

THE WRECK OF THE PRINCESS



By
JAMES OTIS





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“SHE MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTY”

The Wreck of the Princess

BY JAMES OTIS *Kaler*

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"THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY D" "THE
CAMP ON INDIAN ISLAND," &c.

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The Wreck of the Princess

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The Wreck of the “ Princess.”

The Wreck of the "Princess"

CHAPTER I

THE WRECK

IT may be that you cannot find on the map of Florida such a place as Bayview, and yet it should be set down, else how could Doris Newcome, her brother, Philip, and Samuel Norris, have been there on a certain day during the winter just past?

Doris, it is said, was twelve years of age, and Phil two years her elder, all of which may be true; but positive it is that Samuel Norris was a good twelve months older than the brother of Doris, and carried himself as if he was an aged uncle.

The three had come from Germantown—not alone, but in company with their parents, and the girls and boys of Bayview wondered why it was these youngsters were allowed to come away from home, at the very time when

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they should have been in school working hard to win promotion.

If Phil and Sam had been so disposed they could have told the young people of Bayview that, in order to spend the winter in Florida, they had been forced to promise to study as diligently under the instruction of a private tutor as if they had been at a regular school, and before two weeks elapsed it appeared much as if they had made a bad bargain.

Professor Andrew Barclay, the tutor, was a pale-faced, round-shouldered young man, who had just been graduated from college, and who seemed to believe he had been born for no other reason than to cram his head full of book knowledge that he might never have an opportunity to use, even though he should live, which was not at all likely, to be as old as Methuselah himself.

As Sam and Phil looked at the matter, it wouldn't have been as bad if Professor Andrew Barclay had been content to stuff his own head with Greek roots and foolish geometrical problems; but, simply because the fathers of the young people paid him a handsome salary, he would persist in doing all he could

to keep the three children at work over their books, with seemingly never a thought that they were in Florida, where might be seen so many interesting and wonderful things.

Professor Andy, as Sam called him, would have had them at their tasks from sunrise to sunset if he could have done as he seemed to think was his duty. It is a solemn fact, so Phil declares, that he tried to begin his work as tutor while they were on the train between Germantown and Cedar Keys, but the boys flatly rebelled, and he, beaten at his own game, settled down in one corner of the car with his nose in a big book, never taking it out except when meals were served.

Sam insists that he sleeps with three or four of the driest, mustiest volumes under his pillow, so he may not lose any opportunity of showing what a wonderfully wise man he is, in case of wakefulness during the night.

However, once in Bayview, where could be found such fishing as would make your eyes stick out, with boats of all sizes and kinds to be hired or borrowed, and the entire Gulf of Mexico to sail on, Sam and Phil demanded something like the Magna Charta, a Bill of

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Rights, or a treaty wherein should be stated, without possibility of mistake, exactly how far Professor Andy would be allowed to torture them.

In other words, they insisted it was no more than fair they be set free from the shackles of Greek and geometry during a certain portion of each day, and in their hours of freedom Professor Andy should not be allowed to mention the name of any book, unless, which was not at all probable, he spoke of something entertaining in the way of adventure or piracy.

Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris were very sensible men, as elderly people go, and, after some little discussion, appeared to recognize the fact that their children had been abused by Professor Andy, therefore they limited his time for torture to the hours between ten o'clock in the forenoon and one o'clock in the afternoon.

This would have been quite satisfactory to Doris, Sam and Phil if it had not been hampered, so to speak, by the rule that they must be in bed every night at or before nine o'clock. There was no restriction as to the time they might rise in the morning; but when a fellow

is so sleepy that it seems as if his eyelids were really sticking together, it is not much of a privilege to be told that he may get out of bed before the sun shows himself, if so be he feels disposed.

However, as Doris said with no little of satisfaction in her tone, it was a great victory to have thus forced Professor Andy to retire until ten o'clock in the morning and after one o'clock in the afternoon, therefore they might be unwise if any further effort at freedom should be made.

On a certain morning Sam and Phil learned that three miles or more away, at a place on the coast known as the Inlet, a motor boat owned by Mr. Carl Bragg, of New York, who had a cottage near by, had been wrecked by running at full speed upon a floating tangle of logs and roots.

The little craft was named the "Princess," and the fellow who told Sam and Phil about her declared that she was "a dandy from the word go."

"She wasn't so terrible fast; but the way Mr. Bragg had her fitted up for comfort was a caution," the boy said enthusiastically. "Two

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cabins, with a portion of the forward one partitioned off to make a wheel house and what you might call a cook's galley well aft near the motor."

"Was she smashed all to pieces?" Phil asked when the boy was forced to cease speaking in order to regain his breath.

"Smashed? Not a bit of it, except that her bow was stove in, an' down she went like a lump of lead. Mr. Bragg and some of his friends were running her, and they came near being drowned, so I've heard said. Anyway, even though it was the owner's fault because she'd been piled up on the logs, he laid it all to the poor little 'Princess,' and declared that she should stay where she was."

"And the waves tore her to pieces, I suppose," Sam added with an air of superior wisdom.

"Waves nothing! She wasn't in the gulf, but up the Inlet, where the water is as smooth as a duck's back, and it'll be a good many months before any harm comes to her, unless some of the sponge fishers take it into their heads that it may be good fun to run afoul of her with their hulking schooners."

Very much more than has been set down did this lad tell Sam and Phil concerning the "Princess," and the result was that they were most eager to have a glimpse of the little craft which had been condemned to drown because her owner had been careless.

However, the information had been given before Professor Andy was forced to go into his shell from one P. M. until ten A. M., and, therefore, the boys had had no opportunity for a three-mile stroll.

When the Bill of Rights had been signed, and the professor was harmless, save during three hours out of the twenty-four, Sam insisted that they should celebrate the gaining of a portion of their independence by an excursion to the watery grave of the "Princess."

The two boys made elaborate preparations for the journey, without thought that there were others in the world, until Doris, suspecting somewhat of the truth, plainly told them that they would be acting the part of very, very mean brutes if they went away without her.

She reminded them that in the struggle for freedom she had stood fearlessly in the fore-

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front of the battle, and even went so far as to claim that but for her heroic efforts Professor Andy would have succeeded in chaining them down to his books for five hours instead of three.

Sam and Phil, recognizing some glimmer of truth in her statements, generously decided that she should be allowed to accompany them on the excursion to the grave of the "Princess," providing she did not, at any time in the future, bring it up as a precedent which must be followed whenever they had private business on hand.

Doris agreed to make one of the party, but wisely refrained from any pledges as to the future, and on the second day after the Bill of Rights had been signed, in exactly fifteen minutes from the time lunch was served, the three set off, unarmed, but equipped as their judgment dictated, which equipment consisted of a small basket, well filled with food.

It was not until after they had started on the journey that either Doris or the boys realized how fatiguing it might be. Three miles, while they were seated comfortably on the veranda talking about it, did not seem any

very great distance; but after arriving at the boat-house owned by Captain Ezra Curtis, which they knew was but a mile from the starting-point, the possible labor of the undertaking began to dawn upon them.

“We had no business to bring so much to eat,” Sam said as he seated himself on the benches. Captain Ezra had provided for the convenience of his customers, for the old sailor earned his livelihood by letting boats or caring for those owned by the winter visitors.

“It’s precious warm,” and Phil wiped the perspiration from his forehead while he gazed reproachfully at Doris, as if she was in some mysterious way to blame for the heat. “If it wasn’t that I’m so keen to see the sunken boat, I’d say let’s eat our lunch and go back.”

“Why not hire a boat and row down?” Doris suggested, and Sam looked the surprise he felt because some such arrangement had not suggested itself to him. “I’m certain you could get a good one here, for father says this is the best ——”

“What’s the sense in making so much talk about it?” Phil said almost petulantly. “I’d have done it long ago if you had given me

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time. Hello, Captain Ezra!" he shouted, and in a twinkling the old boat-keeper came from around the corner.

"Bless my stars! What's this? A nice little family picnic, eh? Why don't you come inside instead of sittin' out here in the sun?"

"This isn't any picnic, Captain Ezra," Sam said, speaking in his aged-uncle tone. "We're on our way to the Inlet to see the wreck of the 'Princess,' and want to hire a boat because the walk is too long and hard for Doris. Now about a boat——"

Captain Ezra led the young gentlemen to the float, where he pointed out half a dozen boats from which a choice might be made, and before Doris had finished telling her brother that she was not the one who had complained of the long walk Sam shouted for them to "get aboard, if they counted on going with him."

"If the wind breezes up you young folks better haul the boat outer the water, an' come back on foot, 'cause this 'ere ain't the safest coast in the world when the water's lumpy," Captain Ezra cried as the three put off from the shore, and Sam replied loftily:

"There's no need of teaching your grand-

mother to suck eggs. I've handled many a bigger craft than this."

"But most likely it was in the Delaware River you had your experience. This 'ere gulf is different. Look out for the bar at the Inlet, an' bear well to the suth'rd before runnin' in."

"What does he mean by bearing to the suth'rd?" Doris asked in perplexity when they were on their way, and Sam replied, still in the aged-uncle tone:

"That's only a sailor's phrase, which doesn't mean anything in particular, but I've noticed that all old seamen use it."

Sam had taken the oars in order to prove more conclusively that he was accustomed to handling craft of all kinds; Phil was seated in the bow as comfortably as the anchor and cable would permit, while Doris was in the stern-sheets, holding the tiller ropes without any very good idea of what she should do with them.

"This is way ahead of walking!" Phil cried enthusiastically, and Sam, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face, added just a trifle dolefully:

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"It would be if these oars weren't quite so long and heavy. I can't understand why a man who calls himself a sailor, as I suppose Captain Ezra does, hasn't a better idea of what is needed in a boat of this kind. When you want to try your hand at rowing, Phil, say the word, and we'll change places."

"But I don't know much about boats. You're the only sailor in the party, and I've heard Professor Andy say that it wasn't safe to let persons who were ignorant of such matters take part in handling boats."

It really seemed to Sam, who was exerting himself strenuously at the oars, as if a full two hours had passed, although in reality no more than thirty minutes were thus spent, when Phil shouted triumphantly, as if by his exertions alone had the voyage been made:

"There's the Inlet! I wonder how far in the wreck is?"

"Isn't something sticking out of the water just around the point?" Doris asked excitedly, unconsciously rising to her feet as she spoke, thereby causing the boat to careen until the water was within an inch of coming over the rail.

“Sit down!” Sam cried in alarm, changing his position on the thwart to counterbalance the weight of Doris. “You mustn’t jump around in that way when you are at sea, for it’s dangerous!”

“Oh, excuse me!” and Doris sat down very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that the half-eaten pickle was thrown from her hand by the shock, and involuntarily she reached out quickly to catch it, thereby calling forth another reproof from Sam, who said in his most severe aged-uncle tone :

“Really, Doris, if you are going to leap around in this way, I must ask you to go ashore. I tell you it isn’t safe——”

“Here’s the Inlet, all right, and now how do you bear to the south’rd, as Captain Ezra said we must?” Phil cried, interrupting Sam’s lecture on the sin of “leaping” in a boat. “It’s time you began bearing, if you know what it means.”

“I told you it was only what all sailors said when they talked of putting to sea,” Sam replied, and without delay he pulled the boat sharply around, heading her directly for the Inlet.

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The sand-bar was there, as it had been for many years, but so far covered by water as to be hidden from view, and, as a matter of course, the boat's bow struck it.

In a twinkling all was confusion. Sam shouted orders which his companions did not understand; Doris screamed as the tiny craft heeled until the water came over the rail, and Phil, eager to do something in order to prevent another wreck, threw overboard the anchor.

It was this last act which worked the mischief, for in performing it he unwittingly braced himself against the rail, and the hired craft quietly turned over on her side, throwing Professor Andy's pupils into the water without ceremony.

CHAPTER II

THE BARGAIN

As a shipwreck it was tame ; viewed in the light of an involuntary bath there could be no question but that it was unpleasantly vigorous, and Doris appeared to think it very comical as she rose to her feet while the boys were scrambling about on the sand, too thoroughly confused to understand for several seconds that in order to gain relief it would only be necessary to follow Doris' example.

" I wonder if this is the way Captain Ezra meant that we should bear to the suth'rd ? " Doris cried as soon as her mirth had subsided sufficiently for her to speak, and by this time the boys were on their feet, standing knee-deep in the water.

" I am glad you can see something funny in a shipwreck," Sam said stiffly as he tried to comb, with his fingers, the water out of his hair.

" But it isn't a shipwreck," Doris replied

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gravely. "It is what Professor Andy would very properly call a turnover."

"Doris isn't half as funny as she seems to believe, but she's in the right about turning the boat over," Sam said, his ill-temper vanishing very rapidly before the girl's good humor. "Come on, Phil, you're no wetter now than you will be after helping me right the ship, so bear a hand, and then we'll tow her nearer to the shore."

Doris offered to do what she might in the way of furthering the work; but Phil quite curtly advised her to go ashore and "dry herself off," a bit of advice which she disdained to follow until the boat had been put in more seaworthy shape.

Then, with the bow of the little craft hauled high up on the sand, where there could be no danger the current would carry her away, Professor Andy's pupils consulted together as to what should be the next move.

Phil believed they ought to embark at once, giving no further heed to the wreck of the "Princess," and return home in order to procure other clothing; but to this Doris objected, on the ground that by the time all this had

been done their garments would be thoroughly dried by the sun, therefore nothing would have been gained.

“By walking around here, where it is so warm, with never a breath of wind, we can get rid of the moisture, which will be much better than hanging ourselves out to dry at home. Why not have a look at the wreck, and, then, if you still feel that you are needed elsewhere, we can go back without having wasted —— Mercy on us! No one gave any heed to the food, and it has either drifted away or sunk to the bottom of the gulf!”

“Let it go! Who wants to eat so soon after lunch, and when he is dripping wet?” Phil cried impatiently, and Doris replied with considerable more than the suspicion of a smile on her face:

“He who doesn't want what he can't get is a very wise boy. Of course, salt water wouldn't hurt the pickles, and there's no reason why I shouldn't wade out and get them. They must be on the sand very near where the boat turned over, for the basket couldn't float.”

“You'll do nothing of the kind, Doris Newcome. It is bad enough to be in this

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plight without your trying to make it worse!" Phil cried in a tone of authority. "We've either got to go home at once or set about drying our clothes."

"That last will soon be done if we walk around, as Doris has said," Sam cried suddenly, as if he had just awakened to the fact that he was wet. "Why not have a look at the wreck, now we are here?"

"Do as you choose," Phil replied, and a stranger might have fancied from his tone that one of his companions had done something to displease him.

"Then we'll look at the wreck. That must be it over there, where we can see the poles sticking out of the water."

The small spars could be seen above the surface of the water less than a quarter of a mile away, and since these were the only indications of the wreck, it seemed certain the "Princess" would be found at that place.

In this supposition Professor Andy's very wet pupils were not at fault, and within fifteen minutes after continuing the journey, Captain Ezra's boat was alongside one of the spars, where Phil held her steady while he and his

companions could see quite clearly the sunken craft.

To all appearance she was a dainty little boat, perhaps thirty feet long and unusually broad of beam, thus showing that she had been built to minister to the comfort of her passengers rather than for speed.

“She must have been a beauty!” Sam exclaimed with a long indrawing of the breath that was very like a sigh, and Doris cried sadly:

“What a shame to let her lie there and be destroyed! Isn’t it possible to pull her to the top of the water?”

“Of course it is,” and Phil spoke confidently, as if he were an old, experienced wrecker.

“What’s that you say?” a voice came from the shore, only a short distance away, and, looking up in surprise, the young people saw a gentleman, with a gun over his shoulder and a dog at his feet, who was evidently just going or returning from hunting, although what he could have found in that neighborhood to shoot would have puzzled Professor Andy’s pupils to decide. “So you think she could be raised, eh?”

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"Why not, sir?" Phil asked almost sharply. "The water isn't deep here, and she wasn't smashed very badly."

"How do you know?"

"Well, that's what I have heard," Phil replied with no little of confusion.

"Why don't you try your hand at it?" the gentleman asked quickly.

"Why don't I?" Phil repeated in amazement. "She doesn't belong to me, else I'd had a try for it the very day after she went down."

"Are you the young people I have seen at Edward Newcome's cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"What brought you so far from home?"

"We came down to see the wreck, and Captain Ezra told us to bear to the southward when we came into the Inlet, which made the boat tip us out, and that's why we're so wet," Doris replied laughingly.

"If you bore well to the south before coming in, you would have found plenty of water, and there could have been no excuse for capsizing," the gentleman said with a laugh, and Sam exclaimed, as if he had suddenly solved a knotty problem :

“So suth’rd means south? I thought it was only a sailor’s way of speaking, to show that he knew all about ships, and instead of rowing as far south as possible we tried to come into the Inlet around the northerly point.”

“And struck the bar, as a matter of course,” the gentleman added with a hearty laugh. “So you young people, who don’t understand what an old sailor means when he says ‘suth’rd,’ fancy you could raise that boat, eh?”

“Perhaps we couldn’t, sir,” Phil replied with considerably less of confidence in his tone than when he had spoken before. “If she was our boat, though, we’d make a try for it rather than let her lie there at the bottom of the sea to be destroyed.”

“She shall be yours, if you can raise her.”

“What!” the three cried in amazement.

“I said she should be yours if you could raise her without assistance from any other person.”

“Are you Mr. Bragg of New York, sir?” Doris cried.

“I am, Miss Newcome, and if you and the

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lads with you can, unaided, raise the 'Princess,' she shall be your property. In fact, I'll give you this minute what will answer as a deed, if you'll pull ashore to get it."

"But why are you willing to give such a beautiful boat away, sir?" Doris asked in surprise, and Mr. Bragg replied, laughingly :

"For two or three very good reasons. The first is that at present she is only a wreck, although I am willing to admit that but little in the way of repairs would be necessary to make her seaworthy, once she was on the surface. Then again, it comes precious near being dull work, loafing around down in this country of sand simply because a doctor gets it in his head that I need a long time of rest. If you young people should set about this job of wrecking, I'd have something with which to occupy my attention, better than roaming around trying to make myself believe I'm hunting. Is it a bargain?"

"Meaning that we'll try to raise the 'Princess'?" Sam asked incredulously.

"Meaning exactly what I said."

"Then you can bet it's a bargain!" Phil

cried emphatically, and on the instant Mr. Bragg drew from his pocket a small book, out of which he tore a leaf.

“Here’s what will answer for a bill of sale, as well as an authorization for you to take possession, so far as may be possible, of the ‘Princess,’” and when Mr. Bragg began to write on a blank leaf of paper, Sam pulled the boat toward the shore, working vigorously at the oars as though fearing the gentleman might reconsider the proposition if he did not reach the beach within the shortest possible space of time.

The document was ready for them when the boat’s bow grated on the sand, and Mr. Bragg handed it to Doris, as he said :

“I have left blank spaces in which you can write your names, for, owing to the fact that we have never been introduced to each other, all I know about you is that one or more bear the name of Newcome. Take the pencil and complete the document, after which it would be a good idea to read it aloud, so that all may know how much, or how little, I have given you.”

Doris did as he directed, and when she had

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written in the names of her companions and herself, read the following :

"Bayview, Florida, December 18, 19—.

"On the day when Philip Newcome, Samuel Norris and Doris Newcome shall succeed, unaided, in raising the power boat 'Princess' to the surface from where she now lies under water, I, Carl Bragg, owner, hereby agree, for myself, my heirs and assigns, to execute and deliver to the said Philip Newcome, Samuel Norris and Doris Newcome, a true and lawful deed, conveying unto them, their heirs and assigns, all my right, title and interest in the said power boat.

"(Signed) CARL BRAGG."

"I reckon that binds me all right. If you young people can raise the 'Princess' without aid from any person, she's yours, and I'm free to confess that there isn't a better craft of her size to be found in these waters. Now do you think it can be done?"

"If we fail it won't be from lack of trying," Sam replied emphatically, and Doris asked :

"Would you decide that we had had aid

from any person if we asked for advice—say from Captain Ezra?”

“Get all the advice you can, for it shan’t count against you. It would also be lawful to hire other persons to bring here material with which you might want to work. The stipulation is that you shall raise the craft unaided, meaning without actual labor on the part of any other person. For instance, you could hire some one to bring you down here; to supply you with food; to raft timbers, or anything short of sharing in the real work of wrecking. I’ll be around from day to day, after you have begun the job, and can give fair warning if, in my opinion, you are going outside the contract. I reckon the chance to watch you young people try to raise a thirty-foot boat will be worth, while the time is hanging so heavily on my hands, all I paid for the ‘Princess.’”

Then, without any word of adieu, and as if he washed his hands of the whole affair, Mr. Bragg walked away, the gun over his shoulder and the dog following close at his heels.

CHAPTER III

SEEKING ADVICE

THE three young people from Germantown sat silent and motionless staring after Mr. Bragg and his dog, until at least half a minute had passed, and then Sam said with a deep in-drawing of the breath :

“ That man must be dead crazy ! I wonder if there’s any kind of a string to this business ? ”

“ What business ? ” Doris asked curiously.

“ Giving us the ‘ Princess. ’ It doesn’t seem as if a man would throw away such a craft as she appears to be. Even though he didn’t want to have a hand in raising her, it’s safe to say she could have been sold just as she lies for quite a sum of money. ”

“ Surely he told you the reason why, ” Doris said quite sharply. “ He has come down here in the hope of regaining his health, and, because of having nothing better to do, is willing to give us the ‘ Princess ’ in order to

have an opportunity of watching us trying to raise her.”

“It seems to me he is ready to give a good deal for what may be a very poor show,” and Sam rubbed his chin reflectively, as if by so doing he could solve what seemed much like a mystery.

“I can’t see that you need worry very much about Mr. Bragg,” Doris interrupted impatiently. “He has given us the boat, and instead of sitting here wondering why he did it, we ought to be finding out how to go to work. It would be truly dreadful if we couldn’t raise the ‘Princess,’ for just think of how much we’ll be missing if she stays under the water! What fun we’d have, sailing in her every day after lunch time!”

