

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

## Heroic Rescues at Sea.

The records of the sea teem with instances of courage displayed in saving human life. Indeed, there are few cases of rescues effected in bad weather which do not show great bravery. To the landsman the launching and manning of a ship's cutter in a moderately rough sea is simply appalling. To him it seems almost madness to tempt fate in a mere rowboat; but the sailor is familiar with the sea and well acquainted with the ability of his little craft. He knows just what she will stand, and he confidently puts out from the ship's side in weather which causes the ship herself to pitch and roll.

But when Jack encounters what he calls a real gale of wind, then he knows full well that he faces probable death when he goes over the ship's side to try to rescue some poor fellows from a water-logged and wave-swept craft.

His first danger is that his boat may be smashed by some huge sea against the ship's side, and he carried out of reach of help in the swirling combers. If he succeeds in getting away safely, his boat may be swamped, and that means certain death. If he reaches the vessel in distress his boat may be dashed against her, or some of the wreckage from her deck may strike him, and so death again waits him. And if he succeeds in taking the people off the wreck he must regain his own vessel, and here again he runs the risk of having his boat crushed against her side and losing his life in the very instant of success.

All rescues at sea in bad weather must be effected in the face of these dangers, which are present in a greater or less degree, according to the state of the ocean. If to these three be added other dangers, the courage displayed by those who undertake the work of rescue must be great indeed. I propose in this paper to tell of two notable rescues, one accomplished in the face of the usual dangers of the deep, and the other in the face of those with added terrors of an appalling nature.

On January 21, 1895, the three-masted schooner Florence J. Allen left Apalachicola for Philadelphia with a cargo of yellow pine lumber. A fair wind and a smooth sea brought joy to the heart of Capt. John Eastman, master of the schooner. He was more than usually anxious for a safe and speedy voyage, because his wife was with him. For six days the schooner worked very slowly, but comfortably, northward; but on January 27th Captain Eastman found a falling barometer, a solid sheet of driving gray for a sky, and an icy edge in the growing wind that swept over his weather-bow.

With a sigh he gave the order to shorten sail, for already his schooner was beginning to thrust her long bowsprit deep into the advancing waves. The wind increased all day, and at nightfall was blowing a gale. The schooner was snugged down under storm canvas and hove to on the starboard tack. The wind still grew in force, and before morning it was blowing a winter hurricane.

The schooner began to labor heavily. Huge cliffs of writhing foam roared down upon her out of the gray gloom to windward. The upward leap of her bows, as the hills of water swept under her, was sickening, but there was something terrifying in the fearful plunges she made into the yawning chasms which followed the snowy summits of swirling white. Deeper and deeper became these inky pits, and as the wan light of the ghostly dawn stole up out of the pallid east, it showed the schooner burying herself to her foremast in the furious surges, while her wild leap, which made her topmasts bend like whips, seemed like the convulsive starts of agony of a living suffering creature.

The schooner continued with unabated fury till February 21, when the wind veered into the northeast, blowing with fresh vigor, and raising a terrific cross sea, which set the Florence J. Allen's timbers groaning in every joint. In the midst of this wild turmoil of the elements came the report that the vessel had sprung a leak. Her timbers could not stand the strain of this mad pitching, and somewhere a seam had opened.

Every gallon of water which entered the hold added to the strain upon the timbers as it was tossed about. On the next day the centre of the storm was over the schooner, and there was a flash of milder weather.

"Man the pumps!" was the order—one of the most disheartening orders to which a brave man ever has to listen.

For twenty-four hours the Allen's crew, sobbing with the strain of heart-breaking labor kept the pump-brakes clanking, but the insidious danger under their feet grew in spite of them.

On February 6th the gale came on again with renewed force. Captain Eastman, well knowing that his schooner would not stand any further battle with a head sea, furled every stitch of his canvas, and let the schooner scud before the wind under bare poles.

On February 7th the Allen was almost full of water. Her deck-load of lumber had torn loose from its lashings, and threatened the crew with instant destruction. With desperate courage the men got it over-board. In the struggle the helmsman was struck by a piece of timber and knocked down.

The wheel being unattended, the schooner took a rank sheer on the under running sea and broached to.

The next mountainous billow that came roaring down upon the vessel struck her upon her broadside. She careened till full her lee rail was far under water, and she was in imminent danger of lying upon her beam ends.

"Cut away the masts!" shouted Captain Eastman, springing toward the weather-boards to assist in the work.

A few blows from axes severed the weather shrouds of all three masts, which went overboard with a series of terrifying crashes. The Florence J. Allen was now a helpless wreck, driving before the pitiless gale in a water-logged condition.

For four days Captain Eastman and his wife, together with the members of the crew, had nothing to eat except a few bits of hardtack, and almost nothing to drink. They were forced to remain on deck, for they could not go below on account of the water in the schooner. Cold, hungry and despairing, with a wreck under their feet and death momentarily expected, they were hurled along by the wild seas. No help was in sight, and in such a storm none seemed possible.

