

big road and Nancy Card's cabin, his soul sick within him at the events of the evening, bitterly regretting the explicit and unwelcome knowledge of the secret still which had been forced upon him, feeling himself now a spy indeed—a spy and a murderer.

He walked with long, nervous strides, beaten and bruised though he was, he was unconscious of fatigue; the grief and regret that surged within him were as an anodyne to physical pain, and it was less than half an hour later that he opened the door of Nancy Card's cabin, his white face scratched and bleeding, his torn hands, too, covered with blood, his clothing rent and earth-stained, his eyes wild and pain-bright.

"Good Lord, boy! What's the matter with ye?" cried the old woman coming toward him in terror,

(To be continued)

both hands out. "I sot up for ye, 'caze Pony he jest come from Hepzibah an' said that spiled-rotten Andy an' that feisty Jeff, 'lowed ye was a spy an' they was a-goin' to run ye out of the Turkey Tracks."

She laid hold of him and examined him with anxious eyes.

"I was plumb worried about ye. I knowed in reason they was agoin' to be trouble at that fool play-party."

"No, I ain't hurt, Aunt Nancy," said Creed desolately, and he stared past her at the wall. "But looks to me like I'm cursed. I meant so well—" he choked on the word.

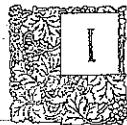
"I'd just had a talk with—she said—me—I thought that everything was about to come right. And now—

I've killed Blatch Turrentine, and I've just got away from the others. They was all after me."

THE GREAT LAKES

V.—THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE INLAND SEAS

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



WAS watching a blockade of ships in a Lake Erie harbor—a score of striving, crowding, smoking monsters of the Inland Seas, hung under a pall of black smoke, with screeching tugs floundering here and there, megaphone voices shouting curses and orders and the crashing of chains and steel filling the air. And I thought of a theatre I had visited the night before where, arriving late, I was forced to crush in with the gallery gods and fight for a place in the fifth heaven. In the excitement of this "spring rush" of great ships for the freight-laden docks of the North, I spoke my sentiment to the man beside me—a man who had always before him in his office five miniature lakes,

on which miniature vessels represented his steel leviathans of commerce, which he moved about, and played, and watched, day by day and almost hour by hour, as a player might move his men at chess. And this man, I noticed, was regarding the scene before him with different eyes from mine. His face was set in a frown; his eyes stared in their momentary anxiety and I could almost feel the eager tenseness of his body. Out there in that chaotic tangle, where captains were fighting for prestige and taking chances that might cost thousands, he had ships. I saw him clench his hand as a black monster crept forward into the gap between two ships ahead; I saw it forge on, yard by yard, saw the other vessels close upon it as though it were an egg which they were bent on crushing between them, heard the rumbling of steel side

against steel side, and when at last I witnessed this ship break triumphantly into the lead, great blotches of paint scraped from it, I looked at the man again, and he was smiling.

Then he turned to me, and as we walked away from the scene, he observed:

"That's good—that 'crush' idea of yours. I'd use it. It's as pretty a comparison as you could get to the whole situation on the Lakes to-day, and it's a key to what the situation is going to be ten years from now. It's crush and crowd all over the Lakes from Duluth to Buffalo. Harbors are getting too small; the Soo canals are becoming outgrown; the Lime Kiln crossing is a greater and greater menace as the number of ships increases. And the ships? They're increasing so fast that unless the government takes a hand, there will be more tragedies to write down in Lake history during the next decade or two, than in all of the years that have gone before."

