

signals and the sounds on deck that she had cast free. Then she grated anew along the schooner's side, and came to a halt.

"What's doin'?" Garrity blankly asked of a deck-hand.

"Cap's gone aboard," the man answered.

The schooner was lying head-in to the wind, her cloths cracking like cannons, and the sheet-blocks lunging shuttle-wise along the travellers with a deafening uproar.

"What's the row?" asked Garrity, dully.

"Ain't none," the deck-hand answered with an expansive wink; "Cap's sayin' good-by to the young leddy. He's sure spoony on her, ain't he? I hear talk of it afore."

A savage voice cut in on their talk; the pilot was hustling over the side. "Cast off, there!" he roared. His face was red with emotion. He shouldered a deck-hand aside from the companion-ladder, and rushed up to the wheel. A vicious stroke on the gong aroused Garrity from his wonder; the tug bore hard down on her side as she wore abruptly around, and Garrity heard a voice calling him from the schooner's rail.

"Good-by, Mr. Garrity! Good-by!"

He opened the door, and peered forth with a gloomy face. The girl stood in the schooner's waist waving him a farewell.

Aloft, in the pilot-house, Dolan twirled the wheel-spokes, muttering fiercely under his breath. He drove the "Fancy" at full speed homeward, and when she had tied up at her pier, strode aft to the engine-room door. What he had learned in his few minutes on the schooner had made him believe that all hope in that quarter was doomed for a man that could rise no higher than the pilot-house of a tug like the "Fancy." For rising no higher he held Garrity to account.

"Ye snivellin' dog!" he cried, pinning the engineer against the cylinder. "Will ye fight—now!"

"No," answered Garrity, "I won't." He held a wrench in his hand, but made

no use of it. "I could kill ye wit' this, Dolan, but I won't. Neither will I fight—for your reasons!"

"Ye wait!" cried the pilot, dropping his hands. "I'll be rid o' ye—rid o' ye and the—the——"

He cut himself short. "D'ye mean the boat, Dolan?" cried Garrity, his wrath rising. But Dolan, with a curse, flung himself out.

It was common talk along the piers that there was trouble on the Blue Star's "Fancy," but neither Dolan nor the engineer vouchsafed explanation. A month passed, and still there was no outbreak. Garrity knew, however, that he had a man to fear, and as a relief to his sombre feelings, entered joyously into the lookout for trouble. But there were times when his heart was crimped with bitterness.

"Lost," he muttered to himself. "I've lost, and she'll have him. His is the game." The lie that Dolan had told him, he grew to believe.

Midwinter came, and with it a drift of ice from the upper river such as the harbor had not seen in years. A heavy snow-storm that tied up traffic for a day made it worse, for there were few boats abroad to cut up the heavy floes. That day Garrity scented danger. The "Fancy," out in quest of a stray job about the anchorages, was dawdling down an open lane between two heavy floes, when the jingle-bell rang for full-speed. Garrity gave the engine steam; a moment later the boat brought up all standing with a prodigious shock. He heard the timbers groan at the concussion, saw the engine surge on its bed-plates, and waited for it to pitch over in the hold. But, for a wonder, nothing gave. He shut off steam, and looked forth. A deck-hand, with bulging eyes and wide-open mouth, was staring ahead. "What struck?" asked Garrity.

"She did!" the man cried. "Cap banged her head-on into a reg'lar berg. Say—she ain't built for no work like that!" The man was plainly frightened. "No," muttered Garrity, "she ain't."

An angry voice, roaring down the tube, greeted him when he returned to his post.