

"Well, what are you going to do about it? We can't stay here, you know."

"That remains to be seen, lad, although I ain't allowin' on stoppin' outside here any longer'n I can help."

"It don't look as if you wanted to get anywhere very soon."

"Oh, I don't, eh?" and one of his ferocious expressions came over Captain Hiram's face, only to disappear as little Ellen, with Samuel Abner in her arms, came into the cockpit from the cuddy. "I was waitin' till you cabin passengers got through dinner before I went to work."

"Do you want us to help you in some way, Captain Hiram?" Ellen asked.

"I reckon if you can take care of that Jones youngster you'll have your hands full, little Ellen; but your brother can sit into the berth I've got in my mind."

"What do you want him to do?"

"Jest take the tiller, an' mind what orders I give. When I sing out 'Starboard,' he's to swing it 'round on his right hand a point or two—that is to say, a couple of inches; an' when I say 'Hard a-starboard,' he's to shove it to the right jest as far as it'll go. It's likewise the same on the other side, except that that is called 'port.'"

"Why don't they call it the right and 'he left side, instead of starboard and port?" Thomas Hardy asked.

"Now you're gettin' beyond me, lad. I s'pose there's an explanation, but I ain't scholar enough to study it out. When you and little Ellen get home, you might make it your business to learn the reason of them names. Now, if you'll take the tiller, I'll get to work."

Thomas Hardy obeyed willingly; for he was thus placed in a position of command, according to his own ideas, and Captain Hiram hauled alongside the little tender which had been towed astern.

Into her he threw a coil of rope and a pair of oars, saying as he began to clamber over the rail,—

"I'm allowin' to pull the Island Queen into the nearest port, little Ellen; an' if it so be this smother don't clear away before night, or the wind hasn't breezed up, we may lay off Dollar Island a good bit longer than will be agreeable to any of us."

"Can you pull this big vessel with that small boat, Captain Hiram?"

"Yes, little Ellen, it's possible, the same as a good many other things can be done, by stickin' at it. It don't seem as though a small pair of oars, no matter how they was worked, would take the Island Queen through the water very fast; but so long as you stick at it, the labour is bound to tell. Now, then, Thomas Hardy, put your tiller a-starboard, an' watch out sharp when I give the next order, 'cause by that time I'll be so far into the smother you can't see me."

Captain Hiram had but just rowed up under the bow of the sloop when he was hidden from view by the fog, and the passengers could only guess at what he might be doing.

Then came the click of oars in the rowlocks, and a cheery hail from the invisible captain,—

"Mind your eye, my hearties! Keep your helm hard up, an' unless I'm way out of my reckonin' we'll soon fetch Dollar Island."

"It's jest as far around to the right as I can get it," Thomas Hardy shouted, and added in a lower tone to his sister, "The old man don't know what he's about if he says the island is behind us, 'cause this boat couldn't have turned around without my seeing her."

"Unless one of these oars break, I'll soon show you how much you're mistaken," Captain Hiram cried from out the cloud of mist, and Ellen looked up reprovingly at her brother that he should have spoken thus incautiously.

Thomas Hardy shook his head dejectedly, as if to say he was not at all sorry his words had been overheard; but he took good care to make no further remark which might be offensive.

"Now put your helm amidships!" was the order that came from out the fog.

Thomas Hardy looked bewildered, and swung the tiller first one way and then the other, while his sister, understanding that he was at a loss for the meaning of the order, cried,—

"What do you mean by that, Captain Hiram?"

"Hold it straight in the middle—neither to one side nor the other."

"Of course that's what he meant, Nell! Why do you want to make out I don't know a little thing like that?" and Thomas Hardy quickly shifted the helm amidships, fancying he might persuade his sister he was thoroughly conversant with nautical terms, even though she had seen his hesitation when the command was given.

"Is it amidships?" Captain Hiram shouted.

"It's just as near in the middle as I can get it."

"All right. Keep her so."

Then ensued a long time of silence, save for the clicking of the oars; and Thomas Hardy was about to express his opinion once more relative to the old man's knowledge of their whereabouts, when Captain Hiram suddenly appeared alongside.

"Found that the island wasn't where you thought it was, eh?" Master Seabury asked in a tone of triumph.

"Not exactly that, lad. We're in the cove now, where I said we'd land, an' there's no need of pullin' any more, for I'm goin' to drop anchor."

"And is the island over there?"

"True as a die, lad, though I shouldn't have felt so certain about it if we'd been a leetle further off when the smother came," the captain replied as he went forward; and a moment later a mighty splash told that the anchor had been thrown over.

"Well, this 'ere is one of them times when we must turn ourselves into patient waiters," the old man said as he came aft once more, seating himself by Ellen's side.

"Are we to stay here, sir?" she asked.

"There don't seem to be any other way out of it, my child, unless it so be you want to go ashore; but I don't allow there's anything interestin' here, seein' how there's only one house on the place, an' that can't be rightly called more'n a barn."

