

conscience t' teach you the worth of a dollar in labor.'

" 'My duty, Skipper Davy.'

" 'Oh,' says he, 'you don't owe me nothin', I'm deep in debt t' you.'

" 'Twas a harsh season for Labrador-men. Fish? Fish enough—but bitter t' take from the seas off Pinch-Me. The wind was easterly, raw, wet, an' foggy, blowin' high an' low, an' the ice went scrapin' down the coast, an' the big black-an'-white seas come tumblin' in from Greenland. There was no lee for the *Word o' the Lord* in that weather—she lied off the big cliffs o' Pinch-Me, kickin' her heels, writhin' about, tossin' her head; an' many's the time, in the drivin' gales o' that season, I made sure she'd pile up on the rocks, in the frothy little cove between the Thumb an' the Finger, where the big waves went t' smash with a boom-bang-swish an' hiss o' drippin' thunder. By day 'twas haul the traps—pull an oar an' fork the catch with a back on fire, cracked hands, salt-water sores t' the elbow, soggy clothes, an' an empty belly; an' by night 'twas split the fish—slash an' gut an' stow away, in the torch-light, with sticky eyelids, hands an' feet o' lead, an' a neck as limp as death. I learned a deal about life—an' about the worth of a dollar in labor. 'Take that!' says Skipper Davy, with the toe of his boot, 'an' I'm sorry t' have to do it, but you can't fall asleep on a stack o' green cod at two o'clock in the mornin' an' be a success in life. Try *that*!