

'Twill finish her. She'll break her back an' go to splinters. Cling fast when she strikes—then into the spruce afore she strikes again. The masts will fall below when she breaks up. If you're cotched by a breaker, you'll be swep' into Hole-in-the-Wall an' smashed to pulp. For'ard, now, you men—the chain an' the jib-sheet! Cook, up the mainmast! Sharp!"

Jimmie Temple, who was in lad's-love with the skipper's pretty daughter, protested.

"What's to become o' you, sir?"

Skipper Steve turned in astounded wrath.

"Y-y-you h-hear me?" he stuttered.

"She'll be swep' fore-an'-aft when she strikes."

"For'ard, you!"

Jimmie Temple ducked the skipper's slow fist and ran forward. In the bow, standing by to slip the anchor, were Sandy Brace and Long John Tiller; and at the jib-sheet—Pitts, the clerk. As for the cook, he stood fast, amidships, sullen as an offended boy; he would take no advantage. And Skipper Steve laughed, and shouted "Good boy, Cook!" before he sprang aft to the wheel. A moment later the anchor-chain clattered out, the jib flapped in the wind—and the *Rough-an'-Tumble* was adrift, stern on; and Tiller, Brace, Cuff, Pitts and Jimmie Temple were scrambling up the mainmast shrouds. The schooner hung—then fell away. And round she did; and she gathered way, answered her helm, drove into the gloom, wherein Skipper Steve's prac-