

II

BETWEEN THUMB AND FINGER

AS a matter of fact, the situation of the *Rough-an'-Tumble* was desperately precarious. And there was no illusion in the forecastle. It was blowing a memorable hurricane from the northeast. There were no spare anchors aboard. In a shift of that wind to the south of east, the schooner would part her chain or drag her anchor. Caught midway of the Harborless Shore, however, she was berthed to the best advantage. Whatever the dose, it must be swallowed at Thumb-an'-Finger. And Thumb-an'-Finger was no harbor in southeasterly weather. It was no better than a wide, deep cove, rimmed with cliffs, there sheer and high, here low and shaggy with spruce; and the seas, rolling in from the troubled open beyond. The Thumb and The Finger, which were the heads of the cove, ran a free course, spray driving ahead with the wind, and went to smash on the rocks. The place was a trap. It had been cleverly named by the old navigator, whoever he was, whom misfortune had first