

tentacles. On the beam lay a steel square, a brace and bit, a roll of blue-prints, some steel drills and a book of logarithms. He had returned to the sea bladder, investigating it with the tip of a slim oil-can, and had mentally formulated a parallel between this helpless thing, beaten about by every breeze, and the dirigible balloon up the coast, when the speech of the old fisherman made him look up.

His face was small for a man's, his eyes dark, his lip blackened by a tiny mustache of jet. In the manner of one who does not feel obliged to reply to the speech of a constant companion, he picked up a pair of binoculars from a cast-up crate and studied the distant air-ship.

"Mo' likely bound for Pensacola, Captain," he said. "She's coming this way—a Condor with bow rudder. Winter resorters, I reckon."

"Then she don't keer whar she goes," replied the fisherman. "It's thisaway o' thataway, jist as some lady says."

"I don't know that it matters," said the younger man, "whether they see us or not; but I reckon we'll go under the shed."

"All raght, Miste' Theodo'," answered the captain. "Hyah's doin' the gophah act ag'in."

The aëronat, drawing nearer, swelled like a great silver moon. The men admired her as they