

tion had been making experiments in a piece of ornamental water with model screw steamers, and had been trying to see what kind of a screw caused least deviation from a straight course; and he said that he was surprised to find how exactly all his models came back to the very spot where they had started from. 'In fact, my dear fellow,' he had said, 'a screw steamer is nothing more nor less than a very cumbersome sort of boom-crang.'

But, oh dear, what poor encouragement were those ornamental water experiments to us, standing on a little knoll of sand, miles from the shore, with blackness all round us, a rising tide, and eddies and currents swirling this way and that, sufficiently to render nice mathematical certainties very uncertain indeed. No, we must have something more to go on than the action of the screw as a turning agent, to hope that our little boat was coming back to us. Strangely, and fortunately, there was something else. The cockswain was in favor of swimming after the boat, not thinking that we could catch her at once, but that, after ten minutes or so, she might begin to slow down of herself. I knew better than that, and so of course did the leading stoker; besides, I pointed out to him, she was out of sight, and it was very unlikely that we should be able to make a correct guess at her course. Finding himself outvoted, he urged that after all she was half crippled by the bowman's tarpaulin hanging over the port side.

'The bowman's tarpaulin hanging over the port side!' I repeated, with hope beginning to dawn. 'Are you certain?'

'Quite, sir. I made a grab at it to save myself going under water, and the whole thing came overhead.'

'But it's fast to the boat?'

'Oh yes, sir; it's made fast right enough; but it's dragging through the water, and that's enough to stop a little boat like'—

'Stop her, with that head of steam on! not a bit of it,' I replied. 'But it'll do better—it'll turn her.'

I don't think that the men were very sanguine; but that I could not help. If there was a heavy tarpaulin hanging over one side of the boat, she was bound to keep turning towards that side. The only other thing that could influence her course was the current, and this, in the main—for it would be hopeless to attempt to go into the various eddies—set towards the north. Therefore, the boat would come round to a point due north of us. How far north, and how long before she got there, depended upon how much tarpaulin was hanging over the side, and of course could only be guessed at. At any rate there was no time to be lost.

I called for four hands to strip, and did the same myself. While we were stripping, I made the men take their knife lanyards and knot them all together. To these I added some twice-laid rope, of which the cockswain carried a coil in his monkey-jacket pocket; my own kammarband, which for the information of those readers who have not been in India or the east, I may describe as a kind of long sash; also the interpreter's; altogether this gave a pretty long rope. What

I intended doing with it, you will see later.

When every one was ready, I gave the men their orders. First of all I made them observe the constellation of the southern cross. This I explained to them, they were to keep straight behind them, so that they could be certain that they were swimming due north—that is straight out to sea. We would all start together. After fifty strokes, one man would stop and tread water; after another twenty-five strokes the inmost man (being fifty strokes from the knoll, and myself being the farthest out. You see, I reckoned on the tide having set her out something between fifty and a hundred and fifty strokes—rough reckoning, but the best I could do. Finally I cautioned the men to try and scramble on board by the tarpaulin, as by so doing they would avoid the risk of being wounded by the propeller. The rope I kept myself.

I don't think that there is much fear of my ever forgetting that swim out into the waste of black sea. There was nothing really dangerous about it bar the sharks, and the sharks would have been almost as dangerous on our little sand-knoll, where the danger would have come, had we been unsuccessful, after we got back to the others and found the tide began to rise. Yet the sense of loneliness, increasing as one by one the men came to their allotted stations and were left behind treading water, was something terrible.

At last I had come to my post. How I wished there was a moon! Until then I don't think that I had ever realised how terribly contracted is the horizon of a man whose eyes are only a few inches above the sea; he can hardly see any distance.

At the end of three minutes or so I seemed to hear something; what it was I could not say; nevertheless, I instinctively swam a few strokes in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. Then I listened again. Yes, it was there, and plainer. Whether it were the cutter or not, it was something; and should it turn out to be two pieces of driftwood knocking against one another, placed as we were they would be almost salvation to us. So I continued to swim in the same direction. But it was not driftwood, and it was the cutter—the cutter heading about northwest and coming up—thank goodness—from a little behind me. The question now was: could I cut her off? Reader, have you ever witnessed a boat race?—so have I; have you ever bet on a boat race?—I am afraid that I must plead guilty to having done the same. But in future I shall never take the same interest in the sport; believe me that, besides a boat hunt, a boat race is tameless itself.

Well, I swam my best, and found—that I should miss her by ten yards! Now for my last card. Waiting until I was as near to her as I ever should be—that is, barring the chance that my card should turn up trumps, I raised myself in the water, and flung my rope, in a big loose coil, straight at her stern, then settled down to swimming again. A few strokes, and I was sure that I was gain-

ing on her—my rope had done its work; that is to say, it had fouled the screw. Had I tried holding one end of it, it would most likely have slipped off; but being quite loose, it had wound itself so effectually round the blades and boss, that later, when we tried to get it off, the only way in which we could do so was by cutting it off in little bits. By the time I reached her, she was almost motionless.

You may be sure that I did not lose much time in firing a rifle to let the crew know that they had once more a boat to go to. In ten minutes or so all hands were on board; and very glad we were to dry our clothes, make some cocoa, and smoke our pipes.

As for the dhow, she got away, but was caught next voyage.—Chicago Army and Navy Magazine.

THE ALDERSHOT CAMP.

The Closing Review and Sham Fight Company Rifle Meeting,

The Halifax Mail publishes the following account of the last day's work in the Aldershot camp in its issue of Sept. 16th:

For the past 12 days about 1,400 Provincial militiamen have been in camp at Aldershot. That number represented the rank and file of five battalions, viz:

King's Canadian Hussars, Major J. W. Ryan, commanding one company of 42 of all ranks.

68th Kings county infantry, Lt. Col. L. DeV. Chipman commanding; nine companies, 294 men of all ranks.

69th East Annapolis infantry, Lt. Col. W. E. Starratt commanding nine companies; 224 men of all ranks.

93rd Cumberland Battalion, Amherst, Lt. Col. M. B. Harrison commanding; five companies, 231 men of all ranks.

75th Lunenburg corps, Lunenburg, Lt. Col. Kaulbach, M.P., commanding; six companies, 262 men of all ranks.

In former years only three battalions have been in camp, but for certain reasons the 69th Lunenburg was sent to Aldershot this year a little unexpectedly so that the camp was the largest that has ever been there. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week Gen. Herbert was on the field and watched the men perform the ordinary details of camp work and drill. He expressed himself satisfied with what he witnessed. In fact the general is credited with having said the work at Aldershot was ahead of that to be seen in any volunteer camp in the Dominion. Yesterday was the last day at Aldershot, and the customary review of the troops, followed by a sham fight, took place. Exclusive of the militia, there were certainly 4,000 people on the field. They came from all quarters of the surrounding country, and by all means of conveyance, to witness the evolutions and mimic battle. The field presented an animated appearance toward noon. White canvass tents and vehicles of every age and pattern studded the field. The red coats of the soldiery mingling with the light and dark attire of the spectators produced a vivid picture for the eye to rest upon.

The review took place at 2 o'clock p.m. The brigade was formed into a line of