

## 260 The Wreck of the Rough-an'-Tumble

apprised of its malicious danger. In high southeasterly weather there was no beating to sea. And The Thumb and The Finger closed on the craft between.

"I fished here as a lad," the skipper observed.

"Poor berth!" said the first hand.

"Ay; we used to put to sea like mad, when a big wind threatened, an' run down to Jump Tickle for harbor."

"No sense in puttin' to sea now," said the cook. The skipper yawned.

"No," said he; "we'd founder out there."

"You ever hang on here afore?"

"Never so unlucky," the skipper replied. "But I knows this place like a book. 'Tis deep water up to the cliffs. An' the cliffs is high an' nigh sheer. Yet there's a way above for monkeys. 'Tis not a high climb. One sort o' cleft, I mind—we used t' land there an' clamber up for blueberries an' hertz an' bake-apples. There's no sunken rocks in the cove to matter. The water's free. An' there's not much shingle. The sea goes slap ag'in' the cliff or breaks on the broken rock below. I knows the shore well. My brother an' me, lads then, used to hook lobsters alongshore. 'Tis a nasty place in there. The seas jus' go *thump* on the rocks an' explode. The spray's like smoke. I never seed anywhere else the water so noisy an' smashed. 'Tis churned to milk an' froth."

"Good holdin'?"