This possibility of the actual overcrowding of the Lakes is one that I have discussed with half a hundred captains and owners. It offers a new "future" for romance and tragedy on the Great Lakes. Since the day the first strong-hearted explorers sailed up the Inland Seas on the *Griffin*, the unusual, the tragic and the romantic have made up thrilling chapters in their history—chapters in battle, piracy and adventure, whose heroes and their exploits rank on even terms with Paul Jones, Kidd, Morgan, Hudson and other worthies of the open seas. The romance of the old days, as upon the ocean, is gone; a new romance has taken its place—the romance of iron and steel and steam, and a new and greater peril than that born of wind and storm, many believe, is fast developing to face the fresh-water mariner of the future. This is the peril of collision—not as it exists to-day, but as it may exist a few years from now. Already this peril is an ever-present menace upon the Great Lakes, and hardly a day passes during the season of navigation

that collisions do not occur. The Lakes, it is probable, will never be able to take entire care of the enormous commerce of the East and West, and as a result ships will continue to increase until, like the streets of a great city with their rushing automobiles and unceasing pandemonium of cars, vans and seething multitudes, these water highways will become dangerously crowded with the white-tops of trade. Already the Lake Carriers' Association seems to foresee the danger of future navigation on the Inland Seas, and has recommended that east and west courses be established, so that up-bound vessels will be far out of the path of down-bound ships. This is but the first step toward government legislation, many believe, that will bring about the "cutting up of the Lakes into roads," when vessels bound for given ports will have prescribed courses to travel, from which they will deviate, unless with good cause, at the risk not only of their safety, but of a heavy fine.

Thus, it is probable, will the Lakes be made navigable for the myriad ships of the future, when, in the words of one ship-owner, "A pall of smoke will hover overhead day and night for seven months in the year, and when the world will witness water commerce as it has never existed before, and as it will never exist elsewhere on the globe."

This is looking into the future; but one acquainted with the Lake life of to-day cannot but see the picture. And this picture brings one to the real motif of this article—a description of America's vast "unsalted seas," that side in which the romantic and the tragic and not the realities of statistics and economic progress play the absorbing parts, and which should serve to make them of interest to hundreds of thousands of people who have yet their first trips to take upon them.

From my twenty years of experience with them, I believe that failure to treat of the human interest of the Lakes is one of the most

inexcusable omissions of American literature. In the rush of modern progress the Lakes have been forgotten—except in the way of their vital importance to the commerce of the nation. And each year their picturesque and thrilling aspects are becoming more deeply engulfed in considerations of profit and loss and corporation finance.

Not long ago I asked a romantically inclined young woman, who was about to spend the savings of several years on an ocean trip, why she did not take a more economical, and pleasanter, holiday by making a tour of the Lakes. She looked at me as if I had gone out of my head.

"Take a trip on the Lakes when I can have one on the ocean!" she cried. After a moment of continued surprise, she added: "I want something that I can think about. I want to go where something has happened—where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and things under us! I'm reading a story now that tells of the ocean—The Cruise of a Lonely Heart—situated in the very part of the sea we're to cross, and I shall read every word of it over again while we're aboard the ship!"

That is the great trouble. Historians, novelists and short-story writers have neglected the Lakes. I did not waste my breath in telling this young lady that real pirates flourished in the days of King Strang and his Mormons on the Lakes; that some of the most picturesque "sea fights" of history were fought upon them, and that treasure untold, and mysteries without number, lie hidden within their depths. But I am determined that she shall read these few pages, and I pray that she, as well as a few thousand others of my readers, may hereby be induced to "take to their history."

For centuries the oceans have been regarded as the realm of romance and mystery. In this age the youths of Chicago, of New York, Cincinnati or Denver, and even of Lake cities, search public libraries for tales of the

South Seas and of the great Pacific; even the youngster whose every day has been spent on the shores of one of the five Great Lakes seeks afar the material that satisfies his boyish imagination. And so is it with his father and mother, his big brothers and sisters. Instead of a glorious trip over the Lakes, they prefer the old and oft-made journey to Europe, to the Bermudas; instead of seeking out the grand scenery and actual romance that environ them, they follow beaten paths laid out in books and pamphlets descriptive of the ocean.

