

her when a deck hand flung into the stern-sheets a coil of light line. The men handled their oars, Billings shoved clear and a moment later the boat was swinging off to pass under the stern of the hulk, a hand aboard the tug paying out the line as she spun away. Up came the boat, swashed alongside the staging and with no more difficulty than the ordinary citizen might find in boarding a trolley car, Billings leaped out, the coil of rope on his arm. The tug had dropped down to leeward. The boat shoved clear and pulled off to round up on her lee side.

As Lem Billings toiled up the accommodation ladder with the heavy coil of line his feelings found vent in strident speech.

"Tha'ar, naow, Mr. Lanyeer," quoth he. "Next time you'll take the advice of a man that knows, mebbe. I told you that a'ar graound 'aykle was tew light t' trust tew. Drug aout in that bust f'm the nothe, didn't ye, and cut the cable on the reef . . . hey? Just what I allus said. I knowed it . . ." he passed his coil around an awning stanchion. "Sez I when that a'ar squall struck the train, 'Here's wha'ar Mr. Lanyeer goes a-cruisin' fer a spell. Lucky 'twas I ketched a tugbaout come fer some