

howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally cowards; they regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only real danger one could see that might come from their quarter would be from allowing them to surround one within bow-shot, or to anchor within range where they might lie in ambush. As for their coming on deck at night, even had I not put tacks about, I could have cleared them off by shots from my cabin and the hold. I always kept a quantity of ammunition within reach in the hold and in the cabin and in the forepeak, so that retreating to any of these places I could "hold the fort" simply by shooting up through the deck.

Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals. The harmless brand that lies smoldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gunboat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin. The *Spray* had no openings in the cabin or deck, except two scuttles, and these were guarded by fastenings which could not be undone without waking me if I were asleep.

On the morning of the 9th, after a refreshing rest and a warm breakfast, and after I had swept the deck of tacks, I got out

what spare canvas there was on board, and began to sew the pieces together in the shape of a peak for my square-mainsail. The day to all appearances promised fine weather and light winds, but appearances in Tierra del Fuego do not always count. While I was wondering that there were no trees growing on the slope abreast of the anchorage, and was half minded to lay by the sail-making and land with my gun for some game and to inspect a white boulder on the beach, near the brook, a williwaw came down with such terrific force as to carry the *Spray*, with two anchors down, like a feather out of the cove and away into deep water. No wonder trees did not grow on the side of that hill! Great Boreas! a tree would need to be all roots to hold on against such a furious wind.



"THEY HOWLED LIKE A PACK OF HOUNDS."

From the cove to the nearest land to leeward was a long drift, however, and I had ample time to weigh both anchors before the sloop came near any danger, and so no harm came of it. But for the time sail-making was suspended. I saw no more savages that day or the next; they probably had some sign by which they knew of the coming williwaws; at least, they were wise in not being afloat even on the second day, for I had no sooner gotten to work at sail-making again, after the night's rest, than the wind, as on the day

before, picked the sloop up and flung her seaward with a vengeance. This fierce wind, usual to the Magellan country, continued on through the day, and swept the sloop by several miles of steep bluffs and precipices overhanging a bold shore, wild and uninviting. I was not sorry to get away from it, though it was no Elysian shore to which I shaped my course. I kept on sailing in hope, since I had no choice but to go on, heading across for St. Nicholas Bay, where I had cast anchor February 19. It was now the 10th of March! Upon reaching the bay the second time I had circumnavigated the wildest part of the desolate Tierra del Fuego. But the *Spray* had not yet arrived at St. Nicholas, and by the merest accident she saved her bones from resting there when she did arrive. The parting of a staysail-sheet in a williwaw, when she was plunging into it, brought me forward just in time to see a dark cliff right ahead and breakers so close under the bows that I felt surely lost, and in my thoughts cried, "Is it the hand of fate against me, after all, leading me in the end to this dark spot?" I sprang instantly to the helm and threw the wheel over, expecting, as the sloop came down into the hollow of a wave, to feel her timbers smash under me on the rocks. The sea was turbulent, and a scene less wicked would make wild eyes; but the *Spray* swung clear of the danger, and in a moment was in the lee of the land.

It was the small island in the middle of the bay for which the sloop had been steering, and which she made with such unerring aim as nearly to run it down. Farther along in the bay was the anchorage which I managed to reach, but before I could get the anchor down another squall caught the sloop and whirled her round like a top and carried her away, altogether to leeward of the bay.

Still farther to leeward was a great headland, and I bore off for that. I was retracing my course toward Sandy Point, for the gale was from the southwest.

I had the sloop soon under good control, however, and in a short time rounded to under the lee of a mountain, where the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the sails flapped and hung limp while she carried her way close in. Here I thought I would anchor and rest till morning, the depth being eight fathoms very close to the shore. But it was interesting to see, as I let go the anchor, that it did not reach the bottom before another williwaw struck down from this mountain and carried the sloop off faster than I could pay out cable. Instead of resting, I had to "man the windlass" and heave up the anchor and fifty fathoms of cable hanging in deep water. This was in that part of the strait called Famine Reach. I could have wished it Jericho! On that little crab-windlass I worked the rest of the night, thinking how much easier it was for me when I could say, "Do that thing or the other," than to do it myself. But I hove away on the windlass and sang the old chants that I sang when I was a sailor, from "Blow, Boys, Blow for Californy, O" to "Sweet By and By."