In view of the action already being taken to bring about legislation to prevent collisions, it is interesting to note that no similar area of any ocean, if suddenly robbed of its waters, would expose to human eyes more sunken ships, or more valuable cargoes, than the Great Lakes. During the twenty years between 1878 and 1898, only one less than 6000 vessels were wrecked on the Inland Seas, and 1093 of these were total losses. The loss of cargo during this period of a little more than one fourth of the years of navigation on the Lakes was nearly \$8,000,000, and from this it is quite safe to figure that the total amount of property that has gone to the bottom of the Lakes, including only cargoes, would make a total of at least \$15,000,000, involving the wrecking of 14,000 vessels and the total loss of over 2000 ships. Were these "total losses" strung out in a row, there would be a sunken ship at a distance of every half-mile over the thousand mile length of the Lakes between Buffalo and Duluth. What a field for romance here! What material for the seeker of human achievement, of heroism, of sacrifice! Scores of these vessels disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as though some great power had smuggled them from the face of the earth, leaving naught behind to tell of the tragedies; hundreds of ships carried with them valuable cargoes which remain to this day for lucky fortune-hunters to recover from the depths;

and in their going thousands of lives were snuffed out, and thousands of unwritten acts of heroism were played, and never heard of, or forgotten.

How many remember the name of Captain James Jackson? Jackson is only one of a thousand heroes of the Inland Seas, and the deed which made him famous among Lake seamen is only one of a thousand of a similar kind. It happened one year in the closing days of navigation on Superior. The owners of the freighter *W. F. Sauber* had sent that ship from Duluth with one last load of iron ore under the command of W. E. Morris. Off Whitefish Point the vessel was caught in a fierce storm from the north. All night she weathered the gale, but with morning there came a blinding sleet with fierce wind and intense cold, and the breaking seas froze as they touched the upper works of the ship. Under the increasing weight of ice the disabled *Sauber* gradually settled. When thus the "little ice devils" of Superior gather upon a victim, it sometimes happens that no power of man can save the ship, and in this instance the crew of the doomed freighter realized that it was only a matter of a short time before the end would come. But strange things happen on the Inland Seas, as on the oceans.

Upon this day, so far as is known, there were just two vessels on Lake Superior, and fate decreed that they should meet off Whitefish Point. While the men of the *Sauber* were waiting for death, the steamer *Yale* was tearing her way through the gale toward the Soo, and as he passed Captain Jackson sighted the sinking ship. It was then that occurred that act which won him a gold medal and a purse contributed to by hundreds of sailors all over the Lakes.

Notwithstanding the peril of his own situation, Captain Jackson brought his vessel to. For hours it was buffeted in the trough of the sea, which was too heavy for small boats to attempt a rescue in. Night came, and the freighters drifted to within a stone's throw of each other. At

dawn, when the *Yale* might have been safely in port, it was found that she, too, was gradually settling, and that the *Sauber* could not rise on her longer. Captain Jackson at once called for volunteers willing to risk their lives in an attempt at rescue; he himself went out in the first boat. If bravery was ever rewarded it was then. Every member of the *Sauber's* crew, with the exception of the captain, was carried to the *Yale*. At the last moment Captain Morris attempted to lower himself in to one of the boats—hesitated—then leaped back to the deck of the sinking ship.

"Go on, boys!" he shouted through the gale. "Good luck to you, but I'm going to stay with the old boat!"

This is heroism, sacrifice, faithfulness, as they are bred on the Inland Seas.

Thirty minutes later the *Sauber* went under, and immediately after the explosion of her deck, caused by the pressure of air and water, those who were still courageously waiting in a small boat heard the last cries of Captain Morris rising above the gale.

