

## Nearing Cape Horn

We were homeward bound from San Francisco to "the Channel for orders" in a fine eighteen-hundred-ton ship. We had passed through "the Golden Gates" forty-eight days before, and were now nearing "the Horn," as Cape Horn is known amongst sailormen. We had been running for nearly thirty-six hours before a strong northwest gale which was rapidly getting worse, and the vessel, under the three lower topsails, upper main-topsail, and foresail, was ploughing along at a good twelve knots an hour. It was nearing four bells in the first dog watch, which means that in shore time it was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon, and the dusk was gathering fast. I was standing "my trick" at the lee wheel, while Old Dave, the finest helmsman in the ship, was at the weather side. Behind us stood the mate closely watching our every move of the wheel, for on our efforts depended the safety of the ship, which was labouring heavily and taking a great deal of water aboard. In spite of the bitter cold the sweat was oozing from every pore in my body, for she was steering badly, and it was practically impossible to keep her steady on her course for any length of time, and as often as not we were climbing round the wheel like monkeys, while the mate, with an anxious eye on the following seas, jerked out an occasional "Meet her boys, meet her," or, springing forward, helped us to grind the wheel up or down.

The seas were terrific, real Cape Horn rollers, which came swinging up out of the waste astern, towering above us until it seemed certain we should be pooped; but our stout ship rose gallantly each time, and their great roaring crests would burst along her sides in a cauldron of foaming water, and, falling in aboard at the break of the poop, would sweep along the deck, carrying all before them, until with a final clang from the waterports they disappeared overboard, what time some hapless individual who had been caught by the sea would crawl, battered and half drowned, from the scuppers, thankful if he escaped with nothing worse than a few bruises and the ducking which is inevitable, in spite of oilskins and seaboots.

Old Dave was getting anxious, as I could gather from his manner, and when the mate suddenly left us and descended the companion, he broke out:

"He's gone to call the old man," he said, referring to the captain, who, whatever his age, is always known by that title aboard ship. "And it's not before it's time. If he don't heave her to soon he'll never do it. It'll be a bad enough job as it is."

Hardly had he spoken when the captain himself appeared up the companion, followed by the mate, who turned to close the slide. He took two or three steps towards us and then stopped as if transfixed, staring past us out at the wild seas astern.

"My God!" I heard him say under his breath, and then again, quietly, "My God!" For two or three seconds he stood, and then suddenly sprang into life and sent his great voice bellowing out into the thunder of the gale.

"Hang on, men," he shouted. "Hang on for your lives!"

Startled, I turned my head and saw a sight to daunt the stoutest heart. A tremendous sea was approaching us, tall and grim and steep and terrible. I can liken it to nothing so much as a great grey moving hill which, fringed with a foaming crest, came steadily after us with a relentlessness that was appalling. On it came. The sea preceding it caught us, and we poised giddily for a moment on its crest and then dropped slowly back into the trough, while the monster towered higher and higher above us.

Would she never rise to it? I gave myself up for lost as I tore my eyes from the awful scene astern, and as I clung mechanically to the spokes of the wheel a peculiar shivering seemed to run up and down my spine while I waited for what I fully expected to be the end and which seemed so long in coming. At last I felt the vessel begin to rise. Slowly at first and then more quickly, while the wet decks sloped even more sharply from me, until I was looking down into a great valley of water. Up and up we went, so that for a moment I had hopes that we were going to surmount the sea in safety, but it was only for a moment, for presently I could feel the lifting movement cease, and we hung in horrible suspense for what to me seemed an eternity, though it could not have been more than a few seconds. Then with a roar like a thousand cataracts the sea pooped us.

The men who saw it from the safety of the rigging told me afterwards that the sea did not break aboard, but simply surged over the stern, a solid wall of water that swept along the whole length of the ship. Buried beneath it, her hull disappeared entirely from their view as they clung to the rigging above, and many of them despaired of ever seeing her rise again.

