

The Devil and the Deep Sea.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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"All supplies very bad and dear, and there are no facilities for even the smallest repairs."—Salmon Direction.

Her nationality was British, but you will not find her house-flag in the list of our mercantile marine. She was a nine-hundred-ton, iron, schooner-rigged, screw, cargo-boat, differing externally in no way from any other tramp of the sea. But it is with steamers as it is with men of war, that you will find a consideration salt extremely close to the wind; and, in the present state of our fallen world, such people and goods have a special use. From the hour that the *Aglaia* first entered the Clyde—new, shiny and innocent—with a quart of champagne-trickling from her water-cocks, Fate and her owner, who was also her captain, decreed that she should deal with embarrassed crowned heads, fleeing presidents, financiers of over-extended ability, women to whom change of air was imperative, and the lesser law-breaking powers. Her career led her something like the Admiralty courts, where the sworn statements of her skipper filled his brethren with envy. The mariner cannot tell or act a lie in the face of the sea or instead a tempest, but, as lawyers have discovered, he makes up for chances withheld when he returns to shore an affidavit in either hand.

The *Aglaia* figured with distinction in the great Mackinaw salvage case. It was her first slip from virtue, and she learned how to change her name, but not her heart, and to run across the sea. As the *Guiding Light* she was very badly wanted in a South American port for the little matter of entering the harbor at full speed, colliding with a valuable coal-bulk and the state's only man-of-war, just as the man-of-war was going to coal. She put to sea without explanations, though three forts fired at her for half an hour. As she sailed away from Black Sea ports altogether.

She had ridden through many waves of depression in the shipping business. Freights might drop out of sight, sea-men's unions throw spanners and nuts at certificated masters, or stevedores combine till cargo perished on the docks, but the hands of the *Aglaia* were never and went, busy, alert and inconspicuous always. Her skipper, who in a spasm of pride had compared her to a servant girl in a house of ill-fame, made no complaint of hard times, and port officers observed that her crew signed again aboard her with the regularity of Atlantic liner boatstewards. Her name she changed on occasion called; her well-paid crew never, and a large percentage of the profits of her voyage was spent with an open hand on her engine-room. She never troubled the underwriters, and very seldom stopped to talk with a signal station, for her business was urgent and her trip was long.

But an end came to her tradings, and she perished in this manner. Deep peace brooded over Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia and Polynesia. The powers dealt together more or less honestly; banks paid their depositors to the hour; diamonds of price came safely to the hands of their owners; republics treated content with their dictators; diplomats found no one whose presence in the least incensed them; and monarchs lived openly with their lawfully wedded wives. It was as though the whole earth had put on its best Sunday bib and tucker; and business was very bad for the *Aglaia*. The great, virtuous calm engulfed her, slate sides, yellow funnels and all, but cast up in another hemisphere the steam whaler *Haliothis*, black and rusty, with a manure-colored funnel, a litter of dingy white boats, and an enormous stove, or furnace for burning blubber on her forward well-deck. There could be no doubt that her trip was successful, for the lay and several ports not too well known, and the smoke of her trying-out insulted the beaches.

When she departed at the speed of the average London four-wheeler, and entered a semi-island sea, warm, still and blue, which is, perhaps, the most strictly preserved water in the world. There she stayed for three months, under sail for the most part, and the great stars of those mild skies behind her playing puce-in-the-corner among islands where whales are never found. All that time she smelt abominably, and the smell, though fishy, was not wholesome. In the middle of the tenth week calamity descended upon her from the island of Pygmalion-Watal, and she fled while her crew jeered at a fat black and brown gunboat puffing far behind. They knew to the last revolution the capacity of every boat on those seas that they were anxious to avoid. A British ship with a good conscience does not, as a rule, flee from the man-of-war of foreign power, and it is also a breach of etiquette to stop and search British ships at sea. These things the skipper of the *Haliothis* did not pause to notice, but held on at an inspiring eleven knots an hour till nightfall. One thing only had he overlooked.

The power that kept an expensive steam-patrol moving up and down those waters (the skipper had dodged the two regular ships of the station with an ease

several shaft coupling bolts and nuts, scattering other and ancient pieces of iron underfoot. Any engine stepped suddenly may disorganize her shaft coupling bolts, and as a result she will cut off to the number of six from the after engine cylinder so that it might match its neighbor, and the man-of-war, and in some fairly dry submarine compartment hid them. Any engineer, particularly in an unfriendly port, has a right to keep a man-of-war's engine and in some fairly dry submarine compartment hid them. Any engineer, particularly in an unfriendly port, has a right to keep a man-of-war's engine

hatches. They were there to the value of seventy thousand pounds, more or less; and every pound counted. The man-of-war was annoyed, for she had used up many tons of coal; she had strained her tendons, and worse than all, her officers and crew had been hurried. Everyone on the *Haliothis* was arrested and reared several knots as each officer came aboard; then they were told by what they esteemed to be the equivalent of a middleman that they were to convey to themselves prisoners, and finally were put under arrest.

