

ing them over, Pat selected a long, low, narrow boat, bright with green paint, built something on the Whitehall model, easy to row, and just the thing for smooth water, but worthless in such a sea as we had to cross.

"There's the boat ye want," shouted Pat, then turned and spoke to the landlord, who stood beside him.

"No, it is not!" I replied decidedly, as I joined them, "and the worst part of it is, I don't find one that suits me."

"This is the nicest runnin' boat ye iver saw," yelled Pat. "I would not give a continental for it," I shouted back. "I have no desire to commit suicide, or drown Mr. Dennen. It would swamp and capsize us, before we had gone ten fathoms from the shore. Are there no other boats here?"

Instead of answering my question, Pat turned to my friend and began praising up the boat. I saw that I had a man to deal with, who was not only bent on having his own way, but one who understood nothing of the exigencies of the case, and whose knowledge of handling a boat in rough water, must have been extremely limited. When you come in contact with such a person, the quickest way to set down on them is to let them have their own way, and I was willing to let him prove his own folly. Therefore, I said to him, "If this is the boat we want, let's launch it. It is nearly dark now, and we can't waste valuable time in argument."

We turned out the water that it contained, and then attempted to launch it, but before we could get it afloat, a huge roller filled it, and we had to pull it out. We tried a second time with a like result. A third effort succeeded better, and the boat was launched all right. Pat jumped into her, and turning toward us, began to tell what a good sea-boat she was, when the craft capsize, throwing him into the lake, and he scrambled out puffing and blowing, while the boat was rolled over and over on the shore, and Dennen and I finally secured it, not without difficulty, and landed it safely. Pat shook the water from his clothes, and consigned the boat to a place called, *Hades*, in the revision of the New Testament.

Laughing at his mishap, I took another look at the boats, and this time saw some distance from the others, a large white hull, that I quickly recognized to be a dismantled sail-boat, and with a cry of relief hastened toward it. I found it to be what I supposed, a small yacht, hauled out and stripped for the winter. It was eighteen or twenty feet long, flat bottom, with centre-board, and had been sloop rigged. It was decked over for a few feet forward. If we could row it and make any headway against the heavy sea that prevailed, I felt quite sure it would carry us safely. I turned and shouted to my friend,

"Come here, a moment. Here is the boat I have been looking for."

When my companions had joined me, I told them that if we could get the sail boat safely launched, we should be able to cross the lake, but it was a heavy craft for three men to get into the water.

"It's as heavy for row as a scow," growled Pat.

"That don't matter," I replied, "I consider it safe, and that is more to the purpose."

"Suppose we try and move it," suggested Dennen.

The boat was sitting evenly on the bottom, with a shore under each side. We took hold of the wash-board to steady it, kicked out the shores, and then tried to work it down to the water. It took all the muscle we had to accomplish this, and we lifted and pushed till we saw stars, albeit there were none in sight overhead, and after a hard tussle we managed to get the stern about a foot into the water; then while Dennen and I held it upright, Pat went to his camp and returned with our things, and put them into the boat.

"Now," I remarked, "if ever there was a case where too many cooks spoil the broth, this is one of them, and if I am

going to take charge of the boat, I want you to agree to obey orders if you break owners," and my companions nodded assent.

I looked into the boat to see if anything was needed, and saw only two oars, and not a sign of a bailing dish.

"Get another pair of oars, Pat," I ordered, "if we start with only two and should break one, the trout would make their breakfast from our bodies, just bring along that ten quart pail too, that I saw in one of the other boats. Mr. Dennen may have to bail as well as steer."

When Pat returned with the oars and the pail, he helped Dennen steady the boat while I jumped into her and tried the centre-board to see if it would work. I found it all right. Then placing the rudder and tiller where they could be reached easily, I jumped out, and worked the boat into the water until the stern floated.

"Hold the boat steady if you can now, and I'll get in and hang the rudder."