This last suggestion caused Sam to give over wondering why the gentleman from New York had been so generous, and he set about laying plans for the future, when they could cruise in the “Princess” at their own sweet will.

“It strikes me we’d better get her afloat before telling what we’ll be able to accomplish,” Phil cried sharply. “It’s certain we

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can't do very much in the way of cruising while she is at the bottom of the sea, and at present we don't even know how to set about raising her. I'm thinking it would be quite a job for men who understood all about such matters, and if we do succeed in earning her, according to the agreement, a good deal of hard work will be necessary."

"How are you going to begin?" Doris asked eagerly.

"That's what we've got to find out. Perhaps Captain Ezra will tell us how to do it."

"If Professor Andy knows half as much as he claims, he ought to give us all the advice that will be needed," Doris suggested, and Sam laughed boisterously at such a proposition.

"Professor Andy! All his knowledge is such as can be found in books, and we need some one who is familiar with the work of wrecking."

"You won't find him by staying here, that's certain," and Doris spoke impatiently, for to thus have her suggestion treated with derision was by no means to her liking. "I want to hear what father thinks of the idea. Maybe

he won't agree to let us undertake such a task ; he may say it isn't fit work for girls."

"And he'll be right," Phil replied decidedly. "Of course, Mr. Bragg was only making sport when he said you were to have a share in the business."

"It doesn't make any difference whether he was making sport or not, so long as he put my name in the agreement, or told me to do it."

"But he didn't expect that you would do anything toward raising the boat. We'll let you come down once in a while and watch us."

"It is written here that I am to have a share in the boat if I help get her afloat, and unless father or mother prevents me, I shall do my part toward raising her."

"It won't take a great while to find out about that part of it," Phil said determinedly, as if he were fully decided that a girl could not take any part in wrecking operations. "We'll go home and talk it over ; but Professor Andy isn't to have a chance to stick his nose in."

Sam would have lingered to discuss the

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matter more fully; but now Phil demanded that the return voyage be begun without delay, therefore his comrade could do no less than yield to his wishes.

This time, however, having learned by bitter experience the meaning of "bearing to the suth'rd," the little boat was pulled well down the bar until she could cross without danger of striking the sand.

Captain Ezra was standing on the float when they pulled in alongside, and it was only natural his first question should be:

"Well, did you young folks see the wreck?"

"That's what we did, and she belongs to us now, or will after we get her afloat!" Phil cried triumphantly, as he leaped out of the boat without waiting to learn whether his sister needed assistance.

"Belongs to you?" Captain Ezra repeated in perplexity. "Have your fathers been buyin' a sunken craft?"

"We met Mr. Bragg, and he gave us a paper showing that she should be ours as soon as we had got her afloat without help from anybody."

"Oh, that's the way of it, eh? I reckon

Mr. Bragg was feelin' kinder funny when he made that bargain."

"What do you mean?" Sam asked sharply. "Don't you think we can do it?"

"Well, seein's you haven't had much experience in sich work, I'm allowin' that it'll be quite a job. How did Mr. Bragg happen to make sich a one-sided trade?"

"He said it was dull for him down here, and he could amuse himself watching us work," Doris replied, and Captain Ezra indulged in a very broad grin as he said half to himself:

"If he's allowin' to spend the rest of his days in Florida, I reckon he'll be able to spin out his fun for quite a spell."

"Then you don't think we can raise her?" Doris asked anxiously.

"I'm allowin' it'll take quite a time, an' perhaps you young folks will have enough of sich fun before your people get ready to leave here."

"You'll see whether we can raise her or not," and now Sam spoke in his aged-uncle tone. "We shall set about the work at once, and of course will need a boat, therefore the

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only matter which need trouble you is as to how much you will charge for one, unless, as may be possible, our fathers decide to buy a craft that can be used in wrecking."

"I'll think it over, lad, an' let you know later," the captain said, and one might have thought that he was struggling to prevent a laugh from overspreading his face.

"I don't think it is very nice of him to make sport of us," Doris said when the three, having paid for the use of the boat, were walking rapidly in the direction of their winter home. "He acts as if we were silly to try to think of raising the 'Princess.'"

"He's jealous because Mr. Bragg didn't give him the chance," Sam said loftily. "We'll soon show what we can do, and after she is afloat, we'll sail around here every little while to let him see how great a mistake he made."

Until this meeting with Captain Ezra there had been no question in the minds of the young people of raising the "Princess" unaided; but now they had fallen into a thoughtful mood, and very little conversation was indulged in until after arriving at their

home, where Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris were found on the veranda studying the market reports in the newspapers which had just been delivered at the house.

Phil, eager to impart the good news, hurriedly told the story.

“I can’t see that we need give much thought to the matter,” Mr. Newcome said. “It will be time enough for Mr. Norris and me to take a hand in the affair after you have floated the wreck.”

“But we need your permission to begin the work,” Doris insisted, and her father replied with a laugh :

“Very well, you have it, and perhaps Mr. Norris and I may have as much amusement out of the matter as will Mr. Bragg.”

“Then you don’t believe we can do it?” Doris asked tearfully.

“Perhaps I should have more faith if you told just how you were going to set about the work.”

Doris looked toward her brother and Sam, in the hope they would answer the question, and since both remained silent she replied :

“We believed you could tell us. Mr. Bragg

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said we might get advice from any one, or hire men to take to the Inlet what would be needed, but that we must do all the work ourselves."

"And by making such a bargain he doesn't run much risk of losing his boat," Mr. Norris said with a hearty laugh. "I can't see any reason why you children shouldn't spend your idle time at the Inlet, if that be your pleasure; but it strikes me you won't stick at the work of wrecking many days."

"May we hire a boat from Captain Ezra? Of course, we must have one, else we can't work on the wreck," and Sam's tone was a mournful one, for he had not expected his father would be so cruel as to make sport of the plan, much as Captain Ezra had done.

"Yes, you may make a trade for a boat, and we will see that the bills are paid, but I am not certain either Mr. Newcome or I is willing to say that we will finance all the wrecking schemes."

Phil was not minded to hear anything more against the plan, which had sounded so alluring when laid out by Mr. Bragg, and he beckoned for his companions to follow him

into the garden, where they might hold a private discussion on the matter.

“What’ll we do if every one makes sport of us?” Sam asked soberly. “I believe we could raise the ‘Princess’ if somebody would tell us how; but now that your father and mine don’t seem inclined, and Captain Ezra is too jealous to do so, what’s to be done?”

“Why don’t we find out what Professor Andy says about it?” Doris asked hopefully, and Phil replied with a fine accent of scorn:

“What’s the use? All he knows is what’s to be found in books and we’re after the facts.”

“Perhaps he knows more than we think,” Doris said doubtfully. “At all events, it won’t do any harm to talk about it with him, since there is no one else to whom we can go.”

Neither Phil nor Sam were in favor of acting upon her suggestion, for the very good reason that it seemed useless to ask such a bookworm as Professor Andy for practical advice, but, as Doris had said, there was none other to whom they could go, and surely no harm would come of it.

“He’ll either tell us not to trouble him

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with foolish matters, or else laugh, as all the others have done," Sam said almost sulkily, as he followed Doris and Phil into the house, where they knew Mr. Barclay would be found poring over some stupid book when he might be out-of-doors enjoying himself.

"You are to do the talking," Phil said to Doris. "I won't waste my breath when I know to a certainty that no good can come of it."

Thus it was that when the young people found the professor, with his "nose in a book," as Sam said scornfully, Doris told the story with no little of detail, hardly expecting he would give any heed to the recital.

If Mr. Barclay had stood on his head then and there the young people could not have been more surprised than they were when he, instead of laughing at the proposition or scolding because of being disturbed, suddenly "sat up and took notice," displaying great interest in the matter.

"A sunken boat to be raised?" he said, questioningly. "It isn't a difficult task, although some of the work may be too heavy for you young people."

"Then you believe it can be done?" Sam asked, hesitatingly, for it did not seem to him possible that such a bookworm as Mr. Barclay could be interested in the work of wrecking.

"I know it can be done, and you should be able to work out the problem yourself, if you have given proper attention to your books."

"To our books!" Phil repeated, in surprise. "What have they got to do with raising a wreck?"

"I haven't looked into the matter as yet," Mr. Barclay said, thoughtfully, "but it strikes me that we ought to get all the information needed without very much trouble. In the first place, how large is the boat? How much water does she displace? And what is the probable weight as she lies at the bottom? It will be necessary to first ascertain these facts as nearly as may be, and then we can set about making our calculations."

That Mr. Barclay was interested in such work as wrecking was so astounding to the young people that it was a full half minute before any one made reply, and then Doris said, as if uncertain whether it was not all a dream :

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"Of course, we can't answer those questions. I suppose we could find out by going down there again how large she is, for Mr. Bragg would be likely to know. But who could tell how much she weighs?"

"That should be a simple question in arithmetic, if you know her length and depth, the size of her motor and the approximate amount of fittings on board ——"

"Would you go down there and look at her, professor?" Doris asked hesitatingly, and much to the surprise of all the bookworm replied briskly with no little enthusiasm:

"Certainly, I'll go with you very gladly. Make your preparations and we will go after study hours to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER IV

PROFESSOR ANDY'S EXCURSION

IT is a question whether Professor Andy could have said or done anything which would have caused the possible owners of the "Princess" more surprise.

"Would you ever have believed anything could have stirred up that old fossil to such an extent?" Sam asked of his comrades, when the professor had "gone into his shell" once more, with apparently no idea that this world contained more than a book.

"He's getting a brain-storm, that's what's the matter with him!" Phil said emphatically. "The idea of his getting into a boat! I really believe he'll tumble out, if we don't tie him down to one of the seats. What does he know about wrecks? Then, again, the nerve it must have taken to try to make us believe he could tell how much the 'Princess' weighs while she is lying at the bottom of the Inlet!"

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"Perhaps we have made a mistake in Professor Andy," Doris added, laughingly. "He must know something about such things, or he wouldn't go down there to make a spectacle of himself before us. I'm really expecting he will blossom out strong when it comes to raising yachts."

"He may have my hat if he can tell the bow from the stern, even when the propeller blades are in full view!" and Sam gave way to a fit of mirth that threatened to choke him speedily.

The longer the young people discussed the matter the more certain did it seem that Mr. Barclay had made some mistake. Sam insisted he was so deep in the book that he failed to hear anything about a motor boat, but got the impression that at the Inlet would be found some intricate problem which might be solved instead of a sunken yacht, and so strong did this doubt become that it was finally decided Doris should ascertain without delay whether he really intended to descend to anything so commonplace as the raising of a wreck.

"I'll ask him," she said, merrily, when



“ I CAME TO MAKE CERTAIN ”

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Sam and her brother insisted that it was the duty of some one to learn how much the professor had understood of the proposition. "But I'm counting on his showing himself a real person when we get him away from books."

Five minutes later, standing before the professor, she asked demurely, with never the ghost of a smile on her face :

"Is it understood beyond any possibility of mistake that you are to give us some advice about raising the 'Princess,' professor?"

"I suppose so," and the bookworm looked up at her in surprise. "As I heard the invitation, it was that I go to the Inlet with you after study hours in the morning, and there look at a sunken steamer."

"That was it, but the boys feared you might change your mind, so I came to make certain, for if you are really going we shall need double the number of pickles."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about food for me, Miss Doris. The merest trifle is enough to satisfy my hunger, and, as a matter of fact, I am anticipating so much pleasure from the excursion that I would

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willingly go fasting, rather than not go at all."

Then Doris ran at full speed into the garden, where Sam and Phil were awaiting her, arriving at the rendezvous with so much of laughter in her voice that it was several seconds before she could speak intelligibly.

"He's willing to go without his luncheon for the sake of being with us!" she exclaimed at length. "Do you know, he is almost excited by the idea of raising the 'Princess'!"

"Something is the matter with his head, that's certain!" Sam cried in a tone of conviction. "When a worm like that crawls out of a book and talks about floating wrecked yachts, it's time real people sat up and took notice."

"You boys will feel small if he shows that he knows all about such things," Doris suggested, and her brother replied with a sigh:

"If anything of that kind should happen, we'll agree that we really are small, and take off our hats to him whenever he passes. Now suppose, instead of talking about such impossibilities as Professor Andy's knowing anything about yachts, we try to decide how

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we can set about earning the 'Princess,' for she won't be ours till we have raised her to the surface."

From that moment until they were snuggled away in bed the young people spent their time discussing ways and means, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

They had not the slightest idea of how a boat as large as the "Princess" could be brought to the surface, particularly when there was, in all probability, a very large hole in her bow. Nor could they imagine what might be the first step necessary toward performing such a task.

"The only thing I can think of," said Sam dismally, "is to roll her over and over until we get her near shore."

"A nice job that would be," grunted Phil.

Once, while they were deeply engaged in fruitless conversation, Mr. Barclay came up, as if minded to join them, but they gave him no encouragement, and he went away again, looking really disappointed.

Nothing had been done by them next morning when they presented themselves to

the professor for the daily work, and already had the boys begun to fear that the little yacht might never be theirs.

This doubt as to their own powers did not prevent them, however, from being eager to set off for the Inlet as soon after the study hours had come to an end as it was possible to swallow very hurriedly the noonday luncheon, and to the amusement of Doris, Mr. Barclay was in equally as great haste to begin the journey.

Doris had provided herself with another basket, in which was an ample supply of provisions, and this the professor insisted in carrying, whereas, on the previous day, neither Phil nor Sam had offered to relieve her of the burden.

The two boys hastened on in advance, to have the boat ready, so they said, therefore Doris and the bookworm were left alone, and she was more than astonished at finding that he could, whenever the fit seized him, talk of something besides books.

He told her of Florida and its early people, speaking of some matters with which she was already somewhat familiar, and of many which

were not entirely new, but very interesting, and the result was that they arrived at Captain Ezra's boat-house before it seemed to her that they had really started on the mile tramp.

"He's like a peanut, a good deal nicer than he looks," she whispered to Sam when they were making ready to embark in the boat which had been engaged for the wrecking operations, and the lad replied with a meaning smile:

"He'll go to sleep before we get half-way to the Inlet, and forget that he ever agreed to come with us."

An instant later Sam Norris received as great a surprise as if a bucket of cold water had suddenly and unexpectedly been poured down his back, for Mr. Barclay said in a matter-of-fact tone, as he picked up the oars with the air of an expert:

"I'll pull you down there. Jump in."

Then Doris really forgot her good manners, for she asked in astonishment:

"Why, professor! Do you know how to row a boat?"

"I was a member of the college crew four

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years, and should have some slight idea of how it is done."

It certainly seemed as if the worm was beginning to turn, and in a way that was least expected.

In much less than half the time it had taken Sam to row from the boat-house to the mouth of the Inlet, Professor Andy made the voyage, and, looking over his shoulder as he drew near to where the "Princess" lay submerged, asked carelessly:

"How far does that bar make off?"

"What bar?" Phil asked as if he had never heard of such a thing before.

"The one that stretches across the mouth of the Inlet."

"How did you know one was there?"

"Any simpleton would understand that by the lay of the land," Professor Andy replied with a real laugh. "Do you know the channel?"

"Captain Ezra said we must bear well to the suth'rd," Doris replied quickly, and the pale-faced professor seemed to consider that sufficient information had been given, for he kept the boat outside until they nearly reached

the southern shore, when he pulled her sharply in, making the passage, as Phil afterward said, "as if he could see the bottom."

The bookworm did not need to be told where the "Princess" lay, for, once inside the Inlet, he gave a long look around and then pulled the boat straight for the spars which showed above water, saying as he ran alongside them :

"We'd best make the boat fast here, for it will take us some time to work out the problem the owner of the yacht has set us."

Deftly he acted upon his own suggestions, and in a twinkling was leaning over the rail gazing down at the sunken craft.

He remained silent so long that Phil, making certain he had forgotten they were there as wreckers, not sleepers, asked with a laugh :

"Do you remember what we came here for, professor?"

"We have here a most interesting problem, and I was trying to see how nearly we could solve it before going down."

"Down where?"

"To the wreck, of course. We must know how much damage has been done to the hull before it will be possible to work intelligently."

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"Do you mean that you can go down there and fumble around the 'Princess' bow?" Sam asked, opening his eyes very wide.

"Why not? The water is shallow, and he would be a poor kind of a fellow who couldn't learn all that was needed by diving three or four times," the professor replied, as if he considered the question needless.

"Could you do it?"

"Certainly. In fact, I came prepared, by putting on a bathing suit under my ordinary clothing. We will go ashore, leave Miss Doris with her basket of provisions, and then come back to play the part of divers."

The bookworm did not wait to learn whether such a proposition might be pleasing to his pupils, but cast off the painter and pulled straight for the shore, running the boat's bow up on the sand in a seamanlike manner.

Then he went further up the shore to a clump of palmetto palms, disappearing behind them a few seconds, to reappear in bathing costume, the boys remaining idle in the boat meanwhile, too much astonished at such an exhibition on the part of one whose nose they believed was firmly glued to a book.

It was evident Professor Andy did not intend that many minutes should be wasted while this work of wrecking was to be done, for he shoved the boat into deep water, leaping into her as she slid off the sand, and took up the oars again as if every moment was precious.

"I shall probably be forced to go down several times in order to learn all that will be necessary for our purpose," he said as he pulled vigorously toward the spars that were showing above the surface. "You boys must brace the boat against the impetus of my dive so she will not be overturned ——"

"That part of it will be easy enough," Sam interrupted in a tone that was almost scornful. "You mustn't think, professor, that because we asked you to help us we haven't any idea of such work."

"So much the better if you are accustomed to it," the bookworm said in a tone of satisfaction, "for we will be able to finish the task all the more quickly. Do what you can to prevent the boat from taking in water when I go over, because there is no need of making matters disagreeable for Miss Doris by wetting everything."

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By the time he ceased speaking the little craft was alongside the spars, and he made her fast as if all his life had been spent on board ships or small boats.

Then, after leaning over the rail a few seconds to make certain how the wreck was situated, he stood upright, saying in a sharp tone which had in it no resemblances to the voice of Professor Andy :

"Now then! Look after yourselves!" and he went over the rail with both hands above his head, the palms pressed together, in a manner that would have provoked admiration from any one who was at all partial to aquatic sports.

Sam, who claimed to know all about handling a boat while another was making a straightaway plunge, was just rising to his feet, somewhat lazily, when Professor Andy went overboard, and, because of not being prepared for the sudden push given the craft, he tumbled over the rail almost on the heels of the bookworm who had so suddenly turned diver.

There came a cry of alarm from Doris; a half-smothered exclamation from the victim,

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and a shrill scream from Phil, while poor Sam sank like a stone, as if he, too, was minded to ascertain what damage had been done to the hull of the "Princess."

CHAPTER V

REPAIRING DAMAGES

FALLING overboard from the boat in deep water was an entirely different thing from tumbling out of her when she lay over the bar aground, as had been the case on the day previous, and this fact was speedily made apparent to Sam.

It seemed to him as if he sank a full half mile into the sea before striking bottom, and then, at the very moment when he felt convinced he would be drowned, a strong hand gripped him by the coat collar.

Mr. Barclay had but just reached the bottom, bent on examining the hull of the "Princess," when he heard a splash, and, turning quickly, saw a dark body between himself and the light.

Bookworm though he was, he understood in a twinkling that one of the boys had fallen overboard, and sprang upward to meet the unfortunate lad as he came down.

To Doris, who had leaped to her feet in alarm, it seemed as if Sam had no more than disappeared when she saw the head and shoulders of the tutor come above the surface, followed almost immediately by the spluttering Sam, and her fright was suddenly changed to mirth, for the lad certainly presented a most comical appearance, with his hair wetted smooth to his head, and the water trickling in many a tiny stream down his face.

“Here! Where are you going?” Phil cried excitedly, as Mr. Barclay, instead of coming toward the boat, swam vigorously for the shore, dragging Sam behind him.

“He’ll have to be left on the sand to dry,” the tutor replied, in a tone which caused Doris to suspect he was enjoying hugely this life-saving act. “If I had realized that you boys didn’t know how to take care of yourselves when I went overboard, I would have done the trick alone.”

Sam was none the worse for his involuntary bath, as could be seen when he had been dragged high and well upon the beach; but he wore a shamefaced look as he scrambled to his feet, not that he had fallen overboard,

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but because Professor Andy, the fossil and bookworm, had pulled him out. Then again, he had prided himself on being a fairly good imitation of a seasoned seaman, and yet this same stoop-shouldered young fellow had intimated that he did not know how to take care of himself.

Sam was not feeling comfortable in mind, and when Doris asked solicitously whether there was anything she could do in his behalf, he growled at her and ran behind the clump of palmetto palms, where Mr. Barclay had taken off his clothing, there disappearing from view.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't go out in the boat," Doris said after making certain that Sam was about to suffer from an attack of the sulks. "It won't do me any harm if I do get wet a little, and I must see you under the water."

"It would be a serious matter if you should fall overboard, as Sam did," Mr. Barclay said hesitatingly, and Doris fancied that he was on the point of yielding to her desire.

"But I shan't do anything of the kind," she said decidedly. "I know enough not to

try to get up at the very moment you dive, as Sam did, and perhaps some one will be needed to help Phil handle the boat, for he isn't what you would really call an expert sailor."

"And what's more, I don't claim to be," Phil cried with a laugh, having pulled the boat to the shore. "Doris ought to be allowed to come aboard, professor, if Sam has thrown up his job, for she's one of the partners in this business, and believes she knows it all."

"If Miss Doris is certain her mother won't blame me in case she gets wet I have nothing more to say," and as Mr. Barclay spoke, shaking his head to free his hair from water, Phil wondered why it was he had believed that the man could be old or stupid.

With Doris in the stern-sheets and the professor standing in the bow seemingly enjoying himself to the utmost, Phil rowed out to where the spars, showing above the surface, marked the position of the "Princess," and Sam would not have been flattered had he known that neither his partners nor his tutor had any very great care as to how long his fit of the sulks lasted.

Once more the professor gave warning that

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he was going to dive, and both occupants of the boat braced themselves accordingly. Again he leaped outward, his body bent like a bow, and Doris had no difficulty in following with her eyes his descent.

