brief newspaper paragraphs at the time, no account of it has ever been given to the world. I have still a vivid recollection of the morning of November 9th, 1879. I was standing at about ten o'clock watching the curious effects of the white fog, as it lazily rolled in at the

Narrows of St. John's Harbor, curtaining the dark rocks around, and gradually blotting out earth and sky. As I gazed the fog lifted slightly, and I saw some dark object of immense size slowly creeping up the harbor. As it advanced, the outline of a large steamer was visible, and presently I could make out a gaping wound in her bows, extending from bowport to keelson, and some 20 feet in width. The gash was partly filled with large fragments of ice, each of which would weigh many tons. It was indeed a startling sight.

As the wounded leviathan painfully made her way to a wharf, I could see that her deck was crowded with passengers. Her cargo of Arctic ice and her "stove-in" bows at once suggested that she had "rammed" an iceberg, and came off second best in the encounter. The news spread rapidly, and ere an hour had passed half the city had collected to gaze in astonishment at a sight such as had never before been witnessed. The wonder still grew how the great ship, with such a breach in a vital part, had managed to keep afloat and reach the harbor. And sure enough it proved to be a wonderful tale of the sea.

The wounded ship turned out to be the Arizona, of the Guton Line, 5,500 tons, burthen—the largest steamer

afloat at that time except the Great Eastern. She was 470 feet in length, 46 feet in breadth of beam, and of 1,500 horse-power.

Only thirty-six hours before, on Friday, November 7th, at 9 o'clock p.m., she had, in her voyage between Newfoundland and Liverpool, reached Lat. 46.13 North, and Long. 47.05 West, a position which is on the edge of the Great Bank and about 360 miles from St. John's. The sea was perfectly smooth, and though the night was rather dark there was no fog, and therefore no necessity for slackening speed. Onward the stately ship dashed over the rolling waves, at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. There were nearly 500 souls on board all told. No one dreams that, right in the pathway of the stately ship, there lies in wait a ghastly white specter—one of the grim frost-giants—that has issued from the portals of the North, ready to smite as with the hammer of Thor.

Without even an instant's warning, and driven by the full force of her great engines, the Arizona dashes herself against the crystal walls of the gigantic iceberg, towering 150 ft. above the waves, and it buries one of its adamantine buttresses deep in her graceful prow. The shock is terrible. The saloon passengers are thrown from their seats, and some are badly bruised and injured. The cry is raised, "The ship is sinking!" Wild outcries and shrieks of despair are heard, and the decks are soon crowded with a terror-stricken mass of men and women. A ghastly and astonishing sight meets their gaze. The great ice-cliffs tower overhead, the deck is covered with tons of ice-fragments, and the great ship is down at the head, with the water gurgling in as she struggles to back away from the embraces of her destroyer.

A THRILLING MOMENT.

It is one of those supreme moments when the grim "reaper whose name is Death," must be looked in the face, and each tries to brace himself for the worst. There is a terrible pause, and then the glad news is announced that the water has not gone beyond the first bulkhead, that only the fore-compartment is filled, and that the brave ship floats safely. Every heart breathes a sigh of vast relief at the

deliverance from impending death. In a brief space the Arizona is headed for St. John's. The weather, fortunately, is favorable, and in thirty-six hours she enters port. It was indeed a marvellous escape. Altogether, with engines and cargo, the Arizona must have been not less than 100,000 tons in weight. The momentum of such a mass rushing through the water at a speed of eighteen miles an hour may be imagined; and that she was not utterly rent or crumpled up in smashing the iceberg speaks volumes for the triumph of modern science and skill in combating the great forces of Nature. As it was, however, the terrific force of the blow crushed in her bows, as an impressive photograph, taken by S. H. Parsons & Sons, shows. Massive iron plates and all the heavy iron armor that guarded her prow had been driven in on the stout oak beams and planks with which this portion of the vessel had been strengthened. And these beams, by the fearful blows, were crushed and broken into chips; while the iron-work was twisted into the most fantastic forms.

THE HATASU'S EXPERIENCE.

