



RIMMED BY THE INFERNO, GARRITY STUCK TO THE WHEEL.

through the funnel-stays, falling with sudden, clamorous squalls upon the groaning tug. But the "Fancy" held on her way, turning the channel and bearing resolutely sea-ward. As they faced the open water, a heavy sea, rising under the lash of the gathering gale, hurled itself against the tug's bluff shoulders. Each moment it grew worse; her timbers cried out in manifold complaint, mingling their voices with the shriek of the wind and the hiss of the spray beating upon her house. Ice formed where the water fell, for it was bitter cold.

A sudden, rioting burst of sound from the storm awakened Garrity from his thoughts. He listened, steadying himself against the weaving engine-frame. Below, the fireman had stopped feeding coal

to the grates, and was listening also. "Say, Jim," he called to the engineer, "this ain't no sort of a tub to be out a night like this in. Where's he goin'?"

"Dunno," answered Garrity. "How's the b'iler stayin'?"

It was barely staying and no more. The fireman, in a complaining key, bade Garrity come below and see it work and heave on the brackets. "It'll sure be pitched over on top o' me," cried the man.

Garrity stepped to the tube, paused doubtfully, and then called up to the pilot-house. "She'll not stand much more o' this, Cap'n," he warned.

Dolan stood at the wheel, his teeth set and a hard look in his eyes. The night was wild, the storm gathering strength at