She saw him strike the bottom a few inches forward of the "Princess'" bow, and, like a flash, turn to look at the hull where it was supposed the injury would be found.

Then it was as if he sprang upward, with hands firmly clasped to his sides, and in another instant his head was above the surface.

"I'm not coming aboard," he said cheerily as he supported himself by resting one hand on the gunwale. "I'm only needing a little fresh air and count on going back as soon as that has been had."

"What a fine swimmer you are!" Doris said admiringly, and Phil, thinking only of raising the "Princess," asked anxiously:

"Could you see how much of a hole there was in the bow?"

"The timbers on the port side are stove quite badly. There's no wonder she went down quickly after smashing her nose in such a fashion."

“Then you believe she is more of a wreck than we thought,” Phil said mournfully, and the tutor replied with a hearty laugh :

“Don’t get discouraged so quickly. You expected some damage, otherwise Mr. Bragg would have been able to run her on the beach before she could sink ; but, from what I have seen, you should raise and repair her within a month. I’m going down again now, and may find worse injuries ; but it is my opinion that the blow on the bow was all that worked the mischief.”

Then, releasing his hold on the gunwale, Mr. Barclay went down like a stone, just as Sam, finding that no attention was paid to his sulking, came out from behind the palmettos as he cried :

“Could he see anything ?”

“Don’t talk now !” Doris cried, holding up her hand warningly. “Wait till he comes out !”

It seemed a very long while before the tutor’s head appeared above the surface the second time, and then, instead of coming toward the boat, he struck out with vigorous strokes for the shore, calling over his shoulder as he swam :

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"I've seen all we need, and am going ashore to dress."

"Pick up those oars!" Phil cried excitedly, as he pushed the boat shoreward from the spars. "I want to be there when he tells Sam what he saw."

Doris obeyed, without stopping to realize that there was no great need for haste, and, because she had never tried to row a boat before, they did not go very fast.

Mr. Barclay had not only gained the beach, but was behind the palmetto palms which formed such a convenient dressing-room, when the bow of the boat grated on the sand, and Sam asked as he pulled her well up on the shore:

"What did he find out?"

"Hasn't he told you?"

"No; he said it was all right, and then made a bee-line for the palms. I——"

"Say, his nose ain't stuck as tightly to a book as we thought, eh? Why, that man is a regular duck in the water, and you catch me making sport of him again!"

"Just because he can dive, you think he's something wonderful," and a blind man could

have seen that Sam's temper was none of the best just then.

"It wasn't that alone," Phil replied stoutly ; "but by being willing to help us he has shown that he's a decent sort of a fellow, even if he does believe everything can be learned from a book !"

The three were yet discussing the possibility that Mr. Barclay was human, like themselves, when he appeared from behind the palmettos, looking the same uninteresting, plodding student as when they presented themselves before him as pupils.

"Well?" Phil cried impatiently, while he was yet some distance away.

"Well," he replied with a smile which changed the entire expression of his face, "there isn't anything more to be said. The crushed bow-timbers are all that keeps her at the bottom of the Inlet, and you lads ought not to spend very much time deciding how she may be brought to the surface."

"Then you believe we can do it?" Doris asked excitedly.

"It is only a case of trying good and hard. Of course, considerable work will be needed ;

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but that shouldn't count when the reward is to be so great."

"How do you think it can be done?" Sam asked, just a bit sharply.

"Wait until we get home, where we can figure it out at our leisure," Mr. Barclay replied.

When he was seated on the moss, getting his full share of the food and eating it with the keenest relish, Mr. Barclay lost once more his bookworm manner, and even Sam, who was yet sore because of the accident, was forced to admit privately that he was really "a good imitation of a jolly fellow."

Despite all the efforts of the prospective owners of the "Princess" to draw him out, Mr. Barclay steadily refused to say exactly how he believed they should set about raising the sunken yacht; but to all their questions his reply was the same, that they must do the figuring themselves, after he had explained how it should be begun.

It was while he was laughingly evading their eager questions that Mr. Bragg, the same gun over his shoulder and the same dog at his heels, suddenly appeared before them,

and while Sam and Phil stammered and hesitated, hardly knowing what should be said to the gentleman who had made it possible for them to own a dainty motor boat, Doris cried laughingly, as she held toward him a tempting looking sandwich and a fat pickle :

“ Aren't you hungry ? ”

“ Indeed I am,” and without further ceremony the visitor seated himself by Doris' side, where he ate as greedily as any boy.

“ Now tell me what you have done toward raising the ' Princess ' ? ” he asked after the fourth sandwich had disappeared down his throat, and Doris explained the purpose of the afternoon's visit, saying in conclusion :

“ Professor Andy believed we should figure the work out for ourselves ; but thinks it won't be such a very hard task to raise the yacht.”

“ Is he counting on helping you ? ”

“ Certainly not, so far as the real labor goes, for you have made it a portion of the bargain that we should do all the work ourselves,” Doris replied quickly, and Mr. Bragg said with no little confusion :

“ Bless me, I had forgotten that part of it,

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and came down this afternoon to propose that you take me on as one of the laborers. I would be willing to work cheaply, and perhaps we can alter the terms of the contract so far as to admit of your hiring me."

"Do you mean that you want to help us raise your yacht, and then give her to us?" Doris asked, looking at the gentleman in surprise.

"Well, yes, it would be something like that. I wouldn't pretend to give any advice, you know, and perhaps couldn't earn very much in the way of wages; but I'd really like to be employed."

"You are hired from this minute, if the price is not too high," Doris cried merrily. "You are to take care that no one interferes with our property, and to-morrow, when we come, you shall have more sandwiches with pickles."

It was a jolly party by this time, and a stranger would have fancied that the young people had done Mr. Bragg a very great favor when they agreed to let him aid in doing that which would cost him the "Princess."

CHAPTER VI

LAYING PLANS

“To raise the ‘Princess’ in the most economical manner, for it is fair to assume that you cannot spend any very large amount of money in the undertaking, you must find out how much lifting power will be required, and that of the simplest form,” Professor Andy said in the evening, when the possible owners of the yacht joined him in the library for the purpose of discussing the matter.

“Well, have you done that yet?” Sam cried almost impatiently,

“Done what?” the professor asked in perplexity.

“Found out how much lifting power will be required, of course.”

“Certainly not, nor do I intend to,” was the matter-of-fact reply.

“But you promised to help us raise the ‘Princess’!” Doris cried, with what was very like a sob.

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"Very true; but I said nothing about taking entire charge of the matter. I have told you what, in my opinion, was the first step to be taken, and it is for you ——"

"But how can we tell how much lifting power will be needed?" Doris asked sorrowfully. "We don't know anything about such things."

"If you count on raising the 'Princess,' it is time you gained the necessary knowledge," Mr. Barclay said, in such a tone of superior wisdom that Sam came very near losing his temper.

"While she is at the bottom of the sea, I can't make out how it would be possible for us to learn anything about the power needed," Phil said thoughtfully, and understanding the bookworm would at least show them how the problem might be worked, if they gave evidence of being willing to act upon his suggestion.

"Well," Mr. Barclay began, in what Sam called his "schoolmaster" tone, "you at least know her exact size, for Mr. Bragg gave us the measurements."

"He said she was thirty-two feet over all,

if you know what 'over all' means," Doris said quickly.

"It is the measurement taken at the line of greatest length, and the overhang of the stern, as well as the curve of the bow is included. In other words, the expression explains itself, for it is the length taken over and including every portion of the hull, as distinguished from the keel length, or the water line."

"Then she has a beam of nine feet," Doris continued, still giving signs of perplexity.

"That means her width amidships!" Phil cried. "She draws three and one-half feet of water aft, and two feet at the bow, when she's in sailing trim."

"That is it, as I set down the figures," Mr. Barclay added, much as if he felt a certain sense of relief because the young people were showing a willingness to help themselves. "Now I am certain that in your mathematics you will find a rule for computing the displacement of water, and when it has been done, it is only necessary to estimate roughly the weight of machinery, furniture, and all that sort of thing, added to the full cargo of water. When you have worked that out un-

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aided, I will give you my idea of how she may be floated without any very great outlay of money."

It was in vain the young people urged that, in order to save precious time, he should work the problem for them. The bookworm was very emphatic in his statement that he did not intend to perform any such task, at least until they had applied themselves closely to it.

"You may set about it now," he said, again in his schoolmaster tone, which caused Sam so much irritation, "and if the problem has not been solved by morning we will take it up as a portion of to-morrow's tasks."

A full five minutes passed before Sam would agree to anything of the kind, because he believed Mr. Barclay ought to perform the work himself.

"What is the use of our spending two or three days trying to find out the answer when, according to his own account, he could give us the figures in a few minutes?"

"The 'use' is because we're bound to do as he says if we count on his helping us," Doris replied quickly. "If you will only keep

your temper down where it should be the professor will come into the scheme, but if you ride a high horse he'll refuse, and then who will tell us how the work ought to be done?"

"We can ask Captain Ezra," Sam said sulkily.

"You have much the same as done that already, and got no satisfaction whatever. Let's get to work, and when Professor Andy sees that we are really trying to help ourselves he'll soon lend a hand."

Phil was convinced that Doris was in the right, and at once set about solving the problem. His example was sufficient to bring Sam around to the proper way of thinking, and when the tutor, who had left them alone to discuss the matter, came back, all three were working industriously.

When morning came the young people had not succeeded in getting the information desired, but Mr. Barclay, seeing that they were working correctly, proposed that one more evening be devoted to the task.

"There is very much in the way of preliminary work to be done before we shall be

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ready to act upon the information you are striving to obtain, therefore, no time will be lost if your task is delayed two or three days," the professor said when the forenoon study hours had come to an end, and Phil asked in surprise :

"What can we do before finding out how much power will be needed to raise her?"

"Well, in the first place, you need a small motor boat, for when the heavy work is done a craft propelled by oars will not suffice. Then it may take considerable time to get empty oil casks enough for our purpose ——"

"What have oil casks to do with raising the 'Princess'?" Doris cried, and the professor replied with a laugh :

"Through them we are to get our lifting power. It is the most economical way I know of and more easily applied here, where you cannot find ready at hand the necessary appliances in the utilization of other forces. When you have solved the problem on which you are now working, it will be in order to ascertain the lifting power of an oil cask that is filled with air after having been submerged."

“Look here, professor, you’ll have to put it a good deal more plainly than that if you expect me to get any idea of what you are driving at,” Phil cried in a tone of perplexity, and the tutor, throwing aside all his schoolmaster manners, replied in a tone of comradeship :

“Here is the way I believe the wrecking could best be accomplished, in view of the fact that you cannot well afford to set about it by the most approved methods : We will, after ascertaining how many casks may be needed, fill them with water sufficient to sink them to within two inches of the top. The entire number are then to be made fast to the hull of the yacht, when the tide is at its lowest point.

“That done, it becomes a question only of pumping the water out of the casks, when they will have a lifting power sufficient, if you have worked the problem correctly, to raise the ‘Princess’ from the bottom. Then it will be a matter of towing her into shoaler water and repeating the operation until her bow has been brought above the surface so far that the broken timbers can be temporarily repaired.”

“And when the hole has been mended we

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can pump the water out of the hull!" Doris cried in delight, as if she had suddenly made a most important discovery.

"Exactly, Miss Doris. At that point the work of the wreckers will have been performed, and then the carpenters—meaning you owners, of course—can speedily put her in sailing trim."

Surely, as Mr. Barclay thus explained the matter, it was a simple affair to raise a wreck, and, with the exception of Sam, the young people were in a frame of delightful excitement, for it surely seemed as if the task was much the same as performed. Sam remembered that he had not worked out the first proposition, and was not a little irritated, because, instead of forcing them to fret themselves with quantities of figures, the bookworm diver would not at once give the correct answer.

Something of this idea must have been apparent on his face, for Mr. Barclay, in his sternest schoolmaster manner, thus defined his position :

"I am willing, and even eager, to aid you in the work of raising the 'Princess,' if I can

see that you are getting some benefit from it other than the value of the yacht. When young people have such a generous proposition before them as has been made by Mr. Bragg, they surely ought to be ready to do that which I require, more particularly since it is all to your advantage."

"And we are willing," Doris interrupted eagerly. "Sam may not look so, because he wants to get on with the work; but you shall see that we won't shirk the task you have set us."

"That is all I ask," the tutor replied in a more friendly tone. "Otherwise I would not feel warranted in allowing you to neglect your studies, as will probably be necessary when the wrecking operations are nearing an end. Now, if you are so disposed, we will go once more to the Inlet, or set about learning where a number of oil casks may be procured, and if it will be possible to hire a motor boat."

When the professor and Doris arrived at the boat-house the two boys were bargaining with Captain Ezra for the use of his motor boat.

"She'll need a lot of overhaulin'," the old

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sailor was saying reflectively, "an' even when she's in good trim, I wouldn't agree to let her to you boys till after you'd learned how to run the motor."

"How long will it take?" Phil asked, and Captain Ezra replied :

"I reckon you'd be fitted to run her in the course of a week ; but it's bound to be some-thin' of a job, 'cause I couldn't trust her with them as didn't know jest what should be done in case of an accident —— "

"A week!" Sam cried in dismay. "If we spend all that time we won't be able to begin work on the wreck for a month!"

"It'll be jest as well if you don't begin this season, so far as raisin' her is concerned," the old sailor said in a tone such as irritated the young people sorely. "I'm allowin' Mr. Bragg knew you couldn't float her, else he wouldn't have made the offer."

"We must find some other motor boat, for it is certain we can't afford to spend a whole week learning how to run this one," Phil said ruefully, and Captain Ezra added, much as if it gave him real pleasure to disappoint their hopes :

“I’m allowin’ you’ll travel many a long mile before you find another motor boat on this coast for hire. I don’t know of any, an’ that’s the fact.”

It seemed as if all their plans for raising the “Princess” were overturned because of their inability to find a suitable boat, and the young people were looking at each other in silent dismay, when Mr. Barclay said, in a tone of command such as would never have been expected from a bookworm:

“You may put your boat in shape, Captain Curtis, and we will take her to-morrow, if your price is not too high. I am familiar with craft of that kind, and can run her myself.”

“You?” Sam cried, in astonishment.

“I have run a much larger motor boat than that, many weeks on a stretch, and, what is more, have done all my own repairs,” the tutor replied, modestly, and Phil was so elated because what a moment previous had appeared like an insurmountable obstacle was so suddenly removed that he shouted wildly:

“Three cheers for Professor Andy!”

Doris joined him in giving them with a

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will, while Sam stared in open-mouthed astonishment, for the tutor was rapidly giving evidence of being a valuable and jolly comrade—when he was not acting as schoolmaster.

Mr. Barclay took it upon himself to make the bargain with Captain Ezra, showing himself so familiar with boats of the class in question that the old sailor abandoned all attempt to make them pay two or three times as much as was just.

"We'll be here to take her over at about two o'clock to-morrow," the tutor said, as he clambered into the boat they had used the previous day. "You may as well buy us a barrel of gasoline, for we are likely to use considerable fuel before the 'Princess' is brought to the surface."

"I allow you are," Captain Ezra said, sarcastically. "I'm thinkin' a carload won't be any too much if you count on burning it till Bragg's yacht is floated."

CHAPTER VII

THE WRECKERS' PICNIC

THE tutor buckled down to the oars as if trying to learn just how much strength he could expend upon them, and the light craft shot ahead with a bone in her teeth in a manner that was exceedingly pleasing to Doris and the boys.

The voyage was a short one in point of time, and when Mr. Barclay "bore well to the south'rd" in order to find the channel, Mr. Bragg, his gun over his shoulder and the dog at his heels, came into view at a point on the shore nearly opposite the spars of the "Princess."

"There he is, waiting for us!" Doris cried as she waved her hat to attract the attention of the gentleman who was so hard-pressed for amusement. "It seems queer that he should be willing to give us the yacht, and then be really eager to help raise her!"

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"It is fortunate for us that things are so queer, else we wouldn't stand any chance of owning a craft like the 'Princess,'" Phil said contentedly, and Sam asked of the professor :

"Are we to do any real work to-day?"

"Yes; but it will be with our heads rather than our hands, until after you have solved the problem. We will lay our plans for procuring the working material, and settle other details such as must be decided upon before we can begin the task to advantage."

"Ahoy in the boat!" hailed Mr. Bragg, and Doris replied in what she believed to be truly nautical fashion :

"Ahoy! How do you do?"

"Is this the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited?"

"I don't know what—oh, yes, of course it is, and you are one of the workmen, I suppose?"

"A plain, every-day laborer, who is making a kick because there seems to be no show of getting in an eight-hour day, since you officers are so late."

"You'll have to work doubly fast in order

to earn your wages, which are in this basket in the shape of pickles."

"Any sandwiches to go with them?"

"Certainly," Doris replied, laughingly, as the bow of the boat grated on the sand, and Mr. Bragg held it steady while Phil and Sam leaped over the rail, after which he aided Doris with the basket.

"I suppose all the plans have been laid, and that you have come down to raise the 'Princess' before sunset?" Mr. Bragg said, questioningly, when Mr. Barclay, having hauled the boat up beyond the reach of the tide, joined the party among the scanty foliage of the palmetto palms.

Then it was that Doris explained what part she and the boys must play before the professor would begin his portion of the work, and the owner of the wreck said laughingly:

"It is to be supposed that three young people like you can solve such a problem mentally, therefore the wrecking is the same as accomplished already."

"If we do it after working hard and long, counting our fingers now and then when it is a matter of addition, I shall be perfectly

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satisfied; but we really have done something toward making ready for the work."

Then Doris explained that they were to have a motor boat on the following day, after which it would be in order to learn where they might get empty oil casks enough to carry out the plan set forth by the professor. Mr. Bragg asked gravely whether she believed it would be possible to persuade the tutor into giving them a full holiday.

"Of course he will, if it is to raise the 'Princess'!" Phil cried quickly, and from the expression on Mr. Barclay's face, it surely seemed as if the permission might be gained without very much effort.

"If it can be done, I propose that you sail in your motor boat down the coast to a certain place I know of, where it is almost certain that you can get, not only the oil casks, but the pumps that will be needed," and Mr. Bragg spoke as though his only aim in life was to aid the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, to earn the prize he had offered.

When they first came ashore, Sam had with him all his aged-uncle manners; but he speedily pricked up his ears when mention was

thus made of a full holiday, and asked for particulars regarding the new proposition.

“The voyage I speak of is a long one—full fifteen miles, and I do not believe Captain Curtis has any craft that can make more than six miles an hour, so we should start early in the morning in order to finish all our business and have time for dinner at the hotel.”

Then he told them what might be had in the way of sport during the voyage, and the young people were so deeply interested in the scheme that for the moment they really forgot the “Princess,” until Professor Andy asked if Mr. Bragg knew whether they might be able to hire chains at this place.

“I believe you can get everything needed. In fact, when I had a dim idea of raising the ‘Princess’ myself, or of hiring it done, I was told that every necessary appliance might be found there. The only question is, when will you give the young people a holiday?”

“To-morrow is Saturday, and, if their parents are willing, we will go then, providing the motor boat can be made ready in season,” the professor replied so promptly that Doris, as she afterward confessed to Phil, felt much

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like hugging him for being so nearly the same as "real people."

By the time this matter had been settled, Doris believed the Newcome Wrecking Company's officers were in need of food, and the workman was paid in sandwiches and pickles for his arduous labors, after which Professor Andy went out to have one more view of the wreck.

As a matter of course, every officer of the company, and the laborer, insisted on going with him, and during a full hour the little boat lay alongside the spars while her occupants gazed at the sunken craft, trying to decide how the work might be begun to the best advantage.

"It won't be a long task," Mr. Barclay said, after a time of thoughtful silence. "We should be able to raise her in six tides at the most. There would be no question of it, if we were not forced to spend so many hours going back and forth."

"Why not make your headquarters at my house for one week?" Mr. Bragg asked almost eagerly. "I will see Mr. Newcome about it, and if he gives his consent, we'll have a

canvas tent set up here on the beach, where we can take our comfort while the tide works for us, and it is quite possible we might have a jolly time."

"Of course we should!" Doris cried enthusiastically. "We will study all the harder after having a week's holiday!"

"It won't interfere with the work if you continue your studies here," Professor Andy said gravely, and the expression of joy faded from the faces of Sam and Phil very suddenly; but Mr. Bragg appeared to think the professor's proposition quite reasonable, for he added heartily:

"That will be the proper course, and then in case the wrecking operations are not completed as quickly as you now believe, there can be nothing to prevent your remaining another week. I will go up this evening to see Mr. Newcome."

"Why not go back in the boat with us?" Phil asked, fearing lest the gentleman might change his mind if they left him.

"It will be more comfortable to drive over. Your boat is rather too small for so many, and, besides, in such case I should be forced

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to walk home alone. You'd better have a heart-to-heart talk with Captain Curtis, so that he will have the motor craft ready for us early in the morning, and that may require more time than I am inclined to spend, even though it does hang so heavily on my hands."

Then Mr. Bragg urged that they set off on the return voyage at once, and when Doris complained that the work of raising the wreck had not been advanced in any degree, owing to the picnic and the plans for the future, he declared that such conferences were absolutely necessary to the success of the enterprise.

"Making arrangements for a voyage down the coast and a temporary change of homes isn't wasting time by any means," he said with a laugh. "Set me ashore, and then pay the visit to Captain Curtis, giving him to understand that you must search for a motor boat elsewhere if he can't have his craft ready for you by seven o'clock to-morrow morning. I will be here waiting for you immediately after breakfast."

Even though they had not been disposed to return home so soon, the young people could not well have made any protest to the

program as laid out by Mr. Bragg, since if it had not been for him the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, would never have had an existence, and half an hour later Professor Andy was explaining to Captain Ezra what they required of him.

If the young people, unaccompanied by any one older, had made the request that the motor boat be in commission by daybreak next morning, the old sailor would most likely have declared it impossible ; but in the presence of the tutor he was as yielding as putty and acceded to all their demands, although not with a very good grace.

