

similar responses from neighboring vessels. The blast of one horn continued to draw nearer until it seemed close by us, then we heard a dog barking and a hoarse voice sounded through the fog, "How are you steering?"

"No'th by west," said I.

"I'm heading east south east," said the stranger.

Then close alongside of us we saw a schooner.

"How does Cape Cod bear?" I asked.

"Nor' nor' west thirty miles," replied the skipper, as his craft vanished in the fog.

"Just agrees with the chronometer," said I to myself. "That's doing well."

"Pretty soon came another approaching blast of the horn, and in time came the same question, "How are you steering?" and a voice shouted, "Keep her to the no'th'ard and east'ard; I'm just going in stays."

"Hard a-port," I shouted to the man at the wheel, and just as the ship's head began to answer to the helm, a cry sounded from right under our bow, "Hard a-starboard, or you'll run into me." I sprang to the wheel and lent the man a hand to shift the helm over, and then we saw a large three-masted schooner with her jibboom almost grazing our fore channels.

"All right, Cap'n, you'll go clear; I've got my jibs aback," shouted a cheery voice, and then he, too, drifted away into the darkness.