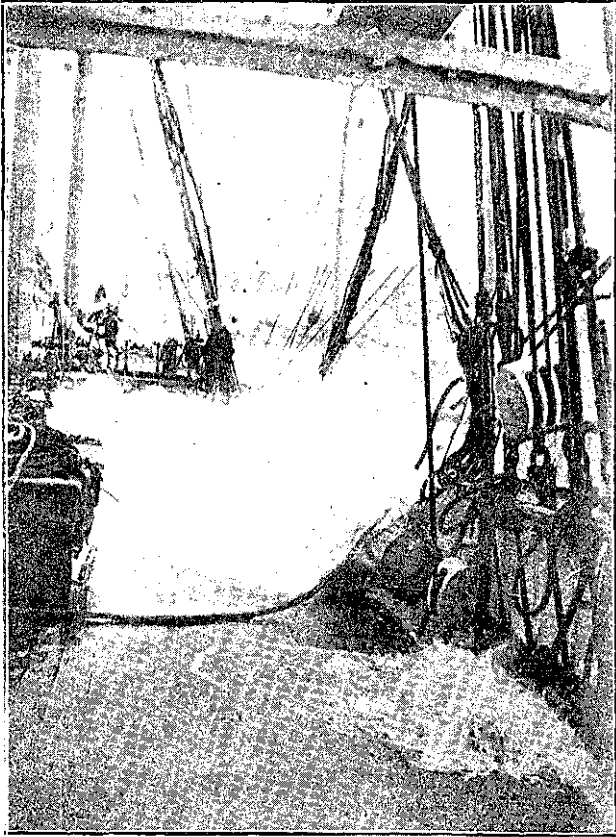


broken hawser, and then he headed for us again, but being only a nine-knot boat, we left her wallowing away astern, for the 'Oregon' in ballast, sailing dead before the wind, was a flyer; and we were going a good twelve, because with the wind dead aft, one mast is just as good as three.

"We ran before the gale all night, and soon after daylight, land was

aft to speak to him, he was standing by the compass watching the steering, with his feet planted apart on the rolling, heaving deck, and his face set and determined-looking. 'Are you going to take in sail, and signal for a tug and pilot?' I asked him. 'No, Mr. Frost: I guess I know the way into Boston harbour, so we can do without pilots or tugs. I don't intend to pay any



D. Macdiarmid

Making for Boston Harbour.

Photo.

sighted, with the entrance to Boston Harbour right ahead. Surely, I thought, the skipper won't try to sail the ship through the Heads in a howling gale with only one mast standing! I knew he was a smart seaman, and well-acquainted with Boston harbour, but I didn't think he would risk it. Captain Trent had never left the poop since the tow-rope broke, and when I went

salvage claims if I can help it, besides a tug or pilot-boat could never get alongside with a big sea running like this. Now, go forward, and let all hands stand by to work the sails and anchors. I'm going to take her in through the Black Rock Channel.'

"I went forward and got the men to the braces and halyards, but they didn't need much telling, for they