It was not yet dinner-time when the wrecking company arrived home, to find Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris on the veranda poring over the market reports, which seemed exceedingly stupid as compared with the task of raising a steamer, and before Doris could explain to her father what they were eager to do, he said with a smile :

“ There is no need of going into details, for Mr. Bragg has just driven away from here. If Barclay believes it is all right for you to have a holiday there's no reason why you

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shouldn't run down the coast in the morning."

"And what about going to Mr. Bragg's for a week?" Phil asked anxiously.

"That is a question for your mother to answer; but I have no doubt as to her reply."

Then Mr. Newcome gave his undivided attention to the newspaper once more; Mr. Barclay went into the library as if eager to get his nose into a book, and Doris said to her partners as the three walked slowly around the garden:

"We shall never be able to repay Professor Andy. If it hadn't been for him we'd never thought of hiring a motor boat, nor had the least little bit of an idea as to how the 'Princess' might be raised. From this very moment I'm going to do everything he asks in the way of studying, so's to show him how much we appreciate the fact that he's a real flesh and blood person, instead of the fossil we believed when he first came as tutor."

CHAPTER VIII

A LONG CRUISE

THE prospective owners of the "Princess" were astir unusually early on the following morning, for, in addition to its being a holiday, they were to take what seemed like the first real step toward beginning the work of wrecking.

Sam and Phil were yet engaged in quite a heated discussion as to who should act as captain of the chartered motor boat.

Sam claimed the right to play the part of sailing master, because he was the senior member of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, while Phil insisted that a lad who did not know how to pilot a rowboat over an ordinary sand-bar could not be relied upon to take charge of a power boat.

The argument had already become quite heated when Doris arrived on the scene, and the lads insisted that she, as one of the partners, should decide who should act as

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captain during the cruise. Phil was not eager to assume full charge of the craft; but claimed that Sam was not sufficiently experienced in the management of boats, either.

Doris did not spend many seconds unraveling the snarl; but promptly announced it as her belief that neither of the boys had the right to dictate regarding the proceedings of the day.

"This is Professor Andy's excursion," she said, decidedly. "If it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have been able to hire Captain Ezra's boat, and, besides, because he is almost the same as a real sailor, we are bound to do as he says."

"But suppose he refuses to choose a captain?" Sam asked eagerly, believing the tutor would not discriminate between his pupils to the extent of setting one in authority over another.

"Then it is for Mr. Bragg to decide. Next to Professor Andy, he is the person who has made it possible for us to have this holiday, and, when you come to look at the matter squarely, he is the head of the party. If the professor doesn't make a choice, Mr. Bragg must."

“But some one will be obliged to steer the boat, at least as far as the Inlet, before we can hear what Mr. Bragg has to say about the captain,” Sam insisted, still clinging to the belief that he was the only member of the party fitted to take command, even though he had much the same as been wrecked before the first voyage came to an end.

“I’ll tell you how we’ll fix it,” Phil suggested. “When the professor gets on board the boat, we’ll wait for him to say who shall steer as far as the Inlet. We won’t say a word to influence his decision, and look pleasant, whatever may be his choice.”

To this Sam could not do less than agree, even though he believed that his age entitled him to the command, and the pleasure-seekers were remarkably quiet during the tramp to the boat-house.

When Mr. Barclay joined the young people on the veranda he was quick to note that there was some disagreement among them; but he very wisely held his peace, save when he insisted on carrying the basket of food which the boys apparently failed to see when Doris literally staggered under its weight.

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Twice the tutor ventured the remark that they could not have had more favorable weather for the excursion, and Doris agreed with him heartily; but even she did not appear eager to enter into an extended conversation.

Arriving at the boat-house, the wrecking company found their chartered craft ready, although Captain Ezra was in a fine state of irritation because he had been forced to bestir himself so energetically.

"There's no sense in you children hurryin' at sich a rate, thinkin' you'll raise Bragg's yacht. I'm allowin' you'd make jest as much headway by stayin' here as in goin' to the Inlet, 'cause it don't stand to reason you're able to raise the craft, unless them as know how are hired for the job."

But Professor Andy interrupted by saying quite sharply to the old sailor:

"Where is the gasoline we ordered? You haven't put on board more than would be needed for a run to the Inlet and back."

"Wa'al, ain't that enough for one day? You can get more in the mornin', if so be you count on runnin' Sunday."

"We are going down the coast with Mr.

Bragg, and may make quite a voyage of it. Fill up the tank, Captain Curtis, and we will thank you to keep it full, for no one can say when we may need a large quantity."

The professor had spoken in a tone of authority, as if he was accustomed to being obeyed, and Captain Ezra did not delay in carrying out the instructions, although he grumbled under his breath not a little at the foolishness of "some people."

"You are to take the helm, Miss Doris," the tutor said, much as though the task of steering was of little importance. "The young gentlemen are to be my apprentices during the cruise, in order that they may familiarize themselves with gasoline motors before they have one of their own to handle."

Sam was by no means pleased with the idea of soiling his hands, as the professor had already done; but he took his place by the side of Phil near the motor, and while Doris, proud at being given virtual command of the boat, sat at the helm, the boys were forced to listen to the instructions of the tutor, who explained the working of the machinery in his regular schoolmaster manner.

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If it had only been a question of listening Sam might not have been so dissatisfied with the beginning of the cruise; but the tutor insisted on making a thorough lesson of it during the run to the Inlet, requiring the lads to answer the many questions necessary to prove that they had profited by his teaching.

Doris "bore well to the suth'rd" without being prompted when they came off the bar, and, finding the channel as well as Professor Andy himself could have done, ran the little boat up the Inlet until Mr. Bragg came in view on the beach, when the tutor slowed down the motor until the little vessel barely moved through the water.

"Head her straight for the sand near where Mr. Bragg is standing," the tutor said in a tone of command. "He must take the chances of getting his feet wet, since we haven't any tender."

"Any what?" Doris asked, as she skilfully steered the craft according to instructions.

"A small boat used for the purpose of landing passengers from larger craft is called a tender," the professor explained, and then Mr. Bragg hailed:

“ Ahoy the steamer! Who is skipper of that craft? ”

“ I am,” Doris replied triumphantly. “ And since you are the only one of the laborers, you must stay forward, instead of going on the quarter-deck, where the officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, are extracting wisdom from the engineer. Can you get on without falling overboard? ”

Mr. Bragg leaped from the shore to the bow of the motor boat as actively as either Sam or Phil could have done, and on the instant Professor Andy had reversed the engine, sending the little craft away from shoal water.

“ Swing your helm hard down,” he said as he started the motor ahead once more, and the junior member of the company asked in perplexity :

“ Which is down and which is up? ”

“ Down would be to the port, or left-hand side,” Mr. Bragg explained, and as the wheel was swung around the boat made a half circle, heading again for the channel.

“ You’ve got a famous skipper, professor,” the gentleman said, laughingly. “ Is she to remain in command? ”

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"It seems proper she should until her partners are sufficiently acquainted with motors to be able to run the 'Princess' when she is again afloat."

"I've seen all I want to of a motor," Sam grumbled. "I thought we were to have a day's pleasuring instead of a regular lesson with a lot of grease thrown in."

"If you come to understand that even pleasuring costs some one labor and anxiety, the cruise won't have been made without good results," Mr. Bragg said seriously. "Remember, my lad, that in this world there is a price affixed to everything we do or have, and it must be paid. The price of the 'Princess' is the work of raising her, and in order to get enjoyment from the possession, you must do exactly as Mr. Barclay insists on your doing now."

Sam may not have been convinced that all Mr. Bragg said was true; but certain it is he was silenced, for he could not well set himself up in opposition to the gentleman who had not only made this cruise possible, but would be their host during such time as the work of wrecking was in progress.

It was soon seen that the chartered boat would never be able to win a blue ribbon for speed. Professor Andy worked over the motor until perspiration and oil ran down his cheeks in smutty streams, without being able to send her through the water any faster. Then he had the occupants move here and there in the hope that she might be trimmed to do better work; but all in vain, and he said in what was to Doris a very comical tone of despair, as he settled back on the thwart as if convinced that he could not improve matters:

“I’ve seen many slow boats; but this is the worst! I really believe she could not hold her own against the current.”

“We’ve got plenty of time,” Mr. Bragg replied carelessly. “There is no real need of speed, unless some of you are growing hungry.”

“In which case we have sandwiches and pickles enough to prevent starvation,” Doris added laughingly, and the promoter of the excursion appeared to think it a very good joke.

“All we need is to have half an hour at the hotel to settle our business, and surely Captain Ezra’s boat can help us to that extent,” he

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said confidently; but Professor Andy did not appear to be so comfortable in mind.

"I am in doubt whether we can drive this box thirty miles even in twenty-four hours, and believe we should turn back now, lest we fail to reach home to-night."

To such a proposition as this the others of the company made decided and emphatic objections, Mr. Bragg being even more eager than his companions to continue the journey, if, indeed, that could be possible.

"While the young people are eating dinner you and I, Mr. Barclay, will attend to the business, and surely if we do not delay longer than that, there can be no question as to our getting home early in the evening."

It was a full hour past noon when they arrived at their destination, and, regardless of Doris' protestations, Mr. Bragg insisted on carrying out the plan he had suggested. The young people were escorted to the hotel, where the owner of the "Princess" appeared to be very well known, and there sent into the dining-room, while the two men set off in search of such material as might be needed in raising the yacht.

That they were not as successful in the search as had been anticipated was shown by the fact that nearly two hours elapsed before they returned to the hotel; but then, as it appeared, all the business had been transacted.

“We have hired everything that will be needed,” Mr. Bragg announced in a tone of triumph, as if some great feat had been accomplished, “and now we will get under way for home without delay, for the professor and I are so nearly starved that unless we can soon come at the sandwiches and pickles there is fear of a collapse.”

“Why not wait a few minutes longer and have something nice?” Doris asked solicitously. “We have had a perfectly splendid dinner.”

“The professor claims that there isn’t a minute to lose if we count on seeing Bayview before morning, and I do not dare run counter to his desires, since upon him are all our hopes for the successful termination of the voyage pinned,” Mr. Bragg replied laughingly, and Phil asked anxiously:

“What about the things you hired? We must take them aboard, or else come again.”

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"We have contracted to have everything delivered at the Inlet Monday morning."

"How does that agree with the bargain you made with us?" Doris asked. "If you have done all this, how can it be said that we raised the 'Princess' without assistance?"

"We two men are your hired laborers, and whatever we do, acting under your instructions, is the same as if you did it."

"It is fortunate that we told you exactly what to do, otherwise we might have forfeited our right to the 'Princess,'" Doris said cheerfully, understanding that Mr. Bragg was pleasing himself in the matter, and by the time the conversation had reached this point the wrecking company were at the water's edge, ready to embark once more in Captain Ezra's erratic craft.

CHAPTER IX

A SLOW BOAT

SAM strove to be the first on board, in order that he might take the wheel, and trusting that no one would dispute his right if he was once in possession ; but it really seemed as if Mr. Bragg had a suspicion of his intentions, for he deliberately crowded the lad aside in order to help Doris over the rail, saying as he did so :

“ You must remain in command, Miss Doris, for it is unwise to make a change of commanders during a voyage. Professor Andy will do his best at the motor, while I take lessons in steering from you.”

“ If you are counting on learning anything of seamanship, you will be disappointed,” Doris replied merrily, “ for what I don't know about steamboats would fill a big, big book.”

“ But this isn't a steamer ; it's only a very lame motor boat, such as needs a delicate hand

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at the helm, otherwise she may refuse to move even in her own feeble way."

"Her owner deserves a sound rating for presuming to let such a boat under the guise of having power aboard," Professor Andy said as he struggled with the motor, and Doris raised her eyebrows in astonishment, for never before had she heard the tutor speak in a tone of petulance.

With many a thump and hiss of protest, the motor finally began to work, and the little craft was no more than in the current when it could be understood beyond the possibility of a doubt that the voyage would be prolonged far beyond the professor's fears.

"Does she go ahead any?" Sam asked anxiously after two or three minutes had passed, and the boat did not appear to be much further from the landing-stage than when she had started, and Mr. Bragg replied cheerily:

"She is getting a little the best of the current, but nothing to boast about. I should say she was making nearly two miles an hour, eh, Mr. Barclay?"

"It's certain she isn't doing any better

than that," the tutor replied grimly. "We'll hope for a little more speed after the motor gets warmed up; but it is positive we shan't reach Bayview until late in the evening."

"So that we get there before the parents of our young people begin to worry, it will be all right," Mr. Bragg added with an evident attempt to appear contented.

Doris remained at the wheel, although it did not seem as if a guiding hand was necessary while the boat moved so slowly through the water. Sam lounged amidships clothed in all his aged-uncle manners, and appearing to be sadly bored, while Phil was the only officer of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, who showed an inclination to profit by the opportunity. He sat directly in front of the motor, where he could study it at his leisure, and from time to time asked questions of Mr. Barclay that showed that it was his determination to familiarize himself with the working of the machinery.

"If you keep on at this rate, you'll be able to run the motor of the 'Princess,'" Sam said approvingly, for it had dawned upon him that if Phil voluntarily took on himself the

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duties of engineer, there would be no dispute as to who would be captain.

"It seems as if a fellow ought to get acquainted with a machine like that, and if we are to spend the rest of the day aboard this craft, I can't see why we shouldn't post ourselves. Then, when the 'Princess' is floated, we won't be obliged to waste a lot of time finding out what it'll be necessary for us to know."

"That's the way to talk, my boy," Mr. Bragg said approvingly, and his tone was so hearty and sincere that Sam regretted not having provoked similar praise. "A fellow who takes advantage of every opportunity to learn something, even though it be only how to run a motor boat, is putting himself in the way of succeeding in this world."

Professor Andy evidently believed that the moment had come when he should again play the part of tutor, and during the next hour he explained the workings of motors in general and the one before them in particular, much to the annoyance of Sam, who resented, as he afterward told Doris, "having big chunks of wisdom shoved down his throat

when he was supposed to be out for a holiday."

After night had come, it seemed to Doris that it was absolutely impossible to prevent her eyes from closing in slumber, and Phil gave over trying to gain knowledge, curling himself up in the stern-sheets, where his loud breathing told that he was sleeping more or less peacefully.

Whether Mr. Bragg had had enough of pleasuring, no one knew; but Doris felt positive he would be well pleased when it was possible to step ashore at the Inlet.

And he did not have an opportunity to do so until nearly nine o'clock in the evening, when he leaped over the bow without regard to wetting his feet, as he shouted:

"Get under way with your parents as soon after daylight on Monday as possible, so that you may be certain of arriving here before night. When we are settled down at work, my efforts shall be directed to finding a motor boat that can be run faster than a mile an hour."

"If we get home in time, we'll start immediately after breakfast," Doris cried laughingly

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as she put the helm hard down in order to turn the slowly-moving craft.

It really seemed as if Captain Ezra's boat gained courage after having arrived so near home, for she apparently moved at a much more reputable rate of speed from the Inlet to the landing, and Professor Andy was wholly unable to give any explanation of it.

Very weary, almost ill-tempered, were the members of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, when they finally arrived home, after tramping a mile from Captain Ezra's landing, and found their parents in a fine state of anxiety because of their long absence.

As Phil afterward confessed to Mr. Bragg, the excursion in Captain Ezra's boat came very near putting the wrecking company out of existence, because, made nervous by her fears concerning their safety, his mother had declared that neither he nor Doris should have anything more to do with boats, whether sunken or afloat.

When morning came, however, and she learned that the delay had been caused wholly by the slowness of the motor boat, with not even the lightest suspicion of danger to give

zest to the adventure, Mrs. Newcome reconsidered the matter to such extent that the visit to Mr. Bragg's was definitely settled upon.

"But we will never go in that boat," Mrs. Newcome said emphatically. "In the first place, I am not in favor of walking a mile to Captain Curtis' place of business, and secondly, I am unwilling to run the risk of being all day in a small motor boat."

Therefore it was that when, on Monday morning, Mr. Barclay and his pupils left home to go for their chartered craft, they were not hampered with baggage, for everything, even including Doris' basket of pickles and sandwiches, was to be carried in the carriages that conveyed the older members of the families.

On Saturday evening Mr. Barclay had given Captain Ezra very plainly to understand that he would not be able to lease his motor boat many days unless it should be possible for him to effect some change in her sailing qualities, and when the party arrived at the landing on this morning, the old sailor announced that he had remedied all the defects.

"You'll find that she'll sail like a bird," he

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announced confidently, and although no one knew exactly how fast a bird could sail, all felt certain that any change must be for the better, since it couldn't well be worse.

Sam, by making quite a striking exhibition of selfishness, succeeded in taking station at the wheel before any of his companions could interfere, and the tutor gave no heed to the change of sailing masters, but started the motor without delay, and Doris seated herself beside him in order, as she explained, to learn how to play the part of engineer.

Phil, who had already gained much information during the long voyage on Saturday evening, joined what he called "the class in motoring," and thus was Sam alone in his glory in the forward part of the boat.

It really seemed as if Mr. Barclay strove to make the lesson entertaining, and succeeded so well that no one of the three gave any heed to the course of the boat, until she came to a sudden stop, rolling slightly over on one side, as if tired of traveling.

Then it was that the "class in motoring" looked about them in alarm, and Doris cried in a tone of mingled reproach and irritation :

“You have run us on the sand-bar again, Sam Norris, and now how are we to get off?”

It was true. Sam, believing there was no good reason for “bearing to the suth’rd” as far as Mr. Barclay and Doris had done, decided to take a short cut across where he felt confident there was water enough to float so small a craft as the motor boat, with the result that the little vessel ploughed her nose into the sand, urged thereto by the screw, until she was so near the surface that there was nothing left to do save heel over in token that she had been misused.

Mr. Barclay’s first act was to shut off the power, which was forcing the boat yet higher up on the bar, and as he did this, Phil asked angrily :

“Was this the best that you could do? Doris steered the boat all day, and never had any trouble, while you, who claim to know all about steamers, can’t run her two miles without coming to grief.”

“There ought to be water enough here,” Sam said meekly, knowing full well he richly deserved all the reproaches that might be heaped upon him. “I thought it would save

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time to come across, and it didn't seem reasonable that the bar ran so far toward the other shore."

"If you would spend more time trying to gain information, Sam, and place less dependence in your own judgment concerning matters of which you know nothing, it would be more to your profit," Mr. Barclay said curtly, and then he gazed intently toward that portion of the Inlet where the spars of the "Princess" could be seen.

"How are we to get ashore?" Doris asked, and the tutor replied:

"I know of no other way than to stay here until the tide rises. It is fortunate for us that the water can't fall much lower—I believe it will not ebb more than an hour longer."

"And have we got to stay here a whole hour just because Sam would insist on being captain?" Phil cried impatiently.

"Three hours, I should say, and since there is nothing else to be done, I propose that we set about our studies for the day in order to economize time."

"Now see what you've brought us to!"

Phil whispered savagely to Sam, and the latter looked as thoroughly ashamed as he probably felt.

The Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, were hard at work over their books when a hail came from the shore, and again was Master Sam reminded that he was not capable of taking command, even of so small a craft as Captain Ezra's motor boat.

"Ahoy on the bar!" Mr. Bragg cried. "What are you doing out there?"

"Waiting for the tide to rise," Doris replied cheerily.

"Is it possible that you were so careless as to run aground where all hands knew there was a sand-bar? I thought, last Saturday, that you were a prudent skipper."

"Sam was at the wheel, and he wanted to make a short cut," Doris cried laughingly, while Sam's cheeks grew flaming red.

"Oh, I see how it was," Mr. Bragg said, half to himself, and there was so much of meaning in his tone that Sam's abasement increased tenfold. "Well, you'll have to wait where you are until the tide rises, for there isn't a boat of any kind within two miles, and

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I'm not inclined to walk so far just now. The tent is here ready to be set up, and I had counted that by the time the sun got high we'd have a shelter over our heads."

"I suppose we might try to wade ashore," Doris said hesitatingly, and the gentleman cried as if in alarm :

"Don't make the venture on your life! I'm told that the sand on the bar is none too firm, and we can't begin wrecking operations with an adventure in the quicksands. I'll go back home to welcome your parents, and you can count on seeing me again some time before that snail-like craft of yours is afloat."

Then Mr. Bragg disappeared amid the palmetto palms, and Sam turned his attention to the lesson before him with more alacrity than he had ever shown in all his life, hoping by so doing to escape further reproaches from his partners.

Half an hour later, when the heat of the day had increased to an uncomfortable degree, Phil startled his companions by saying :

"There's the vessel that is bringing the wrecking material which Mr. Bragg hired! See! She's going into the Inlet, and there's

nobody about to say where the goods shall be landed! I've a mind to wade ashore, and take my chances of quicksands."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Phil Newcome!" Doris cried sharply. "Mr. Bragg the same as said it was dangerous, and we've had trouble enough for one morning."

"But some one must be there when the vessel gets inside," Phil replied sharply, at the same time beginning to remove his shoes, and then was come the moment when Professor Andy showed that he could be the sternest kind of a stern tutor if necessity arose.

"You will stay where you are, Philip," he said, and the young people believed he would not hesitate at using force if there was any show of disobedience.

CHAPTER X

THE WRECKERS AT WORK

THE motor boat was on the sand-bar hard and fast, therefore, as Doris wisely said, nothing could be gained by scolding and fretting; but it was surely wearing on one's patience to sit there poring over the lessons while the tide slowly ebbed until the little craft heeled over on her beam ends, knowing that very much more time must elapse before it would rise sufficiently high to set her free.

"Why don't you swim ashore, professor?" Phil asked suddenly, as if the possibility had but just presented itself to his mind. "It wouldn't be much of a task for you."

"I believe it my duty to remain here with you, lest something reckless be done," the tutor said curtly.

"You might go ashore long enough to show the crew of the vessel where the goods were to be landed, and then come back," Doris suggested.

“ We will pay the price of our inexcusable blunder by remaining here,” Mr. Barclay said with a meaning glance at Sam. “ There was no reason why we should have run the boat aground, knowing the entrance to the Inlet as we do, and since it has been done, we’ll consider it a lesson to be remembered.”

