

## GETTING ACQUAINTED

“Th’ Minnie Dart were as fine a craft  
As ever sailed th’ sea;  
She were eighty ton, an’ a fore an’ aft,  
An’ as smart as she could be,”

and closed with a weird description of the going down of the Minnie Dart with all her crew.

The music at an end, Remington and Ainsworth lounged aft to smoke and chat, while they enjoyed a perfect evening. A full moon had risen, transforming the gentle swell of the sea into molten silver, and to the right, in hazy distance, lay in faint outline the Newfoundland coast.

Paul strolled forward and soon became interested in watching the compass and the man at the wheel.

“What course are you sailing?” he asked.

The man made no reply.

“Let me try it. I can handle the wheel all right,” he continued, attempting to take the spokes.

At that moment Captain Bluntt observed him.