

Narrows and under the lee of the Brooklyn shore. Dolan knew that he was ruined, for owners would engage no man ready to desert his post at the first peril. A wild spasm of hatred convulsed his face, and he shook his clenched fist.

"Below there, Garrity!" the mate called. "Come up here, will ye?"

Dolan heard the engineer stamp up the ladder; the engine-room was deserted. He glanced craftily about, and looked out. The deck was deserted, too. Stealing down the weather side, he opened the engine-room door and peered about. Satisfied that he was alone, he seized a sledge, and crawled down to the crank-pit. With a swift, upward stroke, he knocked out the key from the pin of the connecting-rod, and with another blow drove the pin half-way through the bearings. It was a trick of desperation; and, throwing down the sledge, Dolan fled from his crime as one accursed.

The bell rang—a bold, demonstrative signal. Garrity returned to his post, set the gear, and gave her steam slowly. The shaft turned over the crank, moving in its orbit with accustomed clamor; the jingle clattered a second signal, and, giving her full-steam, Garrity turned to read the gauges.

A prodigious crash broke from the machine—a scream of steel biting upon steel. The connecting-rod, breaking from its hold, thrashed with a destroying gesture against the frame. The metal cracked sharply; the shaft, turning half-way over, moved the eccentrics until they pushed the valves wide open. Steam gushed into the cylinder; the piston shot upward like a projectile in a gun; the cylinder-head cracked under its impact, and scalding vapor burst from every vent in the racked, distorted fabric.

Nothing could be done to stay the de-

struction. In an instant the engine-room was filled with blinding, strangling steam. Garrity, with a cry of anguish, hurled himself against the door, bore through, and, toppling on the rail, slipped overboard into the icy water. The fireman followed, yelling in terror, and from within came the roar of the escaping power and the clanking turmoil of the machine as it heaved itself into a shapeless ruin.

The "Fancy" did not founder. A sister tug towed her to a pier, still wreathed about with wisps of moist vapor, and Garrity, picked from the tide, was laid in a hospital cot.

"What devil's work is this?" asked the owner, after inspecting the wrecked engine. He had found the pin-key lying far from its place, and the pin itself disjointed from its bearing.

"I seen Dolan come out o' there jus' afore it happened," a deck-hand told him. "An' ye know, Commodore, how he quit on us when we was afire out below."

"That's right," put in the fireman, "an' Dolan had it in for Jim Garrity, too. I overhear him say so, onct."

There was no explanation from Dolan; he had disappeared.

"There's a young woman to see you," said the nurse, when Garrity had recovered consciousness and some of his strength.

"Me?" he murmured in astonishment. "I guess it's a mistake. There's none to see me. Did ye make sure?"

There was a rustle of skirts, and Garrity tried to lift the bandages from his face and eyes. But the nurse restrained him.

"It's Carrie," a whisper told him. "Carrie—my poor, poor Jim!"

A sob echoed, and a head was laid upon the pillow beside his, bound in its disfiguring bandages.

