

**Trade Wind** The Strange Tale Of a Helpless Ship And a Blind Ctew

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Capyright by the Century Company.

HE orry was finished. The last sea song had resounded over the smooth waters of the bay: the last drunken shout, oath

and challenge were voiced; the last fight ended in helplessness and mand-in amity; and the red shirted men were spra,wled around on the moonlit deck, sporing.

Though the barrei of rum broached on the main batch was but slightly lowered, their sleep was beavy. Sourvy tainted men at the end of a Cape Horn passage may not drink the Barrier, capt'n. S'pose we try an' long or deeply. Some lay as they fell, get the other hook over."

face upward; others on their sides for awbile, then to roll over on their backs and so remain until the sleep was done, for in no other position may the human body rest easy on a hard bed human body rest easy on a sard bed with no pillow. And as they slept through the tropic night the full moon in the east rose bigher and higher, passed overhead and disappeared be-hind a thickening haze in the western sky, but before it had crossed the meridian its cold, chemical cays had worked disastrously on the eyes of the deeping men.

Captain Swarth, dominator of the lawless crew, prone upon the poop deck, was the first to waken. There

was pain in his head, pain in his eyes, which were swollen. and a whistling umult of sound in his ears roming from the Plutonian darkness surrounding him, while a jarring vibra tion of the deck beneath him apprised as awakening brain that the anchor ras dragging. As he staggered to his thet a violent pressure of wind buried

"Stand by on deck. Angel; we're adrift," he said. "It's darker than ten thousand black cats. What's the matter with you?" "Can you see the light, Bill? I can't.

I'm blind as the steward, or I'm drunker." "No. is it lit? Where? The men

say they're blind too." Here, forrard end o' the table."

The captain reached this end, search ed with his hands and burned them on the hot glass of a lantern. He removed the bowl and singed the hair on his wrists. The smell came to his nostrils.

"I'm blind, too!" he groaned. "Angel, it's the moon. We're moonstruck -moon blind. And we're adrift in a

squall. "It'll only last a few days, boys," said the captain bravely. shouldn't have slept in the moonlight in these latitudes. Drop the lead over. one of you-weather side. The devil knows where we're drifting, and the small anchor won't hold now. We'll save it." One man, more self pos-sessed than the rest, had dropped the lead over the side. An able seaman ueeds no eyes to heave the lead.

"A quarter six!" he sang out, and then plaintively: "We'll fetch up on

"Let 'the anchor alone!" roared the captain. "No anchor chain'll hold in this. Keep that lead a-going, Tom Plate, if it's you. What bottom do you find?

"Quarter less six." called the leads-man, "Soft bottom. We're shoaling." "Angel," said the captain to his mate, who stood close to him, "we're blow-ing out the south channel. We've been drifting long enough to fetch up on the reef if it was in our way. There's hard bottom in the north channel, and the twenty fathom lead wouldn't reach it half a length from the rocks. "Quarter less six." called the leads-

it half a length from the rocks. "And the south channel lay due southeast from our moorings," con-tinued the cantain. "Wind's nor west. I should say, tight down from the hill-tops, and T've known these blasted West India squalls to last three days, blowing straight and hard. This has the smell of a gale in it alreads, Keep that lead a-going, there.". "No bottom." was called repeatedly until the contain same out. "That'll do

## THE BEACON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918

the it on earth-and the smell o' the familed faster Still, it was too cool for ous sight. He could not see with his and the Kameruns. And I'll lay odds we can feel the heat o' the sun in the east and west enough to make a fair success at the course. But it won't come to that. Some of us'll be able to see pretty soon."

It was wild talk, but the demoralized mate needed encouraging. He answer-ed with a steadier voice, "Lucky we

got in grub and water yesterday." "Right you are, Angel. Now, in case this holds on to us, why, we'll find some of our friends over in the Bight. and they'll know by our rig that something's wrong. Flanders is somewhere on the track-you know he went back to the nigger business-and Chinly put a slave deck in his hold down Rio way last spring. And old man Slack-I did him a service when I crippled the corvette that was after him, and he's grateful. Hope we'll meet-him. I'd rather meet Chink than Flanders in

the dark, and 'I'd trust a Javanese trader before either."

"S'pose we run foul of a buildog?" "We'll have to chance it. This oast's full o' them too. Great guns, man! Would you drift around and do



Blind Men Climbed Aloft and Felt For Foot Ropes and Gaskets.

nothing? Anywhere east of due south there's no land nearer than Cape Orange, and that's 350 miles from here. Beginning tomorrow noon, we'll take deep sea soundings until we strike the trade wind."