"How long have we got to wait?" Thomas Hardy demanded almost peremptorily.

"That's a question no one can answer, my lad. We're here till this smother clears up, or the wind comes in strong enough to thin it away so's we can count on holdin' a course."

"I don't think there is very much fun in anything of this kind."

"I ain't allowin' there is, lad; but it's a case of takin' the bitter with the sweet, an' somethin' that man can't help or foresee, though I oughter had sense enough to put back into Oldhaven when I saw how near the bank was."

Master Seabury made no reply, but looked as if he fully agreed with the old man.

"Why don't you go and get your dinner, Captain Hiram?"

"So I will, little Ellen. It would have been strange if you hadn't thought of other folks' comfort instead of your own at a time like this, when some children would be grumblin' or findin' fault 'cause they were in such a scrape."

"It doesn't seem so to me, sir. You have been working, and need something to eat, while we who did nothing have had a hearty dinner."

"Did it taste good, little Ellen?"

"Indeed it did, sir."

"Then I reckon that's jest about as well for me as if I'd been fed right up on turkey. It ain't often I get a chance to do a favour for sich as you. I guess we'd better belay the Jones youngster to that door once more; he's too heavy for you to hold."

"But it seems cruel to tie the little thing as if he was a dog."

"Love you, child, he don't mind it, an' I ain't so sure but it makes him feel at home; for that's a trick Sarah Jones has had with all her children, though you can't blame the poor woman, seein' how she's got seven or eight of 'em, an' the biggest not more'n a baby."

Then, having secured Samuel Abner, Captain Hiram went into the cuddy, while Thomas Hardy sat swinging the tiller back and forth idly, with an expression of discontent upon his face, and Ellen did her best to amuse the captive baby.

When the owner of the Island Queen came into the cockpit once more he gazed around anxiously, as if trying to peer through the gray fog, consulted his watch, and said half to himself,—

"I allow it wouldn't be a bad idee to go ashore an' see what old Hubbard's got in the way of grub. I never keep any great stock of provisions on board unless I'm starting out on a long cruise; an' it ain't no way certain but that we may have to stay here quite a spell, perhaps till to-morrow mornin', in which case we'd be on short allowance."

"Are you counting on staying here as long as that?" Thomas Hardy asked impatiently.

"I was only reckonin' it might be we'd have to, an' thinkin' of pervidin' agin' sich an event."

"I am sure you needn't go for food, sir," Ellen said quickly. "If we keep smethin' for the baby, the rest of us should be able to get along on what there is in the cabin, even if we don't get home for two days."

"There's no necessity of our goin' on a short allowance, little Ellen; an' I shouldn't rest easy a single minute if I thought you was hungry. It's only the cost of pullin' from here to the shore, an' then walkin' a quarter of a mile or more."

"How far are we from the land, sir?"

"Not more'n a stone's throw. I could almost have jumped ashore when I stopped pullin'."

"Why don't you haul the vessel in there, so we can all land?" Thomas Hardy asked.

"'Cause it wouldn't be anyways safe, lad. There are too many rocks hereabouts, an' I don't care to pound a hole in the sloop's bottom. Now, little Ellen, I shall leave you in command, knowin' everything will be kept ship-shape. If it so be you hear me hail, answer in short order, for it ain't an easy matter to run alongside a craft like this in the fog. I won't be gone over an' above half an hour."

Captain Hiram clambered over the rail into the tender, cast off the painter, and was almost immediately swallowed up by the fog.

Five minutes later he shouted cheerily,—

"I'm ashore, little Ellen! Keep your weather eye liftin', an' don't let Thomas Hardy run away with the Island Queen, though I ain't allowin' he'd get very far in this calm."

"We'll all stay here quietly, sir," Ellen replied; and then Samuel Abner demanded her attention as he fell headlong into the cuddy, giving vent to such a series of shrieks as convinced the tiny girl he was seriously injured.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before this representative of the Jones family was reduced to silence once more, and when Ellen brought him on deck again Master Seabury was nowhere to be seen.

"Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy Seabury! Where are you?"

"Here! What are you making such a row for? Can't a fellow walk around but you must begin to screech?"

"But it frightened me when I couldn't see you anywhere."

"You're a regular coward, and always were. I'd be ashamed to get scared so often!"

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing except fixing things."

"But you mustn't touch the ropes, Thomas Hardy. Don't you remember what Captain Hiram said?"

"Oh, he's a regular old woman! Thinks he's got to be jawing somebody all the time. I guess I know enough about vessels to walk from one end to the other without your making a row!"

Ellen was not satisfied that her brother was doing exactly as he ought, and, literally staggering under the weight of Samuel Abner, for she did not dare allow him to walk on the deck, the child went forward.

Thomas Hardy was playing the part of sailor by untying or re-tying this rope or that, swaying down on the taut hal-yards, or hauling in the sheet of the jib, in the most industrious fashion.

"Oh, dear, why don't you let things alone, Thomas Hardy? I am certain you will do some mischief; and what would Captain Hiram say if he found the ship destroyed when he got back?"