"It's not the least good," said the skipper, suavely. "You'd much better send us a tow." "Be still—you are arrested!" was the reply.

"Where the devil do you expect we are going to escape to? We're helpless. You've got to tow us into some where, and explain why you fired on us." "Wardrop, we're helpless, aren't we?" "Ruled from end to end," said the man of machinery. "If she rolls, the forward cylinder will come down and go through her bottom. Both columns are clean cut through. There's nothing to hold anything up."

The council of war clanked off to see if Mr. Wardrop's words were true. He warned them that it was as much as a man's life was worth to enter the engine room; and they contacted themselves with a distant inspection through the thinning steam. The *Haliothis* lifted to the long easy swell of the sea, and the starboard supporting column ground a trifle, as a man grits his teeth under the knife. The forward cylinder was depending on that unbroken force men call the pertinacity of materials which, now and then, balances that other heart-breaking pertinacity, the persistence of circumstances.

"Yes, sir!" Mr. Wardrop said, hurriedly.

ing them away. "The engines aren't worth their price as old iron." "We tow," was the answer. "Afterwards we shall confiscate." The man-of-war was short-handed, and did not see the necessity of putting a prize crew aboard the *Haliothis*. So she sent one sub-lieutenant, whom the skipper kept very drunk for the day, to make the tow too easy, and, moreover, he had an inconspicuous little rope hanging from the stern of his ship.

Then they began to tow at an average speed of four knots an hour. The *Haliothis* was very hard to move, and the gunnery lieutenant who had fired the five-inch shell had leisure to think upon consequences. Mr. Wardrop was the busy man. He borrowed all the crew to shore up the cylinders with

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BIDWELL ON FRANCE

pretty sick, my poor fellow," I said. "What is the matter?" "The matter, sir, is a hundred and fifteen days in this dark cell! That is what is killing me!" "What a hundred and fifteen days in the dark cell? What did you do to bring down so heavy a punishment?" "Nothing, sir, absolutely nothing, and they know it now." I suppose he noticed my look of incredulity, for he added, "I dare say you will not believe me. Another prisoner went to the chief warden and told him that I had tobacco. I was locked up in that frightful dungeon to make me confess. The story was not true. I would not confess and I am dying because of it." "The chief warden, a man with a singularly disagreeable smile, who had been many years in the service and who was then receiving five francs a day salary, was with me. He said, 'If the story of the prisoner's story was true, 'Well,' he said, 'you see we are obliged to enforce these rules and we must see that the information that we receive. The man was not punished. He was merely placed in seclusion to enable us to get at the truth.' The fact remains, nevertheless, that the man's treatment was causing his death, and the whole thing resulted from a prisoner's spite. It was however, merely a simple instance of the prison walk of the usual procedure in criminal cases, and every day occurrence in the procurer's office.

American Ways Are Best. To understand the blessings one's own country enjoys it is only necessary to go to another where they do not exist. No habeas corpus, personal liberty unknown, the whim of a magistrate to measure of a man's liberty, the pleasure of a procurer, the tension of one's rights, these are some of the privileges which liberty, equality and fraternity as the French understand them bring in their train. And yet French men see nothing to complain of, no doubt because they know nothing better. Maxims of law which with us are self evident as the sun have never occurred to the French mind even to think of. "It is not the custom of the Romans to give any man a trial, and every day accused have the accused face to face that he may answer for himself."

Neither is it the custom of Americans, in France at least, to condemn a man condemned in their absence "per contumace" as the lawyers call it, to any penalty the law awards for the offense charged, and when a great trial is pending may be summarily inflicted. A man who has been convicted of felony can at any moment be charged with the perpetration of another. It may be that there is not the slightest proof against him but he does not escape on that account. Every prisoner in the country holds men to give any man a trial, and every day condemned as capable of some crime of which the real perpetrator has not been discovered. Domiciliary visits if not frequent are just as liable to happen under the republic as under the empire with redress for no man. Frenchmen are fond of repeating that French justice makes no mistakes and when any such are proved the explanation is that justice was misled, and those who are not the sufferers care very little for those who are.

Doubtless it takes time for a legal system to grow and when a people is once accustomed to its own, it accepts details as natural, but no American can see European methods without feeling thankful that his own traditions have led him to expect something with which the systems of Europe have scarcely anything in common.

MOTHERS and those about to become mothers should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its torture, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child, during pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

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