The negro cook felt his way through the preparing of meals and served them on time. The watches were set, and sail was put on the brig as fast as the men became accustomed to the new way of steering. Before nightfall on that first day they were send-

Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Slave Coast he latitude, and it puzzled him until yes and had unmistakably seen the but his eyes were worse now, and he ould not do it again

"Four points off!" exclaimed Swarth. Four o'clock in the afternoon! That's just about where the sub ought to be heading due east and far enough south the line to bring this cool weather. Ve're not far from Ascension. Never. inew the sou-east trade to act like this before. Must ha' been blowing out o'

he sou-west-half the time." A week later they were hove to on the port tack, with a cold gale of wind screaming through the rigging. It was the first break in the friendly trade wind, and Swarth confessed to himself that he was out of his reckon-ing, but one thing he was sure ofthat this was a cyclone with a danger-

ous center. The brig labored heavily during the ulls as the seas rose. Captain Swarth went below and smashed the glass of an aneroid barometer, which might tell him roughly of the air density. Feeling of the indictor and judging by the angle it made with the center, marked by a ring at the top, he found a measurement which startled him. Setting the adjustable hand over the Indicator for future reference, he returned to the deck, ill at ease. A further lowering of the barometer induced him to furl topsails and foretopmast staysall and allow the brig to ride under a storm spanker.

"Angel," said the captain, shouting into the mate's ear, "there's only one thing to account for this. We're on the right tack for the southern ocean. but the storm center is overtaking us faster than we can drift away from it We must scud out of its way." With the best two helmsmen at the

wheel they sped before the tempest for four hours. "Keep the wind as much on the port

quarter as you dare," ordered Swarth. We're simply sailing around the cen ter and perhaps in with the vorter." In a few hours more there was less fory in the blast and a slight rise in the barometer.

"I was right," said the captain. "The center will pass us now. We're out of Ha WAY They brought the brig around amid

crashing of seas and pinned her again on the port tack with the tar-paulin. But a few hours of it brought an increase of wind and a fall of the barometer.

"What in thunder does it mean, Angel?" cried the captain desperately. By all laws of storms we ought to drift away from the center."

A voice out of the night above the shrieking wind answered him. "You all fired fool, don't you know

my more than to heave to in the gulf stream?" Then there was the faintest disturb-

right eye and but dimly with his left, t man came aft and groaned that he but a scrutiny of his face in a mirror ad lifted his bandage to bathe his disclosed deep lines that had not been there, distorted eyelids and the left un four points off the port quarter, side where the coffee had scalded puffed to a large, angry blister. He went

> Three miles of on the port bow was large, square bowed, square yarded ship, hove to and heading away from them, which might be a frigate or a subsidized Englishman with painted horts

on deck.

Angel Todd stood near, his chin resting in his hand and his elbow on the companionway. Forward the watch sat about in coils of rope and sheltered nooks or walked the deck unsteadily, and a glance aloft showed the cantain his rigging hanging in bights and yards pointed every way. The same glance apprised him of an English ensign union down, at the end of the standing spanker gaff, with the halyards made fast high above the reach of bungling blind fingers. Tom Plate was coming aft with none of the hesitancy of the blind and squinting aloft at the damaged distress signal.

He secured another ensign-American-from the flag locker in the booby hatch and hoisted it, union down, in place of the other. Then he droppe to the deck and looked into the pistol of Cantain Swarth.

"Hands up, Tom Plate, over your ead, quick!"

White in the face, Tom obeyed. "Mr. Todd," called the captain. The mate came quickly.

"What soundings did you get at the lead when we were blowing out?" ask-ed the captain of Tom Plate. "What water did you have when you sang out 'a quarter six' and 'a quarter less six?

"N-n-one, capt'n. There warn't any bottom. I jess wanted to get you to Russian grain, as will be seen from the drop the other anchor and hold her off figures of the grain receipts at the port of the reef."

"How long have you been flying signals of distress, Tom Plate?" "Ever since I could see-second day

out sir. "What's your idea in keeping still about it? What could you gain by being taken aboard a man-of-war?"

that night and didn't get it so bad.