“ But those men may land the goods very far from where we want them,” Phil added.

“ In such case we must spend so much the more time and labor in transporting them. You may construe the third paragraph on page fifty-three, Master Samuel.”

When Mr. Barclay took on his severest schoolmaster manners, the young people knew that neither argument nor protest would avail, and very unwillingly they settled down to the task in hand, glancing shoreward every few seconds, however, to learn what was being done there.

Before the vessel came to anchor, Mr. Bragg appeared once more, and with him were Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris. Then Phil’s face flushed with shame as he heard his father say laughingly :

“ In case your yacht is ever raised, Bragg,

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we shall be forced to hire a man to take charge of her, for boys who can put a small boat ashore where even a blind man should know there was no water are not to be trusted with a craft the size of the 'Princess.' "

"If the motor boat had had the same captain who sailed her Saturday, I am quite certain she would not be piled up on the sand now," Mr. Bragg replied, and Sam's cheeks grew rosy red.

Then the gentlemen turned their attention to the master of the freighter, who had come ashore in his tender, and Sam said sulkily :

"I can't see why they shouldn't send that small boat after us. We could anchor this craft, and she couldn't come to any harm while it is a dead calm."

"I fancy your father believes you should pay the full price of carelessness," Mr. Barclay replied mildly. "We were provided with all that had been asked for in the way of transportation, and if we failed to use it intelligently, there is no good reason why any effort be made by others to remedy our faults."

This was sufficient to reduce Master Sam to silence ; but he could not fail to see that the

work of unloading the vessel was begun without delay, and in the meanwhile two men had come out from amid the foliage with what appeared to be a canvas tent.

The study hour came to an end some time before the motor boat was afloat, and then the goods were piled up on the shore, while the freighter was running slowly out of the Inlet.

The tent had been set up near the clump of palmetto palms, and the shore was deserted.

"The gentlemen have gone to Mr. Bragg's house for luncheon," Doris said in a tearful tone. "They'll have everything nice to eat, and we must starve!"

Sam turned as if to make an angry reply, for he knew full well that the junior member of the wrecking company was reproaching him, but he succeeded in checking himself, and resumed his gloomy task of watching the slow rise of the tide.

It seemed to the officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, as if the day was nearly spent before the little craft, with Doris at the helm, backed away from the obstruction.

It can be supposed that they "bore well to the suth'rd" once she had steerage-way on, and when the bow grated on the sand where the wrecking material was piled, Sam leaped ashore, disappearing almost immediately amid the palmettos.

"Where has he gone?" Doris asked in surprise, and Phil replied with a laugh:

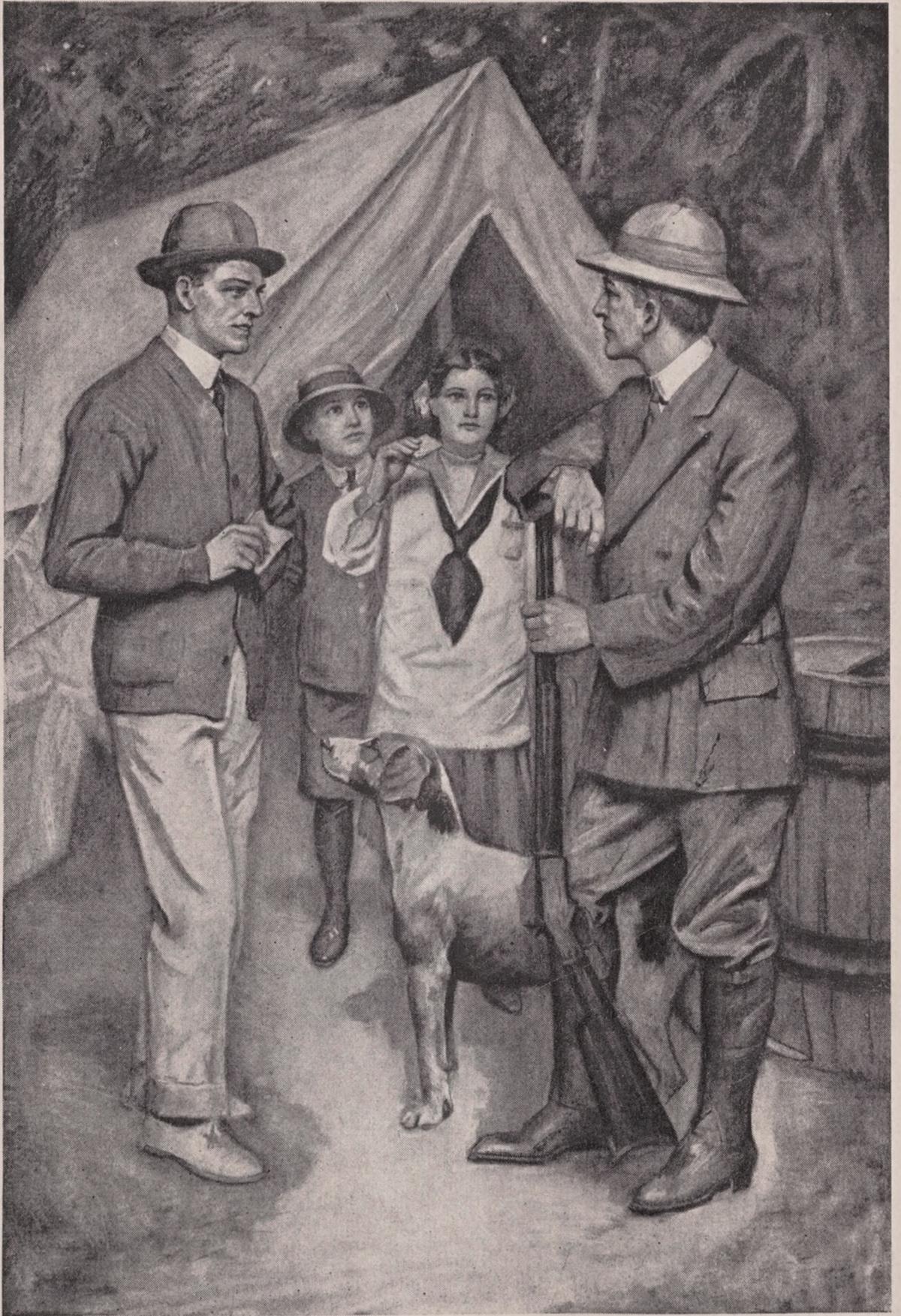
"He knows that a fit of the sulks is coming on, and has gone where he can be alone."

Doris and Phil went ashore slowly; Mr. Barclay anchored the motor boat at a safe distance from the shore, and then followed the young people to the tent, arriving there just as Doris made a most pleasing discovery.

"Mr. Bragg has left the very nicest kind of a luncheon here for us! Just look! Such pickles! Jam! Oranges! Hello, Sam! Come here and get something to eat!"

No reply was made to this most cordial invitation, and Phil shouted himself hoarse without provoking a word from the senior partner.

"There is no reason why we shouldn't eat, even if he has such a bad attack of the sulks," Doris said complacently, as she suited



“GOT ASHORE AT LAST, EH?”

the action to the word, and the three hungry ones were yet feasting when Mr. Bragg appeared at the flap of the tent.

“Got ashore at last, eh?” he cried cheerily. “Where’s the other member of the firm?”

“He went away by himself when we first landed, and evidently doesn’t want anything to eat, for he surely must have heard us calling,” Doris said, as if it was the usual thing for Sam to thus secrete himself at luncheon time.

“Well, I’m not certain but that I’d want to do the same thing, if I had run the motor boat on the bar after having come in here so often,” Mr. Bragg replied with a laugh. “I suppose you will be forced to get along as best you can alone, until he has recovered his temper, and, if you will allow one of the workmen to make a suggestion, I would propose that you look after your goods—that is, if you are counting on doing any work to-day.”

“What is to be done first?” and Doris ran out of the tent to where the oil casks had been left on the beach.

“When you have ascertained how many cubic inches of air one of these casks contains,

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and then found the lifting power of each when it is air-tight, we shall know how many must be made fast to the hull of the yacht," Mr. Barclay said gravely, and Doris asked in dismay :

"Must we wait to figure all that out before beginning the work?"

"Not necessarily. It won't be possible for us to moor, before sunset, as many as will be needed. If you want to begin the wrecking operations, we can set about the task now, and work out the problem this evening."

"But how will you make the casks fast to the hull of the 'Princess'?" Phil asked, and the professor remained silent a full minute before he replied :

"We'll tow two of the empty casks out to the wreck, and then decide, for very much depends upon whether we can pass chains under the bow and stern of the yacht."

Then he and Mr. Bragg made ready two of the casks for towing; the motor boat was hauled in to the shore, and on her were loaded several long chains, together with an ample supply of stout rope.

Before this had been done Sam appeared

from among the palmettos, looking just a trifle ashamed of himself, but striving hard not to seem conscious of having done anything childish. He laid hold with the others, and when the preparations had been nearly completed Mr. Barclay disappeared inside the tent, emerging a few minutes later in a bathing suit.

“Are you going overboard again?” Doris asked in surprise.

“Some one must do so, else how can we fix the chains in place?” he said, taking his station at the motor while the others, including Mr. Bragg, clambered on board.

Sam remained amidships, making no attempt to take the wheel, and Doris steered, watching carefully the captive casks which were bobbing astern, seriously interfering with the course of the boat.

Having arrived alongside the spars of the “Princess,” the motor boat was made fast, and Mr. Barclay overhauled one of the long chains until he found the bight of it, or, in other words, the middle, and then secured the end to the bow of Captain Ezra’s craft.

With the bight in his hand, he slipped over the rail, sinking rapidly because of the weight

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he held, and it seemed to Doris as if he no more than had time to reach the bottom before he was on the surface again, saying triumphantly, after filling his lungs with fresh air:

"That part of it was easy. I've slipped the bight of the chain over the bow of the yacht, and it is necessary only to back this boat a few yards to draw it taut beyond all chance of slipping."

He was on board even while speaking, and when Phil had cast off the boat's hawser from the spars of the wreck, the tutor sent the craft astern until both ends of the chain prevented further movement in that direction.

Now it was that, much to the surprise of the young people, Mr. Bragg seemed to understand exactly what should be done, for, without waiting to receive orders from Mr. Barclay, the gentleman proceeded to make the ends of the chain fast to one of the oil casks, saying as he made the last turn:

"That is what I call a short horse quickly curried! If you had spent two full days in accomplishing as much, I would have said the task was performed in reasonable order."

"I can't see that you have done anything

more than moor the cask," Doris said in perplexity.

"You will soon understand that we workmen have advanced your interests in great shape," Mr. Bragg replied laughingly. "We have not only moored one cask, but we have put the mooring chain in position to lift when we put the air power on. Will you try the stern, Mr. Barclay?"

"There is no reason why we shouldn't continue the good work," and Mr. Barclay sent the power boat ahead until she was directly over the stern of the wreck, after which similar preparations were made with the second chain.

This portion of the labor was not finished so expeditiously. The tutor remained under water a full minute, and when he came to the surface, it was to report that the shoe of the propellor was submerged in the sand to such an extent that he could not slip the bight of the chain in place.

"I don't claim that I can't do it; but it will take considerable time," he said in conclusion, and then it was that Mr. Bragg made a valuable suggestion:

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"Why not push one of the half-inch ropes beneath the sand at the end of the screw and go ahead gently till it holds? Then, by working on the rope, we should be able to cut a road in the sand."

"That is exactly the idea I was needing!" Mr. Barclay cried triumphantly, and as soon as it was possible to clamber on board he began overhauling one of the coils of small rope until he found the bight, when he dropped beneath the surface again.

"It's all right if we go ahead slowly," he said, when next the wreckers saw him. "I've got the rope where we want it; but there's an even chance it may slip when the strain is put on."

"Start her slowly, and we'll sheer to port a bit," Mr. Bragg said as he took the helm.

A moment later Captain Ezra's craft forged ahead; the two ends of the rope, which were made fast on board, tightened until they were like wires, and Mr. Barclay shouted gleefully:

"She holds! Now we should be able to work this rope after the fashion of a saw until we cut a channel for the chain!"

Leaving the motor still running in order to

keep the rope taut, Mr. Barclay took one end, standing well over to starboard, while Mr. Bragg, on the port side, laid hold of the other, the two alternately pulling and slackening.

During a full ten minutes the men thus worked, and that the labor was excessive could have been told by the perspiration which ran down their faces. Then Mr. Barclay announced as his belief that the task had been completed, and the motor was stopped, after which the tutor descended once more, guiding himself by the chain which hung over the stern.

“Do you really think he can do it this time?” Doris asked as she strained her eyes to see the diver, and Mr. Bragg replied as he wiped his forehead vigorously :

“If he doesn't it's a case of keeping up that kind of work until it is a success. We've only made a beginning as yet.”

Then the professor's head bobbed up on the starboard side, and there was little need to ask if he had been successful, for the answer could readily be read on his face.

“That rope cut away the sand ten feet or more, and the chain is well under the keel, so

far from the shoe of the screw that there is no danger of springing it. I didn't count on getting so much done inside of two days!"

"Make the cask fast, and call it a day's work," Mr. Bragg said in a tone of content. "I count on earning my wages; but don't intend to do more than that. It's time we went home to see how matters are there."

CHAPTER XI

UNDER CANVAS

THE officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, were not in favor of "calling it a day's work" when it seemed as if they had but just begun that portion of the task which showed results; but neither felt at liberty to make any protest against a suggestion of Mr. Bragg's, even though that gentleman professed to count himself only as one of the laborers.

When a person had much the same as presented you with a fine yacht and invited you to his home for a lengthy visit in order that the gift might be improved, it would be rank ingratitude to set yourself up in opposition to his wishes.

So the company agreed to the proposition by making ready to go on shore; but there must have been on their faces an expression which told that it would have pleased them better to continue the work, for Mr. Bragg said laughingly :

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"Want to keep right on, thinking the 'Princess' can be raised in short order, simply because we have made two casks fast to the hull, eh? You will have ample opportunity for work before the time comes when we can apply air-power to lift her, and what we might do during the few remaining hours of daylight wouldn't count for very much. What do you say, Mr. Barclay?"

"We have made a good beginning, in view of the delay caused by going aground on the bar," the tutor replied as he glanced toward Sam. "I am more than ready to stop work now, for much diving, even in shallow water, is more than an amateur like myself cares to undertake."

"Oh, if you are tired already, that settles it," Sam said quickly, speaking as if he felt a certain shame because a full-grown man had confessed to being so feeble.

"You must bear in mind, my lad, that even skilled divers cannot work beneath the surface more than three or four hours each day," Mr. Bragg interrupted almost sharply. "But it is not alone the question of diving which prompted me to suggest that we call it a day's

work. There is yet much to be done on shore before the sun sets."

"Do you mean that we must pile up all those casks?" and Doris looked in dismay at the collection of wrecking material lying in the sand.

"Unless you absolutely insist upon it, we won't spend our time handling that lot of dunnage any more than may be absolutely necessary," Mr. Bragg replied with a smile. "The truth of the matter is that the tent must be put in shape as a lodging house before nightfall. My home is not so large that we can provide quarters for many guests, and Mrs. Bragg has proposed that Mr. Barclay and the boys use the tent as a sleeping room ——"

"And are we to live in it?" Philip cried in delight. "That will be the jolliest kind of sport; besides, it will be possible for us to stand guard over the 'Princess' when she is so nearly out of water that we can't afford to have strangers fooling around."

There was a certain look of disappointment on Doris' face, as if it would have pleased her could she be numbered among those who were

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to live under canvas during the visit, and Mr. Bragg seemed to think it very comical, for he said as soon as he could check his mirth :

"I really believe you would prefer the tent to our house."

"I surely would like to live in the tent," Doris replied, speaking slowly as if choosing her words. "Of course it will be very nice at your home, and I shall enjoy myself there, but now that we have really begun to raise the 'Princess' I should like to stay here on the shore every minute until she is afloat, though, of course, I know that cannot be," she added with a sigh.

"I fancy the boys won't watch over her sharply after dark, and the meals at my home shall be so served that you can spend all your waking time with the other officers of the company. And now if the matter is really settled, suppose we go ashore? It stands to reason that Mr. Barclay will be pleased to get into dry clothes as soon as possible, for even here in Florida the air is chilling toward the close of the day."

Evidently Mr. Barclay had been impatiently waiting for this, because Mr. Bragg had

no sooner ceased speaking than he cried in a tone of command :

“Cast off the hawser, Philip! Take the helm, Miss Doris, and we'll soon have this craft anchored for the night.”

“What we need is a small boat,” Sam said when Captain Ezra's slow craft was puffing and wheezing on the way to the beach. “How can you anchor in deep water without something to pull ashore in?”

“It will be a case of swimming to and fro until we get a tender, and that is what must be done very soon, if we count on working to the best advantage,” Mr. Barclay replied, and then it was necessary to shut off the power because the motor boat was very near the shore.

By running the bow of Captain Ezra's craft up on the sand it was possible for the company to leap ashore without wetting their feet, and when all save himself had landed the tutor backed the boat into deep water, where the anchor was dropped.

Then Mr. Barclay leaped over the rail, half swimming, half wading to the beach where the others awaited him, and Mr. Bragg said :

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"Get into your clothes and we will go to the house and report progress. The tent is to be used only as a sleeping room, and you will have your meals served in a civilized manner."

Mr. Barclay did not keep the party waiting many moments, and when he came out there was nothing in his appearance to show that he had been playing the part of diver.

It was a very jolly company of grown-ups that the officers of the wrecking company found at Mr. Bragg's home, and Doris immediately decided that even though her parents had no especial interest in raising the "Princess," they were well pleased with this portion of the scheme.

When dinner had been served the tutor and the boys made ready to go to their canvas lodgings, acting on Phil's suggestion that they retire early in order to be up with the sun, and Doris looked really sad as they trooped down the path leading to the shore, while two negro servants, laden with the beds and bedclothing, trailed on behind.

Sam was not in the best of humors, and Phil, believing the lad was feeling sore be-

cause of having run the motor boat ashore, made no attempt to enter into conversation with him until he revealed the cause of his dissatisfaction, by saying :

“It’s mighty tough that we’ve got to spend so much time each day in study, when we ought to be at the wrecking. I suppose if we had the ‘Princess’ where she could be floated by putting in five minutes’ extra work, and it was the hour for musty books, the professor would insist that we knock off.”

“Try to be correct in all your statements, Samuel,” the tutor interrupted in what to Phil sounded like a very jolly tone. “Your books are not literally musty. However, there will be no interruption to the work this week.”

“What do you mean?” Phil asked.

“Your parents have decided that you may devote all your time to raising the ‘Princess.’ If at the end of a week the work is so far advanced as to make it reasonably certain the task can be performed, I have no doubt but that the vacation will be extended.”

The cloud vanished from Sam’s face with this information, and from that moment, until he made another blunder, he was as jolly a

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comrade as the most exacting could have desired.

When the beds had been made, and the servants returned to the house, the boys would have sat outside the tent discussing plans for the following day. However, Mr. Barclay insisted that they retire without delay, even though it was yet early in the evening, to the end that work might be begun immediately another day dawned, and, much against his will, Sam was forced to obey.

Unwilling though the boys had been to lie down, no more than five minutes passed, after they were in bed, before both were sleeping soundly, nor did either awaken until after a full hour, when a most dismal, blood-curdling cry brought them to their feet very suddenly.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Sam screamed, clutching Phil by the arm frantically, and almost at the same instant the fearsome cry was repeated.

"What is it?" Sam repeated impatiently, his teeth actually chattering with fear, and Phil, striving to overcome his terror, replied in a very shaky voice:

“I’m sure I don’t know! Where’s Professor Andy?”

Not until this moment did Sam understand that the tutor was no longer in the tent, and the fact that he had disappeared served to intensify his fears.

“What has become of him?” he shrieked. “Why don’t you hunt for Mr. Barclay?”

Phil was so thoroughly bewildered and frightened that he stood like one dazed until his cousin had demanded that he strive to solve the mystery. Then, with uncertain steps, he went toward the flap of the tent, as if to venture out, when again was heard that terrible noise, and he ran back to the bed, where he crouched as if expecting an immediate attack by some terrible monster.

“Why don’t you do something?” Sam wailed, and Phil retorted angrily:

“Why don’t you? If I knew what kind of a thing is making that noise, I’d go out; but what would be the use? If the professor was anywhere near, he’d have come in by this time.”

“Do you suppose that—that—that any-

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thing has carried him off?" Sam threw himself at full length on the bed moaning feebly, as if death was very near at hand.

His cousin's terror seemed to give Phil courage, for, arising to his feet softly, he crept cautiously to the flap of the tent, where he gazed out in fear and trembling lest he should see some awful picture.

Except amid the palmetto palms or in the deep shadows cast by the stack of oil casks, there was no place near at hand where an enemy, brute or human, could have been hidden, and, being thus in the open where he would have timely warning if any dreadful thing was coming, strengthened Phil's courage.

"Come out here, Sam," he cried. "It's better than hiding in the tent expecting every minute that something awful is going to happen."

"Can you see Mr. Barclay?"

"Of course I can't, because he isn't here."

"What are we going to do about it?" and Sam's head appeared through the flap of the tent. "Of course, we can't stay here all night without trying to do something. Let's go up

to Mr. Bragg's. The men ought to be told what has happened."

"I wish we could tell them exactly what it is," Phil said half to himself, and added in a louder tone, "I suppose we must let them know, for it's certain the professor couldn't have disappeared so completely unless he'd been dragged away by some animal. Come on ; we'll go to the house."

Sam so far succeeded in mastering his fears as to venture outside the tent, and then, clutching his cousin's hand as if thereby he might find protection, he followed as Phil ran swiftly in the direction of Mr. Bragg's home, making a wide *détour* lest they pass too near the shadows cast by the oil casks, where, possibly, some enemy might be hidden.

CHAPTER XII

A TERRIBLE BIRD

UNLESS the boys had heard that terrible cry, which appeared to come from the sea-shore rather than the thicket, they would have hardly mustered courage enough to make their way in the night through the foliage, where the shadows distorted bush and leaf until it was like unto nothing they had ever seen.

