

good luck!" translated Captain Thomas, and he turned to the rail.

"All right, Captain Galarneau. Let go all! H'ist away spanker an' mains'l! Loose th' sails on th' fore. Up jibs an' stays'ls!"

The *Lillian* sheered off. "Good-bye, Frankee! Good-bye, Mrs. Westhaver!" cried Captain Jules. "Good voyage an' safe home!" And the gang bawled similar good wishes.

"Well yer spanker! Well yer mains'l! Sheet home yer lower foretops'l! Upper tops'l halliards now! Walk her up!"

Frank and his wife leaned over the taffrail staring at the land fading away astern. There was a gurgle and ripple in their wake as the barquentine began to drive ahead under her own canvas, and from the sailors walking the muslin up around the maindeck capstan came a plaintive, yet beautiful chorus:

Our sails are unfurled and we're over the Bar,
 Away! Rio!
 And we've pointed her bow to the Southern Star,
 And we're bound for the Rio Grande!
 Then away! Rio!
 Away! Rio!
 Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
 For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

"Doesn't that chantey sound beautiful on the water, Frank?" She looked up into his happy face, and admiration for each other was reflected in the eyes of both.

"Aye, dearie," he answered, "an' 'tis only on th' water where it really sounds as it should. The sea changes everything, an' 'tis me what owes a lot to it. 'Tis tender an' 'tis cruel; but, oh, it is beautiful! 'Twas from the sea I took you, darling, an' 'twas on it we first met—a ragin' winter sea. 'Twas th' sea what sent me back to you again—'most killed by it. 'Tis from th' sea I earn my bread, an' 'tis th' love of blue water an' you what has kept me to my purposes. Aye! Here's a tribute to th' sea!" And as he spoke he tossed a rose into the frothing wake.

They watched it float astern, saw the great white gulls