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CHAPTER III.

NOTHER day passed, then two. Before Wilbur knew it he had settled himself to his new life, and woke one morning to the realization that he was posi tively enjoying himself. Daily the weather grew warmer. The fifth day weather grew warmer. The Brin day out from San Francisco it was actual-ly hot. The pitch grew soft in the Bertha Millner's deck seams; the masta sweated resin. The Chinamen went sweated resin. The Chinamen went about the decks wearing but their jeans and blouses. Kitchell had long since abandoned his coat and vest. Wilbur's of skins became intolerable. winders of seins Decame insolerable, and he was at last constrained to trade his pockettanife to Charlie for a suit of jeans and wicker sandals such as the coolies were, and odd enough he

The captain instructed him in steering and even promised to show him the use of the sextant and how to take an observation in the fake short and easy coasting style of navigation. Furthermore, he showed him how to read the log and the manner of keeping the

dead reckoning.

During most of his watches Wilburwas engaged in painting the inside of was engaged in painting the inside of the cabia, door panels, lintels and the few scattered meldings, and toward the middle of the first week out, when the Bertha Millner was in the latitude of Point Conception, he and three Chinamen, under Kitchell's direction, ratlined men, under Kitchell's direction, ratlined down the fore rigging and affixed the crow's nest upon the for'mast. The next meraing during Charlie's watch en deck a Chinaman was sent up into the crow's nest, and from that time on there was always a lookout maintained from the masthead.

More than ence Wilbur looked around him at the empty coruscating indige of the cean floor, wendering at the neces-sity of the lookout, and finally express-ed his curiosity to Kitchell. The cap-tain had by now taken not a little to tain had by now taken net a little to Wilbur, at first for the sake of a white man's company and afterward because he began to place a certain vague reliance upon Wilbur's judgment. Kitchell had emarked as how he had brains.

"Well, you see, son," Kitchell had explained to Wilbur, "os-tensiblee we are after shark liver oil, an' so we are, but also we are on any lay that turns up.

after shark liver oil, an' so we are, but also we are on any lay that turns up-ready for any game from wrecking to barratry. Strike me, if I haven't thought of scuttling the dough dish for her insoorance. There's regular trade, son, to be done in ships, an' then there's pickin's an' pickin's an' pickin's. Lord! The ocean's rich with pickin's. Do you know there's millions made out Lord: The ocean's rich with pickin's. Do you knew there's millions made out of the day-bree and refuse of a big city? How about an ocean's day-bree? Just chew on that notion a turn. An' as fur a lookout, lemmee tell you, son, cast your eye out yon." And he swept the sea with a forearm. "Nothin', hey? So it looks, but lemmee tell you, son, there ain't no manner of place on the ball of dirt where you're likely to we ball of dirt where you're likely to run up afoul of so many things—unexpected things—as at sea. When you're clear o' land lay to this here proc-cep!—

'A million to one on the unempected.'"
The next day fell almost dead calm.
The hale, lusty lunged nor wester that had snorted them forth from the Golden Gate had lapsed to a sephyr. The schoener relied lastly southward with the leisurely nonchalance of a

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grazing ex. At neon, Just after dinner, a few cat's paws curdled the milky blue whiteness of the glassy surface, and the water once mere began to talk beneath the bowsprit. It was very bot. The sun spun silently like a spinning brass discus over the mainmast. On the fo'c'stle head the Chinamen were asleep or smoking opium. It was Charlie's watch. Kitchell dozed in his hammock in the shadow of the mainsheet. Wilbur was below tinkering with his paint pot about the cabin. The stillness was prefound. It was the stillness of the summer sea at high

The lookout in the crow's nest broke

the quiet.
"Hy-yah, hy-yah!" he cried, leaning rom the barrel and calling through an arched palm. "Hy-yah, one, two, plenty, many tortle, topside waitah; hy-yah, all same tortle."
"Hello, hello!" cried the captain, rolling from his harmost. "Threshed When

ing from his hammock. "Turtle? Where away?"

"I tinkum 'bout quallah mile, mebbee, four pieces tertie all same weaths

"Turtle, hey? Down y'r wheel, Jim; haul y'r jib to win'ward," he commanded the man at the wheel; then to the men forward: "Get the dory overboard. Son, Charke and you, Wing, tumble in, Wake up new and see you stay so."

Wake up new and see you stay so."

The dory was swung over the side, and the men dropped into her and took their places at the ears. "Give way," cried the captain, settling himself in the bow, with the gaff in his hand. "Hey, Jim!" he shouted to the lookout far above. "Hey, lay our course for us." The lookout nodded, the oars fell, and the dory shot forward in the direct of the state of the s and the dory shot forward in the direction indicated by the lookout.

tion indicated by the lookout.

"Kin you row, son?" asked Kitchell, with sudden suspicion. Wilbur smiled.

"You ask Charile and Wing to ship their ears and give me a pair." The captain compiled hesitatingly.

"Now, what," he said grimly—"now, what do you think you're going to do, sonny?"

sonny?"
"I'm going to show you the Bob

Cook stroke we used in our beat in '95, when we beat Harvard," answered Wilbur.

Kitchell gazed doubtfully at the first few strokes, then with growing interest watched the tremendous reach, the pewerful knee drive, the swing, the powerful knee drive, the swing, the easy catch and the perfect recever. The dory was cutting the water like a gasoline launch, and between strokes there was the least possible diminish-

ing of the speed.

