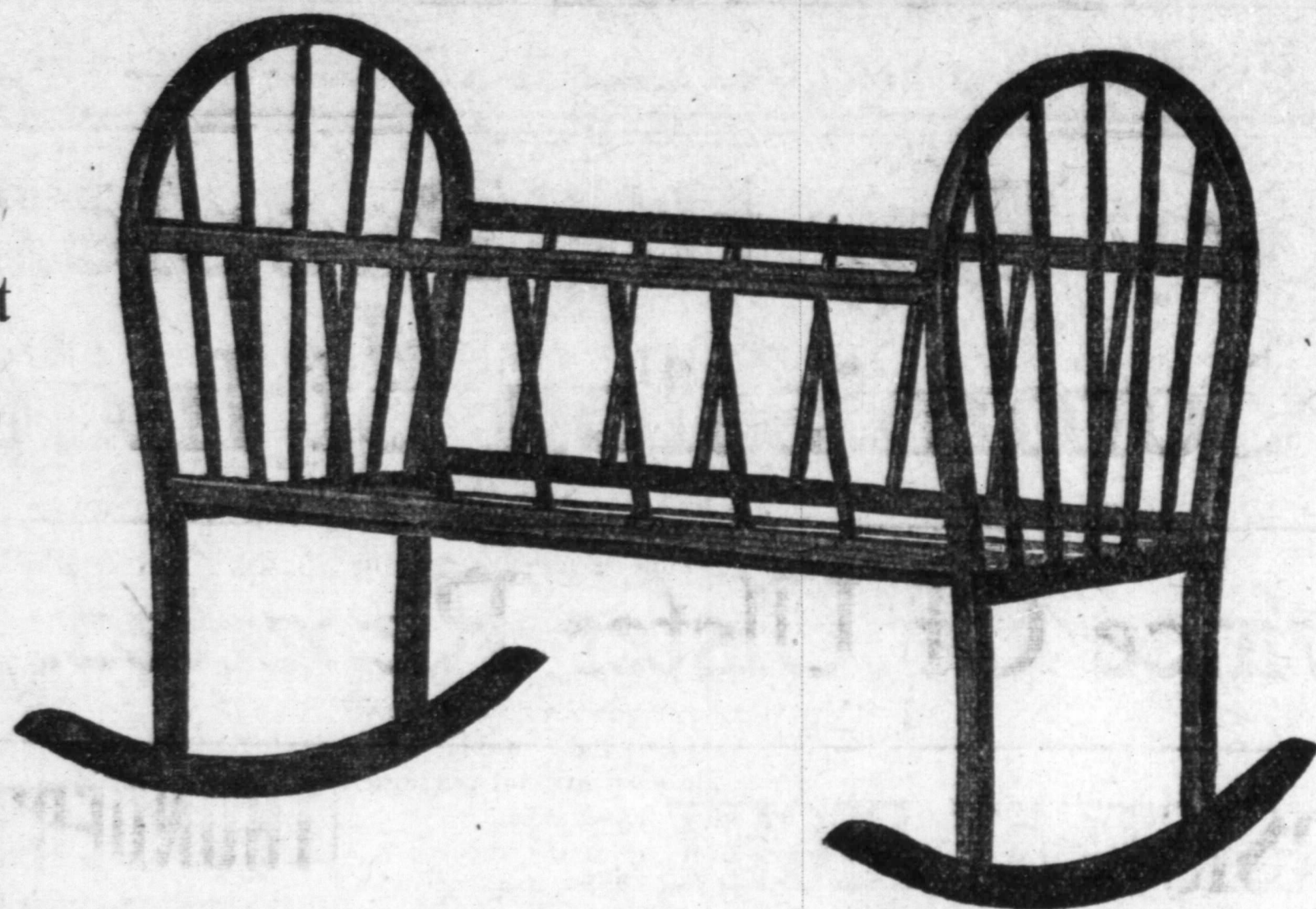


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any trouble that might happen here aboard. Good thing for us—for himself, too—that he's not got one more of his own kidney to back him up in any devilment. Two like Jake would be more than the old Zoroaster could carry with comfort. Well, I fancy he's just about all in, anyhow, isn't he?" "Yes," said Leigh grimly; "he's not

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pretty looking. But, I say, sir." And then, on the spur of the moment, he came out with the entire tale of what had transpired.

