

the latent wrath burst forth, and they all but came to blows. Once again they had found themselves together in the presence of the skipper's daughter, each scowling at the other—a situation the young woman read with demure amusement. Garrity, vexed and hot, strove to be agreeable, while Dolan, sullen and sulky, glowered in a corner. His eyes gleamed fiercely under their dark, bushy brows, and their hatred was poorly disguised.

"Ye're off to sea, then, to-morry," Garrity remarked. "Who's doin' the towin'?"

"Why," she exclaimed, "haven't you heard? The 'Fancy' takes us out." Then she laughed. "Father made the bargain this time—didn't he, Cap'n Dolan?"

"Then he'll get off easier now'n he came in!" cried Garrity, with a grin.

A low growl answered the sally. The engineer, rising to go, turned his back on the pilot.

"It's good-by, Miss Carrie," he said, looking softly down upon her; "but I hope ye'll be comin' back ag'in?"

Her eyes flashed again at him from under the half-closed lids, and though she laughed, a faint pink glowed about her ears. "I guess so," she answered abstractedly; then, with a start, snatched away her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Garrity, and good luck; but then I'll see you to-morrow morning."

"All right," he answered, and walked out.

Garrity had hardly reached the street when he heard the sound of steps upon the stair behind him. A glance over his shoulder showed Dolan hurrying in his wake.

"Hey, you there, Garrity!" the pilot cried. He ranged alongside, his jaw distent, and his face convulsed. He shouldered the engineer around the corner, and halted him, his face pressed close to Garrity's. "I'll learn ye to make fool fun o' me, Jim Garrity, afore the woman that's to be my wife!"

"Ye lie!" cried Garrity, his heart

leaping. The pilot threw off his coat. "Ye'll fight, then, for that!"

Garrity, as white and trembling as the other, recoiled, his emotion not so much from rage as from the terror that what Dolan had said was true. "It's a lie!" he repeated thickly. Dolan answered with a taunting laugh. "Will ye fight?" he cried.

The engineer drew back; his head shook slowly. "No, I'll not fight," he muttered. He turned and walked the other way, and Dolan, squirming into his coat, sent a jeer echoing after him. "Coward!" he yelled, with a burst of mocking laughter.

Dawn found Garrity sitting upon the locker staring blankly at the gauges. Below, the fireman was raking the grates; his bar clattering noisily as he yanked it across the metal sheathing of the fire-room floor. But Garrity's thoughts were unbroken by the clamor. He sat there until the door slowly opened, and Dolan pushed his leering face into the engine-room.

"Ye damn coward!" the pilot sneered, and withdrew.

A moment later the gong overhead struck a signal, and Garrity rose and threw over the gear. He gave the engine steam; the boat droned ahead, while the drumming crank-throw beat the refrain, "Coward—cow—ard!" He stood there till the gong sounded again, and heard the tug's guards pound and clear on the harbor-swell against the schooner's side. A voice floated in to him. "Morning, Captain Dolan!" and then the answer, "Morn'n', Miss!" Involuntarily he leaned back against the throttle, and the engine plunged ahead with the intruding steam. "Below there, ye thick-headed Dutchman!" a voice roared down the tube from the pilot-house. "What ye tryin' to do? Founder all hands—eh?" A moment later he heard Dolan, leaning from the upper rail, laugh loudly. "Where's Garrity, ye ask? Mopin' below, I shouldn't wonder!"

The tug was under way again; she passed down the harbor, and out toward the open sea. Garrity knew from the