

"What's the sense o' naggin' the *weather*?" says he. 'Isn't you able t' leave her alone, Tumm? Give her time, lad, an' she'll blow fair. She've her humors as well as we, haven't she? An' she've her business, too. An' how can *you* tell whether her business is good or evil? I tells you, Tumm, you isn't got no right t' question the weather.'

"God's sake!" says I. 'What's happened overnight?'

"No matter," says he. 'I 'low a man haves the right t' *try* a change o' mind an he wants to.'

"Parson Tree been overhaulin' you?"

"Oh," says he, 'a man can put his soul ship-shape without the aid of a parson.'

"Then, Skipper Davy," says I, with my heart in my mouth, 'I 'low I'll sail the Labrador along o' you.'

"Not so, my son," says he. 'By no means.'

"I *wants* to, Skipper Davy!"

"You got a mother ashore," says he.

"Well, but," says I, 'my mother says a lad's got t' be a man *some* time.'

"I can't afford t' take you, Tumm."

"Look you, Skipper Davy!" says I, 'I'm able-bodied for my years. None more so. Take me along o' you—an' I'll work my hands t' bloody pulp!'

"'Tis not that, Tumm," says he. "'Tis—well—because—I've growed kind o' fond o' you overnight. We got a bit—intimate—together—an' you—was