

terminate, and to replace her the owners would either build or buy.

"Hunh!" Garrity grunted. "Mean for me to wreck her? Well, I ain't goin' to for you or any other man. I stand for my work, Bill Dolan, and while she c'n work, I'll work her—ye mind that, now!"

"That stands then?" asked Dolan.

"It does, sure!" cried Garrity, and Dolan withdrew with a sneer and a threat on his lips.

This was the way things stood when winter set in on the harbor.

A long swell from the eastward trundled laboriously over the bar, but in the tranquillity of the crisp starlight overhead there was no reflection of the storm that had just swept up the coast. The "Fancy," bound out in search of a job, coughed her way down the Swash, the window-weights beating a staccato accompaniment to the thumping of her screw. Rounding into the lighted stretch of Gedney Channel, the tug bore away toward the open sea, where the twin moons of the Scotland lightship were cutting wide arcs across the skyline as she wallowed at her chain. In the distance, a liner was sweeping up toward the Hook, her saloon ports glittering like a constellation; and as she reached in toward the station pilot-boat, a ripping blast from her whistle bellowed across the water. Down the beach, a coal tow crawled toward the Hook—a string of spectres stalking through the night.

The tug passed out and, off the foot of the Channel, hove to with a pleasing sound of water gushing on and off her guards. Charmed by the quiet of the night, Garrity looked out on deck. The liner had stopped to pick up her pilot, and was away again, her wash drowning the tug's decks as she headed into Gedney's. Southward, toward the Shrewsbury Rocks, he marked the mast-lights of the towing steamer and the black, shadowy hulks in her train. The craft drew up abreast, and a loud shout hailed the "Fancy" from her house. "Tugboat ahoy, there! What's yer job?"

"Nott'n!" Dolan roared, sententiously.

"Job fer ye, then—tops'l schooner feller a-wreck aloft and leaking, down the beach, below."

"'Bleeged to ye, Cap'n!" Dolan answered, and the next instant the engine-room gong hammered out a signal, followed by the clamor of the jingle-bell calling for full speed. Garrity, jumping to his post, gave the engine steam; the shaft turned over, and the machine, racketting and swaying, settled down in a bass discord to its perfunctory labors. Swilling the cups with oil, he watched its movement narrowly. "Ye'll not last much longer, ye critter," he muttered; "but while ye've a leg to stand on, ye'll work, ole hoss, ye'll work!"

The gong, presently, sounded again, and under one bell the tug drove in slowly toward the beach. Beyond lay the crippled craft—a trim-hulled coaster, frayed and driven by beating gales, a disfiguring tangle aloft, with the splintered heel of a topmast uprearing from the chaos.

"Tug ahoy!" cried an anxious voice. The "Fancy" ran alongside, the lines were passed, and Dolan clambered over the rail.

"Be'n in trouble, Cap'n?" he ventured, as a preliminary to a hard bargain.

"Trouble! Look aloft, man!" cried the schooner's master. He marked this with an angry snort and a gesture toward the top-hamper. "We've no time to waste here," and as if to emphasize his words, the pumps clanked loudly, while cataracts gushed from all her scuppers. "Usual rates to tow me up to the Basin, and something to put me ashore at the city, eh?"

Dolan laughed. It was a job that called for more than usual rates, and the bargain he drove was pitiless, the skipper assenting with amazing weakness.

"I've me gal 'aboard here," he explained, half apologetic for his quick surrender, "or I'd see ye next afore I'd give them tarms ye're askin'. It's no place for a woman—she's aft on the cubby table that's standin' in a foot and a half