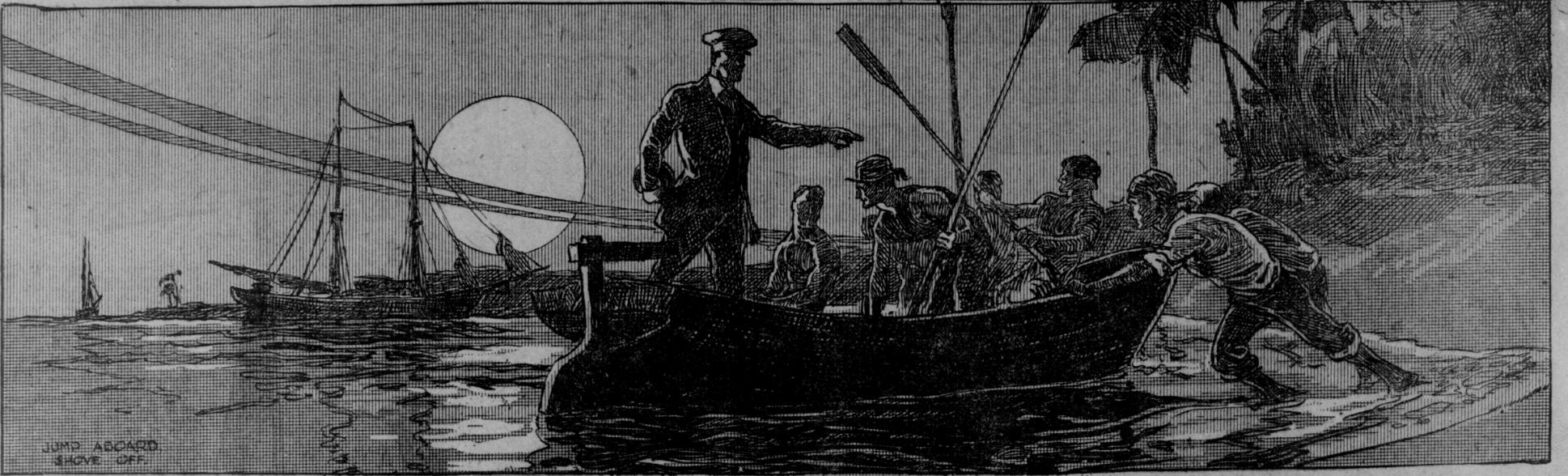


THE UNWILLING PIRATE AND A TRADE IN SHIPS



By E. M. North-Whitcomb

A Dry-Docked Skipper Spins His Best Yarn

CAPTAIN ED ANDERSON, one of those familiar figures on the waterfront whose presence on a stranger is as much a matter of course as the docking and sailing of ships, was a youthful old man, ever genial and ever ready to spin a yarn. It was a discussion of pioneers and the scarcity of the hardy old fellows who came to San Francisco when it was a village of board shacks and helped to convert it into a city which first brought me in touch with the old captain.

"True," said a seafaring friend of mine, "there are not many pioneers left. But come down to the water front with me and I'll introduce you to one who was here in '36."

So down to the front we went, and there on his accustomed straggler sat Captain Anderson, studiously watching the shipping activities, smoking his pipe while in perfect placidity. My guide and sponsor doubted whether we should be able to make the old fellow talk, but he received us kindly and a mere suggestion brought a retrospective twinkle into his eyes.

"Let's see, captain," my friend began, after the formalities were duly performed, "weren't you in command of the schooner Isabella out of Boston many years ago?"

"Yes," said the captain as he packed the ashes in his pipe, "I used to sail my own schooner out of Boston before Mary and I were married, and that's a long time ago. I quit the sea because she wouldn't stand for it after we were married and my voyages in the Isabella were among the last. I remember that fore-and-aft craft, every boom and gasket on her, just as well as though it was yesterday. I had some rough experiences before I owned her. I sailed along the west coast of Africa and brought many a black boy into Boston, and it was risky business in those days, but that trip in the Isabella was the strangest I ever took."