"You sneaked into my room, got my keys and raided the treasure chests. You know what the rules say about that? Death without trial." A search brought to light a tobacco pouch in which were about fifty unset di and a few well jeweled solid gold ornaments, which the captain pocketed. "Not much of a haul, con what you left behind," he said calmiy, "I only took my share, sir. I did no harm. I didn't want to be driftin' round wi' blind men. How'd I know anybody could ever see any more?"

fee out o' the lazaret!" sang out the

They found the loose rope, taulened it, hooked the bight into an open sheave/in the stanchion and listically walked forward with it. When, they had hoisted the unconscious Tom to the galf Swarth ordered, "Belay, coil up the fall and go forrard." They obeyed, listlessly as ever. Captain Swarth looked at the square

rigged ship, now on the port quarter, an ill defined blur to his imperied vision. "Fine chance we'd, have had," he muttered, "if that happened to be a buildog. Angel," he said as the mate drew near, "bot coffee is good for moon blindness, taken externally, as a blistering agent, a counter irritant. We have no fly blisters in the medicine chest, but smoking hot grease must be just as good, if not better than either. Have the cook heat up a petful, and you get me out a nice small paint brush.

Forty-eight hours later, when the last wakening vision among the twenty men had taken cognizance of the gris-ly object aleft, the body of Tom Plate was dropped into the sea. Then when Captain Swarth's eyes

permitted he took an observation of two and shaped his course for Bar-bados island to take up the burden of his battle with fate, to scheme and to plan, to dare and to do, to war and to destroy, against the inevitable coming of the time when fate should prove the stronger, when he would lose in a game where one must always win co



Amsterdam, March 8-Before the war, Holland used to buy large quantities of Rotterdam: In the year 1913 the total wheat receipts amounted to 2,018,258 tons, of which 691.725 tons came from Russia and 837,229 from the United States. In 1914 the total receipts decreased to 1.353.-650 tons, those from Russia to 570,081, and those from the Tnited States to 520,-"I didn't want to have all the work 886 tons. Since that year the shipments piled on me jess 'cause I could see, from Russia have been stopped entirely. apt'n. I slept partly under No. 2 gun This has also been the case with rye, barley, corn, and oats.

The total receipts of rye in the year-1913 amounted to 554,278 tons, of which 570,081 tons came from Russia and 11,-826 from the United/States. In 1914 these figures decreased to 554,278, 157,454, and 30,464 tons respectively. For the United States, there has been a slight increase (in 1915 to 41,799 tons); which, however was not at large enough to counterbalance the lack of Russian supply. Total receipts of barley in the year 1913 amounted to 817,335 tons, of which 625,577 tons came "Sad mistake, Tom. All we wanted, from Russia and 34,326 from the United

us, was a good scalding with hot States. For 1914 these figures were 441,-

until the captain sang out, "That'll do m against the wheel, to which he

"All hands, there?" he roared. "Up ith you all! Go forward and pay out the chain?"

puts, oaths and growls answered dm, and be heard the nasal voice of his mate repeating his order. "Angel," he called, "get the other anchor over and give her all of both chains."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate. Send a lantern forrard, Bill. Can't see our poses. steward," jeffed the captain.

where are you? Light op a deck entern and the binnacle?" He heard the steward's voice close

him and the sound of the binnacle n the opening and closing of the cabin companionway. He could see nothing, but knew that the steward d gone below to his storeroom. In note more a shrick came from the It rang out again and again

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the lead!" Then the leadsman coile up the line, and they heard his rasp ing, unpleasant voice, cursing softly but fiercely to himself. Captain Swarth descended the stairs, silenced the steward with a blow, felt of the clock hands, secured his pistols and return

ed to the deck. "We're at sea." he said. "Two bands to the wheel. Loose and set the foretopmast staysails and the foretopsail. "What for?" they answered complainingly.

"No arguments!" yelled Swarth.

They knew their captain, and they knew the ropes on the blackest of dark ights. Blind men climbed aloft and felt for foot ropes and gaskets. Blind men on deck felt for sheets, halvards and braces, and in ten minutes the sails were set and the brig was charging wildly along before the gale, with two blind men at the wheel endeavor ing to keep her straight by the right and left wind on their faces.

"Keep the wind as much on the port quarter as you can without broaching tel" yelled the captain in their ears, and they answered and did their best. "Where're ye goin', Bill?" asked the mate weakly as he scrambled up to dinn.

"Right out to sea and, unless we get our eyes back soon, right across to the Bight of Benin, 3,000 miles from here. We've no business on this coast in this condition. What ails you, Angel Lost your nerve? Brace up. We'll get used to it. Get a couple of hands aft and heave the log. We take our de-parture from Kittredge Polut, Barbados island, at 6 o'clock this morning of the 10th October. We'll keep a Geordie's log book with a jackknife and a stick."

