

didn't understand, was simply maddening. But we forebore from making remarks on his conduct; and, while in the boat, allowed him to do things in his own way.

We could not possibly have had a better day for starting on such a trip. The weather was perfect. Only a few small fleecy clouds floated in a sky of perfect blue. Best of all a steady breeze was blowing from the very quarter that favored us the most, and it drove us along at a fine rate, part of the time washboard under. The pleasant sound of the wash and gurgle of the water round the bow as our little craft slipped over the surface was as a foretaste of the good time that awaited us.

We had not started until the tide was ebbing, and it took us some time to reach our destination. The tide was quite out when we arrived there, and, to crown all, it was beginning to get dark. There was a channel somewhere that would take us close in to our landing place, so Jack said. We were under his orders and didn't know anything about it, but for some reason of its own I suppose the passage refused to be located. We were in such shallow water that we could not use our centre-board; so, when we tried to get up to where we supposed the channel was we made leeway so fast that we couldn't pass a certain point. I was shocked to hear Jack giving way to profanity and I told him so. He said: "See here George, am I running this thing or are you. Take a pole and shove her ahead and don't sit there like a stuffed mummy gaping at me doing all the work." He seemed to be angry and ruffled over something, so I judged it best to comply with his pleasant invitation to pole her ahead.

The way that channel dodged us was something to marvel at. Jack swore that he knew that it was there, but we did not believe him. Why couldn't he find it, and get us up? we asked him; but he did not seem to want to speak just then, so we made another suggestion. It was Bob's idea; he really comes