They had hardly more than got among the palmettos when Sam began to fear they might be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, as he afterward expressed it, and, hanging back when Phil would have continued to advance at his best speed, soon brought about a partial halt.

“What’s the matter?” Phil asked impatiently on finding that he could not make very rapid progress while his cousin was playing the part of drag. “We’d better stayed in the camp than be loafing ’round here in the

thicket where there's no knowing what kind of things we may run up against!"

"That's it, that's just it!" Sam wailed. "I'd almost rather go back than keep on, for there must be lots of wild things around, else Mr. Bragg wouldn't always have had his gun with him."

"How will it better matters for us to stand here talking foolishly?" Phil demanded angrily.

"Don't you believe we'd better go back?" and Sam hesitated in his speech, as if almost ashamed to thus confess that he was afraid of the shadows.

"I'd as soon stick it out in the tent, taking my chances that the animal wouldn't find us, but we've got to do something about Professor Andy. He's been carried away, that's certain, and we're bound to give an alarm so Mr. Bragg can send out people to search for him."

"Say," Sam began tearfully, gripping his cousin's arm with both hands, but before he could finish the sentence Phil shook off his hold with no slight show of anger, as he cried:

"If you're afraid to go up to the house run to the tent and wait there till I get back."

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"I'd rather ——"

Again Sam was interrupted, and this time it was by the terrible scream which had awakened them so suddenly and painfully.

There was no longer any question about going to the tent, or remaining in the thicket discussing matters, for now it was Sam who took the lead, running as he never had run before, and Phil, whose footsteps were quickened by that fearsome scream, found it difficult to keep pace with him.

Not until they were come within view of Mr. Bragg's home did the frightened Sam relax his efforts, and then he was so nearly breathless because of rapid running that he sank down on the sand, a crumpled, panting heap.

Phil was breathing quite as heavily as his companion; but he had his fears under better control, and instead of wasting time by puffing and blowing, began pounding vigorously on the front door in an effort to awaken the inmates, counting on recovering from the mad race while waiting for those within to answer his summons.

Again and again he pounded, Sam groan-

ing with every blow of his cousin's fists, as if he received the thumping upon the most tender portion of his own body, until Phil cried sharply :

“Can't you keep quiet a minute? The people will think we are a lot of dying folks if you go on at that rate!”

“They'll never come! They'll never come, and who can tell but that the terrible beast is close behind us!”

“If the animal was big enough to carry off the professor your groaning won't scare him away, so try to be decent till I waken some one.”

“Who is there? What is wanted?” came in a sharp, angry voice from behind the door.

“Mr. Bragg! Mr. Bragg! Open the door!” Phil cried, and Sam groaned even more loudly than before.

“Who is there?” the voice cried.

“It's I! Phil Newcome, and Sam's here, too! Something has lugged Professor Andy off, and there's a terrible row!”

By this time the door was opened, and the scantily-clad form of the gentleman who was willing to give away a beautiful yacht, even

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though wrecked, in order to have something with which to occupy his idle time, stood revealed to view.

"What is the matter?" he asked, after making certain that it was, indeed, Philip Newcome who had aroused him, and he added in a tone of fear when Sam gave vent to a most doleful groan: "Are you hurt badly?"

"Hurt nothing!" Phil cried, irritated because Mr. Bragg could not understand the situation without asking so many questions. "Professor Andy has been lugged off by some terrible animal ——"

By this time both Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris had joined their host at the door, and Phil's father seized him almost roughly by the shoulder, as he asked impatiently:

"What do you mean by saying the professor has been lugged off? Tell the story intelligently!"

"That's what I was trying to do; but ——"

"Phil! Phil, what is the matter?" came in a shrill voice from somewhere in the dark interior of the house. "Has anything happened to the 'Princess'?"

"Go back to your bed, Doris!" Mr. New-

come cried sharply, and then, actually shaking Phil, he said, as if the lad was unwilling to make explanations: "Now, tell us what has happened, and cease interrupting yourself."

"It seems as if you people were doing the interrupting," and now Phil spoke in an injured tone. "Sam and I were awakened by a most horrible screeching, and when we jumped up the professor wasn't there. The beast, or whatever it was, must have carried him away, and we came here to let you know about it."

Fully five minutes passed before the gentlemen understood clearly what had happened, and then Mr. Bragg said in a businesslike tone:

"There are no wild animals anywhere about here, that is positive; but if Mr. Barclay is really missing—and I don't suppose you boys could be mistaken in regard to his disappearance—we must know the meaning of it."

Instead of giving any further heed to Phil and Sam, the gentlemen disappeared within the house, to show themselves a few moments later fully clad. Mr. Bragg had his gun and the dog trailed close at his heels.

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"Now we will solve the mystery of the disappearing professor," Mr. Newcome said as he led the way through the thicket. "You boys keep close behind us."

There was no need to give such a command, for neither Sam nor Phil had any idea of straying very far from the leaders, especially while they were amid the palmettos, where the shadows were so grotesquely fearful.

The leaders of the party came out from among the foliage on the shore, where could be seen the tent shimmering white in the moonlight and at the very instant a mournful, unearthly cry could be heard apparently from the sand-bar.

"There! There!" Sam cried, his voice trembling with fear. "Now what about wild animals?"

"Was that the cry you heard before?" Mr. Bragg asked, as he wheeled sharply about to face the lads.

"Yes, sir," Phil replied, while Sam crouched behind him that he might shelter himself by his cousin's body in case an attack was made.

"And you think the animal that made it carried off the professor?"

“He wasn’t in the tent, and we couldn’t see him anywhere ——”

“Well, lads, it may be that something serious has happened to the professor, but I’m inclined to think you have routed us out simply to hear a loon crying,” and Mr. Bragg laughed heartily.

“Is that a loon, sir?” Phil asked, but there was no need to hear the reply, for his father and uncle were indulging in such hearty mirth that there could be no question as to his having shown himself very nearly foolish.

“But a loon is a bird,” Sam said quickly, as if such a fact would disprove Mr. Bragg’s statement.

“So it is, my lad,” Mr. Newcome replied as soon as he could check his mirth; “but it doesn’t prove that you are not much like the boy in the nursery rhymes, ‘born in the woods to be scared by an owl.’ Now if it is shown that the disappearance of Mr. Barclay has no better foundation than your story about wild animals, we have lost a goodly portion of our night’s rest because of your ignorance.”

Both Sam and Phil were gazing straight ahead, not caring to meet the mocking glances

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of the gentlemen, and thus had the tent in full view, when, to their great surprise and intense chagrin, Professor Andy came out of it, looking about as if to learn the cause of the noise.

"You surely must have been frightened, if you believed that Mr. Barclay had disappeared," Mr. Norris said in a fine tone of sarcasm, and even a tongue-tied man might have counted twenty before Phil recovered from his shame and amazement sufficiently to say stoutly :

"He surely wasn't there when we left. I was mighty well scared by the cry, but not so much that I couldn't make out whether the professor's bed was empty."

"Has anything gone wrong?" Professor Andy asked, as he came toward the party.

"The boys reported your disappearance—said you had been carried off by some savage beast, and we have come to save your life, if that be possible," Mr. Bragg replied laughingly.

"Save my life?" the professor repeated as if in bewilderment, and then, seemingly understanding better the situation, he also began to laugh. "Did the boys miss me?"

“It looks that way, unless you really left the tent for a while.”

“That is exactly what I did,” and again the professor laughed. “I couldn’t sleep, and knowing how sadly we would need a tender for the motor boat when working to-morrow, thought to economize time by going after one. It was a bright night; I ran up to Captain Curtis’ landing, took a skiff without asking leave, and have been back no more than five minutes.”

“The wild, savage animal proves to be an innocent old loon, and the disappearing professor turns out to be an humble laborer in the employ of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, who was willing to deprive himself of sleep in order to forward his employer’s interests,” Mr. Bragg said, in what Phil fancied was a sarcastic tone. “After having thus solved all the mysteries, I fancy we are no longer needed as dragon fighters, therefore, can go home again.”

Neither Phil nor Sam made reply; both were wretchedly ashamed and at the same time angry with themselves for thus having proved that they were cowards.

CHAPTER XIII

WRECKING

WHEN Philip opened his eyes once more the morning sun was streaming in through the open flap of the tent. Mr. Barclay had disappeared again, and Sam, his mouth opened wide, was breathing so heavily that one could not have been accused of straining the truth in saying that he was really snoring.

Phil was on the point of springing to his feet in order to continue the work of wrecking at the earliest possible moment, when he remembered what had taken place during the night.

“They’ll be expecting us at Mr. Bragg’s to get breakfast, and I just can’t go, that’s all there is to it,” he said to himself. “It would be mighty tough to face Doris alone, but to have the whole crowd roughing into a fellow is more than a dose. I’d rather get along without a dozen meals than pay such a price as that, though I don’t suppose a fellow could live a very great while without something to eat.

What precious idiots Sam and I did make of ourselves last night, and to think of his trying to shove all the blame on me!"

He was yet occupied with very disagreeable thoughts, when Mr. Barclay looked in through the flap of the tent, and asked, without disturbing Sam's noisy slumbers:

"Isn't it nearly time you made ready to go for breakfast?"

"I'm not going," Phil replied curtly, rolling over until his face was buried in the pillow, as intimation that he did not care to discuss the matter.

The tutor had no idea of allowing him to have his own way, and, seating himself by the side of the bed, said in a friendly tone, such as one good comrade would use with another:

"Don't be a coward, Philip. This is a case where you must pay the price, and to do so with a cheerful face entitles you to a heavy discount. You must meet the gentlemen sooner or later, for even though you stay here, determined not to show yourself at the house, they are certain to come in a few hours, and then you will suffer more than if we went up

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boldly for breakfast. Make your toilet at once, and I will wake Sam."

While one might have counted twenty Phil remained silent and irresolute, and then, as if having decided upon his course of action, he leaped to his feet, Mr. Barclay saying encouragingly :

"That's the way to go about it, Philip. It's much like taking a plunge into icy water ; the first shock is the most disagreeable."

Then the tutor awakened Sam, and that young gentleman remarked, after having indulged in much grumbling because he had been aroused so early in the morning :

"I reckon Phil is bound to get it pretty rough when he shows up at the house. Even Mr. Bragg will fire a shot at him."

"Hadn't you any share in last night's trouble, Samuel?" Mr. Barclay asked almost sternly.

"Well, of course, I was with Phil ; but his getting frightened was what mixed me all up. If I'd had time to look around I should have seen that the motor boat wasn't at anchor, and then the whole thing would have been plain."

“Even to the fearful screams of that blood-thirsty wild animal?” the tutor asked meaningfully.

“That’s where Phil set me off again. I’d never heard a loon scream, and who would have believed that a plain, every-day bird could have made such a hair-raising noise?”

“If you are wise, Sam, you will admit a full share in the display of cowardice, because no one will believe that your weakness was brought about by Philip. Take good-naturedly all the quips and jokes that are dealt out, and much good may come of it.”

“I’d like to know what advantage can come of listening to a lot of talk,” and now there was a tone of sulkiness in Sam’s voice.

“It may teach you to look about carefully before yielding to fear of the unknown. Suppose you and Philip, after hearing the strange cries, and discovering that I was no longer in the tent, had said it was unreasonable to suppose Mr. Bragg would have proposed that you sleep here if there were dangerous beasts in the vicinity, and had tried to discover the meaning of the noise? Then, most likely, you would have learned that the motor boat

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was no longer at her anchorage, and with such knowledge as a starting point, might have hit upon so much of the truth as would have prevented you from giving a needless alarm."

Sam was not a lad who cared to receive advice, or hear of his own shortcomings, therefore he walked out of the tent before the tutor had come to an end of his lecture, but Mr. Barclay was satisfied that he would not again attempt to throw upon his cousin the blame of what had happened during the night.

Phil was unusually silent while the three walked slowly through the thicket to Mr. Bragg's house. When they entered the dwelling, every member of the assembled company greeted them with what sounded very like words of derision. Before breakfast had come to an end, however, the subject was apparently exhausted, and once more the question of raising the "Princess" came under discussion.

Because of his guests, Mr. Bragg decided that he would not take an active part in the work on that day, therefore the young people and their tutor set off alone to continue the task of mooring the oil casks to the sunken yacht.

It proved to be monotonous work before the day was very old, and when noon came and the tutor insisted that all hands should indulge in a siesta after eating luncheon, not a member of the party made any protest.

The tender had been most serviceable in working back and forth from the power boat to the shore, or in towing out single casks, and because Professor Andy had taken it into his head to "disappear" during a certain portion of the night, much time and labor had been saved.

During the morning Doris acted as pilot of the motor boat, discharging her duties to the satisfaction of all except, possibly, Sam, who yet had the idea that he of all the company was best fitted by nature and experience to handle such a craft.

Much had been accomplished during this half-day, for when the work had temporarily come to an end, fourteen casks were moored to the wreck, and all filled with water, so that they might be brought as near the hull as possible before the air was let in to give them lifting power.

From this moment until the end of the

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week, work was continued with no other interruptions. It was a case, as Sam said irritably, of "working like beasts during every hour of daylight, with never any play thrown in," and the members of the wrecking company came to understand that they would be forced to pay a stiff price for the "Princess" in event of success, with the chance of having labored in vain many days, for, of course, all admitted the possibility of failure.

Because of his guests, Mr. Bragg no longer took an active part in the wrecking operations. He, together with Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris, came down on the shore at least once each day to gaze at the laborers a certain short time, and at the dinner table he insisted that a detailed account of the work already performed be given. Other than that, however, it was as if he had ceased to care whether the "Princess" remained at the bottom or was floated again.

After the first twenty-four hours succeeding the appearance of the loon and the disappearance of the professor, the jokes and quips concerning the fright of the boys seemed to have lost zest, and the matter was not spoken of,

except now and then by Doris, when Sam was disposed to scoff at girls as captains of motor boats.

Mr. Barclay's scheme for raising the "Princess" was very simple, so far as detail went, but required severe and protracted labor. A sufficient number of empty oil casks were to be attached to the hull to raise her a certain number of inches from the bottom each day, the tide and air being harnessed in such manner as to become the important factors in the work.

Having ascertained how many cubic inches of air each cask would contain, and how much lifting power was necessary to raise the "Princess" from her sandy bed, it was a simple matter to decide just how many casks would be required in the task.

Mr. Barclay had already, as has been told, put in place chains at the bow and stern of the wreck to which the casks filled with water were to be made fast. When a sufficient number had been secured to the chains, and all the slack taken in at extreme low tide, then the water would be pumped out, and the bungs driven in until the air could not escape.

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Thus it will be seen that when the tide flowed, after all had been made ready, the empty casks would raise the submerged hull a certain number of inches. Then, as Mr. Barclay had said, the wreck could be towed into shallow water, when the tide was at its height, and after it had fallen, the process of filling the casks again with water, taking in the slack of the cables, and admitting more air, must be repeated.

Therefore it was that after the necessary number of casks had been put in place, and the "Princess" was lifted a bit, it would be necessary for the wreckers to work by night as well as day in order to take advantage of the tides.

At last came that day when the "oil-cask power" was first applied, and the officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, as well as their parents, gathered on the shore to learn whether Mr. Barclay's plan was to be a failure or a success.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, when the tide had ebbed lowest. Two hours prior to that the tutor and the boys had worked feverishly, pumping water from the

casks, bringing the task to an end exactly at the desired moment.

In the tent, that they might be sheltered from the fervid rays of the sun, were gathered Mr. Bragg, his wife, and their guests, while here and there on the shore, too highly excited to give any heed to the heat, were members of the wrecking company, their eyes fixed upon the spars of the "Princess" and the cluster of buoyant casks.

"There is no good reason why you should watch so closely just now," the professor said to Doris, who was standing so near the edge of the water that tiny ripples flowed over her shoes. "Even if our plan is proven to be the proper one, it will be at least two hours before the tide can have any effect upon our floats."

"But I just can't do anything but watch," Doris replied nervously. "I know we shouldn't expect a change for a long while; but I don't want to miss seeing anything that may happen."

Sam soon tired of gazing at the motionless casks, and went, as if on the verge of the sulks, to the clump of palmetto palms and lay down. Phil paddled off to the motor boat, in

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order to be nearer the wreck, and the professor paced to and fro trying, with very poor success, to make it appear as if he had no doubts regarding the outcome.

To the guests in the tent, who were not so deeply interested in the work, the time did not seem unreasonably long; but Doris felt positive the day must have been well-nigh spent, and that the tide had refused to do its duty, before Professor Andy, coming close to her side, said in a half whisper:

"Now you may watch with some promise of seeing the result of our work. Do you notice that a heavy strain is being put on the cables?"

"How do you know?"

"Keep your eyes on the casks, and you will see them roll here and there as they settle down to the bearing point. In less than half an hour there will be a different angle to the spars, or I have made a big mistake in my calculations."

Perhaps it would have been as well if Doris' attention had not been called to the fact that already was the tide exerting its strength upon the wreck, for when the casks had turned this way or that, until all were settled well down

to their proper bearings and remained motionless, she, believing the "Princess" could not be lifted from the sand, turned away in sore distress, her eyes filled with tears of disappointment.

Then, when it seemed as if she must run away somewhere and get out of sight in order to give full vent to her grief, a shout of triumph from Phil caused her to wheel around very suddenly.

She saw that which caused her heart to beat wildly, and it seemed difficult to breathe as the casks were pulled lower and lower in the water, while the spars of the wreck swayed to and fro gently.

"She's coming!" Mr. Bragg cried. "You have done your work well, professor."

"Is the 'Princess' really coming up?" Doris asked of her father, and he replied with a laugh:

"I don't fancy she will leap straight in the air; but there is no question as to her being lifted from the sand, and even though she clears the bottom by no more than two inches, we shall know that it is only a question of time before getting her high and dry."

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Then came a mighty commotion among the casks; the spars swayed to and fro violently, and Professor Andy announced quietly:

"I allow that this tide will lift her at least six inches. Get under way with the motor boat, lads, and we'll make ready to tow her nearer in shore."

CHAPTER XIV

THE WRECK RAISED

THERE could no longer be any question that the empty casks were being raised by the tide, and, as a matter of course, lifting the "Princess" from her bed of sand.

The officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, were literally wild with excitement when the spars of the wreck swayed gently to and fro, telling that the yacht was afloat, even though submerged, and the older members of the group on the beach were quite as boisterous in their joy when Phil proposed that three cheers be given for Professor Andy.

During ten minutes or more wreckers as well as spectators gave full vent to their rejoicing, and then came the question as to how long it might be before the "Princess" had been raised and towed so near inshore that her bow would be exposed to view at low water.

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"Of course we can't work on Sunday, and here it is Friday," Sam said disconsolately, as if he already had given up every hope of saving the yacht simply because the week was so nearly spent. "If we have her knocking around among all those casks, there's no knowing what will happen between Saturday night and Monday morning."

"Unless the chains give way, she will hang to the casks all the while," Mr. Barclay replied in a tone of content. "But much can be done before low water Saturday evening, and we should work quickly. We'll back the motor boat out in order to make the hawsers fast, and begin the work of towing when the tide is at its full height."

It was well that the officers of the wrecking company had something with which to occupy their hands while waiting for the water to rise, otherwise they might so far have lost patience as to behave in a manner unseemly in successful wreckers.

Sam was so eager to be doing something toward bringing the "Princess" ashore that he actually forgot to make any attempt at acting the part of captain, and allowed Doris

to take her station at the wheel without a word of protest.

It surely seemed as if Mr. Barclay spent very much more time than was absolutely necessary in making the hawsers fast to the chain which had been swung under the bow of the "Princess"; but even when he had come to an end of the task, there were at least four hours to be spent in waiting before the time arrived when real work might be begun.

"You're likely to stay some time before the tide is at its height, and we old people may as well go back to the house," Mr. Bragg shouted from the shore. "I'll see that you have something to eat as soon as you are ready for it, and in the meanwhile I wish you success."

"Why don't you come with us, Doris?" Mrs. Newcome cried. "You surely can't wish to sit in that boat three or four hours?"

"But I do, mother. I really couldn't go away from here now that we have raised the 'Princess' ever so little from the bottom, and I must be at the wheel when we begin to tow her inshore!"

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"Perhaps you won't see anything of the kind," Sam cried, much as if it gave him pleasure to suggest disagreeable possibilities. "This craft may not be heavy enough to tow the wreck; the chain may give way, or a dozen other things happen to prevent our getting the 'Princess' ashore."

"I'm not going to allow myself to believe anything so dreadful," Doris replied emphatically. "When we first began the work it seemed impossible that those casks could raise the 'Princess' ever so little, but now it has been done, and we know she has been lifted out of the sand, I am certain we shall finish the task, that is, unless Professor Andy decides he won't have anything more to do with the wrecking."

"There's no fear of that, Miss Doris," the tutor cried cheerily. "I'll stick to the job to the end."

Then the young people began discussing the question of how the yacht could be repaired after she was so far out of water that the injury done her bow would be exposed to view, and, although they did not arrive at any definite conclusion, the subject was ap-

parently exhausted some time before the slowly rising tide was at its height.

Even Doris became impatient before Professor Andy gave the word to start the motor, and as the time passed Sam succeeded in discovering a host of bugbears, one or all of which might contribute to prevent them from finishing the work of wrecking successfully, until even the tutor gave token of being irritated.

“We shall be forced to spend many idle hours waiting for the tides,” he said rather sharply, “and if we can do no better than find reasons why the work may be a failure, I shall propose that we utilize the time by study, in order to cease looking ahead for possible trouble.”

This had the effect of reducing Master Sam to silence, and during nearly an entire hour he held his peace.

Then the weary watchers saw servants from Mr. Bragg's home bringing food to the tent, and Doris said with a little sigh of relief:

“It must be nearly high tide, else they wouldn't have sent our luncheon, knowing we couldn't eat it until the wreck had been towed inshore.”

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"In that they are right," Professor Andy said promptly, and there was that in the tone of his voice which told he also was pleased because the time for action had come. "Hold the helm straight for the shore at the nearest point, and I will start the motor. We must do this work slowly, or take the chances of pulling Captain Curtis' boat apart. All ready now!"

