

JAVA HEAD

and shoulders moving toward the poop and mounting the ladder.

The wind grew higher, shriller, every moment; it was thrashing among the stays and braces; the man aloft, a small movement against the clouds, swayed in its force. There was a faint clatter of hoofs from Derby Street, Brevard had a fleeting glimpse of an arriving carriage, and Gerrit, supporting Nettie Ammidon, advanced over the wharf. The shipmaster walked slowly, the woman clinging, almost dragging, at his erect strength. They went close by Roger: Nettie's pale face, her large shining dark eyes, were filled with placid surrender. Her companion spoke in a low grave tone, and she looked up at him in a tired and happy acquiescence.

The two families joined, and there was a confused determined gayety of farewell and good wishes. Out of it finally emerged the captain of the *Nautilus* and the slight figure upon his arm. He wore a beaver hat, and, as they mounted the stage, he was forced to hold it on with his free hand. When the quarter-deck was reached they disappeared into the cabin.

"Mr. Broadrick," the pilot called, "you can get in those bow fasts. Send a hawser to the end of the wharf; I'm going to warp out." There was a harsh answering clatter as the mooring chain that held the bow of the *Nautilus* was secured, and a group of sailors went smartly forward with a hemp cable to the end of the wharf's seaward thrust. The *Nautilus* lay on the eastern side, with the wind beating over the starboard quarter, and there was little difficulty in getting under way. Strain