

of sloppy water. She can go aboard the tug, I s'pose?"

"Sure—no extry charge for that," Dolan exclaimed gallantly, with a smirk.

Garrity, lolling in the engine-room doorway, saw a muffled figure handed over the rail. It was, indeed, no place for a woman, he thought, when the captain's voice cut in on his reflections. "Can't she sit in the engyne-room to dry?" the coaster's master called. "Sure pop!" Dolan answered blithely, and a moment later Garrity, irresolutely mopping his embarrassed face with a bunch of cotton waste, was doing the honors of the boat.

"Fine weather we're havin', mum," he ventured, after she had found a place on the tool-locker. She looked up with a furtive smile. "I don't know about that!" she responded, quizzically. Garrity felt himself flush, and hastened to recover standing with a new sally. "Had a fine trip?" he asked, and then cursed himself for the idiocy. The young woman laughed outright.

"What a funny man you are!" she cried. He maintained a discreet silence for a while, busying himself about the engine, and then, after the pause, trying conversation in a more fluent channel.

"Quite a wrack!" he ventured. "Quite a wrack, Miss—Miss—er——"

"Miss Higgins, please. Yes, we've had a real hard time on the 'Mary Bird.'"

"Guess ye're one o' them Rockland fellers, mebbe?"

"Me—oh, you mean the schooner! No, we hail from Calais, State of Maine."

There was another long pause. The engine thrummed its galloping refrain, the valves sobbed and spluttered, while the hull's fabric shook tremulously under the tread of the revolving throws. "Never be'n to Calais," Garrity murmured, abstractedly. "Sorrowful Calais!" she tittered sarcastically. "No, ain't never be'n there," he repeated, unmindful of the gibe. "Say, how'd ye like a cup o' tea?"

He opened the door, and bawled forward to the galley: "Hullo; there, Stew-

ard! Cup o' tea for the leddy. None o' that reg'lar bilge-paint o' yourn, nuther, mind ye!"

She was a small, brown-haired young woman, this visitor from the crippled schooner, with interrogating eyes that had a habit of flashing suddenly upon one from under half-closed lids. When her tea came she sipped it, twinkling at Garrity over the edge of the cup. "You're not going to have some, too?" she interrogated, and Garrity, quite to his own astonishment, reckoned that he might—dunno—yes, he guessed he would. He bawled forward the order, the leering cook brought another cup, and Garrity was sipping pleasantly, when Dolan's head popped into the engine-room. His wide-open eyes took in the scene, and a scowl showed his disapprobation.

"Here, there!" he growled testily. "What's this—a reg'lar tea party—hey? Think this a bloomin' yacht?"

Garrity made no answer, but glared darkly. Then he stepped to the side, and, with an impulsive gesture, heaved cup and saucer far out into the "Fancy's" following wash. "My, what a temper you're in!" the young woman exclaimed; but Garrity had turned his face, red with wrath, to the engine, and gave no heed. With his hands trembling in desire to throttle the pilot, he bent anew over the oil cups, hearkening to Dolan's scornful laugh. Once he turned to peer at the two, and the girl's eyes flashed suddenly at him from under the half-closed lids. Garrity blushed, and hastily resumed his work.

The tug wound its way up the channel, and, with the schooner almost under, droned in through the gap to the Basin, and plumped her aground on the mud.

"There!" Garrity exclaimed, when the tug had run up to the city. "All ashore what's goin' ashore." His pride was still ruffled, but he strove, with this facetiousness, to relieve his surly solemnity.

"Oh, are we there?" the girl exclaimed, with a bright glance. "Are we there already?"