This was a difficult feat from the constant rough motion of the boat, but I finally accomplished it. Then my companions pushed the boat a little farther out and jumped on board. Mr. Dennen shipped the tiller and took his seat in the stern. I pulled the bow oar on the port side, and Pat the stroke oar on the next seat aft. While getting settled in our places, and bringing the bow of the boat round on its proper course, we had a lively time, and shipped a little water but not enough to do any harm.

As we struck out for the Kineo shore I made up my mind that we had a tough pull before us, though what it was going to be I did not fully realize till a few moments later when we had cleared all the irregularities of the Western shore, which had partially protected us, and were exposed to the full fury of the gale.

The wind was South, South-East, and had a clear sweep from Greenvale of twenty miles, and we had to cross in the trough of the sea all the way.

The moment we reached deep water, I pushed down the centre-board to its extreme length, and that gave our craft much more steadiness than she would otherwise have had—for her ballast had been removed—and kept her up to the wind better. We had drifted to leeward a little while making our start, but as we settled down to a steady stroke, Dennen headed the boat for the Kineo shore, just above the end of the peninsula, and now commenced the struggle for life as we soon found it to be.

It was very hard rowing, for first my oar would be buried so deep in the water I could hardly move it, and then I would be almost "catching crabs" as we rose on the crest of a wave. We had been fortunate in getting four good honest oak oars, spruce blades would have broken before we had been half a mile from the shore.

One moment we went up, up, up, on a huge roller, until it seemed as if we should be thrown against the low-scudding, wicked looking clouds above us, and the next we descended into the frightful depths beneath us, with literally a wall of water on each side, for when we were at the bottom of the waves we could not see over them.

Such a sea I never experienced on fresh water before or since, and when our boat was at the bottom of a gulf, and I looked up to the towering crest of a breaker, that threatened every moment to swamp us, it seemed all of ten feet up to the top, although possibly not over six. But of one thing I am certain, the waves were high enough, an opinion that my companions heartily concurred in.

I watched the large seas roll over as a cat watches a mouse, for I knew to a certainty that if one of them broke into the boat, we were lost, and the greatest fear I had was that one of these mountains of water would overwhelm us, when we were at the bottom of the gulf.

When we were about a third of the way across, I sighted an enormous wave rolling down upon us, twice as large it appeared to me, as any we had yet en-

countered, and I watched it over my left shoulder with feelings of dismay, but yet I did not lose my head. When it had nearly reached us, I shouted to Dennen to port the helm, called to Pat to slack rowing a little, and putting all the strength I had into my stroke, I brought the bow of our craft up to the wind, so we should mount the wave quartering, and then called to Pat to pull for all he was worth.

We had nearly reached the crest of the wave when it broke, but the worst of it went under, or clear of us, or I should not be writing this story now. However about a barrel of water came into the boat, and that was more than we cared to carry.

"Bail with one hand and steer with the other," I shouted to the landlord, "we can't afford to carry any water ballast," and after bringing the boat back to her course, he began to throw out the water. When he had finished he shouted to me,

"Don't you think we had better go back? *This is frightful!*" I shook my head.

"But I don't believe we shall ever reach the Kineo shore," and he cast a longing glance toward it.

"Yes, we shall," I replied, "there is more danger in turning around and going back, than in continuing our present course. When we get the same distance ahead that we should row in returning to the opposite shore, we shall get a little lee from Kineo Point, and the sea will not strike us so heavily. Never say die! I don't feel that I'm to be drowned this trip, and I can't swim a stroke."

None of us were disposed to talk any more, than was absolutely necessary for the roar of the wind and the swash of the waves, made such a noise that we could not hear each other without screaming.

Silent and grim, with determined effort we rowed for life. It seemed as though the boat went ahead only an inch at a stroke, and very often we had to change our course in order to prevent some large wave from swamping us, then letting the boat "fall off" again, head for our beacon once more.

At times I almost lost courage, and even speculated as to the chances of our ever reaching the shore alive, but "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and so I would quickly brace up again, and humming to myself, "Pull for the shore, Sailor!" would row harder than ever. But during these despondent moments, I never ceased my vigilance, and watched the angry green waters with their white caps, as they swept down threatening to annihilate us, and always had my shipmates join with me in season in the effort to place the boat in a proper position to ride the seas securely.

