

The "Water-Witch"

ward, on the look-out for his master's enemies, sighted a big, white, schooner-rigged steam-yacht slipping northward, a mile to seaward. She nosed shoreward and let go an anchor. A boat was launched and pulled away. This was late in the afternoon, and all the skiffs of the place were on the fishing-grounds. Sol Mitch met the gig on the landwash. The mate stepped ashore.

"How d'ye do," said he.

"How do," returned Sol Mitch.

"Do you know this coast?" asked the officer.

"Yep, you bet," said Mitch. He waved his hands in an expansive gesture. "I knows 'im, reef an' tickle, clean to Dead Man's Cape."

"Do you know a place called Fore-an'-Aft Cove?"

"Yep. Live there one time. Damn fine harbour."

"So I've heard. Will you take us in?"

"To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. It's only about thirty miles north of here, I think."

"Yep, take you in to-night. Ten dollar—an' five pound baccy."

"Right you are. Step aboard."

When Sol Mitch said that he knew every reef