"I'm a bit out of form just now," re-marked Wilbur, "and I'm used to the sliding seat, but I guess it'll do."

Kitchell sglanced at the human ma-

Altechell signated at the human machine that once was Ne. 5 in the Yale boat and then at the water hissing from the dory's bows. He spat over the bows and sucked the nicotine from his mustache thoughtfully.

"I ree-marked," he observed, "as how you had brains, my son."

you had brains, my son." A few minutes later the captain, who was standing in the dory's bow

and alternately conning the ocean's surface and looking back to the Chinaman standing on the schooner's masthead, uttered an exclamation: "Steady! Ship your ears! Quiet,

now! Quiet, you fools! We're right on Four of 'em, an' big as dinin'

The ears were shipped. The dory's speed dwindled. "Out your paddles, sit on the gun'l and paddle ee-asy." The hands obeyed. The captain's voice dropped to a whisper. His back was one free hand. Looking out over the water frem his seat on the gun'l, Wil-bur could make out a round greenish mass like a patch of floating seaweed just under the surface some sixty yards ahead.

"Easy, sta'board," whispered the captain under his elbow. "Go ahead, port. E-e-casy all! Steady! Steady!" The affair began to assume the inten-sity of a little drama—a little drama of



midocean. In spite of himself, Wilbur was excited. He even found occasion to observe that the life was not so bad after all. This was as good fun as stalking deer. The dory moved forward by inches. Kitchell's whisnes

was as faint as a dying infant's, "Steady all, s-steadee, sh-stead"—
He lunged forward sharply with the gaff and shouted afoud: "I got him! Grab holt his tall flippers, you fool swabs—grab holt quick! Don't you legge! Got him there, Charlie? If he gets gaw, you swine !"!! him you will be say, you swine !"!! him you want to say the say of t

sets away, you swine, I'll rip y open with the gaff! Heave now-heave-there there—son, stand clear his nippers. Strike me, he's a whacker! I pers. Strike me, he's a whacker! I thought he was going to get away. Saw me just as I swung the gaff an' ducked his nut."

Over the side, bundled without cere-

Over the side, bundled without cere-mony into the boat, clawing, thrash-ing, clattering and blowing like the ex-haust of a donkey engine, tumbled the great green turtle, his wet green shield of shell three feet from edge to edge, the gaff armly transfixed in his bedy just under the fore flipper. From un-der his shell protruded his snakelike head and neck withered like that der his shell protruded his snakelike head and neck, withered like that of an old man. He was waving his head from side to side, the jaws snapping like a snapped silk handkerchief. Kitch-ell thrust him away with a paddle. The turtle craned his neck and, catch-ing a bit of wood in his jaw, bit it in two in a sincle grin.

ing a bit of wood in his jaw, bit it in two in a single grip.
"I to! you so—I to! you to stand clear his snapper. If that had been your shin now, eh? Hello! What's that?" Faintly across the water came a prolonged hallooing from the schooner. Kitchell stood up in the dory, shading his eyes with his hat.
"What's hitin." on new?" he mut.

"What's bitin' em now?" he mut-tered, with the uneasiness of a captain away from his ship. "Oughts left Charlie on board, or you, son. Who's doin' that yellin'? I can't make out." "Up in the crow's nest," exclaimed Wilbur. "It's Jim. See; he's waving his arms."

"Well, whaduz he wave his blasted arms for?" growled Kitchell, angry be cause something was going forward he did not understand.

"There, he's shouting again. Listen I can't make out what he's yelling." "He'll yell to a different pipe when I get my grip of him. I'll twist the head of that awab till he'll have to walk back'ard to see where he's goin'. Whad-uz he wave his arms for—whaduz he

us ne wave his arms for—whadus ne yell tike a philly-loe bird for? What's him say, Charlie?"

"Jim heap sing, no can tell. Mebbee—tinkum sing, come back chop-chop." "We'll see. Oars out, men; give way. New, sen, put a little of that Yale stingo in the streke."

In the crow's nest Jim still yelled and waved like one distraught, while the dory returned at a smart clip to-ward the schooner. Kitchell lathered with fury.

"Oh-h," he murmured softly through his gritted teeth, "jess lemmee lay mee two hands afoul of you wunst, you gibbering, yellow philly-leo bird! Believe me, you'll dance! Shut up!" he roared. "Shut up, you crazy do-do, ain't we comin' fast as we can?"

The dory bumped alongside, and the

captain was over the rail like quickcaptain was over the rail like quick-silver. The hands were all in the bow, looking and pointing to the west. Jim slid down the ratiines, bubbling over with suppressed news. Before his feet had touched the deck Kitchell had kicked him into the stays again, ful-minating blasphemies.

"Sine" he sheets.

"Sing!" he shouted as the Chinaman clambered away like a bewildered ape. "Sing a little more! I would if I were you. Why don't you sing and wave, you fool philly-lee bird?"

"Yas, sah," answered the cooly. "What you yell for? Charite, ask him whatfo him sing."

"I tinkum ship," answered Charlie calmly, looking over the starboard

"Ship!"
"Him velly sick." hazarded the Chiaaman from the ratilines, adding a sentence in Chinese to Charlie.
"He says he tinkum ship sick, all same; ask um something—ship

(To Be Continued.)

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