They have the log for him. It was marked for a now useless twenty-eight second sand glass, which Captain Swarth replaced by a spare chronometer held to his ear in the companion way. It ticked even seconds, and when twenty-eight of them had passed he called "Stop!" The markings on the line that had slipped through the sate's fingers indicated eight knots. "Seven, allowing for wild steering neid the captain when he had stowed away his chronometer and returned to the deck. "Angel, we know we're so-ing about sou'cast by east seven knots. There's practically, no variation o' the ht up." re's that light?" came the voice in a yell from amidships, painter's jammed, Bill. "Can't mpase in these seas, and that we. Just as fast as the men can stand it at the wheel we'll pile on can-vas and get all we can out o' this good wind. If it takes us into the south-east trades, well and good. We can

ant." Shouts came from forward, the on the rale, as the most ground t and climbed the poop store. "We're more blind, caspool" they fiel, "We lit the forcale lamp, as lon't show ap. We're all blind." Come down have, BHI," called the feel out way across on the trade wind -unless we hit something, of course. "You see, it blows almost out of the ast on this side aud'll hast more to the son-east and south and as we get over By the wind first; then we'll agare switt ins with there in We'll know the small o the trades nothing

. mat and addition of the second gallantsail and maintopsail, with the spanker furled as useless and the jib adding its aid to the foretopmast staysail in keeping the brig before the quartering seas which occasionally climbed aboard.

The men, with the exception of a few. dropped into a querulous, whining discontent. Yank Tate, the carpenter, maintained through it all a patient faith in the captain and, in so far as influence could be felt, acted as a his foil to the trascible, faultfinding Tom Plate, the forecastle lawyer, the man who had been at the lead line at Bar ados.

Tom marked himself for future attention by insolent and disapproving comments on the orders of his superiors and a habit of moving swiftly to another part of the deck directly he had spoken, which prevented the

he had spoken, which prevented the angry captain from finding him. Dim as must have been the light of day through the pelting rain and storm cloud, it caused increased pain in their eyes, and they bound them, with their neckerchiefs, applying meanwhile such remedies as forecastle lore could sug-gest. The captain derided these remedies, but frankly confessed his ignorance of anything but time as a means of cure. And so they existed and suffered through a three days' damp gale and a fourth day's dead calm, when the brig rolled scuppers under with all sail set, ready for the next breeze. It came, cool, dry and faint at first, then brisker-the unmistakable trade wind. They boxed the brig about and brac. ed sharp on the starboard tack, ateer-ing again by the feel of the wind and the ratiling of shaking teeches aloft. They took occasional deep see soundings with the brig shaking in the wind. but found no bottom, and at the end of fifteen days a longer beave to the ground swell was evidence to Captain Swarth's mind that he was passing Cape St. Roque, and the soundings were discontinued.

"No use bothering about St. Paul rocks or the Rocas, Angel." said be. They rise out o' the deep sea, and if we're to bit, soundings won't warn us in time."

One day Yank Tate appeared at the captain's elbow and suggested in a low voice that he examine the treasure chests in the 'tween deck. "I was down stowing away some oakum," he said, "an' I was sure I heard the lid close, but nobody answered me, an', I couldn't feel anybody." Captain Swarth descended to his cap-

in and found his keys missing; then he and the carpenter visited the chests. They were locked tight and as heavy

"Some one has the keys, Yank, and very likely raided the diamonds. We can't do anything but wait. He can't get away. Keep still about it." The air became cooler as they sailed on, and, judging that the trade wind was blowing more from the south than he had allowed for, the capitain brought

ance in the sol ands of the ing the rushing by of a large craft, "What!" roared Swarth. "The s The gulf stream? I've lost my recko Where am 1? Ship aboy! Where am I?" There was no answer.

"Draw a bucket of water, one you." he ordered. This was done, and he immersed his

hand. The water was warm.

"Gulf stream?" he yelled frantically. "Gulf stream! How did we get up here? We ought to be down near St. Helena. "We were blown out of the north

catrance o' the bay, Angel, instead of the south, as we thought. I was fooled by the soundings. This is a West India cyclone, and we're somewhere around Hatteras."

The crew now put the brig on the starboard tack and took hourly soundings with the deep sea lead. As they hauled it in for the fourth time the men called that the water was cold, and on the next sounding the lead

reached bottom at ninety fathoms. "We're inside the stream and the hundred fathom curve. Angel. The storm center's leaving us," said the captain. "I know pretty weil where I am. These storms follow an invariable track, and I judge the center is to the east of us, moving north. We'll square away with the wind on the starboard quarter now, and if we pick up the stream and the glass don't rise I'll be satisfied to turn in."