These "last days of navigation"—the season when life and property are hazarded by crews and captains with a recklessness that thrills one's blood—are justly dreaded, and I have been told by a hopeful few that the time is coming when proper legislation will send ships into winter quarters earlier than now. It is at this time that casualties multiply with alarming rapidity, the perils of lake navigation becoming tenfold as great as those of the ocean. Heavy fogs hide the beacons that mark the danger lines. Blinding snowstorms blot out the most powerful lights. Driven by fierce gales, weighted by ice, with heaven and sea meeting in a pall that conceals the guiding stars ashore, scores of vessels continue to beat onward in the hope of adding one more successful trip to their season's record.

The history of a Lake Superior tragedy is simple. One more trip from Duluth may mean thousands of dollars. The season is late—too late.

But freight rates are high. No risk, no gain, argues the ship-owner, as he sends his vessel from port. Those are days of anxiety for captain, crew and owner. In a few hours the clear sky may give place to banks of snow clouds. The air turns bitter cold. Darkness falls in the middle of the afternoon. The snow descends in dense clouds. It is far worse than the blackest night, for it shuts out the lights along the treacherous shores as completely as a wall of mountains. Upon the captain alone now depends the safety of the ship, for the government's attempts to aid him are futile. Perhaps his vessel is safely making her course miles from the coast. Or it may be that it is driving steadily toward its doom upon the dreaded Pictured Rocks. It was in this way that the steamer *Superior* was lost with all on board, and in the same way the *Western Reserve* beat herself to pieces within sight of the Big-Sable light. And *Superior* has a harder fate in store for many of those who take the last ill-fated trip of the season. Sailors dread it more than the tragedy of dense snowstorms, when they run upon the rocks, for even there they hope does not die; they dread it more than the fierce, sledge-hammer wash of Erie in a storm; more than the fearful dash for port in Lake Michigan, where ports are few; and this fate is the fate of "the little ice devils"—those masses of ice which freeze upon a ship until she is weighted beyond control.

In these days of late navigation—days of fierce battles with snow, ice and wind, days of death and destruction as they are never known upon the salt seas—is material for a generation of writers; unnumbered stories of true mystery, true romance and true tragedy, which, if fed to the nation in popular form, would be of immeasurable value to lovers of the literature of adventure. Into what a fascinating tale of mystery, for example, might the loss of the *Queen of the West* be turned! And yet, here is a case where truth is in reality stranger than fiction, and possibly

an editor might "turn down" the tale as too improbable. Recently I chronicled a true romance of the Lakes. I had dates, names of ships, names of people, and even court records to prove the absolute verity of my story, which was related in the form of fiction. I sent it to several editors who had published other stories of mine, and one after another they returned it, saying that while my proofs were conclusive, the story was so unusual in some of its situations that their readers would consider the tale as a gross exaggeration of anything that might occur on the Great Lakes!

Well, here is the story of the *Queen of the West*—only one of scores of Lake incidents equally unusual; and I hope that it will have at least some weight in showing that things can occur on the Inland Seas. In the late navigation days of 1903 the freighter *Cordurus* left Duluth on a "last trip down." In mid-lake the lookout reported a ship in distress, and upon nearer approach the vessel was found to be the *Queen of the West*, two miles out of her course, and sinking. Captain McKenzie immediately changed his course that he might go to the rescue, at the same time signalling the other vessel to lay to. What was his astonishment when he perceived the *Queen of the West* bearing rapidly away from him, as though her captain and crew were absolutely oblivious of their sinking condition, as well as of the fact that assistance was at hand!

Now began what was without doubt the most unusual "chase" in marine history. Every eye on the deck of the *Cordurus* could see that the *Queen of the West* was sinking—that at any moment she might plunge beneath the sea. Was her captain mad? Each minute added to the mystery. The fleeing ship had changed her course so that she was bearing directly on to the north Superior shore. Added fuel was crammed under the *Cordurus's* boilers; yard by yard, length by length, she gained upon the sinking vessel. Excited figures were

seen waving their arms and signalling from the *Queen of the West's* deck. But still the ship continued on her mysterious flight. At last Captain McKenzie came within hailing distance. His words have passed down into Lake history:

"You're sinking, you idiot! Why don't you heave to?"