"Now, look here, Nell, don't you s'pose I know what I'm about? The idea of destroying a big vessel like this! I'll have things all ready for him when he comes back, so if the fog goes away we can start right off; and that's what I want to do, for we've had enough of this kind of fooling."

"But we haven't been here very long, and surely it can't be such a great hardship to sit still half an hour. Now please don't do that, Thomas Hardy."

"Look here, Nell, I don't want you to interfere so much. I guess I can untie this rope if I want to. It don't hold up the sails, and where's the arm?"

As he spoke Master Seabury cast off the cable from the windlass, and stood with the end in his hand as if to show his sister he was sufficiently well versed in such matters to do as he pleased without the possibility of making a mistake.

She, realizing that nothing could be effected by entreaties, remained silent until he, tired of thus displaying his seamanship, carelessly twisted the cable around the windlass once more.

"There, now, what harm has been done? Girls think nobody but a man can do such things, and I'll show you before we get back to Oldhaven how much I know about sailing a vessel!"

"But why not go into the other end where we were, and sit down quietly? You never was at sea before, and can't be expected to know as much as a sailor like Captain Hiram. It would be terrible if you should do something that was wrong."

"Now, don't go to fussing. Why, if that old pirate never got back, I'd be able to take this boat to Oldhaven. Didn't I bring her most of the way over here?"

"That was when Captain Hiram sat right by your side to explain what should be done."

"Not much, it wasn't. Have you forgotten how long he stayed in the cabin eating his dinner? Didn't I have the whole charge of her then?"

"Yes," Ellen replied hesitatingly; "I suppose you did. But if anything had happened, he was with us; and that is a very different matter from playing with these ropes the way you are doing now. Besides—what was that?" she exclaimed, as a sudden splash was heard.

The cable, having been simply wound around the windlass instead of being made fast, had slipped over the rail, owing to the influence of the current upon the sloop; and the Island Queen was adrift.

"It was only a piece of rope falling overboard,—that's all," Master Seabury replied; but that he was far from feeling as much at ease as he would have his sister understand, could be readily told by the expression on his face.

"Have you lost it?"

"I haven't done anything with it. It just slipped over; that's all. If Captain Hiram wants it, he can go and get it, for all 's care."

"But it has sunk."

"S'posed it has? What's the use of fussing about a little thing like that? He ought to have known whether it would go into the water or not. If he don't attend to his business, I ain't going to bother my head over it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have slipped over if you hadn't untied it."

"Now you're talking nonsense! Didn't I put it right back where I found it?"

"Yes, you laid it up on that piece of wood; but it doesn't seem possible Captain Hiram would have left it where it could be lost so easily."

"I s'pose the anchor pulled it over."

"And is the anchor on the end of it?" Ellen asked in alarm.

"Course it is."

"But Thomas—Thomas Hardy!—if the anchor is gone, what is keeping us here?"

"Keeping us, you foolish girl! How can we go when there ain't any wind? We've got to stay here, that's all; and it don't make any difference whether the anchor is tied to us or not."

"Of course it does, Thomas, else Captain Hiram never would have taken the trouble to drop it overboard."

Master Seabury made no reply. There was a dim suspicion in his mind that this loss of the cable might mean more than he had tried to make his sister believe; and he walked aft decidedly disturbed in mind.

(To be continued.)

"That is genuine horse sense," said Mr. Murray Hill to Mr. Schenley Park. "What is it?" "The determination of the United States that Cuba shall have a stable Government."

A Maine paper tells of a wood-chopper who goes about his work with a huge cow-bell attached to his back. The man has resolved to put his pride in his pocket and to run no chances of being shot for a deer by any foolish sportsman.

**Faces That Follow**

By MRS. E. M. MASON,  
Author of "Things I Remember," etc. With numerous illustrations by J. W. Bengough.

Cloth, \$1.00.  
Contents: The Parsonage—Mr. Oldtime—The Supreme Affection—A Timely Warning—The Itinerary Horse—Nicomachus—Brave Benjamin—Home—Parental Matters—Impressions—Mutual Confidences—Taste—The Aristocracy—Betrayed—Mismated—Some Precious Things—Restitution—Pledges—Fact, not Fancy.

"We were profoundly impressed with the keen insight into character, the happy descriptive touches, the earnest religious spirit of its sketches."

"A vein of genius and a fine sense of humour ran through it. It contains the most tremendous indictments of some of the sins of the age we have ever read, and some of the most touching pathos."

"It is an addition of distinct value to our Canadian literature."—*Methodist Magazine*.

"Many side-lights are thrown on the life of the itinerant Methodist pastor and his wife, especially on the country circuits. One is frequently reminded of Samanths and Josiah Allen. The book is bright and sparkling, displays a good deal of literary ability, and will be found both interesting and profitable."—*Christian Guardian*.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto  
C. W. COLPES, Montreal. S. F. Haulton, Halifax.