

GETTING ACQUAINTED

trouble with that, sir. Plenty of bergs! Wonderful crop of bergs, sir!"

They had finished eating, and Captain Bluntt was striking a match to light one of Remington's cigars which he had accepted, when strains of music floated down to them. He paused with lighted match in mid air, an ear cocked to one side, his red beard bristling.

"By the imps of the sea!" he blurted. "There's that Dan Rudd with his mouth organ, and I *told* him to keep un below! The rascal! Wring his neck! Yes, sir, I'll wring his neck!" and he sprang up as though bent upon carrying his threat into immediate execution.

"I rather like it," remarked Ainsworth. "May he play for us, Captain?"

"If you likes un, sir, if you likes un. But I don't cali un playin', sir; I calls un just pipin' a racket!"

"We would like to hear him," said Remington. "Suppose we go above."

On deck they found Dan working away with all his will at his harmonica, keeping time with one foot, while a sailor danced a