

"Well, you are a smart boy. Greenhorns are generally stupid."/>

Carl smiled. "I am not what you can class as a greenhorn," he said, proudly. "My father was a sea captain; it is born in me."

"The deuce! I believe so," exclaimed the mate.

"Were you any relation of the captain who should have taken command?" asked the bo'sun. "I heard you were."

"No. He was a friend of father's. He sailed many voyages as first mate under him."

"Your father was drowned, they say."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, such is a sailor's life," said the bo'sun. "Many good men are lost so."

The mate was glancing at the sails. The wind had shifted a point. He immediately blew his whistle. "Haul the yards around!" he cried.

There was a scramble for the ropes, then one yard after the other was hauled around.

"You lived at Cliffgate, then?" asked Leo, casting his eyes over the sea.

"Yes, all my life."

"A very decent sort of a port."

"Glad you think so. I love the place."

"Never been anywhere else, perhaps?"

"No."

"Then you can be no judge."

A kinder light shone in Leo's eyes. He