My third story will be very brief. It is a comparatively recent occurrence. The steamship Hatasu, 3,400 tons, belonging to the Furukawa Company, and commanded by Captain Peters, was on a voyage from Chicago to Manchester, London, with passengers. Off the southern coast of Newfoundland she found herself enveloped in fog. There were icebergs all round, and some of them were "growlers," that is, bergs that had become worn away at the base, and, being top-heavy, were liable at any time to turn over and crush or swamp any vessel that might be too near. They are regarded by sailors as particularly dangerous, and a wide berth is given them.

Captain Peters knew his danger, and was running his vessel "dead slow," with a double watch on deck. He himself was on the bridge night and day. The fog was so dense that it was impossible to see half the ship's length ahead. Suddenly out of the fog a huge iceberg loomed. By a quick turn of the helm, however, the captain managed to avoid the danger, just grazing the side of the immense berg. But in keeping clear of Scylla he ran into Charybdis. He had not run many yards before he crashed into another berg on the port bow, and found himself in a perfect nest of icebergs.

The steamer struck both on the side and the bow, with a fearful thud, and her stem was bent back, laying open the fore-compartment, which was filled with a great wedge, bitten clean out of the berg, and bringing her heavily down at the head. Fortunately the vessel was new and stoutly built, and the water did not penetrate beyond the first bulkhead. Had she been running at full speed at the time, however, the result of the collision would probably have proved fatal to the ship.

As it was the captain had a terrible time keeping his wounded vessel afloat and guiding her through an argosy of bergs. He managed to reach St. John's with his sorely-stricken ship down at the head, but sound at heart. Had he and his crew been compelled to take to the boats, Captain Peters did not think they could have lived to reach a harbor, so intense was the cold.

DECENT RESTRAINT.



WALT MASON

Bill Bulstrode is in bad condition, he has the itch and Spanish flu; but I am not a learned physician, so I don't tell him what to do. He comes and coughs around my dwelling, he rubs his back against my trees, but never does he hear me telling the way to cure a fell disease. If Bulstrode's harp were badly busted, so he could play no cheer-up airs, why then, no doubt I might be trusted to tell him how to make repairs. For I know lyres from A to Zazzard, I'm wise to all their flats and sharps; at fixing them I am a wizard. I have self-soled a thousand harps. And when a poet's lyre is broken, and he comes walling to my door, no counsel do I leave unspoken. I talk for seven hours or more. But when a man has six diseases, including mumps and Spanish flu, I weep in pity when he sneezes, but do not tell him what to do. And Bulstrode often says, "By ginger, men's admonition drive's me daft; I'm glad you are no cheap infirmer upon the doctor's stately graft. You'll never know 'just what a job is, until you have diseases fell, and people say a fazed-up poltice upon your neck will make you well." "Let every man pursue his calling," I say to Bulstrode; "that is wise; oh, let the teamster do the hauling, the baker manufacture pies; and let the doc heal those who suffer, his mind is keen, his conscience sure; I'd only make your pain the tougher by telling of a certain cure."