"I know it—but I can't," came back the voice of the *Queen of the West's* captain. "We're almost gone and if we stop our engines for a second we'll go down like a chunk of lead!"

Not stopping to consider the risk, Captain McKenzie ran alongside. The *Queen of the West's* engines were stopped and her crew clambered aboard. Hardly had the *Cordurus* dropped safely away when the doomed ship went down. Her momentum alone had kept her from sinking sooner.

One of the most thrilling and interesting pages in the history of Great Lakes navigation, despite the comparative smallness of these freshwater seas, is made up of "mysterious disappearances." Ships have sailed from one port for another, and though at no time, perhaps, were they more than ten to thirty miles from shore, they have never been heard from again. Of some not even a spar or a bit of wreckage has been found. Only a few years ago the magnificent passenger steamer *Chicora* left St. Joseph, Michigan, for Chicago on a stormy winter night. She was one of the finest, staunchest and best-manned vessels on the Lakes. She sailed out into Lake Michigan—and thence into oblivion. Not a soul escaped to tell the story of her end. Through the years that have passed no sign of her has ever been found. Wreckers have sought for her, people along the shore have watched for years; but never a memento has the lake given up from that day to this. And this is only one of the many mysteries of the Inland Seas.

Captains and sailors theorize and wonder to this day on the loss of the *Atlanta*, which went down in Lake Superior; and wonderful stories are

told of the disappearance of the *Nashua*, the *Gilcher* and the *Hudson*, and of the nameless vessels spoken of by old lake mariners as "The Two Lost Tows" of Huron. The disappearance of these tows remains to this day unexplained. During the night the line which held them to their freighter consort parted and unknown to the steamer they fell behind. With the coming of dawn search was made for them, but in vain. What added to the uncanniness of the simultaneous disappearance of the two vessels was the fact that there was no storm at the time. No trace of the missing ships has ever been found. Almost as mysterious was the disappearance of the crack steamer *Alpena* in Lake Michigan. When last seen she was thirty miles from Chicago. From that day to this no one has been able to say what became of her. Of the fifty-seven people who rode with her that tragic night, not one lived to tell the tale.

Of all lake mysteries, that of the *Bannockburn* is one of the freshest in the memory. The ill-fated vessel left Duluth in the days of the "ice devils" a big, powerful freighter with a crew of twenty-two men. What happened to her will never be known. She went out one morning, was sighted the next evening—and that was the last. Not a sign of her floated ashore, not one of her crew was found. For eighteen months the ice-cold waters of Lake Superior guarded their secret. Then one day an oar was found in the driftwood at the edge of the Michigan wilderness. Around the oar was wrapped a piece of tarpaulin, and when this was taken off, a number of rude letters were revealed scraped into the wood—letters which spelled the word B-a-n-n-o-c-k-b-u-r-n. This oar is all that remains to-day to tell the story of the missing freighter. And now, by certain superstitious sailors, the *Bannockburn* is supposed to be the Flying Dutchman of the Inland Seas and there are those who will tell you in all earnestness that on icy nights, when the heaven above and the sea

below were joined in one black pall, they have described the missing *Bunochburn*—a ghostly apparition of ice, scudding through the gloom. "And this is but one more illustration of the fact that all of the romance in the lives of men who 'go down to the sea in ships' is not confined to the big oceans.

Unnumbered thousands of tourists travel over the Lakes to-day with hardly a conception of the unrevealed interests about them. What attracts them is the beauty and freshness of the trip; when they go upon the ocean they wonder, and dream, and read history. Tragedy has its allurements for the pleasure-seeker, as well as romance; and while certain phases of tragedy are always regrettable, it is at least interesting to be able at times to recall them. The Lake traveller, for instance, would feel that his trip had more fully repaid him if his captain should say, pointing to a certain spot, "There is where Perry and his log ships of war met the British: the battle was fought right here"; or, "There is where the *Lady Elgin* went down, with a loss of three hundred lives."

