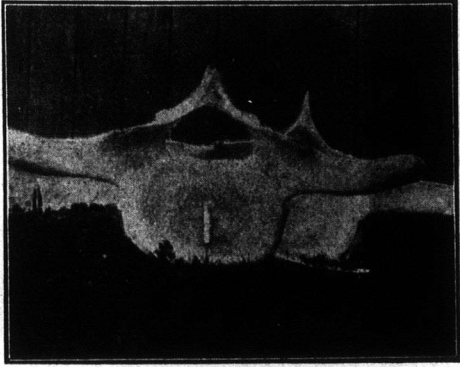


crates with ironware in them, for power that should be sunk quietly and decently in some nice muddy bottomed bay. Did you ever travel by a "flutter-tail?" One of these steam boxes, with a blank wall astern and a big revolving clothes horse hung on it, the kind that lick up all the water in a shallow stream and leave you stranded on the newly formed slimy mudbank? No. Well, come with Fritz and I down Puget Sound on the—well, let's call her the "Turnover," that's as near as her crew ever got to Terra Nova. Was it blowing? Oh, yes, thank you! You had only to hold on tightly to prevent yourself returning bodily to Seattle—and, as Fritz remarked, "we only had one way tickets." The old hulk groaned and screeched as if dissolution was fast approaching. On our bow we had

some few tons of hay that made her stick her head down like a sick man. It was not really unbearable in the Sound, but the moment we struck open



Backbone of a whale

water she nodded her old head gravely to it, and went right up into the wind. "Ding-a-ling" sang the fearsome bells, and she backed squashing into shelter. Out we went again; the night was pitch dark, only the creamy top of the seas appearing ahead. Right about, up into the wind she went again. This put us almost stern first to our destination. Every flop she made a big sea came over the bow, and hit that hay a resounding whack. Pumps were clanging now and again as we backed gravely into shelter. Now! would you believe there was such an ass afloat that, well his papers said he was a captain, started to back the unwieldy old groaning mass across the Straits. Say! the first wave that hit that old clotheshorse astern threw us all sprawling. We had two valuable dogs below and a pair of Cana-

dian canoes on the upper deck. Down we groped our way into the hold, unchained the dogs and started up that ladder-like "un"-companion way. The tremendous sweep of the old tub carried the dragging dogs off their feet, and out they swung into the darkness. In they came, out they swung, choking and gasping, as we struggled upwards towards the hurricane deck. What a nice truthful aspersion that was that night. As we went aloft with our dog pendulums we met the captain coming down. "Where in the devil are you fellows going?" he bawled out. "Up on top into our canoes where we will have a chance for life!" I shrieked back. He seemed half inclined to stop us, but either the ominous angle of the ladder, or the mouth-filling impact of a wave, or the uncanny swing-

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