

wind sweeping unobstructed up river, was blowing a perfect gale, stirring up the water so that our little house rocked from side to side like a cradle. Inside all was warmth and light, the odor from the oil heater and the steam that came in from the galley, mixed with the smoke from our pipes all tended to fascinate me the more. Supper over, we sat back in our chairs and listened to the call of the waves beating against our scow. It seemed like the call of some wild animal hungry and eager for its prey. Ghostly stories flitted through my mind and my friend Beaumont seemed far away in a blue smoke that now hung like a cloud midway between the table and ceiling and caused the tiny flame in our hanging lamp, to glow a dull red.

I was roused by a strange noise from without. At first I was unable to make out what it was, but soon distinguished a mouth organ and a fiddle. As the music became more audible over the noise of the storm I fell to listening. With each lull in the storm laughter and shouting could be heard.

"Finnegan is entertaining his countrymen again this evening," remarked Beaumont. "Must be tapping the keg already."

"They are a great set," he went on in answer to my inquiring gaze. "There are about six families of Irish descent and every Saturday night they gather down at old man Finnegan's and sing and dance as long as they are able to shuffle their feet. Every Sunday morning there is an empty keg on the back porch; and occasionally there is a black eye or a bloody nose in the crowd. These facial blemishes, however, are never a sign of any deep-seated quarrel, but are rather the result of too much friendliness."

During the previous summer, while his folks were taking an extended trip through the East, Beaumont had closed up their house in the residence district and moved down to the Moonbeam, which he left in winter mooring in order that he could reach his work more easily. While slumming it thus he made many friends and really had a very enjoyable time.

"You see," he said, in explaining his experience afterwards, "in this little colony, for that is what it really is, there are about forty families and all seem to think they are responsible in some way for the other's happiness in this life, and you cannot imagine how nice all this works out. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' comes nearer being exemplified here than any place I have ever been."

By morning all traces of the storm had disappeared, and when we arose at,—well a late hour—the sun was shining bright