

"What the devil ye cuttin' off steam for?" it demanded.

"Want to sink her?" asked Garrity, and said no more.

Again that day the jingle urged full-speed; once more the "Fancy," with a sickening heave, crashed into almost solid ice. The wrench started the feed-pipe from the valve-chest, and a spurt of vapor added its voice to the asthmatic wheezing of the valves. The engine-room was filled with steam before Garrity could cut it off at the main valve. Naturally the tug was crippled.

"She's knocked out!" he called calmly up the tube.

"Wrecked?" a hopeful voice demanded.

No, she was not, but a little more would have split the feed-pipe asunder, when the scalding, blinding steam would have ended forever the hopes and fears of her engineer.

Dolan grinned that night when he stepped ashore. The owners said nothing but profanity, for the tug's infirmities were too well known to ask for explanation from any living man. She was towed over to the machine-shop, and a new shoulder put in on the cracked pipe. Garrity did most of the work and was content. He knew for what he must be on guard.

The "Fancy" came away from the machine-shop late in an afternoon, with orders for the Hook. Warning signals were flying about the harbor; a storm was due, and there was a chance of stray craft huddling in at the Hook in search of a tow to a safe haven. The "Fancy," at full speed, slid down along the western anchorage, and on the tail of the holding-ground near the Robbin's Reef light was hailed by a topsail schooner. "Tug ahoy, there!"

"Hello!" cried a deck-hand, "it's that Calais feller—the 'Mary Bird'—back in port. What's he want?"

The schooner had come in during the afternoon. Garrity's heart beat like a feed-pump, and with one hand on the lever he listened to the greetings over-

head. He heard Dolan's surly response, the skipper's cheery bantering, and then the daughter's voice.

"How-de-do, Captain Dolan," she called, affably but not impressively. Then his own name followed. "How's Mr. Garrity?" she asked. There was no answer. Dolan, under the pretext of care in running alongside, ignored the inquiry. When he spoke again it was to the skipper.

"Sorry, Cap'n," Garrity heard him say, "we got a job down to the Hook. I can't put back to the city, but I'll drop ye at quarantine. How'll that do?"

"Fine," answered the skipper. "Come along, Carrie."

"Step up here, Miss Carrie, won't ye?" Dolan asked. A laugh answered.

"No, Captain; I'm going to step in and call on Mr. Garrity."

The engineer's pulse, as he leaned over his engine, beat louder in his ears than the strenuous tread of the machine. His oil can clattered unsteadily against the plunging crosshead, his emotion made him clumsy, and when at length he turned heavily around, she was sitting on the tool-locker, her blithe eyes twinkling at him.

"Ye're back—eh?" he murmured.

"Yes, indeed—and is that all you have to say?"

For a long while he said nothing more, returning to his task of filling the cross-head guides with oil. Then he looked up, slowly wiping his hands on a ball of cotton waste. "It's all fixed, I s'pose," said he, stupidly. "I mean wit' you and Dolan."

She stared at him momentarily, and burst into tantalizing laughter. But an instant later she became serious, frowning severely and fixing him with a sharp glance. "You've no right to talk that way," she said. "I'm going!"

"Good-night," he murmured. "It's good-by, too, mebbe."

The door closed behind her as they grated alongside the quarantine pier, and she was hardly gone when the gong rang under way again. Overhead, the wind was beginning to rise. It harped stridently