Doris gripped the spokes of the wheel; Phil and Sam sat bolt upright in breathless suspense, and Mr. Barclay put all his strength on the heavily-weighted disk that served as a starter for the motor.

The little craft went ahead in reponse to the movements of the screw, then came to a full stop as the hawsers were drawn taut, and during two or three breathless moments the officers of the wrecking company watched eagerly to see whether the yacht moved.

"You can't start her!" Sam cried in what sounded much like a tone of triumph. "This boat isn't strong enough to serve as a tug!"

"There she goes!" Phil shouted so loudly that the servants on the beach looked up in alarm. "She's swinging around all right!

Hurrah for the 'Princess' and Professor Andy!"

There was no longer any question that the wreck was moving through the water, very slowly to be sure, but none the less certainly, and Professor Andy increased the speed slightly as he cried nervously:

"Watch the spars, and give the word when they seem to pitch forward ever so little. It isn't likely we can go very far before striking the bottom again, and it is necessary we shut off the power instantly she brings up, otherwise we shall pull her nose deeper in the sand."

Doris did not consider that she was included in this command. As the helmsman, it was necessary she keep the boat steady on her course, and this could not be done if she watched the spars.

Phil and Sam, however, kept their eyes fixed upon the tapering masts which swayed to and fro gently as the hull was dragged shoreward, and expecting each instant that the motor boat would be brought up suddenly; but to the surprise of all, even including Professor Andy, the little craft forged ahead until she was half-way to the shore.

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Then came a warning cry from Phil. There was a sudden lurch of the casks, and the tutor shut off the motor quickly, saying as he did so :

"We have gained fully twice as much in distance as I had hoped for, and if as good headway can be made on the next tide, I'll guarantee to have the bow of the 'Princess' showing high up on the sand when the tide goes down Saturday night."

Then he began to cast off the hawsers, and Phil cried in alarm :

"What are you doing? The wreck will drift off if we don't hold her till the tide goes down a bit."

"No fear of that. The 'Princess' is on the bottom now, and there she'll stay until we are ready to start her inshore again. Now we'll have something to eat, for there is hard work before us during the next twelve hours."

"Such as what?" Sam asked him in his aged-uncle tone.

"The casks must be filled with water, so they will sink as deeply as possible, and pumped out again when the tide has ebbed, after we have taken in the slack of the chains.

I fancy we shan't spend many idle moments during this coming night."

"Are we to keep at it every minute?" Sam asked in alarm.

"That is the only way in which the work can be done properly," the tutor replied in a tone that admitted of no argument.

By this time the bow of the motor boat was on the sand, and Doris leaped lightly over the rail, crying as she ran toward the tent:

"We mustn't waste any more time in eating or talking than may be actually necessary, for it would be dreadful if, after having done so well, we failed because of idleness."

Even Sam, who was no friend to hard work, followed the example set by Doris, and while the officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, partook of a very hearty luncheon, they gave words to the pleasure and pride which was theirs because the most difficult portion of the task had been performed.

"I wish Captain Ezra could see the spars of the 'Princess' now!" Phil said as he arose to his feet, his hunger appeased. "He seemed to think we were the worst kind of idiots, and yet it hasn't been so very difficult."

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"For all of which you may thank your books," Professor Andy said with a laugh. "An ignorant man like Captain Curtis could only go at the task in a haphazard sort of way, while we, thanks to the knowledge gained by study, knew exactly what must be done before beginning the task. Therefore, you see that time spent poring over musty volumes, as some of you call them, isn't wasted, no matter what you may set about in the way of work."

Then the tutor led the way to the motor boat once more, and soon all the wrecking company were busily engaged submerging the casks which had done such good service.

While they were thus employed the gentlemen and ladies from the home of Mr. Bragg came down to see what had been done, and the young people were heartened wondrously by hearing the exclamations of astonishment because the wreck was so near inshore.

"You'll turn the trick in two more tides, eh?" Mr. Bragg called to Professor Andy. "I doubt if the boys can keep at work so long, and I had best send some men to help you."

"We'd rather do it ourselves!" Phil cried. "It won't hurt us to keep at it one night, and

the understanding was that the wreck should be raised by us without assistance."

"What's the sense of that?" Sam whispered. "If he is willing to send some one to do the heavy work, why not let him? The 'Princess' will be ours just the same."

"But I had rather earn her honestly, than show the white feather simply because there's a bit of hard work to be done," Phil said stoutly, and Doris added heartily:

"That's right, Phil. Badly as I should feel to lose the 'Princess,' I'd rather we never had her, than to break the agreement!"

Sam could do no less than buckle down to real labor after this conversation, and it should be said to his credit that he made no further protest against doing a full share, even when he was so sleepy that it seemed impossible to hold his eyes open.

The visitors did not remain long after learning what had been accomplished, and the officers of the wrecking company, together with Professor Andy, labored industriously until the tide had ebbed.

They had had no more than time in which to complete the task, for in addition to sub-

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merging and then pumping the water out of the casks, a full hour was spent taking up the slack of the chains, and every one of the party was willing to go on shore for a short rest before using the motor boat again as a tug.

Night had fully come before the casks raised the "Princess" for the second time from the sand; but the wreckers were no longer eager to keep close watch on the spars, knowing that, unless some accident overtook them, the wreck would be raised as in the first case.

Mr. Barclay proposed that the young people lie down in order to get some sleep before it should be time to set about the work again, but even while he was speaking the gentlemen came to the tent, followed by servants with a hearty dinner for the laborers, and Doris learned, much to her sorrow and disappointment, that she would not be allowed to take any part in the wrecking until the following morning.

The boys ate heartily, as can well be fancied, and then, thanks to Mr. Barclay, had opportunity for considerable sleep before the motor boat was hooked on to the spars to play the part of tug.

This time the wreck was not brought inshore more than a hundred feet; but, as Phil said triumphantly, it was just so much gained, and then all three set about the weary backaching work of filling and emptying the casks again.

When the sun rose next morning everything was in readiness for the incoming tide, and Phil and Sam were sleeping soundly, with Mr. Barclay on guard, at the moment Doris arrived, breathless from rapid walking and excitement.

CHAPTER XV

SHIP CARPENTERS

“IF you could only have pulled her a little nearer in we’d be able to see the bow by this time!” Doris cried excitedly, as she ran to the very edge of the water and stood peering out toward the wreck, regardless of the fact that each tiny wave covered the toes of her boots.

“One more pull, and I am counting that we’ll be able to see a good third of her hull within the next twelve hours,” Mr. Barclay replied in a tone which told that he was proud because the work was so far advanced.

“And you believe she will be close up on the shore by that time?” Doris asked breathlessly.

“Unless some accident happens, I am positive we will have finished the task of raising her. Once we can come at the bow, it will be only a matter of patching up the hole, and then pumping her dry.”

“But we can't work to-morrow,” Doris added mournfully.

“It is well for Philip and Samuel that Sunday is coming. They are nearly fagged from laboring so long and so hard last night,” the tutor said with a smile, and Doris added quickly :

“They have no business to even think of being tired, when the work is going on so well. What is to be done now ?”

“Nothing save wait for the tide. We took in all the slack of the chain while the casks were submerged, and then pumped them dry that they might be filled with air. It is a question of waiting, and the boys are taking advantage of the opportunity to sleep. In about four hours we shall hook on Captain Curtis' boat, and pull the 'Princess' inshore for the last time. By three o'clock this afternoon I am counting that we can have a good view of the damage done to the hull.”

The boys, tired and sleepy though they were, could not fail to be aroused by Doris' voice, for, in her excitement, she had spoken loudly, and by this time Phil, looking as if he was not more than half awake, was standing at

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the flap of the tent gazing at the spars of the "Princess."

"We didn't do half a bad job last night, eh, Doris?" he cried triumphantly.

"Indeed you didn't, and the wonder of it is that you could sleep when the work was so nearly finished."

"If you'd spent nearly the entire night pumping water out of the casks, and then straining and pulling at the chains, you'd be mighty well pleased to get a little sleep," Sam cried from the interior of the tent, and Phil added hungrily:

"Do they count on sending our breakfast down here, or are we to go up to the house after it?"

"Father thought you'd better come there, if you weren't too busy, and I'll go, too, for I haven't had anything yet in the way of a meal," Doris replied cheerily. "I was so eager to see how much had been done last night that I have awakened half a dozen times since last night, hoping it might be light enough for me to pay you a visit."

Mr. Barclay interrupted the conversation to suggest that they make their toilets and go to

Mr. Bragg's house as soon as possible, in order to arrive before preparations were made for sending food to the shore, and, half an hour later, the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, was at table, each member trying to explain at the same moment how much progress had been made in the work.

Doris was sadly disappointed because the news which they brought did not excite more enthusiasm, and when she gave words to the thought in her mind Mr. Bragg replied in a matter-of-fact tone :

“It isn't really any news when you say that the ‘Princess’ is so much nearer the shore, except as it informs us of the progress in the work. When it was learned that the empty casks would raise her ever so little from the bottom we knew that in time the yacht would be afloat. The question now is whether the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, has sufficient skill to repair the damage done so that the ‘Princess’ will be in a seaworthy condition.”

“Are we expected to do the work of ship carpenters?” Sam asked in surprise. “I

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thought she was to be our property if we succeeded in floating her."

"Well, so you count that she will be afloat to-night?"

"She'll be so far on the beach that her bow will be out of water," Sam replied, as if it was in his mind that Mr. Bragg was looking about for some chance to draw back from the bargain he had made.

"If you look at the contract between the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, and the owner of the 'Princess,' you will find that she was to become the property of the company when she had been raised to the surface," Mr. Bragg replied, with a business-like air. "Now I ask any of the gentlemen here if a boat can be said to be on the surface when her bow rests on the shore, with half or two-thirds of the hull submerged twice every day when the tide is at its height?"

"It is evident that the company, in order to make good its title, must show the yacht afloat," Mr. Norris said, laughingly.

"But we can't mend the boat," Doris cried, half-questioningly, as she looked at Mr. Barclay, and by the tone of her voice it could

be understood that she was grievously disappointed.

“Why not?” the tutor asked. “As compared with raising the boat, it is quite a simple matter. I am not allowing that it will be done in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, but it should be possible for your company to make her seaworthy.”

“We’re not carpenters,” Sam cried, irritably.

“Neither were you wreckers until this piece of work came your way, but having done so much, it seems to me that you should be able to complete the task to the satisfaction of all concerned.”

The members of the company were silent for a time, revolving in their minds this new view of the situation, and then Phil asked, looking at his father :

“If we are to turn ship carpenters the question is whether we can have another week to ourselves, or if we must spend the greater portion of the time in study?”

“All that has been settled, my lad,” Mr. Bragg replied. “Your parents have consented to spend another week here, and you

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are to do as you please during that time, except that you are not to alarm the house in case you hear a loon screaming."

While the older people were still laughing the wrecking company left the dining-room, hastening at once to the shore, although nothing could be done there save keep watch of the spars to learn when the empty casks raised the "Princess" once more.

As before, the tide did its duty, and the wreckers were in the highest state of excitement when, by the gentle swaying to and fro of the spars, they understood that the yacht was afloat.

A full hour before it was time to pull the "Princess" shoreward Captain Ezra's boat was made fast for towing, and on this occasion Mr. Barclay was very careful to see that the motor was in the best possible condition for the work.

"We'll shorten the hawsers as much as possible, so this craft can run well in to the shore, and this time it's a case of taking chances, for I don't count on slowing down until we have pulled the bow of the yacht as far into the sand as our power will admit."

Then, after what seemed like an unusually long time of waiting, Mr. Barclay, looking at his watch, announced that the tide was at its height, and said as he made ready to start the motor :

“Keep her headed for the shore on the most direct course, Miss Doris. Philip and Samuel are to come aft, so the screw may be well submerged, and we'll do our last bit of tow-boat work.”

When the small craft had been trimmed to satisfy the tutor, he gave warning to the helmsman and started the motor slowly.

As at the first attempt, it was several seconds before Captain Ezra's craft gathered headway, and then Mr. Barclay sent her ahead at the best possible pace, warning Doris to have a care for herself when the “Princess” brought up against the sand.

The officers of the wrecking company hardly breathed as the motor boat crept nearer and nearer the shore, until it seemed certain she would run hard and fast aground before the yacht was brought into shoal water, and then a check was put upon the headway so suddenly that Sam, who had bent forward

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at the instant, was thrown headlong from the stern-sheets, coming within a hair's breadth of striking the motor with his nose.

"She has grounded in good shape," Mr. Barclay said in a tone of satisfaction, as he shut off the power. "We have brought the 'Princess' on the beach at the proper angle, and now we'll spend our spare time making ready to shore her up."

"What do you mean by that?" Doris asked in perplexity.

"When the tide goes down I am allowing that a full half of the hull will be exposed to view, and unless we put props under the rail on either side, she'll roll over. It is our work to prevent any such trouble as that."

While speaking he had cast off the hawsers, and now directed Doris to steer Captain Ezra's boat along the shore until arriving opposite where a pile of stout timbers were, which had been brought in the freighting schooner with the empty casks.

The officers of the wrecking company had believed that when the "Princess" was brought in so near the shore they would have nothing to do but wait while the tide ebbed,

until it could be seen what damage had been done the hull ; but all soon understood that such was not the case.

A full half hour was spent dragging the heavy timbers along the beach to a point opposite where the " Princess " lay, and then came the task of casting off the oil casks, towing them ashore, and stacking the whole up at some place where the freighting schooner could come at them handily when the time arrived to send back the leased material.

Every one worked to the best of his or her ability, and the preliminary work was no more than performed when the bow of the yacht appeared above the surface.

Then it was that Mr. Barclay put on his bathing suit once more, and, going overboard, set the timbers under the rail on either side in such manner that the hull of the " Princess " must perforce remain upright when the tide was at its lowest ebb. In this he was aided by Sam and Doris in the tender, and Phil on the forward deck of the yacht, and when the task had been performed to his satisfaction it was possible for the wreckers to have a good view of the damage done the hull.

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No less than five timbers on the port bow had been crushed in, leaving an aperture through which Phil might have crawled but for the jagged ends of the planks, and the wonder of it was that she had not sunk within a very few seconds after the accident occurred.

"We never can repair that," Sam said in his aged-uncle tone as he gazed at the wound in dismay. "I'm not so certain that regular ship carpenters could do anything toward making her seaworthy."

"If you have quite decided that it can't be done, then it only remains for us to go after our dinner, for it is now nearly time," Mr. Barclay said, as if it was of no interest to him whether the wreckers continued their work, or abandoned it at the very moment when the most serious portion had been performed successfully. "I had entirely forgotten that we promised to go to Mr. Bragg's this noon."

"But surely you don't intend to stop now and leave the poor little 'Princess' where she is, after we have brought her up from the bottom of the sea!" Doris cried in a tone that told how near to her eyelids were the tears of disappointment.

“But Sam says positively that she can't be repaired ——”

“Sam don't know what he's talking about!” Phil cried sharply. “I don't claim to be very much of a carpenter, but I can manage to put new planks in the hull, if I have time enough.”

“I should be ashamed to say that I couldn't do it,” the tutor added as he looked at Sam; “but if one member of the company ——”

“Phil and I will do it!” Doris interrupted. “Sam needn't have any part in the work.”

“I own as much of the ‘Princess’ as either of you, and count on getting my full share,” Sam said sulkily; “but it does seem to me that we'd have a mighty big job in trying to patch up the hull.”

“Hello! The Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, are getting well along with its work,” a cheery voice cried from the thicket of palmetto palms, and Mr. Bragg, accompanied by Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris, came into view. “You young people have done well, though I'm thinking the professor comes in for a good share of the credit. Within another week the ‘Princess’ should be as good as new.”

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"Have you seen the hole in her bow?" Sam asked sharply.

"Not as yet; but I fancy it is of considerable size. Getting her ashore was the biggest part of your task, and since that has been done so successfully, putting in new planking shouldn't amount to very much."

By this time the gentlemen were where they could see plainly the injury done the hull, and to Sam's surprise neither of them appeared to think the matter very serious.

"It should be possible for the new owners of the 'Princess' to take us out for a cruise before another week comes to an end," Mr. Norris said confidently, and Sam began to wish he had not professed to know so much about their ability to do the work.

"What do you propose to do next, professor?" Mr. Newcome asked of the tutor.

"We'll patch that hole to-night, if it is possible to get sail-cloth and tar," the tutor replied. "Then, with our pumps, the task of freeing the hull from water won't be difficult. Before sleeping to-night we'll have the 'Princess' riding at her own anchors."

CHAPTER XVI

RIDING AT ANCHOR

It must have been that Mr. Bragg was quite as eager as the young people to see the "Princess" riding at anchor, for no sooner had the boys and Doris disappeared in search of the materials needed by the professor than he hurried away in order, as he explained to his guests, that food might be sent to the tent.

"They haven't had any luncheon, and are likely to forget the dinner-hour in their desire to float the yacht. We can't let them starve, you know," he said, half apologetically, and Mr. Norris replied quickly :

"There is no good reason why they shouldn't wait until Monday, before trying to free her from water."

"But they have set their minds on seeing her afloat to-night," Mr. Bragg said, and Mr. Newcome added with a laugh :

"I believe you are as eager as they to see an end of the wrecking."

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"Perhaps I am, perhaps I am," and Mr. Bragg walked swiftly toward his home, followed by the two gentlemen.

Within half an hour after the young people came back laden with sail-cloth and copper paint, the servants from Mr. Bragg's house brought such a plentiful supply of provisions that there would have been no danger the wreckers would starve, even though they did not leave the scene of operations during the next two days.

Mr. Barclay did not spend many minutes making ready to close the wound in the bow of the "Princess." Having found among the many pieces of sail-cloth which had been brought from Mr. Bragg's stable one of sufficient size to completely cover the hole, he smeared the splintered planks plentifully with paint, and then nailed the canvas patch carefully over them, taking good care to use so many nails that there could be no danger the pressure from without, after the water had been pumped from the hull, would force it off.

This done, he put on a thick coating of paint around the edges of the sail-cloth, as well as entirely over the surface, coming to an

end of the work a good two hours before sunset.

“ Now it is only a question of handling the small pumps we used for emptying the casks, until we can get those belonging to the yacht in working order,” he cried, suiting the action to the words, and within a very few minutes three pumps were throwing the water outboard, thanks to the exertions of Professor Andy, Phil and Doris.

Sam made a feeble effort to show that he was willing to perform his share of the work, after learning that there were but three pumps which could be used, and then he seated himself comfortably in the stern-sheets of Captain Ezra's boat where he might keep his companions in view.

It was a good deal like hard work ; but the knowledge that by continuing it the “ Princess ” would in time be afloat lent strength to their arms, and during a full hour the three worked to the best of their ability, with the result that the after part of the wreck stood so high above the surface that the entire deck was exposed.

It had not been possible to close the cabin

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doors so tightly but that some water would creep through the crevices; yet by laboring industriously, giving themselves no time for rest, the wreckers had thus nearly succeeded in their efforts.

"She'll be afloat in an hour more," Sam said complacently. "If you don't get tired too soon, we can tow her out to anchorage before dark. I'd better make this boat fast astern, so's to be ready to pull her off."

"It will be more to the purpose if you take Miss Doris' place at the pump," Mr. Barclay said, speaking so sharply that his companions looked up in surprise. "A boy of your age and size should be ashamed to remain idle when a girl is doing the work of a man."

For a moment it seemed as if Sam would give way to anger because of having been addressed so sternly; but he evidently thought better of it, for after a brief hesitation he went on board the "Princess," pushing Doris aside almost roughly, as he said:

"I was ready to take your place when you got tired; but it looked as if you wanted to do all the work."

"I'm perfectly willing you should give me

a chance to rest; but we must keep the pumps going every moment, or the work won't be done before the tide rises again."

"I don't need to be told that," Sam replied loftily as he began work, but it was plain to be seen that he did not accomplish as much as had Doris.

It was not possible for the professor and Phil to continue the exhausting labor without stopping now and then to rest; but despite these interruptions and Sam's listless efforts, night had not yet come when the deck of the "Princess" was a full inch above the water, and the tutor said in a tone of command:

"We will pull her off into deep water now, and anchor, for it is quite time we brought our work to an end for the day. Unless we can get her own pumps to work, it will take at least twelve hours to free her from water."

"Will it be safe now to leave her at anchor?" Doris asked anxiously.

"Perfectly. She can come to no harm, and I'll guarantee that she will not take in many gallons of water through the bow between now and Monday morning."

"Because she's a wreck that is to be pre-

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vented from sinking, I don't understand why we couldn't work on her a few hours to-morrow. It would be what you might call necessary labor."

"Philip Newcome! You know it wouldn't be anything of the kind!" Doris cried sharply. "It wasn't absolutely necessary in the first place that we raise the 'Princess,' and it is almost wicked to invent such an excuse for working on Sunday."

Sam would have been quite willing the others should have pumped during the Sabbath; but since he would be forced to do some portion of his share in such a case, he was ready to take sides with Doris.

Mr. Barclay put an end to a possible discussion by saying decidedly:

"The 'Princess' will remain safely at anchor until Monday morning, and then, but not before, we will finish this portion of the work. Now then, make ready the hawsers, and we'll pull her nose off the sand. The tide has flowed so much that she isn't held here very firmly."

Doris was nearly breathless with excitement when, in obedience to the tutor's command,

she took the helm after the hawsers had been made fast to the stern of the yacht, and the motor was started, slowly at first, and then at full speed when the "Princess" began to slide off the beach.

"Hurrah! She's afloat at last, and I wonder what Captain Ezra would say if he could see her now?" Phil shouted triumphantly as the yacht came away from the sand, rolling sluggishly because of the cargo of water, but with her deck a full two inches above the surface, and the sail-cloth bandage well in view.

"Where are you going?" asked Doris of the tutor, and he directed her to steer straight ahead; but when they were less than twenty yards from the shore he stopped the motor.