It was daybreak when the anchor was at the hawse. By this time the wind had gone down, and cat's-paws took the place of williwaws. The sloop was then drifting slowly toward Sandy Point. She came within sight of ships at anchor in the roads, and I was more than half minded to put in for new sails when the wind came out from the north-east, which was fair for the other direction.

I now turned the prow of the *Spray* westward once more for the Pacific, to traverse a second time the second half of my first course through the strait.

(To be continued.)

## AN ANSWER.

BY ARLO BATES.

"Why must I suffer?" moaned a hapless one,  
 With lifelong anguish tortured and forlorn.  
 Before the answer came, ages were done;  
 But then a poet from his line was born.



## THE STRONG WEAKNESS OF OINEY KITTACH.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC"),

Author of "T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

WHEREVER there was fun and devilment from head to foot, and from end to wynd, of the three parishes, there were certain to be found the Eskeragh boys. Accordingly, though the raffle was on this night in Shemeshin Ban's of Letthernacaigh, eight long Irish miles from their native heath, the Eskeragh boys were at the head and front and in the middle, and likewise at the tail of it. The Eskeragh boys, with their ringleaders, Charley's Micky and Oiney Kittach, two archrascals, ranted and rollicked to their hearts' content, courted the girls, joked the boys, battered the floor, and sang their songs, to their hearts' delight, and the delight of every mother's son (and daughter, too) at Shemeshin's raffle.

"But where," said Oiney Kittach, as, moping his forehead after concluding the best jig of the night, "an' where," Oiney queried of the company generally, "is the sthrange girl we have been hearin' so much of, that has taken these parts be storm, an' that we surely expected to meet an' to coort—else I'll give ye my solemn davy we were n't goin' to thrudge our eight long miles to be here the night."

"Well, bad cess to you, Oiney Kittach," said Nelly McCailin, firing up, "but it's handy ye are with yer compliments to the girls present. Bad snuff to ye, I say again!"

"Nelly's as mad as a March hare with me," said Oiney, "beca'se I did n't give her a coort the night; but, bad scan to yez, anyhow, sure I can't coort the whole i' yez with any sort iv satisfaction all in the wan night. Sorrow be aff me, but I have a throublesome time thryin' to keep yez all in humor. I wish to the Lord I had n't been born such a beauty.

If I'd only had the blissin' to come into the world with such another phiz as Jaimie McShan there has, the girls would 'a' give me some paice; but, och an' heigh-ho! I was iver an' always unfortunate."

"Throth, an'," poor slandered Jaimie said, when he could get heard for the laugh that was against him, "the girl that throubles you, Oiney, has a good taste on her mouth."

"Now, girls," said Oiney, advisingly, "don't blame poor Jaimie for his ill temper. God sees, maybe if yez was as bad-lookin' yourselves ye'd be as bitter, too."

Then even poor Jaimie was compelled to join in the laugh against himself.

"But," said Oiney, "we were talkin' about the sthrange girl."

"Her that's in Proud Pathrick's?" queried Hughie Martin of Letthernacaigh.

"That's her," said Oiney. "Who is she? or what is she? or why is n't she here the night?"

"Oh, she's Annie MacCabe; she's from the Oiliegh parish, an' she's niece to Proud Pathrick's wife. But Proud Pathrick, ye know the sort iv a proud, near-goin' niggard an' miser he is, an' he would n't let her blow her breath on the same acre a boy i' this parish would be in, let alone lettin' her come to a raffle—not him, the sorrow go with him!"

"An' is she as purty as they say?" Charley's Micky asked.

"The divil a purtier ye'd see—so far as we wir able to see iv her."

"An' do yez mane, without blushin' from the crown i' the head down," said Oiney—"mane to tell me that yez is that near a purty girl, an' a sthrange girl too, an' wan i' yez did n't ax to show coort to her yet?"