Here he paused, probably for encouragement to proceed, and after we had begged him to go on with his tale he knocked the ashes out of his pipe gently and tenderly, settled himself in a comfortable pose and began in earnest.

"You see," said he, "I had a schooner of my own in those days, the Sarah Anderson, as tight and seaworthy as any that ever tied up at T wharf. After a good deal of coasting and trading in it, I decided that I would take it down to St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies with a Boston cargo, just on a venture, trade for island stuff, make a good sum on the voyage and then sell out, as I had promised Mary I would."

"Ever been in St. Thomas? Well, if you had I know you would agree with me that it is one of the loveliest of the ocean gardens. Of course, you know

those islands belong to Denmark, and they are just far enough within the tropics to enjoy all the advantages of a tropical climate, so liberal in its variety of fruits and flowers, and just far enough to windward of the larger islands to insure it against yellow fever and kindred diseases.

"The island is about 11 miles long and five miles wide at its greatest breadth, while the city stands in the curve of the bay, presenting a beautiful appearance.

"The fresh trade winds, blowing entirely over the islands, make the climate cool and delightful during the greater part of the year. About half a mile westward of the town is an old, unused parade ground, the favorite resort of the islanders.

"One Sunday afternoon, about 25 days out from Boston, we came into St. Thomas and, as I was glad to stretch my legs on shore, I started out for a walk to the old parade ground. When I arrived there I took my seat on a black marble slab which was used as a bench and, with a piece of chalk, began calculating the expenses of the voyage. You see, I had agreed with Mary that if I could go on this cruise I would take her to the new El Dorado and she and I would live happy ever after, so it was up to me to see that things were moving.

"But in that sunshine, and on that particular morning, calculations were tiresome, and a fine, thick bed of honey-suckles a few yards away was more alluring than a fortune. So I rubbed the chalk from the stone and buried myself in the foliage. Just when I was getting into a pleasant daze the sound of voices aroused me and I looked up. There, on the very bench I had occupied, sat two familiar persons, more or less notorious in the islands, altogether unconscious of my presence. One was no less a person than his excellency, Governor von Rosenstrin of St. Thomas, and the other the captain of a beautiful but mysterious armed schooner, sailing under the New Grenadan flag, which had been lying for a week off Prince Rupert's rock.

"For some years the governor of St. Thomas had been suspected of being connected with the slave trade, and twice he had been called home to Copenhagen to answer charges preferred against him; but each time he had been able to prove his innocence, so he still retained his office. All this I had heard on previous trips to the island, so I knew my man.

"I lay there perfectly quiet, hardly daring to breathe, and soon learned

from their conversation that his excellency was not only deeply interested in the slave trade but also in another and yet more criminal one, in which the vessels fly the black flag at the main peak. I was also much astonished to learn that the second person was no other than Terrie Guthin, the well known pirate of the gulf. My sailor blood was up; and I heard so many things which astonished me that I left the old parade ground a few moments after they had finished their transactions with a still poorer opinion of 'land sharks and water sharks' than I had when I came into port.

"Well, the Grenadan schooner went to sea next day, firing a salute to the flag as she got under way, which was

returned from the outer fort, and three days later, finding that I could not get a home cargo in St. Thomas, I got under way. I intended to run down the south coast of Cuba into some of the little ports and buy a cargo of sugar and molasses, because I knew I could get it much cheaper than I could at the larger and more frequented ports.

"We soon made Cape Maize and hauled in close to the land, running along to the westward and keeping a sharp lookout for some little, obscure inlet which would serve my purpose.

"We passed Trinidad and began to fear that we would have to turn around to Havana or Matanzas when, just as we were hauling in close to the shore in-

side of the Isle of Pines, we caught sight of the entrance to a narrow channel that looked as if it would furnish a good mooring. So the schooner's helm was put hard up. Off she went before the wind and in 15 minutes she was inside a little harbor, which probably never had been visited by an honest American vessel before.

"The old captain now became visibly interested himself. He refilled the old clay pipe, took another hitch in his trousers and the twinkle in his eye was more in evidence than ever.

