

"Well," said I at supper, "I suppose you expect the governor on board."

"That's so."

"You'll be getting him to take off his guard lest the poor fellows should catch cold; there'll be lots of pretty talk, and then he will go away with a few kegs in the boat, eh?"

"None of your — business," said the skipper, smiling.

But Providence ordered otherwise. I stood anchor watch from eleven p. m. until midnight, with orders to tell the mate of any change in the wind. He was playing cribbage with the skipper down in the cabin, and seemed very nervous, advising him to weigh and get out to sea. The wind was blowing across the bay from point to point, and did not veer during my watch. On being relieved I sat reading a novel by the fore-castle lamp. Presently Jim called me on deck to see a seal that he had caught with the boat hook and which was scrambling about the deck. I returned to my book, and, after a little reading, had just set it aside to turn in, when the cry came—"All hands on deck!"

It was time. The wind had risen to a gale and suddenly veered right into the bay, raising a fearful swell. We cast loose and partially hoisted the sails, and then manned the windlass. Pumping up and down, up and down, at the brakes, with strange sea voices croaking hoarse encouragement; presently it worked with uneven motion—sharp jerks that really tore the bars out of our hands—while whole fathoms were wrested from the men receiving the chain. At last there was a dead lock, when none of us could move the bars an inch; and lastly a crash that told us that the anchor no longer dragged—that the chain was broken. I began to look about me. The schooner was pitching heavily; the sails flapping with loud reports, as though they would be torn to shreds; the main boom brooken loose in charge of the poop, swinging its ton weight wildly from side to side. The others were running about,

each seeking his own safety; and down there to leeward an awful line of white gleamed angrily out of the blackness of the storm.

"Look out!"

Down came the green sea in tons upon my back, nearly tearing me from my hold. For one wild moment I thought the waters had rolled over everything; and then the air cleared and I saw the waters breaking heavily down across the deck. At that moment, by some miracle, the staysail filled, and we bore up at last against the wind.

I went aft. The skipper and mate were quarreling violently on the poop. Our course was changed twice, they say, and we were taking fearful risks during that

quarrel in the midst of the reefs. But this was comparative safety after the breakers, and everyone now spoke in a gentle tone wonderfully contrasted with the harsh, strained voices of a few minutes ago. As we beat up out of the bay and out of soundings we stood taking a drink at the water casks, exchanging comments as to what had passed, and watching the mysterious island vanish like a wraith into the darkness. We were right glad to feel the honest swell of deep water under our feet once more, and the weight of the gale in the close



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AT AN ALASKAN HUT.

reefed sails aloft. We had lost the boat, the best anchor, the ship's discipline and our respect for the captain; but there was heartfelt gratitude in every one that we had been delivered out of the jaws of death from the teeth of the cruel lee shore.

We lay hove to at sea just out of sight of land, waiting for the full moon before attempting to raid St. Paul's, the greater of the two islands. Every day the weather grew more bitterly cold, the enterprise more disreputable. The deck was slippery with frost, sails and rigging encased in ice; the wind often blew half a gale, raising a swell that in these shallow waters threatened at times to demolish the little schooner. Scrambling up and down the deck to keep warm; with wet mitts rubbing animation into a large, cold nose;