Three hundred lives! The ordinary modern tourist would hold up his hands in incredulous wonder. "Is it possible," he might ask, "that such tragedies have occurred on the Lakes?" I doubt if there are many who know that upon the Lakes have occurred some of the greatest marine disasters of the world. On September 3, 1860, the *Lady Elgin* collided with the schooner *Augusta* and went down in Lake Michigan, carrying with her three hundred men, women and children, most of whom were excursionists from Milwaukee. Two months later the propeller *Dacotah* sank in a terrific gale off Sturgeon Point, Lake Erie, carrying every soul down with her. Nothing but fragments were ever seen afterward, so complete was her destruction. On the steamer *Ironsides*, which dove down into one hundred and twenty feet of water, twenty-four lives were lost in full sight of Grand Haven.

Many vessels, like the *Ironsides*, have perished with their bows almost in harbor. Less than three years ago, for instance, the big steel ship *Mataafa* was beaten to pieces on the Duluth breakwater, while not more than thirty or forty rods away thousands of people stood helpless, watching the death-struggles of her crew, who were absolutely helpless in the tremendous seas, and who died within shouting distance of their friends.

Probably the most terrible disaster that ever occurred on the Lakes was the burning of the steamer *G. P. Griffin*, twenty miles east of Cleveland. The vessel was only three miles from shore when the flames were discovered, and her captain at once made an effort to run her aground. Half a mile from the mainland the *Griffin* struck a sandbar and immediately there followed one of the most terrible scenes in the annals of marine tragedy. The boats were lowered and swamped by the maddened crowd. Men became beasts, and fought back women and children. Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babes in their arms. Scorched by the flames, their faces blackened, their eyes bulging, and even their garments on fire, over three hundred people fought for their lives. Men seized their wives and flung them overboard, leaping after them to destruction; human beings fought like demons for possession of chairs, boards, or any objects that might support them in the water, and others, crazed by the terrible scenes about them, dashed into the roaring flames, their dying shrieks mingling with the hopeless cries of those who still struggled for life. From the shore scores of helpless people, without boats or any means of assistance, watched the frightful spectacle, and strong swimmers struck out to give what aid they could. Only a few were saved. For days scorched and unrecognizable corpses floated ashore, and when the final death-roll was called, it was found that 286 lives had gone out in that frightful hour of fire.

Is there a more tragic page in the history of any ocean than this?—a page to which must still be added the burning of the steamer *Erie*, with a loss of one hundred and seventy lives, the sinking of the *Peacotic* with seventy souls off Thunder Bay light, in Lake Huron, the loss of the *Asia* with one hundred lives, and scores of other tragedies that might be mentioned. The Inland Seas have borne a burden of loss greater in proportion than that of any of the salt oceans. Their bottoms are literally strewn with the bones of ships and men, their very existence is one of tragedy coupled with the greatest industrial progress the world has ever seen. But there are no books descriptive of their "attractions," no volumes of fiction or history descriptive of those "thrilling human elements" that tend to draw people from the uttermost ends of the earth. This field yet remains for the writers of to-day.

And romance walks hand in hand with tragedy on the Inland Seas. For two or three years past a new epidemic has been sweeping the world, an epidemic which has attracted attention in every civilized land and to which I might give the name "treasureitis"—the golden *ignis fatuus* of hidden treasure which is luring men to all parts of the world, and which is bringing about the expenditure of fortunes in the search for other fortunes lost on land or at-sea. While South Sea treasure-hunts have been exploited by newspapers and magazines, while Cocos Island and the golden Pacific have overworked the imaginations of thousands, few have heard of the treasure-hunts and lost fortunes of the Lakes. So businesslike are these ventures of the Inland Seas regarded by those who make them, that little of romance or adventure is seen in them.