"You may blow me for a land shark," he burst forth, "if I wasn't hit all aback when we got about a quarter of a mile up a narrow creek that emptied into the little harbor. For I sighted,

moored alongside the bank about a half mile farther up, the New Grenadan schooner, which we had last seen at St. Thomas. I tell you it didn't take long to haul in all sail, run in along the bank, drop anchor, get ashore, and plan to get out again. We couldn't get out to sea the way we had entered, for the wind was blowing fairly into the mouth of the creek, and we were reasonably sure that before the land breeze set in the gentlemen from the schooner above would pay us a visit, and that meant 'goodby' to every hope in this life, to Mary, and to California. For on board were all the proceeds of the cargo which had been sold in St. Thomas, and not yet paid for in Boston.

"For full five minutes," said the old captain, with a long drawn breath and another keen glance from under his bushy eyebrows, "I tried to think out the problem and then my mind was made up. It was neck or nothing, and as it was my neck I squirmed. So I turned to Charlie Hanson, the mate.

"Charles," said I, "do you think you could take the Sarah A home to Boston?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "I think I could. But what are you going to do?"

"Me? I'm going home on that schooner up there. Of course everybody looked astonished, but I kept my own counsel.

"Charlie," I said, "you jump aft there and take the bearings of that vessel by compass. Then take the compass out and bring it along, for we must push for the bushes if we ever want to see Boston again. I'll tell you my plan after we get into the woods."

"It took about two minutes for all hands to get ashore. I took the compass from Charlie and led the way back from the creek about a quarter of a mile, shaping the course by the compass so as to keep about parallel with the bank. When I thought we were about opposite the pirate I took the lead and sure enough, we came in full sight of his schooner, and at the same time made a great discovery. Ahead of where the schooner lay there was an arm of the creek which branched off due west and opened out into the bay by a different channel from the one he had entered. I saw at a glance that as the wind stood a vessel could run out by this channel with a free sheet.

"Just about the time we came in sight of the schooner, they had mustered all hands and started down the creek to overhaul the Sarah A."

Now the old captain began to warm up to his story, and held up a warn-

ing finger to invoke attention. "I whispered to my men, 'Now's the chance; cut her lines, jump aboard, shove off and put sail on her.' The orders were promptly obeyed, for it meant life to us, and in less than 10 minutes the pirate schooner was under all sail and passing down the channel."

The old captain gave a short laugh and a toss of the noble old head as he went on.

"Just when the pirates reached the Sarah A," said he, "they saw their own vessel underway and going out to sea. Instantly they saw through the trick and prepared to follow us. In about half an hour both vessels were outside, and we ran away to westward about a point free, keeping the luff of the sails lifting so that she wouldn't go too fast, and the Sarah A was standing right in our wake crowding on all sail in order to overhaul us. After leading them about 10 miles, we suddenly tacked and stood back on the other tack toward the pirates. We passed them to windward just out of pistol shot and Charlie hailed them:

"Now, gentlemen," he shouted, "you will keep on as you are going. If you attempt to haul about I'll sink you!"

"They knew their own guns and a yell of mingled rage and despair rang out from the Sarah A's deck. Immediately the schooner's helm was put up in order to go in stays, but before she was head to wind, a nine pound shot from one of their own guns, fired by a scion of one of the old vikings, crashed through her bulwark. In an instant the schooner's helm was put up, and she was kept off on her course. We reefed our fore and aft sails, so that we would just hold our way with the other vessel, and then kept on after her within range."

All through the clear and beautiful night, whenever they seemed to forget their orders and began to keep off, a gentle hint from their own long pivot gun brought them to terms.

"And that's the way we drove them all the way into Havana, where they were secured by the authorities. The government was so well pleased with the affair that the pirate schooner was handed over to us, and the Sarah A didn't have to pay a dollar in port charges, nor export duties. We sailed away for home—I with the schooner Isabella and Charlie Hanson with the Sarah A."

"It turned out a pretty good thing. I sold out my part and Mary and I came to California in '50—but that's another story. The old lady has coffee ready. Come in and have a cup. No? All right, come around another day and I'll tell you something about early days in this town."

