

A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER II. The Waiting.

(Continued)

His first voyage as captain was made with his wife, this voyage was his second, and—he prayed brokenly that it might not be Mary's last. The Zoroaster was not a passenger ship; she carried no surgeon. In illness or accident there was no one on whom to rely save the captain himself, who was technically supposed to be able to cope with any emergency. And now, in the moment of his greatest need, he was absolutely alone save for the mate, who was a sailor of the old school (skilled in little save his own particular craft.

It had spread about the ship what was toward, and men moved silently, treading with cautious, making great debouchings to avoid stepping on the deck above the captain's room. A boy let fall a marlinpike on the quarter-deck and the old boatswain, who held it that no woman was fit to live, boxed the lad's ears soundly, and then kicked him "forrard," with grim instructions to stow himself away in the forepeak and never venture forth until he was allowed. The sound of a rope flung heedlessly to the deck was a signal for the mate to step gingerly forward, there to hiss out full-throated curses into the growing darkness. But there was one factor that could not be held in thrall, that refused to obey the voice of authority.

The gale was volleying fiercely in the shortened canvas by now; it shrilled and moaned eerily amongst the spidery rigging, sheets clanked monotonously in the howling greyness overhead. The third and chug of the helm sent a sharp jar from stern to stem of the racing craft; the slow upward leaping, the swift downward flights, as the Zoroaster took the growing waves in her impetuous stride, added to the discomfort. It was gathering up for a blow, and such a blow as few there had ever experienced. When might fell the puffs had culminated into one stupendous roaring, and the front of the storm was abroad hot-foot, eager to devour, to ravage and destroy.

"All hands on deck; shorten sail!" yelled Mr. Steadman into the darkness as eight bells tinkled out on the small brass bell above the wheel-box. "Get her under easy sail, Mr. Vigors." The second mate flew to obey; but, even though the sails above were slatting dolorously, he lowered the halliards gently, that the rocking thunder of their fall should not shake the cabin in the stern. There was no hoarse-throated shouting now—the boatswain saw to that.

"Keep your blasted tongues in your 'eads," he said vindictively when one man chanted forth a pully-haul song. "The skipper's missis mightn't like it." And thereafter everyman was dumb, feeling, in some blind, half-understood fashion, that sickness was in the midst of them then, and that all a man might do must be done to alleviate the sufferer's lot.

After two hours' mighty battling, they reduced the ship to storm canvas, and then, hot and dripping, those of the watch below went to their odorous forecabin, whilst the watch on deck betook themselves to the poop in obedience to the command, "Watch on deck, keep aft; watch below, keep handy for a call." They squatted down on the port side of the poop in direct disobedience to the old sea custom, which forbids the forecabin to frequent the weather side of the poop, and talked together in low voices.

Vigors stood beside the wheel, watchful, keenly alert, ready to check the helmsman by a motion of his hand, dimly seen in the shifting glow of the binnacle, ready to do all that a young and untried man could do to make the ship more seaworthy, more kindly. But he had his work before him—the Zoroaster was taking the bit in her teeth by this, and her creaking timbers told the tale of her mad strivings with the storm.

"Send down and call me if there's anything wrong," growled Steadman, as he turned to go below. "I'll be dressed. The skipper won't be available. Don't disturb him whatever you do—understand?"

Vigors crushed down the high collar of his oilskin coat, and the light of the binnacle showed his face wet and shining, yet resolute and daring, too.

"Yes, sir; I understand. But—I wish it was over; I wish it was over."

"So do I. Did you see that albatross over the mizzen truck to-day? I'm afraid, Vigors; I'm a bit afraid." He stumped away, and though the young second mate strove to disabuse his mind of the old superstition, he could not but reflect on the massed chances against the sufferer below.

"Don't forget to call me," repeated

"I've Got Wise--Know Enough Now to Wear Gloves.

"Used to have my hands all crippled up—
"Everlastingly peelin' my knuckles—always scratching my hands on the edge of metal plates—
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the mate dimly through the deafening clamour; and before Vigors' answer could have reached his ears he had tumbled gently down the companionway and was floundering in the narrow corridor that led to his room. He waited silently outside for a moment, listening; then, as a faint moaning reached his ears, he slipped through the open door, divested himself of his oilskins, kicked off his sea-boots, and stole on tiptoe to the saloon.

Here he paused again, his face almost touching the door of the captain's room. From within came a repetition of that moaning, and Steadman, an unemotional man, felt his cheeks grow hot and cold without ap-

parent reason. A new sound broke on his watching now, the snoring of a drunken man. With viciously set teeth Steadman crept away, opened a door, and hurled in a pillow that he had caught up, following the missile with his own bulky form. The steward choked to the pressure of sinewy hands on his throat, and sat up, crying feebly.

night, the clamour was unceasing, and Steadman, still standing outside the captain's door, lifted his clenched hand in useless protest to the God of storms.

The hours passed leadenly, and still the devoted man remained at his self-appointed vigil. The moanings within were drowned now in the elemental upheaval without, but his imagination sufficed to picture the woman's agony, so that he set his teeth hard and ground his fingers into his palms until the hot blood ran drippingly to the floor.

The door opened suddenly; the face of Captain Curzon, white and awed, peered out. Steadman stepped forward at once.

"Yes it's time," gasped Curzon hoarsely. He seemed like a man newly awakened from a hideous dream, his eyes were blood-shot and staring.

"You need me?" asked Steadman quietly, without offering to intrude.

"My God, yes!" Curzon looked about him blindly, and as the ship gave a staggering heave, a sick dive, and a furious twist all in one, he scowled blackly.

"Half a minute, sir," whispered the mate; and he left the saloon handily tacking from seat-back to sideboard on rounded shanks. He gained the poop and strode to the binnacle.

