

"Love"—he grimaced—"a powder that women sprinkle on their shoulders, and of which men carry away the imprints on their coats—until they get out of the room . . . then they brush it off."

"I did not mean that," she retorted; "but to live and serve."

"Your eyes," he put in, with his dry and rare reserve; "it pleases you to have me speak of them."

Then she would not look at him. And presently he went to Karasac, their voices coming to her a muffled quarrel or chaffing. Her wrists had begun aching with the strain of the wheel; she looked back at them, Rand at some interminable harangue. She braced her feet, cleared her eyes of the sting of water breaking on the bow, and watched ahead. And back they stood and quarreled, regardless of the wash of the seas in the pit, the jerky, intermittent engine. Presently the import of it came . . . in this hour he had seen fit to lecture the anarchist—a man with a broken arm—on the need of keeping cleaner—his finger-nails.

All untried and helpless she clung to the brass wheel and made what shift she might of steering. The seas were rising, the white ghosts leaped about the bow and dissolved upon her, the water running down inside the oilskin he had given her. And the bleak, long shore-line rose clearer, and to east, under the somber clouds, the light sifted dimly. And as again the seas viciously showered her until she bent her head blindly, she was conscious of his hand clos-