The old captain with his never failing laugh and kindly glance walked off in his slow, measured fashion, and with a parting glance to see if the Constance was in sight went home to his Mary.



California Climate Produces a New Sort of Happy Man, the Tent-Dweller

By Charles Cristadoro

THERE is a charm about a tent and, at times, life in one is simply ideal. Snow and rain and freezing weather do not add to the comforts of tent life, but when one thinks of a tent, the woods, or lake, or ocean front, with breeze and sunshine, with swaying, whispering trees, and singing birds, with rippling waters and glowing sunsets, or with the wind fresh from the ocean wave and the sighting of the surf upon the distant beach, come to one's imagination. The canvas home, with bed of balsam

wool of pleasure long remembered when bricks and mortar and flagstones and rumbling carts and noisy hucksters and sweltering days are our lot. 'Tis then when one has lived the life in a tent that one longs to be again under canvas.

The Arab sheik, with his camel's hair tent, lives, perhaps, the most luxurious life imaginable, in the desert. He pitches his spacious tent near a well in an oasis, carpets the floor with priceless rugs, places his divans about, hangs off the tent with rugs into various apartments, draws from around him his supply of melons, grapes, pomegranates and other fruits, and lives. To enter one of such tents is

to be surrounded with barbaric splendor and enjoy a comfort difficult to describe. The roasted kid, the fruits, the coffee, left mistletoes in one's memory never to be effaced. Truly, the life of the Arab, who folds his tent and silently steals away, has some pleasant features, at least, their tent life being not the least.

California, with its perpetual sunshine and but few days of rain, 10 inches of rainfall being the approximate average, affords opportunities for camp life, found, to my way of thinking, nowhere else in the world.

In one place a number of persons have started a combination tent proposition. The trade winds of the Pacific come up daily as regularly as the clock strikes 12:30 a. m. No matter how blistering threatening the sun may be, up springs the trade wind as fresh and as strong as a breeze at sea, on a 20 knot liner, when you can lie in your steamer chair in the full glare of the sun by the hour, and enjoy it.

In this climatically perfect spot, 350 feet above the level of the sea, this man has erected 50 tents or more, not simply a V of canvas and an earthen floor, but tents of this kind: The beruffled or carpeted wooden floor covers a space 14x16 feet. The framework is of wood capable of resisting the severest storms. The canvas sides run perpendicularly eight feet up from the ground and then slant towards the roof. Doubled canvas, an outer and inside one, is used for covering and again, within that, decorative hangings, which create air spaces and circulation that insure coolness under the warmest sun.

The tent walls are tastefully burlapped and a swinging screen of the same material is placed in the corner of the tent, where is located the washstand. Spring box couches, most comfortably upholstered, bookshelves, easy chairs, table and wardrobe complete the inside furnishings. A large screen window and door and screen are a part of the equipment. A few pictures, a profusion of flowers, and some bric-

brac give the interior of the tent a most homelike appearance.

Your tent is looked after each morning and evening with the same care as is taken with a room in a first class hotel.

All meals are taken at a central dining room, no individual catering being necessary or required.

In the rainy season a small stove heater in a few moments sends the temperature up to 70 degrees, there being no trouble in so maintaining it.

The site selected for a "snallery" is invariably located upon damp soil. There is an inclosure fenced with smoothly planed boards coated with tar and supported as rigidly as possible to withstand the force of the wind. Inasmuch as it is the habit of the snail when it encounters an obstacle in its path to settle down and lay eggs, it is necessary that the wooden fence surrounding the snallery shall extend to a depth of at least eight inches below the surface of the earth, and that it shall be provided at the level of the ground with a sort of shelf or shoulder to further discourage the burrowing propensities of the snails.

Sometimes more than 10,000 snails will be found in a single snallery and of moderate size.

The months of March and April con-

stitute the best period wherein to stock a snail nursery. The ground is deeply plowed and the snails are covered with from two to four inches of straw and moss, kept moist by sprinkling. Heat and moisture induce the snails to bury themselves in the ground, to hide in bushes till the breeding season is at hand.