How treasures are lost, and sometimes found, in the depths of the Great Lakes is illustrated in the tragic story of the *Erie*. This vessel, under command of Captain T. J. Titus, left Buffalo for Chicago on the after-

noon of August 9, 1841—sixty-seven years ago. When thirty-three miles out, off Silver Creek, a slight explosion was heard and almost immediately the ship was enveloped in flames. In the excitement of the appalling loss of life that followed, no thought was given to a treasure of \$80,000 that went down with her—the life savings of scores of immigrants bound for the West. For many years the *Erie* lay hidden in the sands, seventy feet under water. In 1855 a treasure-seeking party left Buffalo, discovered the hull, towed it into shallow water, and recovered a fortune, mostly in foreign money.

Not very long ago a treasure-ship came down from the north—the *William H. Stevens*, loaded with \$101,880 worth of copper. Somewhere between Conneaut, Ohio, and Port Burwell, Ontario, she caught fire and sank. For a long time unavailing efforts were made to recover her treasure. Then Captain Harris W. Baker, of Detroit, fitted out a modern treasure-hunting expedition that was as successful in every way as the most romantic youngster in the land could wish, for he recovered nearly \$100,000 worth of the *Stevens'* cargo, his own salvage share being \$50,000. Miss Fannie Baker, the Captain's handsome young daughter, claims to have played an interesting part in the recovery of the treasure; but whatever that part may have been, it is quite certain she is the only young woman along the Lakes who takes pleasure in visiting wrecks in a diving-suit.

While there have been many fortunes recovered from the bottoms of the Lakes, there are many others that still defy discovery. Somewhere along the south shore of Lake Erie, between Dunkirk and Erie, lies a treasure-ship which will bring a fortune to her lucky discoverer, if she is ever found. One night the *Dean Richmond*, with \$50,000 worth of pig zinc on board, mysteriously disappeared between those two places. All hands were lost and their bodies

were washed ashore. In vain have search parties sought the lost vessel. The last attempt was made by the Murphy Wrecking Company, of Buffalo, which put a vessel and several divers on the job for the greater part of a season. In the deep water of Saginaw Bay lies the steamship *Fay*, with \$20,000 worth of steel billets in her hold; and somewhere near Walnut Creek, in Lake Erie, is the *Young Zion*, with a valuable cargo of railroad iron. Off Point Pelee is the *Kent*, with a treasure in money in her hulk and the skeletons of eight human beings in her cabins; and somewhere between Cleveland and the Detroit River is a cargo of locomotives, lost with the *Clarion*. In Lake Huron, near Saginaw Bay, are more lost ships than in any other part of the Great Lakes, and for this reason Huron has frequently been called the "Lake of Sunken Treasure." In the days when the country along the Bay was filled with lumber-camps, large sums of money were brought up in small vessels, and many of these vessels were lost in the sudden tempests and fearful seas which beset this part of Huron. Beside these treasure lumber barges, it is believed that the *City of Detroit*, with a \$50,000 treasure in copper, lies somewhere in Saginaw Bay. The *R. G. Coburn*, also laden with copper, sank there in 1871, with a loss of thirty lives. Although searches have been made for her, the location of the vessel is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the Lakes.

That treasure-hunting is not without its romance, as well as its reward, is shown by the case of the *Pewabic*. This vessel, with her treasure in copper, disappeared as completely as though she had been lifted above the clouds. Expedition after expedition was fitted out to search for her—a search which continued over a period of thirty years. In 1897 a party of fortune-seekers from Milwaukee succeeded in finding the long-lost ship six miles southeast of Thunder Bay. Another terrible event was the loss of the steamer *Ahtahic*, off Long Point.

Lake Erie, with three hundred lives. For many years futile search was made for her; not till nearly a quarter of a century was she found, and \$30,000 recovered.

