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ticed eye and awakened memory could descry the saving cleft in the cliff. And as she ran to her death, Skipper Steve wondered how long she would live in the breakers, and how soon, when she had struck, the following sea would break over her stern and sweep her clean, in a whirling, white, clinging deluge.

And then she was in the current of the first breaking wave.

Skipper Steve quit the wheel and leaped for the mainmast shrouds. The breaker dropped the *Rough-an'-Tumble*. Her nose was in the cleft. The masts snapped and fell against the cliff. The following sea slipped beneath, lifted the schooner, hung poised and black above her taffrail, came smashing down and rushed the length of her. Above, Sandy Brace and the clerk were in the scrub spruce, with hands out for Long John Tiller and the cook, who were hauled ashore before the third sea fell. Jimmie Temple waited in the rigging, peering into the wreck and the moving white gloom below; the fourth sea was beginning to lift the schooner high, —the third had spent itself over the bow,—when the skipper came laboring up the shrouds, dripping the spray of the last wave, racing to escape the clutch of the next one. Jimmie Temple clambered into the spruce. Skipper Steve gained the cross-trees. The schooner dropped on the rocks and broke her back. She began to fall to pieces. The mast sagged. Skipper Steve caught Jimmie Temple's