Feeding of the snails in these nurseries is, of course, an important proposition. Their provender must be supplied daily at stated intervals; but as snails are decidedly nocturnal in their habits, their chief meal, an appetizing salad like repast, is served at about sunset. A snail's favorite dish is overripe melon, but this is rarely given them. Care must be taken that no other poisonous plants, as such indications will result in serious illness for the people who eat the snails.

Late in the autumn the snails, grown very fat, retire within their shells and cork themselves up by the process of placing a thin partition over the opening. It is then that the snail raiser removes them from his park and places them on trays or screens, which, in turn, are piled in great storehouses. Here the snails remain for several months without food, or until the winter market causes them to be brought forth.

Snails in the trays are examined one

by one. Dead animals are, of course, rejected, and the "corks" or barriers at the entrance to the shell of those alive are removed. Any earth clinging to the shells is brushed off and the snails are treated to a shower bath.

The next step in the process of preparing snails for market is the cooking, which takes place in a great pot capable of boiling thousands of the little creatures. As snails must be cooked and shipped the same day, it follows that the snail people are pretty busy at this time.

After the cooking the snail is removed from the shell and thoroughly dried. After another process of cleaning the snail meat, reduced to a paste, is placed between layers of unsalted butter with a seasoning of parsley. Finally the snails are packed in boxes containing from 50 to 300 each.

The French were not the first to undertake the raising of snails for profit. Small culture received the attention of the Romans at the time of the civil war between Caesar and Pompey. Even at that time the snails were imprisoned in pens and fattened with a paste composed of flour, boiled wine and other ingredients. In the middle ages small culture was undertaken on a large scale in Switzerland and the Austrian convents, where during the Lenten fast alone many hundreds of thousands of the creatures were eaten each year.

able one to fill one's lungs with ozone, untainted with smoke or dust, works wonders for the one who wants rest and quiet.

Tent life, under such conditions, surrounded by orchards of oranges, lemons, apricots and figs, with a vineyard within reach, with roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, daisies and the hundreds of wild flowers that fairly emblazon the fields with color in the spring of the year, makes life worth living.

The Snail, True Vegetarian, Dines at Sunset

When a Man and a Dog Understand Each Other

WHERE can man find in the animal kingdom a truer friend, a closer companion, a more faithful guardian or a more efficient and braver ally than the dog?

Friendship in life may spring from many causes, and, under test, vanish like mist before the sun and wind, but the friendship of a dog can always be relied upon unless you yourself destroy it.

A dog will not bite the hand that gives it food and drink.

Can one imagine a closer friendship between animal and man than that existing between the lonely trapper and his faithful companion? What company they are to each other! Years of association have made communication an open book to them, the dog to the man, the man to the dog. A look, a nod, a gesture, a single word, and with a wag of the tail the dog understands and obeys.

And mindful of his good friend, the lone hunter sees to it that he goes not hungry if there's enough for one, yet not enough for two.

At the blazing campfire in the early hours of the night the trees have listened to many a one-sided conversation between man and dog, and not one sided either, for with eyes and wagging tail the dog replied. And when the master rolled himself in his blanket and went off to sleep, with his faithful dog curled up beside him, a sense of security, absolute, was his.

Let a prowler come within scenting distance of the camp and a low growl told the master to be alert and doing.

With what glee the dog trotted by its master's side when the rounds of traps were made! A rabbit, a squirrel, a hedgehog or a porcupine might entice him off the beaten path, but only for a moment. He had grown old in the service and understood that such

game was not for such a staid dog as he.

Then the day comes when the decree of war has come upon our four-footed friend, for in the tussle with old bruiser it has been maimed to the death. With what care does the master lave and bind the wounds and how lovingly he beds and shelters his old companion. Nothing is neglected to make him comfortable and bring him back to strength and health. But it is no use. The old dog, refusing to eat, grows lank and wan, until, when too weak to raise its head, it can only look and feebly tap the ground with its grateful tail. And then comes the saddest duty of his life, to open the ground and hide away the last of a dog that was to him everything that man or woman might have been, but was not. A dog that never lipped to him, that was always kind and willing, ever mindful of his master and faithful and loyal even unto death.