

"gang" they told me good humoredly to go and be hanged. So I did wrong, and took a side in the matter.

But very soon, if you will excuse all this yarn about myself, I heartily repented, for it was now rumored that the Flying Dutchman had determined to raid the islands with his party, consisting of the mate, cook, Tom the boy, and myself, using the crew only to work the vessel. At this time Tom and I relieved one another, every four hours, at the wheel, and the schooner worked herself. The "gang" decided to see us safe ashore raiding and then "square away for Victoria." It would have been treacherous on my part to warn the skipper of this, and it was better to risk the consequences than be a tale bearer. In the morning we lashed the wheel and hove to, Tom and I keeping watch and watch about all through that day and the long night which followed. The boys read novels, mended clothes, cut hair, endured a tin whistle for hours, played cards and chaffed me. They told me how nice it would be ashore on St. Paul's island, how pleasant the winter, and what an agreeable change to be sent to Sitka for trial. During the night I made a pocket inside my leather coat, to hold the things of most value to me.

Meanwhile the Flying Dutchman was behaving in a most sensational manner in the cabin, and threatening that, having taken down and loaded his guns, he intended to use them. At last the day came, and at breakfast the mutiny ended. The crew kindly undertook to obey orders and work the ship and to raid the islands for two bits a skin, with lesser charge for pups. And so, at last, the agreement was made, Tom and I excluded; and the skipper dated it upon a Sunday, and chuckled privately that it was, therefore, as he supposed, invalid.

We may make treaties and programmes until doomsday, and yet the event be far from conformable to the document. That night spent in quarreling over the spoils was the one good chance we ever had of getting any seals. Twice we ran down on the island and found it guarded by surf, which gleamed angrily out of the darkness, and made us glad to get away. "Blows" now took up most of the time. Behring sea is very shallow, and the swell, therefore, magnificent;

and there can be few grander sights in nature, however disagreeable it may be to behold the same from a dancing, quivering, little cock-boat. The gray-green waste is crested with livid foam along the ridges of the swells, and these are like hill ranges racing with snow-white waves flung wildly to the wind, racing across the abyss and towering out of the dim chaos of the lesser waves to where they vanish into the driving spray and the fringes of trailing cloud.

The mate and Jim, who was in charge of the star-board watch, fought a great battle about this time, and the authority of the man beaten vanished, leaving one watch without any traces of discipline. We got wet and cold beyond any former experience. The potatoes froze in the hold, the water barrels were full of ice, the hull, decks and rigging as pretty as barley sugar. The waves would sneak up unnoticed, catching one in the midst of a staggering promenade of the deck, take a

flying leap across the vessel, and leave the victim in some very unexpected place, wet through despite oil-skins and gum boots, with the melancholy pleasure of noting the many trickles finding their way down back and breast and thighs, and solemnly wringing out a pair of soaking mitts. Colder and colder every day, with snow and hail squalls hourly, freezing wind cutting across the shelterless deck, and



THE "ADELA" LYING OFF ST. PAUL ISLAND.

a diversity of seething spray and big, green seas breaking aboard, and adding fresh layers to the incrustation of ice that had now transformed the little schooner into a fairy structure of crystal. And so for three long weeks we haunted these waters, looking daily across the swell to where the islands loomed snowy white against the western sky.

It was the nineteenth of November, the moon being in her last quarter, and the north wind bitterly cold, when we beat up northward for our last raid on St. Paul's; but the strength of the Arctic current that sweeps southward past the islands, and the violent squalls and darkness, made the attempt impossible that night. The Flying Dutchman determined not to be balked again, so on the afternoon of the next day we bore down and entered the Southwest bay in a snow storm that hid us till the night set in. Hours were spent in breaking away the ice on the schooner