

on the 5th of September last, and as hands were shaken and good-byes said to the two brave men, many a heart was heavy and sad, for few there were who dreamt for a moment that the little boat would ride the waves in safety and reach the port for which it sailed all in due time.

The details of the boat itself are simple. The "Storm King," which has by this time made itself most familiar all over the world, is nothing more than that the watertanks of a vessel are so constructed as to form a boat. Each tank may form a separate contrivance or they may all be connected together into one. It is only necessary that the tanks should be fitted with false bottoms so that ballast may be carried. This is necessary in order that, when they are tumbled over into the sea, they will right themselves at once and be ready for the passengers. The top portion of the boat forms the portion for the passengers and provisions. The water under the false bottom, not only acts as ballast, but provides a supply of fresh water to those on board. Then again, the false bottom is an additional safeguard, as it acts as a second bottom in the event of the real one being stove in by some accident or another. The whole of the water tanks can be so fitted as to be immediately brought together, in which case, they would form a large boat capable of giving refuge to about 120 people. If there was not time for this, then each tank could be thrown into the sea and would be a perfectly safe life boat at once without any alteration whatever, but to run the water out of the top compartment. This remarkable "Storm King" is six tons measurement, 30 feet in length by 8 ft. in beam and 6 feet 6 in. in depth of "hold." Three tanks could be fitted into one boat in three minutes, and although sails and oars are not necessary to the passengers' safety, they are provided. This particular little craft runs at between five and six knots an hour in a fair breeze.

Briefly, that is all what Captain Jorgensen's invention is, but what a world of pleasure his successful voyage must give. No more shall we read of appalling shipwrecks, nor shall we hear of tales of sorrow and distress, told by friends and dear ones, of those who have travelled in ships that never returned. It would be too much of a mercy to suppose that the use of this contrivance is at once to do away with shipwreck, but it is reasonable to suppose that, where these tanks are properly fitted, the passengers will sail with lighter hearts. Instead of the fearful confusion, the heartrending cries of women and children and the blanched faces of fathers and men, when there is the loud crash and the shivering timbers that tell too plainly the horrible tale that the good ship has struck on a sunken rock, we may expect order and quietude as the tanks are thrown overboard, and the people on board at least know that their lives are safe.

How many "over true" tales do we not read of to-day of ships that have left port, and men that have left friends, never to return again. A crash, a heartrending cry to Heaven from the voyagers, a prayer for deliverance, and then the sudden swirl of the waters, as the brave vessel is sucked down into the scorching gulf by the waves in their fiendish glee, tell too true and too often the tale of many a good old ship that is now marked "Missing at Lloyd's." And surely it is not too much to hope that with these vessels properly fitted with the easily convertible water-tanks, we shall not witness many more of the sickening sights presented by a ship homeward bound, but reaching sight of land to become a wreck, and tear away friends and relations when they were almost in one another's embrace.

Here on the Australian Coast we have had instances of this, and I can remember having to write up a wreck that took place when the lights of the Queen City of the South were almost in sight of the passengers. There the vessel had been dashed on to the rocks, and a hundred lives lost, within a stone's throw of land. This would not have happened if ready assistance in the shape of boats, like these of Captain Jorgensen's, had been available.

And now a few words anent this remarkable voyage. Can your readers fancy this little vessel breasting the Atlantic and the Indian oceans! We have the word of Captain Jorgensen himself for saying that, time after time, the seas swept over the little craft, but "she shook them off like a goose would the water off its back." In very truth, to use the expressive words of Lord Byron, this gallant little craft, day after day, walked

The waters like a thing of life  
And seem'd to dare the elements to strife.

Time after time this life boat was in the midst of seas that ran mountains high—seas that would have brought terror into the hearts of the bravest of captains of any of the olden ships of oak.

For four weeks the little craft was in one continuous storm. The winds blew and the seas raged in all their anger, but the little craft sailed through the waters and defied the elements, as if in simple glee at having the work to do. In the Bay of Biscay the weather was of the roughest, and past Pernambuco, for days and days, it was nothing but lightning and the crash of Heaven's artillery. After leaving the Cape of Good Hope on March 18th, the bad weather was continued. Then for a fortnight there was a spell of fine weather, and the boat danced merrily on the crest of the waves, while the sails were, in the words of Lamb, merely "brushed with the kiss of rustling winds." Another change, and cyclone after cyclone was passed through, severe gales were experienced and rough weather until Cape Leuwin was reached. One of the incidents of the run to Albany was a collision with a sleeping whale, which appeared to be terribly frightened by its unexpected midnight visitor. For many months the little craft has lived in an angry sea and the complete success of its noble commander's experiment, may be gained from the fact, that through it all the gallant boat received no injury whatever.