"It's too much for me. Bill," answered Mr. Todd wearily. "I can navigate. but this ain't navigation. This is blind man's buff."

It was nearly breakfast time now, and the men would soon be eating. With his pistols in his coat pockets the captain stationed himself beside the entrance to the forecastle and listened to comments on his folly and bad seamanship which ascended from below until the barsh voice of Tom Plate on the stairs indicated his comng up. He reached toward Tom with hand, holding a cocked pistol with the other, but Tom slid easily out of his wavering grasp and fied along the deck. He followed his footsteps until he lost them and picked up instead the

angry plaint of the negro cook in the galley amidships. "I do' know who you are, but you want to git right out o' my galley now. You heah me? I'se had enough o' dis comin' inter my galley. Gwan, now! Is you de man dat's all time stealin' my coffee? I'll gib you coffee, you trash. Take dat!"

Captain Swarth reached the galley door in time to receive on the left side of his face a generous share of a pot of scalding coffee. It brought an involuntary shriek of agony from him. All that day and the night following be chose to lie in his darkened state room with his face bandaged in oily cloths. In the morning he, removed the bandages and took in the sight of his stateroom fittings and his clothing the wind squarely abeam, and the bits fignging on the books. It was a joy

coffee. There must be some medical 548,255,804, and 33,543 tons respectively. virtue in hot coffee which the doe in 1915 the barley receipts from the tors bayen't learned, and well Two. United States increased to 54 118 tons you've carned your finish." "Capt'n, you can't do it. The

are with me," stuttered the man,

he was out of the so we'll break a bag out o' the lazarette. It's a beavy



the end Make a hangman's noose of the rope."

lift so we'll hoist it up. Let Tom here, rig a whip to the spanker gaff. He can see."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the mate. "Get a single block and a strap and a gant line out o' the bo's'n's locker.

Tom secured the gear and climbing sloft and out of the gaff. fastened, the block directly over the lazarette hatch, just forward of the binnacle. Then he overhauled the rope until it reached the deck and descended.

"Come up here on the poop," called the captain, and he came. Shall I go down and book on, sir?

"Make a hangman's noose in the end of the rope," said Swarth.

"Eb - what - a runnin' bowline imber hitch? No, no," he yelled as te read the captain's face; "you can't 

"Pase it round your neck and draw it tight'

Hoarse, inarticulate screams from the throat of the man, ended by a blow on the side of his face by the captain's iron bard fist. He fell and iay insensible, while Swarth himself adjusted the noose. The men forward, aroused by the screams, heard Swarth's roar, "Lay aft bere, the watch!" They came, feeling their way. "Clap on to that gant line at

main fife rail and lift this bag of con-

United States increased to 54,118 tons.

Of corn the 1913 total was 742,553 tons, the Black Sea sending 86.631, the United Possibly they are. I beard you all States 165,394. In 1914 the total was 424. growling yesterday morning. You're a 947, Black Sea sending 46,725, United pack of curs. I'll get another crew. Staies 54,582; 1915, total 880,626, United Mr. Todd," he and, "steward told me States 327,862. In corn alone, therefore, the cutting-off of Russian supplies was made good by increased shipments from your country. Of oats, Russia sent 215,-850 bushels in 1913 and oniy 84,000 in 1914 none afterward : whereas the United States sent us 47.121 bushels in 1913 and 18,575 in 1914, with the slight increase to 28.534 in 1915. During 1916 and 1917, Holland's import of all grains combined has decreased to a much smaller total even than 1915. -New York Evening Post.

> "No man wants to be too hard on his children's follies." "Then, if I marry your daughter, can I expect you to make, proper allowances for her?"-Baltimore American.

> "Billy boasts of always going to the bottom in anything he undertakes." Good gracious ! and I've just accepted an invitation to go out rowing with him." -Baltimore American.



If more people knew how Rheuma-tism and kindred ills started there would be infinitely less suffering.

It should be a matter of popular knowledge that the blood stream completes the circulation of the body in approximately three minutes, gathering up waste matters. It is the function of the Kidneys to remove these impurities or poisons from the blood and eliminate them from the body. Should there be any derangement of the Kidney action the poisons are not eliminated but are carried around again in the blood stream, to accumulate slowly and occasion sickness and distress. Then follow pains in the back, in the region of the Kidneys, Rheumntism, constant headaches, and the many complaints arising from derangements of the Kidneys or Bladder. First, the Kidneys must be put in order and until these organs are healed and regulated no real health is possible. Gin Pills contain the medicinal and tonic properties that the Kidneys require,

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