

## GETTING ACQUAINTED

"I guess I'll go now, and unpack my things."

"Very well. The steward will show you your room. You'll find everything there. Abner," turning to a bareheaded young sailor clad in blue flannel shirt, with sleeves rolled up, and trousers tucked into the tops of high sealskin boots, who was standing near the companionway, "this is Master Densmore. Will you show him to his room? Abner is the steward, Paul."

"Yes, sir; this way, sir," answered Abner, respectfully.

"He seems interested," remarked Ainsworth when Paul had gone below. "I'm inclined to think he's a pretty good fellow at heart after all. Just spoiled."

"That's so," agreed Remington.

A moment later Paul reappeared from the companionway, and asked:

"Where are my trunks, Mr. Remington? The steward took me to a room he insists is mine, but my trunks are n't there; just some canvas bags. Guess he's trying to put me in the wrong room."