

schooner raising a white dust, Skipper Steve steered a course, the *Rough-an'-Tumble* complaining like a driven beast.

She made it. Down went the big bow anchor. The schooner swung with the wind. The cook came aft.

"Well, sir," said he to the skipper, "you done it, didn't you?"

"Anchor's down, Cook."

"An' you're ridin' easy, isn't you?"

"None too easy."

"No, none too easy. An' what will you do if the wind switches a few points to the east?"

"Hang on."

"An' if it blows higher?"

"Hang on."

"She'll rip her nose out."

"Ah, well, Cook," said the skipper, "she done what I told her to. Here we is, isn't we?—here in the lee o' Thumb-an'-Finger where I said I'd fetch her. An' here we'll bide."

"I've no doubt about that," said the cook.

The skipper started.

"What you croaking about?" he demanded.

"True enough," the cook replied; "we'll bide here."

"Ay, we'll bide here."

The cook laughed.

"I'll command her behavior," said the skipper tartly. "Mark me, Cook! She'll do what I tells her