

"She's doin' well enough," said he.

"Well enough?" Constable Charlie complained.
"She's standing on her head most of the time!"

"Jus' prancin' a bit, sir."

The *Lady May* was struck by a sea. It swept her. She hesitated—recovered; then she shook her-self free of water and chugged along.

"What say?" Constable Charlie demanded.

"A bit skittish—says I. When she runs into the Boilin' Pot, she'll——"

A second big sea lifted the *Lady May* and flung her down. A third fell on her.

"Look ahead, sir!"

Constable Charlie peered through the dripping little forward port.

"God!" said he.

There was a line of flying white. The *Lady May* was headed for the midst of it. When she hung poised on the crest of a sea, the character of that boiling expanse was revealed. There were reefs. They were shooting spray like geysers.

"Nobbly," Toot-Toot Toby commented.

"She'll never live in that!"

"I'm not so sure, sir. There's passage wide enough. Elihu knows the course in the dark."

"'Twould be better to round it."

"No, sir. She'd not live in the open. I've no coal for it."

"We're *in* the open."

"No, we're in the lee o' Long Point all the way."