Meanwhile the Nova Scotian bark Bute-shire had sailed from Cork for New York on December 29th, and soon after clearing the Irish coast had begun to encounter strong westerly gales, veering to north-westerly. Her master, Captain Wyman, found that he could not hold his course, but was gradually driven off to the southward. On January 29th he found himself some eighty miles off Cape Hatteras.

The wild weather now abated somewhat, and the bark began to buffet her way under short canvas to the northward; but her progress was slow, for the wind still opposed the vessel and the sea was constantly vexed.

On February 24th Captain Wyman's sights of the sun, taken from a staggering deck through swift alleys of flying clouds, showed him that the Bute-shire was seventy-five miles to the southward and eastward of Sandy Hook. The wind was increasing in force, and before night the bark was once again under storm canvas. In three days she succeeded in making five miles on her course, and then a real hurricane of icy wind came pouring out of the north-west. The sea-water was warmer than this cutting blast, and so there rose a fog of alarming density.

Captain Wyman hove the bark to under a goosewinged maintopsail, and with her rigging iced into unmanageable iron bars,

she drifted two hundred and fifty miles to the south. On February 11th the gale had abated somewhat, but it was still a gale, and it had been blowing so long that a furious sea was yet running.

In the mid'd'e of the forenoon watch a seaman sighted a spar protruding from the water, and when the Bute-shire had come nearer to it, Captain Wyman saw that it was the spanker-mast of a schooner, and that there were persons huddled on the after deck-house. It was the unfortunate Florence J. Allen with which the Bute-shire



"They Rowed With Their Faces To the Bow"

had thus fallen in. The deck of the wreck was awash, and the mighty seas were sweeping over her. How the people aboard of her managed to stay there was a mystery.

Captain Wyman shook his head. "It is facing almost certain death to attempt their rescue," he said, "yet we can't leave them there. Who will volunteer?"

Mate C. R. Grant and four seamen stepped forward. The captain shook their hands and bade them Godspeed. They lowered the bark's life-boat into the sea with the greatest difficulty. The bark herself was lunging and reeling madly, and the onset of the seas was something terrifying. The waves had assumed a fearfully precipitous shape. Their advancing sides were almost as steep as those of breakers, and every one of them curled over at the top in a roaring crest of smothering foam.

The chances were a thousand to one against the life-boat. Yet those five brave men set about their task with coolness and resolution. Getting away from under the lee quarter of the bark, which momentarily threatened to smash their boat into kindling-wood, they began to drop down toward the wreck. They rowed with their faces toward the bow of their boat so that they could watch the action of the seas, and save themselves from impending destruction by quick work. When they drew near the wreck, moreover, they were in this position better able to keep their boat from being dashed against her.

As they dropped down under the lee quarter of the wreck a monstrous billow swept away one of the persons aboard of her. With desperate strength the Bute-shire's men whirled their boat around and forced it toward the struggling man, whom Mate Grant pulled out of the sea. Then they forced the life-boat back again, pausing at a safe distance from the quarter of the wreck.

Captain Eastman of the Allen embraced and kissed his half-fainting wife. Then, seizing her around the waist and putting forth all his strength, he literally hauled her across the seething caldron astern of the schooner into the life-boat, where she was caught by Mate Grant. The eight seamen of the Allen jumped for their lives, some falling into the boat and some into the sea, but none being lost. Captain Eastman left his vessel when all others had gone. Half of the work of the rescuers was done.

Meanwhile the Bute-shire had dropped down under the lee of the wreck, and once more Mate Grant and his four oarsmen began the perilous passage be-

tween the two vessels, letting the life-boat slip down stern first while they all faced her bows, not knowing at what instant a breaking billow might engulf them.

Going alongside the Bute-shire was out of the question. The boat would have been stove in and sunk in an instant. Still rowing, almost exhausted by their terrific battle with the infuriated ocean, the volunteers got their boat close enough to have the rescued person hoisted out of her with a tackle, and finally succeeded in reaching the bark themselves and hoisting in their boat.

Both captains and the seamen of both crews agreed that they had never seen a boat live in such a sea, and it was conceded that the volunteers had risked their lives at every moment during the work of rescue.

And that is a story of a rescue at sea in the face of the natural dangers of the deep in their most appalling form.

It was in the fierce month of December a few years ago that the other rescue took place. On the first day of the month the English steamer Coronation sailed from Lisbon for Norfolk, Va. On December 10th the German sailing-ship Prinz Heinrich sailed from New York to Liverpool with a cargo of nine thousand barrels of naphtha.

From the hour when she thrust her long flying jib-boom past the red bulk of the Sandy Hook light-ship the Prinz Heinrich had evil weather, and Captain Knoop, who commanded her, would very gladly have put back to seek shelter in the Horseshoe, but the wind blew from that quarter, and drove him farther and farther to sea. On December 12th the gale, which was now blowing with hurricane force, suddenly whipped round from northwest to northeast. The Prinz Heinrich had been hove to on the port tack, and this sudden change of the wind, taking her aback, snapped her masts off like so many pipe stems.