"It's a bad thing, my boy, when an officer has to appeal to the skipper to maintain his authority. I'd have liked it better if you'd plugged him in the eye first and run the risk of being hauled up for striking a sailor. The man has a hold on you, and he's the very man to make the most of it. He's seen you in a weak moment—he isn't the sort to understand that a man might funk for one minute only to be brave as a lion the next—and he'll despise you from now on. You'll either have to ride him on a loose rein or else you'll have to put on the curb and break his jaw. No half measure will suit Long Jake, I'll bet. We'll get him put ashore when we get to Sydney. He's an uncomfortable sort of swab, anyhow. Worst of it is those Degoes have had a bad lesson. Keep 'em cowed and we might do something with 'em. Once let 'em see that we're afraid, and there'll be no holding them for a minute. Take my advice and keep your grip on them—hard!"

Leigh went below and took his tea, wondering, the while he ate it, whether Steadman was quite just. He had certainly failed in a needful crisis, but he had rallied afterwards, and had repaid the insult with accumulated interest. Long Jake's face would be a warning-post to all and sundry as to the nature of the wrath of Morton Leigh, second officer of the Zoroaster. But then—there was Aileen's scorn and there was Aileen's disgust. Above all things, Leigh had desired to shine bravely in the girl's bewitching eyes; and here he was—he refused to consider the matter further, and pushed away his plate. The half-caste steward removed the plate and tried to tempt him with sundry delicacies,

strongly favoured with garlic, for the steward liked his food highly seasoned and saw no reason why the tastes of three men and a woman should interfere with his own weaknesses.

"You no like it, grub, eh?" he asked with a flash of teeth. Leigh shook his head.

"It's not that, steward. The grub's all right, I dare say, but I've no appetite."

"You sea-see, eh?" There was a covert smile behind the expression of concern, and Leigh, quick to imagine, traced in this a result of the morning's escapade. Altogether he was very miserable as he turned into his room and flung himself down on the locker, a well-filled pipe between his teeth and a novel in his hand. He had never been a man to sleep in the second dog-watch; he did not attempt it now. He had counted on seeing Aileen, on speaking with her in that sacred two hours' spell, when, the work of the day finished, a man is at leisure, for amusement. But now—that was all knocked on the head. She had called him coward—he, Morton Leigh, who had— But, then, what was the good of that? After all, there were different forms of bravery, as there were different forms of cowardice, and there was a whole long voyage before him yet.

"If I'd been anything but a confounded ass," he declaimed wrathfully, eyeing the swinging lamp with a savage glance, "I'd have let myself be hung before I'd have been moved by a silly sentiment. Aboard a Palace Liner this sort of thing would never have happened." And then Aileen's face came between him and the light, and he sighed.

"I'd go through it every day for the sake of seeing her in between times," he said thoughtfully.

The rush and growl of water past his ear soothed his vexed thoughts at last, and he fell into something of a doze. A dream came to him then. He saw himself performing deeds of marvellous heroism, deeds that brought a bright light of approval to the girl's winsome face. Heroisms uncounted he performed in the space of a few fleeting seconds, and at each and every one he was more than rewarded by her flashing smile and her impulsively out-thrown hands. He awakened with a start. Somehow or other, he

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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXI

Concerning Introspection And One Kind of Courage.

(Continued)

Yes, it was all too true, said Aileen; Leigh had failed dismally, and she had lost a friend.

It needed not that boastful voice, hurling along the decks, rising even above the stir of the freshening wind, to tell her that. It was within her inner consciousness, and she was sick, very sick, at heart. Why had she not left the sea, at heart. Why had she not left the sea, left it completely, while she still loved it rather than remain to witness that painful scene? To her the sea appeared now almost as an enemy; it had taken away from her her friend.

But Aileen was not the girl to brood unduly on the chance happenings of life. She paced the lee side of the poop determinedly; she swung to and fro with that lithe, free motion of the hips that always reminded old Steadman of a ship in full sail; she glanced aloft on coming forward, glanced to windward on coming aft—the real sailor's walk; and as the keen, fresh wind flung her curls at large boisterously she began to regain her spirits. A gale was making up to herald the

swing; a quick glance aloft at the stripped royal yards, a glance into the binnacle, a glance astern and to windward, and then a consultation of the barometer, and a shrug of the well-protected shoulders as he noticed the steady fall of the mercury in the tube.

"Going to have a nasty night," said the mate, coming on deck after tea. "Good thing the wind's off shore. What's the matter with your nose?"

"Fell against a bollard," said Leigh untruthfully.

"I used to say a falling block had hit me," laughed Steadman. "Who was it? Long Jake, as they call him? That's a chap who'll stand a lot of watching. He'll be head and heart of

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