

"Yes'm. I'd help ye ashore; but ye see, I've sorter got to stand by."

"Well, good-by, Mr. Garrity. You'll come see me, won't you, while the schooner's rigging?"

Garrity fumbled with his cap, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Well—dunno—mebbe," he murmured with ungracious frankness. "Oh," she laughed, noting his embarrassment, "suit yourself." Then she was gone.

"Hey, there, Carrie!" Garrity heard her father calling. The skipper, during the run up from the Basin, had been busy stowing away pie in the galley, and heartily cursing Dolan for the bargain he had driven. "Come along, there, Carrie."

But the young woman was bidding adieu to Dolan. "You'll call, I hope," she was saying, when her father's voice broke in angrily. "Ahr, shucks, Carrie!" He did not attempt to conceal his scorn for Dolan, and Garrity gloated at the sound. But the elation died abruptly.

"I'll expect you, then, Captain," he heard her say anew.

"Humph!" sniffed Garrity; "they're all alike. Flirts—ev'ry one—jes' flirts."

He mopped his face with the oily waste, and when he looked up again, his gloom was emphasized by a smudge of grease that stretched from ear to ear across his nose.

Sunday morning found the "Fancy," after an all-night job at towing freight-flats, lying up at a South Brooklyn pier. The rest of the hands had turned in for needed sleep, but Garrity sat in the engine-room, wrestling with indecision. He eyed his greasy jumper in perturbation, reflectively felt his chin, and, throwing off his working clothes, dressed and scuttled shoreward. An hour later, with his hands in his pockets and a blank expression of idleness, he was lounging around the screw-dock where the "Mary Bird" was hauled out for repairs.

A solemn figure hung over the taffrail staring at the world below. Garrity noted the chin-whisker and the faded soft hat,

and, whistling a vague melody, protruded himself upon the other's view.

"Morn'n', Cap'n," he called.

"Hunh—morn'n'!" the skipper grunted, unamiably. He recognized the engineer, and still savage at the price he had paid to Dolan, included all members of the "Fancy's" crew in his animosity. But the visitor was not to be rebuffed; he sprawled himself upon a convenient timber, and displayed the arts of conversation. Presently the skipper was accepting a doubtful cigar, flipped upward over the rail, and in ten minutes Garrity had transplanted himself to the schooner's deck, his position assured.

Their talk was of ships and men among them, Garrity sheering clear of the real reason that had brought him to the Basin. But at the end, when he arose to leave, he glanced aimlessly aloft; then about at the extended panorama of dormant ship life—the dingy tramps, Dago barks, excursion craft, brigs, brigantines, and all the other sea wanderers lying in the haven—and noisily cleared his throat.

"How's the young leddy, Cap'n?" he demanded.

"Fine—spry as ye please. Ye ain't be'n over to see her yet?"

"Nope—ain't got time." Then he fled.

But the following Sunday Garrity did find time, and there in the front room sat the pilot, Dolan, apparently much at ease.

The calkers had finished their last staccato refrain upon the bilges of the "Mary Bird"; the riggers were reeving the last down-hauls fore and aft. Two months had passed, and the schooner's master, fretting at the delay, longed to be up and off to sea. On the "Fancy" they were playing ducks and drakes with courtesy between the engine-room and pilot-house, for Garrity and Dolan had met too often at the home of the skipper's daughter. Even orders were bawled below in tones of sneering emphasis, and gibes and jeers had assumed the place of civilities. Garrity understood, but made no retort. But on the night the schooner cleared for sea,