

men on the tug, and shouted:—

"Hi, there, you steamboat,—untie the rope!"

The sailors tittered audibly, and one was bold enough to remark, under his breath, that Charming must have been the mate of a freight train. The tug's crew were thrown into a sudden convulsion, and, if their captain had been within hearing distance, he might have been heard to remark something about setting sail with a lunatic. As for Captain Cammell, he took the command with no little surprise, and the thought flashed through his brain that his new mate had a facetious turn of mind.

"Set the flyin' an' main jib, an' spread your stays!" shouted Captain Cammell.

Poor Charming looked blank. He should have repeated the command to the men. Alas! he didn't know how. He simply told them, in a half-whisper, "to go ahead and do it," and the amused sailors jumped to the halyards with more than usual alacrity. They knew the ropes and spars and sails, and the manner in which they should be operated, far better, perhaps, than they knew the English alphabet. They soon had the sheets fast, and, with the weather-beaten captain astern to guide the "Lingering Breeze" into the freshening wind, they were soon taut, and the good ship felt the new impulse.

"For's'l, topgal'nt, main 'n port stuns'!" shouted Captain Cammell from his post abait the binnacle, as he turned to consult the compass. Charming simply said to the men, "Go ahead and do that,—whatever it is,"—and then he began to wonder if the sea had any effect on one's speech, and if he could ever learn to understand such absolutely incomprehensible utterances. He looked back at the skyline, dim and brown in its rigid fastness on the distant margin of the horizon. He longed to be there again; his heart's one prayer was to be set, with immediate dispatch, upon the topmost peak of a tall mountain still visible in the northeast, but rapidly sinking from sight. The swell of the ocean was making the bark roll; it was just a little more than John T. Charming could stand. He grabbed the jib stays and looked up at the fore truck. It seemed to be describing the greater part of a semi-circle, as the ship rolled from side to side.

Captain Cammell came forward. Charming saw him and started down the deck to meet him. He was just beginning to be overcome by that squeamish feeling that sets all land-lubbers awry; but he set himself against it, and the captain was, for the moment, none the wiser.

"I am going below to dinner," said the captain; "I wouldn't set any more sail in this wind, Mr. Charming. Let her lug along sou'west by sou', half sou', and, if the wind changes, let her go off two points. You'd better coil up the signal halyards and send a man up to put a new block on the main backstay. Then batten down the hatch- es. The second mate has gone below, and you can have the dogwatch. Tomorrow at eight bells we'll shoot the sun."

So saying, Captain Cammell disappeared down the companionway, where the savory carrot soup, and the tempting potted mutton, appeased his anxious appetite.

"Sou' Sou'west! signal stay in back hall yard! dog's watch!" repeated John T. Charming again and again to himself. "As if any sane man could understand that rot! My, but this tub is rolling! If I could only get on a rock out there in the ocean; just one little,—good-solid-rock-out-there, where I—could — keep-still-for — a— awhile!"

The new mate was sprawling over the taffrail. But that was not the least to his discredit. Many a sailor—aye, many an old captain, who has braved all manner of tempests through years of unremitting duty,—has been seasick every time he left port, and, when Captain Cammell returned to the deck, and saw his chief officer's condition, he went up to him, and said with a kindly spirit:

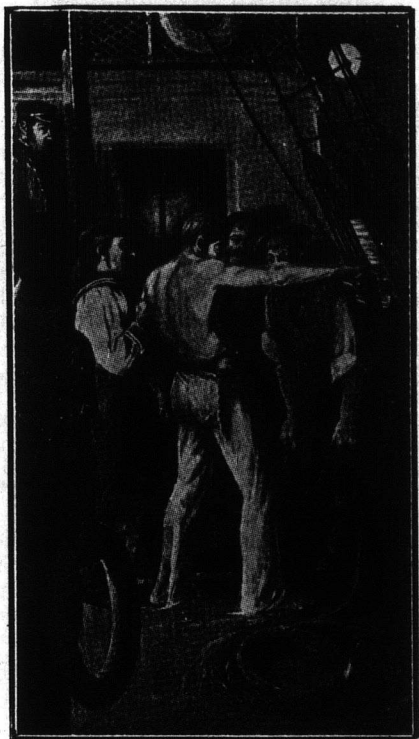
"Mr. Charming, you'd better go below. You'll be better tomorrow."

