

"Her entire rigging hasn't changed an atom in a year."

"Nor it won't if she wears it for ten. She's like one of Macbeth's witches."

"Yes, sinews and wire and whip-cord all beaten into a mesh."

"Say, wench!"

But the wench had swung herself on deck and her cracked voice so filled the air that even Alick heard it:

The Buffalo boys and the Rochester girls
Are always in for a lark,
While all that a Briton expects to do
Is to be able to make his mark—

— mark — mark —

To be able to make his mark.

As she finished the stanza she ambled off to the saloon, followed by the laughter of the men.