

house considerably after the appointed time. Nevertheless, the skipper was heartily greeted by his lady-love and her aunt.

"Come down off there, Backstay, and let me introduce you to the ladies!"

The sailor hopped off the buggy, and stepped up to the ladies.

"Ow d'y'do, madams."

"Vast heaving, you rascal," roared out the skipper. "I've not introduced you yet!"

into the front seat of the buggy, with Backstay aft to look after the anchor gear.

The lucky sailor thought that his present position was far preferable to hauling out a weather reef earing on a dirty night. He made up his mind to stick to it, and study the captain's interests and Miss Boyd's as well.

The drive was certainly a success. Gray now knew the rule of the road and had a quiet horse.



"What would you like?" "Yer good opinon, my dear."

"Beg yer pardin', Captain, sure I'm a bit out o' me lat'tude."

The ladies were much amused.

"This man," said Gray, "is a good, honest fellow, he has sailed with me for years. He was an excellent sailor, but inclined to be a bit wild. He is now under my command, and will be handy in helping to rig up the house. Now, my dear, we'll make a start if you're ready."

"Take great care of my niece," said Mrs. Newton as a farewell.

The Captain and his intended got

On returning to Mrs. Newton's, Gray was invited to dinner.

"Can you drive the buggy back, Backstay?" asked his commander.

"Ay, sir," replied that gentleman. "I can navigate 'er all rite."

"Away you go then!" ordered the skipper.

Gray enjoyed himself as a man can sometimes. A couple of hours after dinner, the maid came into the drawing-room, and told the skipper he was wanted at the front door.