Nautical etiquette, even on the most

humble trader, is a matter of much punctiliousness to the men who live on the sea, but the lingo of the deep is a most detestable conglomeration of abbreviated terms, calculated to disturb the peace of mind of all except old sailors. Captain Cammell might as well have told Charming to go above as below. But the latter wanted to go somewhere, and he thought that a bed would be the most welcome place in the world, at that moment. Little did he know that it was to bed that Captain Cammell had ordered him. Bent with the griping talons of his illness, he cared for naught. Show me the seasick man who thinks otherwise. John T. Charming lost his nerve for once. He straightened up, and managed to say:—

"Captain, I don't want to go below; I want to go to bed!"

If Neptune and his trident had suddenly risen from the mystical depths of the Pacific, the skipper could not have been more puzzled. He could only look at Charming and wonder what on sea had possessed the man; what manner of witchcraft had turned his seemingly sober brain. The sailor who does not know that "going below" and "going to bed" mean one and the same thing is unfit, in a captain's mind, to leave his own front yard, much less to be the mate of as fine a bark as ever sailed the fascinating South Pacific. Bewildered, awe-struck, and disappointed, Captain Cammell said, in a tone that was not without a goodly quota



He pointed to the Rocks where the Bark lay helpless

of gruffness and reproach: "Go to bed. I'll talk with you in the morning, sir."

Charming stumbled up the deck, rolled from side to side with the ship. He had noticed the bunks in the fore-castle where the sailors slept, and toward one of them he was directing his steps. What regard has a captain for a mate who bunks with the sailors, when his quarters are in the main cabin? This was the straw that broke the back of Captain Cammell.

Charming found the fore-castle, rolled into a bunk, and was soon asleep. The sailors, who had thus far obeyed him, pitied him with all their might and main. He was working out his own disgrace. They thought he was either an adventurer or a fool. Not one but pitied the sleeping man, the dare-devil of the western plains, who was then dreaming of his home in the Owl River Mountains, where the cayuse sports in his wildtime glee, where the Indian summers by the cooling waters of the hillsides, and the coyote, whose left legs are said to be shorter than his right ones, seeks his scanty prey.

"Wilson," called Captain Cammell, on the following morning, "send Mr. Charming to me."

The second mate went to the fore-castle and delivered the order.

"Where does the captain, of this 'see-saw' live?" John asked the second mate.

"Below, in the cabin, sir. Better

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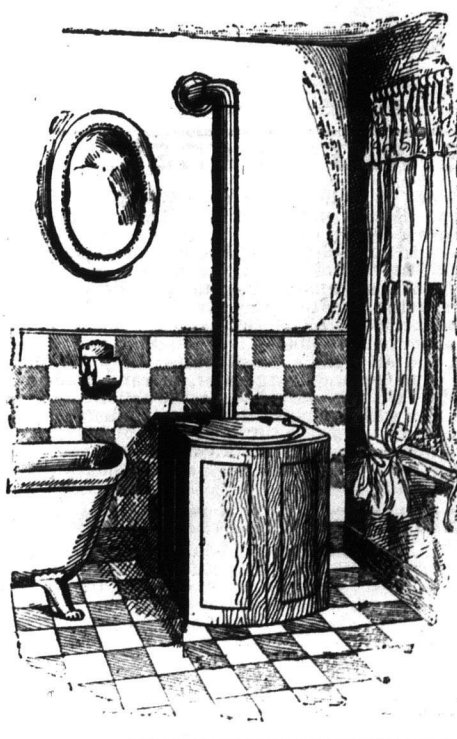
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