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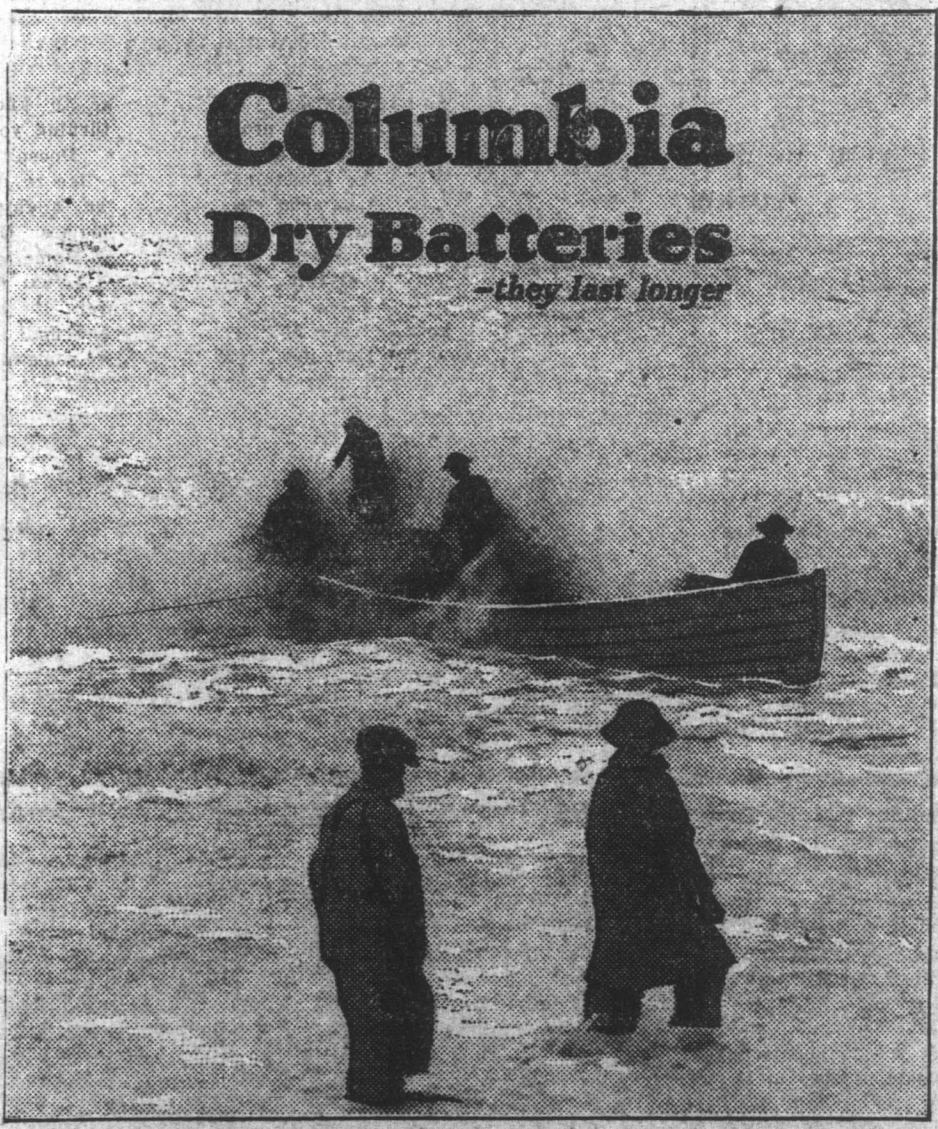
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Little Jack Rabbit
by David Cory

Clinkerty clinkerty clang, clang! My, how the bell on the engine rang! Up Carrot Street went the Fire Brigade. To give the poor little rabbit their aid.

"I think I hear the engine bell," said the kind Policeman Dog, pricking up his ears as he sat by the poor little bunny, whose foot was caught by a fallen limb, as I mentioned in the last story, you remember.

"I wish they'd come quickerty quick, although I won't cry if they are longer," answered the brave little rabbit, wiping a tear from his eye. "My little pinky doesn't hurt any more 'cause it's asleep."

"There, there," said the kind Policeman Dog, patting the bunny boy, "I hear the bell coming nearer. They'll be on hand in a jiffy jiffy."

Sure enough, the next minute up came the Hook & Ladder, the Fire Engine and the Patrol Wagon. Out popped the bunny fireman and, placing a ladder against a nearby tree, they soon rigged up a rope and pulley on a branch overhead. Tying the lower end of the rope around the fallen limb, they all commenced to pull. Slowly the limb was lifted off the little rabbit's foot and in a few seconds he was hopping about, none the worse for the accident.

Of course by this time it had grown dark. Dear me, yes, Mr. Merry Sun

Policeman Dog, tightening the belt around his big blue coat, "I have sprinted for a month of Sundays. Come along," and away he went.

"What's the matter, I wonder?" claimed Squirrel Nutcracker, peering down from his safe little bungalow in the treetop.

"Botheration," cried Hooty Owl from an Evergreen Tree, "the little rabbit was alone. I'd give him up quick. Yes, indeed."

"Mother's waiting at the gate. Hurry, little bunny. Table set with Angel Cake and a jar of honey."

Sang Billy Breeze through the treetops. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

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