For a time the vessel was in imminent danger of being sunk by the pounding of her own wreckage against her sides. The captain worked with a will, however, and the spars were cut away. The rest of that day and all of December 13th the ship drove helplessly at the mercy of the furious wind.

Captain Knoop strove vainly to put some kind of a jury rig on her and to heave her to behind a sea anchor. The morning of December 14th dawned with the vessel leaking and the gale increasing. The sea was breaking madly over the dismantled wreck and it was with peril that anyone moved about her decks at this juncture a pale faced man rushed up from below shouting:

"On a clear day and in a calm sea such a cry brings dismay to the heart of the stoutest seaman. In the midst of a yelling gale with a sea running in which no ships boat could live for a single moment and with a ship laden with a terrible explosive, the horror of an alarm of fire becomes something beyond all imagination."

For a few seconds Captain Knoop's crew stared about wildly and some of the men seemed on the point of throwing themselves into the sea but with cheering cries the master of the vessel rallied them to their work. The hand pumps were manned and a stream of water burned on the blaze. The men worked with the energy of despair but the flames slowly gained on them.

At this terrifying juncture a seaman forward screamed out in ecstasy:

"Steamer ho!"

The men could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw plunging wildly out of the writhing grey gloom to windward the black hull of a steamer. For an instant the men who had felt their doom impending were filled with joy but in another moment they realized that it was a small steamer, that the seas were making a clean breach over her and that she was plainly in great danger of being overcome by the gale before which she was flying. There was no possibility that she could do anything to save them. Yet hope would not die in their breasts, and they waited.

On came the little steamer, hurled about like a yawl by the monster seas, and half-buried beneath some of them. Would she drive past? That question was quickly answered. In spite of the fearful danger to be incurred by laying herself broadside to the seas, the little steamer rounded up half a mile to windward of the wreck. She was thrown nearly on her beam ends in doing so, but finally righted and rode head to the gale.

Captain Knoop had not been idle. He had rigged a flagstaff at the taffrail of the Prinz Heinrich, and he now ran up the international code signals meaning, "We are afloat."

The little steamer answered, "Will lie by you till gale abates."

Captain Knoop then signalled, "Our cargo is explosive." He did that, brave fellow as he was, not as an appeal for immediate help, but as a warning to the steamer to keep off.

How do you think that little steamer answered? She dropped down to within three hundred yards of the wreck, and her crew hove overboard a large cask made fast to a hawser. Several buoys were bent to the hawser at various points. As it was paid out it drifted down toward the wreck.

The seamen aboard the Prinz Heinrich understood that this line was to be their only chance of salvation, and they feverishly watched its end approaching them. The little steamer drew nearer. Captain Knoop waved his arms in a warning appeal to keep farther off.

But there were English hearts of oak on that little steamer, and no attention was paid to the Gallant German master. As the line approached the German vessel, a column of smoke, the first that had appeared, shot up out of the aftermost hatch. Some of the German seamen uttered loud cries of dismay, and eight of them rushed madly to the rail and jumped into the sea. Two of these eight disappeared swiftly in the boiling mass, but six managed to get hold of the hawser or the buoys.

Before they did so, however, there was a sudden, deep and appalling roar. A blinding sheet of flame rushed upward toward the grey sky, filled with huge fragments of the deck and timbers of the Prinz Heinrich. In the midst of this column of fire the body of the brave and devoted Captain Knoop was seen whirling. It fell into the sea and disappeared as the waters swept over the fragments of the shattered vessel.

Fourteen members of the crew of the Prinz Heinrich were aboard her when she blew up. Two of them managed to reach the life-buoys from the little steamer, and these two were saved with the other six who had jumped overboard. All the rest perished. The little steamer outlived the gale, and landed the rescued men at Norfolk. The little steamer was the Coronation, and her master was Capt. Henry Burchard.—W. J. Henderson.

The Coming End of Leap Year.

Within eight more centuries leap-year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra eleven days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian Calendar to that of the present day will all have been duly accounted for, and the world will run in just 365 days and no more.

## A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can allow something for seeming extravagance in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised, cured a loved daughter of disease and restored to her the eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can't be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctors could give her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

The thousands of testimonials to the value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla repeat over and over again, in one form or another the expression: "The doctors gave her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles completely cured her."

It is a common experience to try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a last resort. It is

a common experience to have Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prescribed by a physician. It is a common experience to see a "complete cure" follow the use of a few bottles of this great blood purifying medicine. Because it is a specific for all forms of blood disease. If a disease has its origin in bad or impure blood, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, acting directly on the blood, removing its impurities and giving to it vitalizing energy, will promptly eradicate the disease.

The great feature of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the radical cures that result from its use. Many medicines only suppress disease—they push the pimples down under the skin, they paint the complexion with subtle arsenical compounds, but the disease rages in the veins like a pent-up fire, and some day breaks out in a volcanic eruption that eats up the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes to the root. It makes the fountain clean and the waters are clean. It makes the root good and the fruit is good. It gives Nature the elements she needs to build up the broken down constitution—not to brace it up with stimulants or patch it up on the surface. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, and learn more about the cures effected by this remedy. It's sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.