"Watch your steering there!" he yelled. Anything less than a yell would have been unheard. "Mr. Vigors, send for Simms." Someone detached himself from the crowd of packed figures beside the mizzen rigging and faced death along the swirling decks. Five minutes later Simms took the spokes, and left the ship answer to his hand as a restive horse to the bridle.

"I'll do my best, sir," he rumbled. "but—" Steadman could see the oilskin-covered head wagging pessimistically in the sheen from the binnacle lamps.

"Get a hand to the lee wheel, someone you can trust," said the mate; and a man took the leeward spokes, bracing himself for what was coming.

Simms was, perhaps, one of the finest seamen who ever took a trick, but he owned to himself frankly before he had been at the post for a minute that he had tackled the biggest job of his life. But the need for action found him ready. He humoured the staggering hull like a fretful child, showing a thousand tricks of cunning, easing her as she poised buoyantly on the white-topped crest of a raging wave, helping her smoothly down the steep inclines, lifting her, so it seemed, to the upward trend of the combers.

The Zoroaster was like a half-tide rock; she reeled along blindly, parting the hurrying waves with her impetuous bow, crushing them desperate

"Get forrard!" hissed the mate, "or I'll tear your life out." And without further ceremony he dragged the protesting man from his bed, lugged him up the companionway, and flung him on to the cold, wet deck.

"When I ask for quietness," explained Mr. Steadman to himself, "I mean to get it."

But, alas for his hopes! The gale seemed to be playing a game of cross purposes with him now. Every individual timber of the ship spoke aloud a groaning protest to the battering of the lurching seas. The long-drawn bellow of the storm was deafening, the sturging, thunder of falling water shook the ship. It was a hideous

Spring-cleaning Of Soiled Hats

Hints and Advice for Renovating Headgear.

"Full many a hat is worn and thrown away, which, doctored, might have lived for many a day."

This is true, but the lines are not exactly as the poet wrote them.

Before we invest in a really new 1914 spring hat, there is a "between period" which is rather hard to fill. Why not get over that by doing up our old hats? This little economy would enable us to buy something really good when June comes in. Here are some recipes, tested, and not found wanting.

To clean a white felt hat. Fill a jam-pot with flour, and put it in the oven until it is quite hot. Then quickly, with white flannel, rub the hot flour into the felt very thoroughly, and dust it off with a perfectly clean brush or a white cloth.

The hat will be as new.

White straw hats can be cleaned, and the sunburn removed, as follows: Warm a lemon, squeeze it into a saucer, and add a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur.

Flowers and Felt. Brush this well on the hat, rinse several times in cold water, wipe with a dry cloth, and finally dry in the shade. That hat will be as when you bought it.

Artificial flowers may be restored in many cases—not all—by holding them for a couple of minutes in the steam of boiling water.

Black felt hats can be made quite nice if well rubbed with benzine. Dry in the open air.

Black chip hats, as a rule, only need oiling. Use a little sweet oil, and rub it off with a piece of black velvet.

Black straw hats, if faded, should be treated as follows: Get a piece of good black sealing-wax (1-2 oz.), powder it, and add to it 2 oz. of pure spirits of wine.

Stand the bottle near the fire until the wax is quite dissolved, then brush it on the hat with a toothbrush. Do this near a fire. The hat will be quite stiff and glossy.

Washing Ribbons

Ribbons, if they were good when bought, can be washed in tepid water (potato-water is the best) with the fingers, using, if any, just a little mild soap.

Rinse repeatedly in tepid waters, squeeze in a towel, hang out to dry, then iron, sandwiching the ribbon between two sheets of white paper.

Fur hats should be treated as follows: Warm some bran and rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand. Do this two or three times, shake, and brush thoroughly. It makes the hat as new.

White fur hats are not at all done for when soiled. Rub these with warm, moist bran until dry, then as above with dry bran. Finish by rubbing well with magnesia.

The above should help us over March and April, months which are often more wintry than December.

ly underfoot, reeling to the gale's mad thrust, soaring nobly through the resonant blackness of the night. But a hundred Simmses could not have made her kindly; she was compelled to obey the stronger power, and so became the gale's great plaything, tossed hither and thither at the cruel will of wind and sea.

Steadman watched her stormy progress thoughtfully for a while. He knew he could do nothing more to ease the travail of the woman below, but he hoped it might be possible to try. He whistled shrilly on his fingers, and dark, impatient forms grew up out of the blackness about him.

"Get the mainsail down," he thundered. "It might steady her a bit."

They did it, but none knew how, for the world seemed to go out in shattering bellows. The ship felt the added weight on her spars, she lost her lightness and boomed along on her beam-ends almost; but, though she was now half under water, she was steadier, and Steadman, who had gone below, said that all would still be well.

"I thought you were never coming," growled Curzon as the mate knocked softly on the door and entered. "Now get a grip on yourself."

Outside the storm yelled and screamed unceasingly. The powers of darkness threw themselves in serried array against the proudly battling ship. They crushed her down, they retired baffled from her noble rallying, but they came on again and again. The thunder of falling seas was like the end of creation; the hiss and seething rush of water made a dismal under-current of sound. And in that dim-lit cabin, their ears filled with the groanings of a woman, two stern-faced men regarded one another with fear-widened eyes.

(To be continued.)

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Sam had worked on the farm for nine years, and until his master took to poultry-farming he was quite satisfied with life.

But this poultry business was a bit too much. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them.

So one day he marched up to the farmer.

"I'm about fed up," said he, "and I'm going to leave!"

The farmer was astounded. "Surely, Sam," said he, "you're not going to leave me after all these years?"

"Yes, but I am," retorted Sam. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens!"

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