For myself, when the wave fell on board I was overwhelmed. The wheel to which I held was torn from my grasp as though I had no more strength than a child, and I was carried away by the flood, in which I struggled helplessly, until I felt myself dashed against something rigid, and clutching it desperately, I waited, choking with salt water and almost bursting with holding my breath. At length my head came out, and gulping down great draughts of heaven-sent air, I was able to look round as the water drained off.

It was a fearful sight. The bulwarks were burst and gaping outwards, while the two after

boats with the bridge—the platform, stanchions, and binnacle—had disappeared. The two forward boats were badly stove in, and the galley was completely gutted, the poor "doctor," as the cook is called, being badly scalded and half drowned. Save for myself, the poop was tenantless. The wheel, Old Dave, the captain, and the mate were nowhere to be seen; in fact, Old Dave and the wheel were never seen again; while the captain and the mate were picked up forward of the mainmast, where the sea had carried them. Both were unconscious, the captain having three broken ribs and the mate a terrible blow on the head which had almost torn away his ear. I had been saved from sharing Old Dave's fate by being washed against the miz-

The weather topsail sheets and maintopsail halyards were let go, and the men forward managed to save the foresail by hauling it up in the gear, while, as the ship gradually freed herself from the water, we braced the after yards up, leaving the fore yards square, and, lashing the tiller hard down, got the mizen staysail set.

We goosewinged the main and fore topsails, but the mizen topsail was split to ribbons, and the "clerk of the weather," apparently satisfied with the damage he had caused, hauled the wind two or three points to the westward, so that the vessel, bowing the sea, made better weather of it.

Even so our troubles were by no means over, for we now found that while broached to



FALL FASHIONS.

## BULB CULTURE

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planted and the bed left very smooth and even. The flowers of both tulips and hyacinths embrace a good range of color and color designs can be made when planting. Suggestions for the same may be found in almost any bulb catalogue. It is important in planting tulips to plant the early-flowering kinds together and the late-flowering kinds by themselves, and not in the same bed. When a bed of tulips is in bloom, every flower should be open at the same time; also with both hyacinths and tulips, the flowers should all be of an even height, to secure which the bulbs must be

as they never give the same satisfaction a second season. If one has not the heart to do this, and the beds are wanted for the summer bedding plants, the bulbs should be carefully lifted, the flower stalks cut off, and the bulbs planted again closely in shallow trenches in some shaded, secluded place where they may finish ripening their foliage and may rest until fall. They may then be lifted and planted in irregular shaped colonies in the mixed flower border, where they should remain permanently. Daffodils, crocuses and other bulbs do better if they can remain in the beds when once planted, but if the beds are wanted for summer flowering plants the bulbs may be treated the same as tulips and hyacinths.

## FORCING BULBS

Any good forcing bulb can be grown successfully in cocoanut fibre. The Paper White and Van Slon narcissus, the Roman hyacinth and many kinds of tulips will always do well. For table decorations I flower the bulbs in jardiniere; common earth-stained flower-pots do not look well on the dinner table. But I would not recommend raising all the winter bulbous roots in cocoanut fibre. It would be too expensive to buy the fibre and jardiniere.

Cocoanut fibre may be had in its natural state as it is stripped from the cocoanut, or it may be had ground. In either case, put it into a pail or other dish and thoroughly wet it. If it has been ground, press the surplus water out with the hands before putting it about the bulbs in the jardiniere. If the fibre comes in its natural state, it must be torn apart before using. Use a jardiniere of a convenient size which has been glazed inside. In the bottom put enough charcoal or broken pottery to form an inch of drainage, cover it with the cocoanut fibre, place the bulbs on the fibre and finish filling the jardiniere with fibre. See that the fibre is pressed gently around and between the bulbs. The bulbs should not be covered more than two inches deep, so if the jardiniere be a deep one, enough material must be placed at the bottom to raise the bulbs up to the right position.

After potting set the jardiniere away in a cool place, but it is not necessary that they be kept in the dark, a subdued light is sufficient. When the growth appears above the fibre, bring the jardiniere into the light and warmth for forcing.