Whisky and coal form quite an important part of the treasure which awaits recovery in the Inland Seas. Many vessels with cargoes of whisky have been lost, and this liquor would be as good to-day as when it went down. In 1846 the *Lexington*, Captain Peer, cleared from Cleveland for Port Huron, freighted with one hundred and ten barrels of whisky. In mid-lake the vessel foundered with all on board, and though more than sixty years have passed, she has never been found. To-day her cargo would be worth \$115 a barrel. The *Anthony Wayne* also sank in Lake Erie with three hundred barrels of whisky and of wine; and five years afterwards the *Westmoreland* sank near Manitou Island with a similar cargo. These are only a few of many such cargoes, now at the bottom of the Lakes. Of treasure in lost coal, that of the *Gilcher* and *Ostrich*, steamer and tow, that disappeared in Lake Michigan, is one of the largest. The two vessels carried 3000 tons, and as yet they have not been traced to their resting place. In 1895 the steamer *Africa* went down in a gale on Lake Huron, carrying 2000 tons of coal with her, and at the bottom of Lake Ontario is the ship *St. Peter*, with a big cargo of fuel. It is estimated that at least half a million dollars in coal awaits recovery at the bottom of the Lakes.

But, after all, perhaps the most romantic of all disappearances on the Inland Seas is that of the *Griffin*, built by La Salle at the foot of Lake Erie, in January, 1679. The *Griffin* sailed across Lake Erie, up the Detroit River, and continued until she entered Lake Michigan. In the autumn of 1680 she started on her return trip, laden with furs and with \$12,000 in gold. She was never heard of again, and historians are generally of the opinion that the little vessel sank during a storm on Lake Huron.

Or it may be that one must choose between this earliest voyager of the Lakes and that other shrouded mystery—the "Frozen Ship." Lake Superior has been the scene of as weird happenings as any tropic sea, and this of the Frozen Ship, perhaps, is the weirdest of all. She was a schooner, with towering masts, of the days when canvas was monarch of the seas; and the captain was her owner, who set out one day in late November for a more southern port than Duluth. And then came the Great Storm—that storm which comes once each year in the days of late navigation to add to the lists of ships and men lost and dead—and just what happened to the schooner no living man can say. But one day, many weeks afterward, the corpse of a ship was

found on the edge of the pine wilderness on the north Superior shore; and around and above this ship were the tracks of wild animals, and from stem to stern she was a mass of ice and snow, and when she was cut and two men were found in her, frozen stiff, just as the "Frozen Pioneer" was discovered in a story not so true.

So might the tragedy and the romance of the Inland Seas be written without end, for each year adds a new chapter to the old; and yet, how many thousands of our seekers of novelty say, with the young woman I know, "I want to go where something has happened—where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and things!"

(To be continued)

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



SOLITARY watchman stood in the doorway of the burned store and looked anxiously up and down the street; he was disgusted and hungry.

"Wonder how long I got to stay here," he grumbled. "He was going to have a man to relieve me by six o'clock, and nobody's come yet."

Several people stopped and looked curiously at the wreck of the store, and then went on. Presently a tall, gaunt man, rather slow in his movements, approached with a leisurely air.

"Where's Watson?" he asked, after a casual, but sharp, glance at the burned store.

"Search me," growled the watchman.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger. "You don't seem to be feeling well."

"Hungry," said the watchman. The stranger seemed to find something of interest in this.

"There's a restaurant across the street," he suggested.

"Ain't I had my eye on it ever since daylight?" retorted the watchman. "My time was up at six o'clock, but nobody's come. I can't leave."

"I'll stay here until you come back," said the stranger.

The watchman was tempted. If people broke faith with him, why should he be so particular? Then he sighed.

"Broke," he said.

The stranger fished a dollar from his pocket and tendered it.

"I've got to stay here awhile, anyhow," he explained.

The watchman hesitated.

"I'm sworn in as special police," he argued to himself, "but that's no reason why I got to lose my breakfast."