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aggressive, towering in peaks and breaking anywhere. Still, it became lighter, the awful blackness broke, revealing jagged masses of cloud being hurled furiously across a moonlit sky, and underneath the appalling confusion of the sea. The mass of the *Megalon* was just a toy, but the work of her builders was tested to the utmost, not a rivet or stringer but bore an uncalculated strain; nevertheless, all honour to the good workmen, it stood the test.

Just here the man appears about whom this story is written. You, dear reader, may call him the hero if you like; I don't, for in him I discern nothing of heroic—just plain man, and the manly part so hidden as to want more finding than usual. They were an undistinguished crowd, not one of them worth a pen-scraper, just the kind that would man a sailing ship to-day, because no other craft would carry them. Poor wretches; untrained, half starved, with no hopes, no ambitions, no stamina, the scrapings and wastrels of a great sea-port, whose only idea was to get away somewhere; to some fo'c'sle where they could loaf and smoke and growl protected by our kindly laws, and make the officers' and apprentices' lives hateful by reason of their unwillingness and inability to do what they signed for.

Dick Mort was just one of them; no better,