For the best results a comparatively low temperature must be maintained, 65 degrees in the day time is high enough, and it may be allowed to drop to 45 degrees or 50 degrees at night. After the flowers begin to open, the plants may be brought into the living-room; but if you do not want the buds to blight, they must not be kept in a warm room.

Never allow the fibre to become dry, neither should there be a surplus of water in the jardiniere. Turn the jardiniere on the side for a minute or two each day, after watering, to allow the surplus water to run out.—Albert J. Perry.

## OUTDOOR-INDOOR BULBS

Hyacinths, tulips, narcissi and crocus will make a gorgeous display in April and May. Plant them in October, in rich, sandy loam, a few inches apart, and six to three inches deep, according to size, and cover the ground with two or three inches of old manure, which should be taken off in the spring.

For indoor forcing, plant the bulbs three or four in a pot of a size to hold them. Put a little old manure in the bottom of the pot and make the soil about equal parts of leaf mold, sand and garden soil. Put the bulbs just below the surface and press the soil only slightly. Water them and set them in a dark, cool cellar or place them on a bed of coal ashes outdoors and cover with a six-inch layer of the ashes. In two months or less they will form good roots. Bring them to the light gradually. When the foliage turns green put them in the sunlight. Water well when they begin to bloom.

## COMFORTING

It is claimed by the many admirers of a rising author that his tongue is as ready and clever as his pen.

During a conversation with a lady of uncertain age, she said, with a mock sigh:—"But you are young, while I can already count my gray hairs."

"But, dear lady," and the young man let his well-known genial smile play over his features, "surely you know that as long as gray hairs can be counted, they do not count!"

## JUST IN TIME

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passerby rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to get up inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said—

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"

zen rigging, and some idea of the depth of water on the poop may be gained from the fact that I found myself doubled up round the middle shroud of the rigging, five ratlines above the sheerpole, and at that height I had been submerged.

We were in a terrible plight, for, robbed of her helmsman and all means of steering her, the ship broached to, and lay wallowing in the trough of the sea almost on her beam ends and swept by every wave. We of the crew who were left on deck stood staring helplessly at one another, for, as the carpenter in telling the yarn afterwards expressed it, "We all thought our birthdays was come." But we did not stand idle long. The second mate, who at the time the sea pooped us was below having a hurried meal, came rushing up on deck, and, taking in the situation in one hasty glance around, started roaring orders right and left, and, spurred on by his example, we soon gathered our scattered wits and turned to with a will.

our cargo had shifted and the ship had a heavy list to starboard, so all hands who could be spared from the deck were sent below into the hold, where, stripped to the waist, we strained and sweated and cursed, working fiercely with the anger of despair and looking less like men than demons in the dim light of the guttering lamps, while the crash of the seas on the deck above sounded like a never-ending peal of thunder in our ears.

But there is an end to all things, and, some forty-eight hours later, haggard and worn, yet with the light of battle still burning, though maybe but faintly, in our eyes, we found ourselves making sail as the gale gradually took off and lost its strength and the seas grew less dangerous, while, far away, through a rent in the ragged curtain of grey mist which hung on our port quarter, a gaunt headland stood out clear against the evening sky.

We had rounded "The Horn."—Percy Woodcock in the *Manchester Guardian*.



## A BOOK OF THE

"Grows from Uga

Full of wholesome which is none the worse, and interspersed of charming descriptions roundings, is Critola da," a little book that readily in a couple of worse for. "Critolaus but he is not the rant with most of the instilization, but we all many of us use it with simistic mood, so we taking advantage of his little Baganda gra his dog and one hen he would like to imp the ideal life. He says envies no one in mo stances. He looks at great distance, that his distorted, though agae does observe events judgment that much t Among other things believe in the preser He says:

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The last chapter the description of a trip in northern Br —London, Ellio Row, E. C.

## WITH THE

### IMMAN

It is a mistake of only those who live can understand the events that only th to face with econom of their own lives, ce problems; that only community where g can have any conce such questions. We the soldier on the b the war in which he who are following t at home; and to a true in regard to t brought about by t res of population, affected by such cr strom of emotion p