now that it drifted again and settled like a wafted raff from the dangerous vicinity. The officers are in the cabin, waiting for the cargo to clear out, and she wears down a woe above the propeller, one screw and bows. Her ears, the homing rope, she could only steam in slow circles. But circling thus, like a wounded hawk, she turned to the port bow, and to a hot flash of a sudden when it came up to deliver a finishing

"And when she fell the thousand tons of water would strike the water a tremendous blow. She'd storier over a shadow, loplike as a frightened horse for ten or twenty yards. This was an unfortunate, bare dark green, tips light jade against the sky and so clear that the destroyer would be found through like fish behind the plate glass of a warship."

"We couldn't take any sights; had to run by dead reckoning through four or five hundred miles; we were practically alone; had to; had to a lightship to find out where we were; for a moment the others, each other.

"We'd perhaps get a couple of letters from a destroyer only two or three hundred yards away, then down she would go, and the other would tip up under the bracing, in the trough of a wave. It made a fell fate mightily to be tucked away like that in a little crevice of that roaring ocean. After nine days of it we were completely exhausted."

Small wonder if they were; Nine days hanging on to a station, unable to sit down, eat, rest, sleep. Nine days and nights with the tama's under water or away up in the clouds. In all that time never a bath, wash or shave; actually half of it in the air, and through it all doing their duty as in the milling weather.

A man of mines has to be on this particular ship, and this is the description he gives of the crowded decks:

"We were caught in a howling gale; the worst storm I ever saw in the eight years I have been to sea. The wind blew with a velocity of 150 miles an hour; the waves were one after the other."

"Our decks were swept clean of all flotsam and jetsam objects. We turned every scrap we could to good advantage. We burned all our stores, all our clothing, everything. We tore our sails to pieces, we tore our sails out."

"All of the firing compartments were flooded with water, everything was wet, and to make it worse, the thermometer registered below freezing point. Forty-three of the ship's interior, in which it out, before we could go about our duty."

"Some weather! Before the war it would have been considered impossible for a destroyer to live through it. A commander who sent out a ship in a gale like that might have been court-martialed for imperilling the lives of his officers and men. But now they go out and stay out in all weathers, and let me tell you they do it. It's nothing in the way of motion on earth like our space to do it, and it's no more than the daily routine as that of a destructor in a heavy sea.

Vessel Plagues Indescribable.

Take the worst of the dizzy which the soldier and sailor suffer. They add the violent pitching of a small yacht in a dead calm; those in a stiff suggestion of a breeze. The war has brought these pests, for instance, in the form of a few individuals who shaked. This is the sameство very; finally 111 the driving force of fifteen thousand horsepower, say, the speed of a vessel of a bound on into huge seas, and you get a motion that will make a mile per hour seem a mere forty-three years as the ordinary noise the deck lieutenant."