

262 The Wreck of the Rough-an'-Tumble

terest in Skipper Steve's pretty daughter, which his blushes confessed. Life tasted good to them all. Nobody wanted to be cast away on Thumb-an'-Finger. It was an objectionable possibility.

"Wind's switchin'," said the cook. He had just come down the ladder.

Skipper Steve and the clerk went on deck.

"We-l-l," the skipper admitted, when they returned, "she've more east in her."

"Dashed with east," the clerk added.

The cooked laughed scornfully.

"Dashed with east, is it?" said he. "That she is! She's *soused* with it. An' she've the flavor o' south, too!"

"Ah, well!" said the skipper.

"Who made that chain?" the cook demanded.

"What chain?" inquired the skipper.

"That anchor-chain."

"I knows all about that chain."

"Who forged it?"

"That anchor-chain?" the skipper replied. "Sam Gray made that anchor-chain. I watched un forge it when the *Rough-an'-Tumble* was buildin' at Come-Along Cove. I mind I was gettin' over the measles, at the time, an' had nothin' to do but sit around Small Peter's blacksmith shop. Twenty year ago, that was—thereabouts. An' Sam Gray was Small Peter's smithy. I watched un forge that chain, link after link, day by day; an' I mind I wondered how it would all turn out in the end—