

A few minutes later the captain returned to the shore in the boat that had brought him off. He was a busy man while in port.

'It may be late when I come aboard!' he called back to Fitzgerald. 'I'm going to dine with a friend out of town.'

Until six bells the mate kept the men busy at laying a couple of new planks in the topgallant-forecastlehead. After supper he got his nautical almanac from his berth, and settled himself comfortably in the outer cabin. But he could not keep his mind on the printed pages. The light was bad and the type was small. Outside the night was black with the fat clouds of the rainy season. Forward the men were singing a 'Come-all-ye,' to the accompaniment of Pat Phiney's concertina.

There were twenty-nine stanzas to the song, and Fitzgerald wondered if he would not have been wiser to devote his leisure to the inventing of 'Come-all-ye's' instead of to the unprofitable study of navigation. At least he would have had more fun, and fewer hurts to his pride.

Suddenly there came a swirl of wind and rain that blew out the cabin lamp and sent the singers bolting into the forecabin. Fitzgerald shouted to the steward to shut the skylight and look to the ports. Then he hurried into his oilskins and went on deck. Through the blackness the lights of the yacht blinked feebly, and over the side the wind-torn water gleamed white. The rain was hurled across the decks in deluging sheets.

The Molly Harwood, pressed down by the squall and wrenched about by the seething water, rode up to her cable with trembling skips, like a nervous pony. Fitzgerald tied his south-wester under his chin and clung to the starboard mizzen-stay. The tumult drove the gloom from his thoughts and the discontent from his blood. The rain drenched his face and ran through his beard. He leaned forward, sidewise. He had caught a sound that was not of the raging elements.

It was hurled from that point in the darkness, where the Venturer's lights blinked through the wet. It sounded like the crashing of a bulk of wood against rock or iron. Then he heard cries of desperation.

He tore the life-preservers from their fastenings and hurled them aft. Then he pulled off his boots, oilskins and south-wester, and dived into the black-and-white tumult astern.

It is a strange fact that few Newfoundlanders can swim. Those who can have acquired the accomplishment in other places. It chanced that Fitzgerald was one of the few, and he was a giant in the water.

Fifteen minutes later Fitzgerald caught hold of one of the Venturer's patent life-rafts with his right hand. With his left he had a firm grip on the collar of the stout owner of the yacht.

With a tremendous effort he got the half-unconscious man partially out of the water, and made him fast to the raft with the pieces of line that floated from it. Then, after recovering his breath, he began shouting for help.

By this time both wind and rain had spent most of their violence, and the mate's voice carried far and wide. The yacht's life-boat picked them up within twenty-five minutes of the accident, in which the gig had been crushed and upset at the very foot of the Jacob's-ladder. Two of the gig's crew had reached the ladder safely. The other had encountered one of the Molly Harwood's preservers, and had kept afloat until found by the life-boat.

Fitzgerald felt none the worse for his adventure, but Mr. Benton had to be taken in hand by his friend and passenger, Dr. Van Thorpe. At last he opened his eyes.

'Where's the big fellow who picked me up?' he inquired.

They sent for Fitzgerald, who was composedly drinking coffee in the galley.

'You are one of the crew of the Molly Harwood, I believe,' said the owner of the yacht.

'I'm her mate,' replied Fitzgerald, staring about him at the fittings of the cabin.

'I saw you doing some painting to-day.'

'Aye.'

'It's not much of a berth, then—mate of the Molly Harwood.'

'I don't mind the painting,' replied Fitzgerald. 'I'd paint her fore and aft, and throw in the gilding on her name, but it's sailing mate of that little fish-drum when I've had a master's certificate in my chest these three-years that makes me mad.'

The unusual efforts of the past half-hour had freed his tongue of embarrassment.

'What's the reason of it? There must be a reason,' said Benton.

'It's my manners,' replied the mate. 'The owners don't like my manners.'

The doctor laughed.

'Well, they were better than mine to-day,' said the big yachtsman. 'And on top of that, you saved me from drowning. That's the kind of politeness I like, at sea or ashore.'

It was late when Captain Wooly returned to his vessel from dining with his out-of-town friend. He found the mate on the teak grating aft by the wheel.

'Everything been all right, Mr. Fitzgerald?' inquired the captain.

'Aye, sir,' replied Fitzgerald.

'That was a tremendous blow we had a few hours ago, Mr. Fitzgerald,' continued Wooly. He was relieved to find that the squall had done no damage.

'Stiff enough, sir,' agreed the mate.

He was a man of few words, and the captain soon left him to his meditations, and went below to his bed.

Soon after breakfast the next morning Dr. Van Thorpe hailed the Molly Harwood from the bridge of the Venturer.

'Mr. Benton wants to speak to Captain Wooly!' he shouted. 'And he wants the captain to come aboard, as he is not able to leave his cabin.'

Wooly changed his coat in quick time, and told the ordinary seaman to man the boat.

'That's sociable of him,' he remarked, 'for I've only met him once. But I wonder what's keeping him to his cabin.'

'Maybe he's hurt himself,' replied Fitzgerald, who was already busy at mending sails.

In about half an hour the captain returned. He stepped up on the deck of the Molly with the air of a sleep-walker, and advanced straight upon Fitzgerald. Very slowly he drew two gold coins from his pocket.

'D'ye see those?' he inquired.

'Aye,' replied the mate.

'Well,' continued Wooly, 'I'm taking them ashore, and I'm going to cable to the owners for your discharge—at Mr. Benton's expense.'

'My discharge!' cried Fitzgerald.

'Aye,' replied Wooly, 'your discharge. Mr. Benton wants you to sail his yacht for him, and I'm not the kind to stand in the way of any man's promotion.'—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW DAVIS WENT DOWN HILL

Occasionally it is as interesting to watch the career of a man who is going downhill as it is to watch the one who is going up. Invariably it is as profitable.

Therefore the case of Davis deserves to be chronicled in a place where those who are interested in going uphill may read. Davis's career is an illuminating example of how easy it is to slip one's grip and to go down hill after the slip has been made.

Just when, where and how the first fatal slip was made in the case of Davis it would be hard to say. He first comes into notice as a chief rate clerk in the traffic department of Going and Co.'s office, and upon first inspection he is all that a chief rate clerk should be, experienced and capable, a hard worker, of good appearance.

Two years before this he had come into the office, as a common rate clerk. But nobody pays any attention to a common clerk, and though Davis was the kind of a clerk who works up from the ranks to the chief clerk's desk in two years, he was no object of interest to this tale until that position had been achieved. He was going up then, and the story has to do with him when he began to go down.

The fashion in which he came up caused people to pay attention to him, and everybody who cared to venture an idea on him expressed themselves to the effect that all that Davis had to do was to keep going the way he had started, and in time the head of the department would have to get up and make way for the new blood.

It was for his absolute reliability that Davis was remarkable. He wasn't particularly swift, and he didn't institute any new schemes for lessening the work of his desk or any of the other things that go to attract the attention of an office-man. But when one of the clerks under him had looked up the rate on pig hocks in tins to Bahia, Brazil, or beef quarters, refrigerator service, to Lahore, India, and Davis had checked it, that rate was correct, and the rest of the office knew it.

This is something which can be said of only a few men in any office. These few will be found occupying positions where their reliability is of the most value to the firm, and they will be looked up to considerably by the rest of the force. Conse-