In a little while the boat will be on exhibition in Melbourne. Even now as I write on the 5th of August, the street boardings are covered with pictures of the vessel fighting its way through angry seas, and this brave inventor will receive a hearty and royal welcome from the people of this fair city.

A word for Captain Jorgensen himself. He states that he undertook the perilous voyage solely in the interests of science, and in no way to gain notoriety. For many years he owned the Ragna, a ship well known in the American trade, but which was lost on the coast of Brazil. He is now only 33 years of age and married to an Australian-born lady. All honor I say to his adventurous spirit, which has given to the world such possibilities of what may happen at no distant date, when sad disasters at sea will be no longer known, and all because of a properly fitted water tank. I am sure that the hearty cheers that will greet Captain Jorgenson upon his arrival here in a few days, will be heartily re-echoed in far-off Canada, and indeed for that matter by all parts of the world.

HARRY C. JONES.

MELBOURNE, AUGUST 5TH.

### The Secret of the Storm.

What is the secret, O restless sea,  
That hides in your bosom deep and vast,  
That you moan and sigh, and heave and cast  
Your waves on the beach eternally?

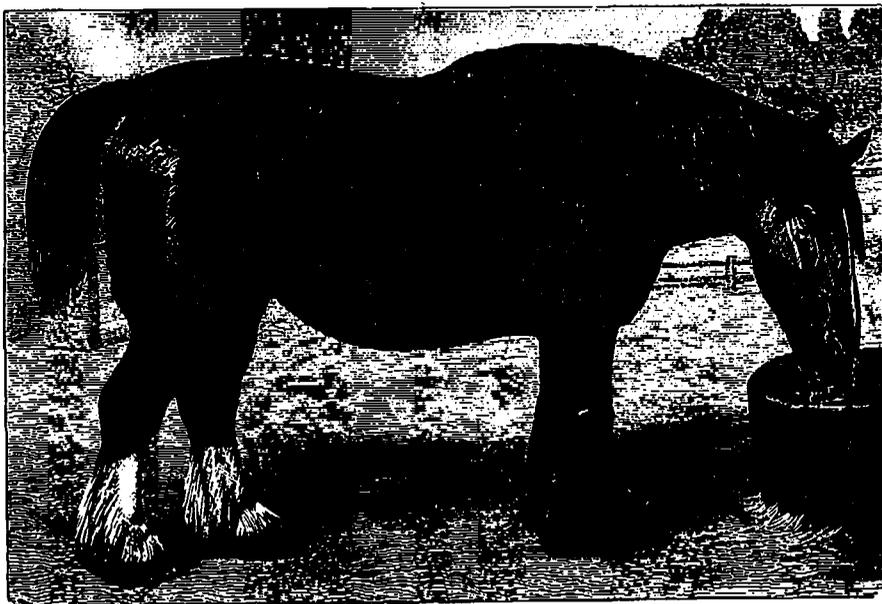
What is the secret, O mighty gale,  
That you vent in shrieks to the dreary night,  
As you pass my cot in hurried flight,  
When I sit alone by the embers pale?

"This is my secret," the wild wind said;  
"I met a ship in the ocean vast,  
And I beat and crushed her till she was cast  
On the sunken rocks, with a hundred dead."

"This is mine," sighed the foam-capped waves:  
"There was a sailor that I embraced  
And bore away through the deep green waste;  
He sleeps on the floor of my coral caves."

"Your sailor's ship!" shrieked the furious gale:  
"Your sailor's form!" moaned the restless sea.  
This was the secret they told to me,  
As I sat alone by the embers pale.

And the cold moon heard my desolate cry,  
And hid her face in an ink-black cloud;  
The wind and the sea kept moaning aloud;  
But none in the world were forlorn as I.



THE powerful looking animal shown in the engraving is the Shire mare Starlight, winner of distinguished prizes in England, among others the sweepstakes for best mare at the London Shire Horse Show. She is a black eight-year-old, bred

by Thomas Williamson, Hales Hall, Out Rawcliffe, Lancashire, got by Sir Colin 2022, from Mettle, by Honest Tom 1105; and belongs to R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe, Scawby Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire.