

bados they found orders awaiting them to take on a freight of molasses. It was here that Mr. Norman forgot his caution, and wrote a letter to Peggy Macminaman. It was a noncommittal epistle, but highly complimentary to red hair. Next day he felt that he had been guilty of an indiscretion, but the post-office authorities would not give up the letter. To mend matters, and without consulting the captain, he wrote to Amanda a monograph on the charms of gentleness. But even after that he felt a little uncertain as to the wisdom of his actions.



The *Good Luck* catted her anchor for her homeward run on the thirteenth day of May. In the Trades she plowed along at a fine pace despite the dead weight of her cargo. She was so low in the water that flying fish went over her like rockets, or else dashed against the lower sails and fell to the deck, stunned. Between Brazil and Barbados the flying fish had smashed themselves against her windward side. During the first week in June the barquentine encountered dirty weather, and her spread of canvas was reduced. The captain was loud with lamentations, but the mate took the delay philosophically. He was not in a desperate hurry to get back to Harbour Grace. Keen as he was to see either one of the Macminaman girls, he felt that a simultaneous meeting with them would be decidedly embarrassing. One night during Norman's watch on deck, a fog crawled over them, chill and obliterating. The mate went forward to see that neither of the look-outs was asleep. Then he returned aft and rapped on the captain's door.

"Fog, sir," he said. "T'ick as pay soup."

The captain's snoring stopped with a jerk. "Who's there? Did anyone speak?" he asked.

"Fog, sir. T'ick as soup," repeated Norman.

"Get out the fog-horns," ordered Thoms, "an' have them sounded every two minutes—one aft an' one for'ard. I'll come up as soon as I get into my clothes."

The mate got the patent fog-horns—

they worked with a crank and leather bellows—from their resting place under the cook's berth, and carried them on deck. The leather of the bellows had cracked during the voyage, and he had to fill the machines with water and let them soak for a while before they would sound. The water-cure did the work, however, and presently the harmless-looking square boxes were making the night hideous with their roaring, derisive voices.

"Howly St. Patrick!" exclaimed the boatswain, emerging from the forecabin; "if Davy Jones don't stick 'is old 'ead in the sand to-night, ye can call me a ordinary seaman."

"If ye don't like our music, bo'sun, ye kin git back to yer bunk," replied one of the performers.

"B'gorra, I likes it," replied the other, "an' I'll give ye a hand, b'y."

The mate and one of the crew went aft to log the ship. The sailor took up the reel upon which the line of the old-fashioned contrivance was wound. (Thoms had once lost a patent log through the attentions of a shark, and ever since that time the *Good Luck's* speed had been ascertained by the method in vogue in the days of John Cabot). The man at the wheel got the hour glass ready. Norman tossed the little canvas pocket over the stern.

"Clear glass!"

"Clear, sir."

"Turn glass!"

The reel spun with a soft *whirr*, and the line whipped away in the darkness.

"Out!" snapped the man with the glass.

"Four knots," answered Norman presently. He squinted at the illuminated disc of the binnacle. Just then Captain Thoms came up the companion, and sniffed the fog.

"Smells like ice," he said. "We'll lay-to till the fog lifts."

Norman started forward to give the necessary orders, when cries of fear and consternation rang along the shrouded decks. "Ice ahead! Port yer helm! Hard a'port! For God's sake twist her over!" Then, with a crash, a grind, and a snapping of spars, that great bulk of timber and canvas weighted with the