

may as well strike seven bells (7.30 a. m.) and call the watch, as they have to get their breakfast and relieve their comrades at 8 a. m.

"Sail ho!" this from one of the old hands in the watch that has just been called and has come out to have a look at the weather.

"I'm blowed if it is not Neptune again," will come from another old salt, for by this time all hands are straining their eyes in the direction the first speaker is pointing.

"I can't see anything" one of the boys will venture.

"Oh, I believe I do," will likely come from another, for now all the old fellows are giving such a minute description of its rig and build that one can scarcely help seeing it in imagination.

"I say Bill, isn't that the Line I see ahead of us: look sharp, just about two miles or so, do you see it?" Of course all of the clique see it before long, and it is proposed by one of the old sailors to get the glasses from the mate so that the boys can see it too, for their eyes could not be expected to be as good as those of an old tar.

"I say Kid, you go and ask the mate for his glasses" one youngster will say to another.

"No, I'll go if you go too," will be the retort, and it is settled—off go Harry and the Kid together.

Now that mate has not been idle all this time, but busy preparing to lend the glasses; to enable the boys to see the line he has quietly stretched a hair horizontally across the inside of the object end of his binoculars. The boys come up hat in hand and ask Mr. ——— for the loan of his spy-glass.

"What do you wish to see, my lads," queries the mate.

"The Line, sir."

"I fear we are too far off yet, but let me see." Suiting