"They are coming down to the shore with a light!" screamed my friend at the tiller, who as he sat facing the hotel obtained a glimpse of it every time we rose on a wave.

"Good for them!" shouted Pat.

"When they reach the shore, steer as straight for their light as you can," I bawled.

We had now reached the centre of the lake, and the sea was frightful. The spray from every wave was blown over us while the rain pelted us like hail. We were in the narrowest part of Moosehead, a few miles below us it was ten to fifteen miles wide, and through this contracted channel the entire waters of the lake were swept before the strong South wind, kicking up more of a sea here than at any other point on this large body of water. A more disagreeable night I never saw, let alone the danger of our position. The waves ran longer here, and part of the time we were rowing up an incline, while the other half we were descending from the height we had attained, with the speed of an arrow.

"They are down to the shore!" sang out Dennen.

"I wish we were," I yelled back, "for I am getting played out!" and indeed I was beginning to feel tired, for I had been pulling for all I was worth from the word "go," and we had been more than an

hour it seemed to me in getting where we then were, and although I was a good oarsman I could not stand such a strain as that for ever.

As we rose on the top of a huge wave that broke under us with an angry hiss, I looked down the lake, and it was like some vast ice field covered with snow. Everywhere the water was white, and it seemed to me that I could detect a high or feast of foam but a short distance away.

A person used to emergencies thinks quick in such a situation, and it struck me that the high white spot was the crest of a big wave coming. They were all large enough, but this was something like a tidal wave, a watery Goliath, who had already challenged, and was now to destroy our frail craft if possible.

Did you ever stand on a sea beach when the wind was blowing fresh, and notice the rollers as they came tumbling in, and see that every little while, but with no apparent regularity, one wave would be much larger than those that had preceded it, and it would break with a louder roar, and send its shattered waters farther up on the beach, lapping your very feet, while those before had not reached you by two or three yards? If so, then you will know what I was expecting.

The next time our boat went upwards, I looked sharply at the oncoming wave and detected my giant of evil, but a little way from us. My friend saw it at the same time.

"There's a monstrous wave coming, Captain, did you see it?" he cried, as the water slid out from under the boat, and we settled back into another gulf.

"Yes," I replied, "and we shall get it the next time. Don't lose your courage and have your pail ready to use after it breaks," that is, if we are not at the bottom of the lake, I finished to myself.

As we slid down into the trough of the sea, I nerved myself to do battle with the watery giant, and shouted the necessary orders to my companions, who obeyed them promptly, and we headed up to the wind and sea.

"Now give it to her, Pat," I cried, "pull your level best. We must be on top of that wave when it breaks, or its all up with us."

"Faith, I'm thinkin' it'll be all down wid us," muttered Pat as he increased the force of his stroke.

And then we drove the boat up the watery incline, until it seemed as if she would go down stern first and then she passed over the crest of the breaker, which with a roar like thunder broke in a maddened mass of foam, deluging us with spray and half filling the boat.

My friend half rose to his feet, for as he told me afterwards, he thought the boat was sinking, and fearing he would be thrown into the lake, I shouted "For God's sake! keep your seat and bail! We are not drowned yet, but we came mighty near being. I think we have seen the worst of it now."

"I should hope so," he replied, as he began throwing out the water.

"I know so," I said cheerfully, "We shall not get another wave like that tonight," and glancing towards the point to get my bearings, added, "we shall be in smoother water in five minutes."

That we had escaped destruction seemed a miracle, and a silent prayer went up from my heart for our preservation. My prophecy was a true one, for in that time we had made headway enough to bring us to a place where the sea, though heavy, was broken a little by the point, and we were soon making better weather of it.

"What do you think would have become of us, Pat?" I asked, "if we had been in the green boat when that big wave struck us?"

"Shure we'd been at the bottom of the lake."

"I can see the people on shore now," said Mr. Dennen, "there are quite a number of men there."

"So much the better," I answered, "we