

light to spread, the gale rose to the first malicious blasts of a North Atlantic hurricane.

The first hand came aft.

"We got to get out o' this!" said he.

"What say?"

"Got to get out o' this!" the first hand bawled.

"We'll founder afore noon!"

"I 'low," the skipper drawled.

Presently the clerk opened the cabin hatch and put his head in the wind.

"Got to get out o' this!" he shouted.

The skipper nodded.

"Jus' about time," he replied.

"What you doin'?" said the clerk.

"Waitin' for a landmark."

"What say?"

The skipper lifted his voice above the wind and sea and the flap of the canvas.

"Waitin' for a landmark!" he roared. "I can't see the coast. How's the glass?"

"She've kicked the bottom out."

"In for a hurricane."

"Ay. Where you goin'?"

"I'll bear away with the wind when the fog lifts. Jump Tickle will do."

"She'll not make it."

"I'll try the lee o' Thumb-an'-Finger."

It was agreed: Jump Tickle, if she could make it in that weather; and the lee of Thumb-an'-Finger for any port in a storm. The clerk ducked