"Here's where we'll anchor. I'll back the boat down so that you can get on board, Philip, and you are to see if it is possible to fish out the anchor cable from the fore-peak."

Phil did as he was commanded; but try as he might it was impossible to raise the fore-peak hatch because of its being swollen after remaining so long beneath the surface, and it was necessary for the tutor to go to his assistance.

Night had fully come before the "Princess"

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was securely moored, and even then she had out only one small anchor, it being impossible to reach the other because of the depth of water in her hull.

That there might be no question of her going adrift, Captain Ezra's boat was made fast alongside, and anchored, after which the weary wreckers went ashore in the tender.

It was only reasonable that the wreckers should be congratulated heartily on the result of their labors when they arrived at Mr. Bragg's home, and both Mr. Newcome and Mr. Norris joined in the discussion as to how the yacht's bow could best be repaired, which arose at the dinner table.

"We are counting on having an invitation to go on a cruise with you before another week has gone by," Mr. Bragg said seriously. "Of course the furnishings of the 'Princess' have been ruined by remaining under water so long; but it should be possible to put her into such shape that she will provide us with comfortable quarters."

"If we didn't have to idle away to-morrow," Phil began, and stopped suddenly as Doris looked meaningly at him.

“It is fortunate that to-morrow is Sunday,” Mr. Bragg said emphatically. “You are all needing a long time of rest, otherwise there’d be a breakdown for somebody before the ‘Princess’ was in sailing trim.”

Phil said no more about continuing the work of wrecking, counting it as necessary labor; but when morning came he found it very hard to prevent his thoughts from straying to the yacht, of which he owned one-third. Perhaps the other members of the company had the same difficulty; but nothing more was said regarding the work to be done and on Monday morning, Phil and Doris were astir a good hour before the sun gave any indication of rising.

Sam was still in bed when these two went swiftly to the shore to satisfy themselves that the “Princess” had come to no harm since they last saw her, and they worked the pumps vigorously until Mr. Barclay came to warn them that it was time for breakfast.

Perhaps Sam believed it would increase his chances of being made captain of the yacht, if he worked to the best of his ability during this day, for certain it is he did so, and when

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on Monday night the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, were summoned to dinner, it really seemed as if the greater portion of their task had been performed.

The "Princess" was pumped dry, and from her cabin had been taken all the bedding, rugs and other furnishings which had been soaked with water. Captain Ezra's boat, under command of Doris, with Phil at the motor, had made many trips from the yacht to the shore carrying such things as were to be spread on the sand to dry, while Professor Andy worked in the engine room putting things to rights there so far as possible.

The little craft was indeed a beauty, even though her fittings were tarnished and her decks covered with mud and grime. It did not need any great exercise of the imagination to realize how trim and jaunty she would appear when put into good condition.

Now the load of water had been removed, she stood so high that the hole in the bow was very nearly above the surface, and Mr. Barclay assured Doris that the repairs could readily be made by running the "Princess'" nose up on the sand when the tide was at half-ebb.

“Where will you get the planks that are needed?” Doris asked when the tutor had said he hoped they would begin the work of ship carpenters on the following day.

“That is exactly what has been in my mind the past hour, Miss Doris,” Mr. Barclay replied, with a smile. “I believe we can do no better than to go up to Captain Curtis’ boat-house. He must have such lumber there as we need; but in case he hasn’t, we shall have wasted a half day and be forced to go elsewhere.”

“Could we go this evening?”

“I question whether your mother would agree to anything of the kind; but if you are minded to get up an hour or two before daylight in the morning, we may be back in time for breakfast, in which case we wouldn’t have lost very many hours.”

“I can get up whenever you want to start, and so can Phil; but I’m not certain Sam would be willing to exert himself so severely.”

“Then we’ll go without him. You can say that we intend to leave here not later than three o’clock, and if he chooses to remain in bed, no one will try to prevent it. It must be your duty, though, to get for us something in

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the way of a luncheon. I'll give the motor boat an overhauling this evening, and Phil shall put on board fresh water and gasoline."

As Doris had suspected, Sam was not willing to get out of bed so early in the morning, but much to her surprise, he appeared deeply aggrieved because the professor would not postpone the journey until what would be, to him, a more seasonable hour.

"It begins to look as if the rest of you counted on running over me rough-shod," he said, sulkily. "If we must go off hunting for planks—and I reckon that part of it is straight enough—why can't it be done at a time when I can go with you?"

"You can go with us in the morning if you are willing to get up early enough," Doris said soothingly, and Sam gave evidence that he was losing his temper when he said threateningly:

"You fellows mustn't think that you can push me aside, for I won't have it. If I were the captain of the 'Princess,' I'd be willing for you to go off this way; but since I'm not counted in at all, there's nothing left for me to do but tell Mr. Bragg just how you are treating me."

CHAPTER XVII

CAPTAIN EZRA'S ADVICE

To say that Doris was surprised when Sam threatened to complain to Mr. Bragg, claiming that he was ill-treated, would be stating it all too mildly. Until this outburst, she had no idea he fancied any wrong was being done him, save when called upon to do his full share of the work, and his being thus deeply aggrieved when it had been decided, in order to economize time, to set off for Captain Ezra's boat-house before daylight, not only puzzled, but bewildered her.

"Are you going to complain to Mr. Bragg because of not wanting to get up as early as three o'clock in the morning?" Phil asked sharply.

"That's only a part of it," Sam replied sulkily. "You've made up your minds that I shan't be captain of the 'Princess,' simply because I put Captain Ezra's imitation boat ashore on the bar, and are doing all you can to keep me out of the most important work."

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"We are doing nothing of the kind," and now Phil spoke in a tone of anger. "There is no reason why you shouldn't go after the lumber with us, except that you're not willing to get up so early in the morning. You are the same as claiming that it is more important you remain in bed an hour or two longer than to get the 'Princess' in sailing trim."

"Who is to be captain of her when she has been put in shape again?" Sam demanded, and his persistency in returning to this matter gave Phil a clew to the situation.

"So that's what's troubling you, is it?" he cried in no friendly tone. "You've decided that you must be captain and make a kick against our starting early for the planks, believing we'll give in to you rather than have a row when time is so precious. I don't know who ought to be in command when the 'Princess' is ready for sea, and I don't care very much, so that we succeed in earning her fairly."

Until this moment Mr. Barclay had taken no part in the conversation; but now, when Sam was evidently on the point of making an

angry reply, he said with his stiffest school-master manner :

“ This is not the time when you should decide as to who may be the officers of the ‘ Princess.’ Wait until you have earned her fairly, as Philip says, and then it shall be for Mr. Bragg to name them.”

Sam appeared decidedly disturbed in mind because of the tutor's announcement that he intended to call upon the former owner of the “ Princess ” to settle any disputes. This was exactly what he did not desire should be done, believing there was little doubt but Mr. Bragg would claim Doris had shown herself capable of taking command, and he also knew that such an arrangement would be only fair, since it was not right she should be forced to do such work as would naturally fall to the lot of that member of the company who was neither at the motor nor at the wheel.

“ It looks as if every one of you ached to be captain, and the best thing for me to do is to let you run the whole thing. I'll pull out of the concern this very minute, and you needn't expect me to do any more work.”

Even while speaking Sam had set off in the

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direction of Mr. Bragg's house, and Phil, who was thoroughly provoked because his cousin had charged the other members of the company with acting unjustly toward him, cried angrily :

"Never mind what we may have expected, it is certain we haven't had very much assistance from you when there was work to be done, and I'm thinking we shan't miss ——"

Mr. Barclay interrupted the not over friendly remark by saying, as he laid his hand on Phil's shoulder :

"Remember the words, 'He who ruleth his spirit is better than him that taketh a city.' I will admit Sam is in the wrong to bring up the question of who shall command the 'Princess' in such a manner; but unless you young people can continue this work in a friendly fashion, it will be well to drop the business entirely, even though the job is nearly done."

"I'm not afraid that he'll leave the company; but it makes me angry to have him try to carry his point in such a bullying way," Phil replied sharply, and Doris added, not unkindly :

“He will feel better after having a desperate fit of the sulks, such as is coming over him now, and by the time we get back from Captain Ezra's you will see him here ready to help in whatever work may be needed, provided he isn't asked to do a full share.”

“You must remember, however,” and now Mr. Barclay spoke in his schoolmaster tone, “that unless you three can get on in a friendly manner, I shall recommend to your parents that the ‘Princess’ remain in Mr. Bragg's possession.”

“It wouldn't be right to punish us because Sam is subject to attacks of the sulks,” Doris said laughingly, and then led the way to Mr. Bragg's home, where, after a short interview with the mistress of the house, she set about making ready a luncheon to be taken on the power boat next morning.

“Are you intending to go away with Philip and the professor before daylight?” Mrs. Newcome asked of Doris when the Bragg family and their guests were seated at table, and Sam, who still wore a frown as token of ill-temper, interrupted before the girl could make reply :

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"They are going to leave here at three o'clock, so that I shan't be able to go with them."

"And why can't you go?" his father asked.

"Because I don't want to get up so early," Master Sam replied angrily, and his mother, who could read the signs of the sulks, said as if it was a matter of little consequence:

"If you prefer to remain in bed, they are quite right to go without you, in case it is necessary to set off at such an early hour."

"We are going at that time in order to have the planks here when the day's work should begin," Philip explained, and Mrs. Newcome, who, perhaps, had been intending to say that Doris must not go away before daylight, evidently forgot that she had any protest to make, much to the relief of both her children.

No one gave further heed to Sam during the remainder of the evening, and it is to be supposed he was enjoying himself in bed when, at exactly three o'clock next morning, Phil knocked on the door of Doris' chamber to an-

nounce that the time set for the lumber-seeking voyage had arrived.

"I have been dressed ten minutes or more," Doris said cheerily as she came into the hallway with the basket in which was the luncheon she had made ready the evening previous, and within half an hour the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, with the exception of one of its officers, was sailing out of the Inlet.

Doris stood at the wheel, although she would have preferred that Phil act the part of pilot while it was yet dark; but Mr. Barclay had said she was to serve as captain, and it did not seem to her just fair to refuse simply because the task was more difficult than when the sun shone.

The motor boat seemed to have an attack of the same trouble which had come upon Sam the evening previous, for instead of running steadily as it had been doing during the wrecking operations, it coughed and wheezed, now entirely refusing to work, and again going ahead in a limping manner well calculated to try the patience of the crew.

Mr. Barclay worked over the machinery until he was red in the face, and more than

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once did Doris believe it would have given him great relief of mind if he could have scolded outright; but he held his temper in check, and succeeded, after two hours of severe labor, in bringing the apparently crippled boat alongside the float in front of Captain Ezra's place of business.

The proprietor of the boat-house was standing in the doorway when they finally made fast to the float, and he cried, as if believing himself exceedingly witty:

"She don't seem to be runnin' very smooth this mornin', eh? It does beat all what notions them kind of boats take. More'n once I've threatened to doctor that motor with an axe."

"I am tempted to believe that even to destroy it entirely would be an improvement," Mr. Barclay said gravely, as he helped Doris to the float, and Captain Ezra laughed heartily, as well he might, for he intended to charge as much for the use of the boat as if she had been in first-class condition.

"I'm allowin' you've found out by this time that raisin' a sunken yacht ain't the kind of child's play you took it to be, eh? By lis-

tenin' to me you might have saved yourselves a whole lot of work and expense, 'cause a job like that ——”

“The ‘Princess’ is afloat, and free from water,” Doris interrupted, whereupon Captain Ezra stared at her as if believing she had taken leave of her senses.

“What’s that?” he cried. “If she’s afloat you hired somebody to do the work!”

“We did it all ourselves—that is, Professor Andy did it, and we helped him,” Doris replied with a laugh. “Now, we’ve come for some planks with which to mend the hole in her bow.”

Captain Ezra could not credit the statement until it had been verified by each in turn, and then he exclaimed in a tone of mingled incredulity and surprise:

“Wa’al, now, that’s what I call the sheerest kind of luck! It must have been that she wasn’t hurt very bad, else you’d never done it—never in this world!”

“There’s a hole in the bow large enough for me to crawl through, and it was hard work, rather than luck, that did the trick,” Phil cried sharply, and because Mr. Barclay

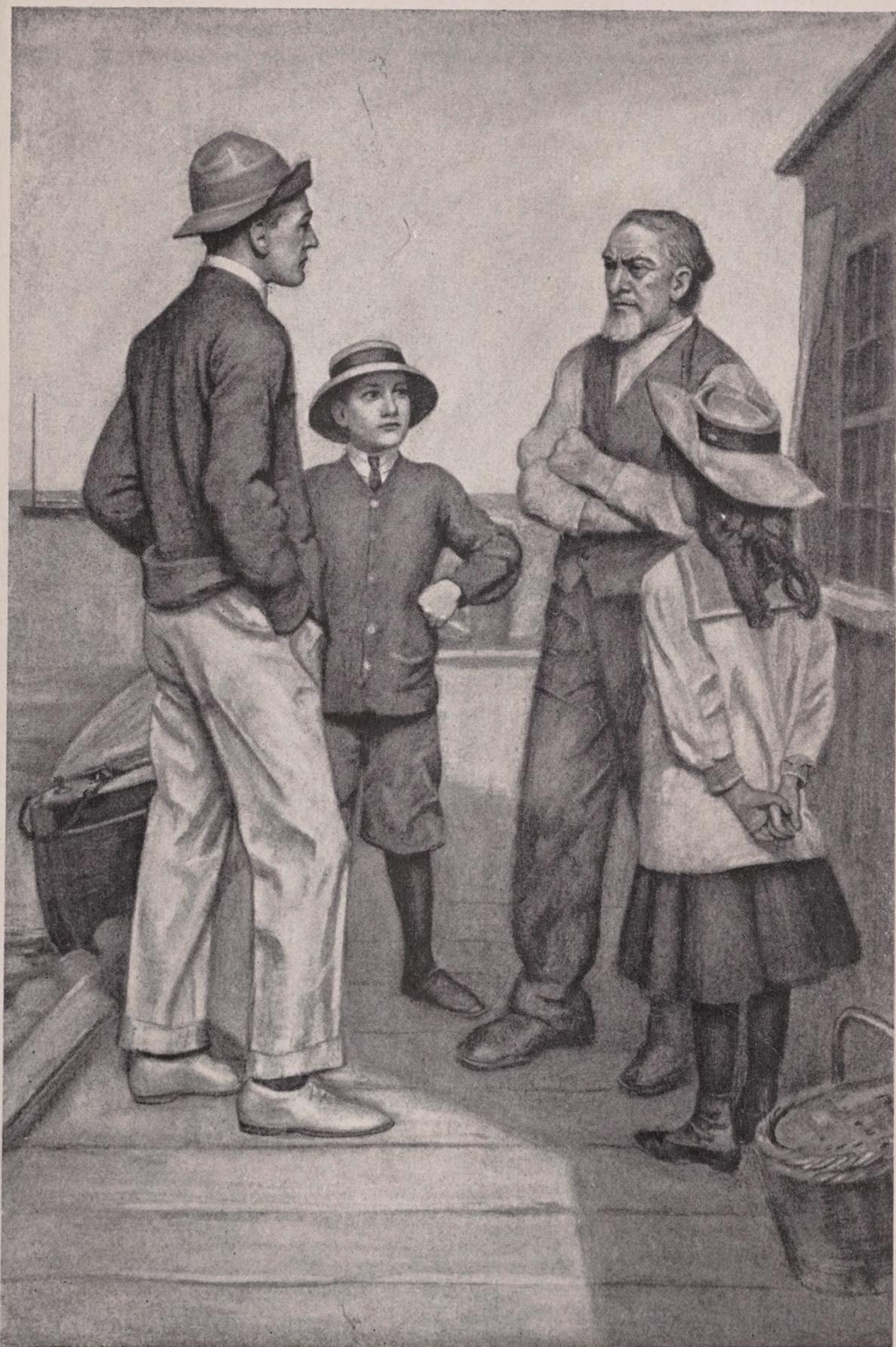
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had said nothing regarding the purpose of their coming, he added, "We want some planks with which to mend the hull. Have you any?"

"An' now you're countin' on turnin' ship carpenters, eh? You, who don't know anything more'n can be got from books, reckon it'll be possible to do what grown men ain't so eager to tackle. Take my advice, lad, an' leave sich jobs for them as know how. Because you've had the biggest kind of good luck in raisin' the yacht, don't think you know it all, else you're like to get a hard jolt."

"Have you any inch-and-a-quarter stuff that will do for the hull, Captain Curtis?" Mr. Barclay asked with a most dignified manner, as if he no longer cared to listen to the old man's advice.

"Yes, I reckon I have, but you sure ain't countin' on tryin' to patch up what's most likely been put together by the best yacht-builders in New York? See here, I'm a handy man with tools, an' have got everything for sich jobs. If you're minded to tow the 'Princess' up to the float, an' will pay a



“I’M A HANDY MAN WITH TOOLS ”

fair price for my time, it ain't no ways certain I wouldn't help you out, 'cause it's a pity to see young folks bungle what's been well started, though I'd never believed you could have floated that 'ere craft."

"We must do all the work ourselves, or else she won't be ours," Doris cried.

"Don't I tell you it can't be done by children, an' especially them as don't know a marlinespike from a hole in the ground?" Captain Ezra cried angrily. "Here am I ready to lend a hand, if so be I'm paid for my time, an' the work will be done shipshape, whereas, if you go to foolin' 'round with her now, you'll spoil all the luck you've had."

"Will you show us the lumber?" the tutor asked quietly.

"Of course I will, an' I'm allowin' it won't take long for you to see it can't be worked except by them as know how. You can tow the yacht up here in less'n half a day, an' I'll get right at the job."

The owner of the boat-house led the party to what he called his "repair shop," pointing out a pile of lumber of various kinds.

Ten minutes later, with the lumber on

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board, the tutor set himself the task of starting the motor boat, while the owner of the establishment stood on the float giving yet more advice :

"I ain't sayin' as I'll tackle the job after you've fooled 'round with the hull till you come mighty nigh ruinin' it; but when you strike a snag, as you will, else my name ain't Ezra Curtis, give me a call, an' we'll see what can be done. Ship carpenterin' don't go by luck, same's you had in floatin' the yacht, an' if them planks ain't put in 'cordin' to Hoyle, you're likely to founder on the first cruise."

At this point Mr. Barclay succeeded in starting the motor, and as the little boat moved swiftly away from the float as if bent on making amends for having been so disagreeable during the journey from the Inlet, Captain Ezra alternately screamed predictions that the work would be "muddled" beyond repair, and advised that the "Princess" be given over to his care before it was too late.

"We can have breakfast now if Phil will set the table," Doris cried merrily when they were beyond sound of the captain's voice. "If this man is so skilful in mending boats,

he had better turn his attention to this one, and then perhaps it would be possible to run faster than a mile an hour."

This remark seemed to soothe the irritation which had been caused by Captain Ezra's advice, and as soon as Phil could unpack the basket all three were eating heartily, while they discussed the methods of setting about the important work of repairing the hull of the "Princess."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CAPTAIN

WHEN, after surprising her crew by running at a good rate of speed from the boat-house, Captain Ezra's craft arrived at the Inlet with the lumber and tools, Doris' prediction as to Sam was proved correct, for that young gentleman stood on the shore opposite where the "Princess" lay at anchor, awaiting their coming, with never a trace of the sulks on his face.

"He'd be just as nice a boy as ever lived if only he wouldn't have disagreeable fits," Doris said in a low tone as the motor boat rounded the sand-bar, bringing Sam into full view. "He doesn't really mean anything by flying off in such a sulky passion, and I can't believe he realizes that he makes a spectacle of himself."

"He wouldn't have had an attack yesterday, but for the desire to be captain of the 'Princess,'" Phil replied grimly. "I really believe

he counted on bullying us into agreeing that he should have command."

"I intend that Mr. Bragg shall name the officers," Mr. Barclay interrupted. "It is his right, after making you young people such a magnificent present, to have the deciding voice in the matter, and I will speak to him this morning."

"But if he should say I ought to be captain, because I can't well tumble around making the yacht fast, letting go the anchor, and work like that, Sam would make fuss enough to spoil our pleasure," Doris said thoughtfully. "I had rather he took command than have his face wrinkled with the sulks all the time."

"You'll find that Mr. Bragg will say you must be at the helm, for it isn't really safe, after what he did with the motor boat and the tender, to let Sam have full swing," Phil added, understanding that since he had voluntarily taken upon himself the task of learning how to look after the machinery he would be given the position of engineer.

There was no further opportunity to discuss the matter, even if it had seemed necessary so to do, for at this moment Sam hailed.

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"Did you get the lumber?"

"Yes, and such tools as will be needed," Doris replied cheerily.

"Mr. Bragg says you are to come directly up to breakfast. He wants all hands at table, because he's got something particular to say to the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited."

"What is it all about?" Phil asked anxiously, fearing the gentleman might be regretting that he had given away the "Princess," now she had been raised with comparatively little trouble.

"I don't know. He simply told me to say that he wanted the wrecking company to meet him at the breakfast table."

"After the many sandwiches we ate while coming down I did think we might get right to work, without stopping for a regular meal," Doris said with a sigh; "but I suppose we must obey orders."

"Indeed we must, and the sooner the better, for I want to know what he has on his mind," Phil added, still fearing lest something was about to happen which would deprive them of the yacht.

Half an hour later every member of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, was at the table, waiting impatiently for Mr. Bragg to speak ; but he seemed in no haste to broach the subject. Not until he had finished a leisurely-eaten breakfast, and some time after the laborers were ready to begin the day's work, did he speak of business matters.

“The ‘Princess’ is afloat,” he began, “and even though the hull has not been repaired, I believe you have earned her fairly, therefore now has come the time when I should carry out my part of the contract by turning her over to you young people. Before doing so, however, I want to make terms which will be as much to your advantage as mine. Perhaps I have no legal right, in view of the agreement I have already signed, to insist on assigning you to duty on board the yacht; but yet I shall claim such right, and if one or all of you deny it, we will argue the matter here and now.”

“Of course you should be allowed to do so,” Phil replied promptly, and Doris agreed with him at once, but Sam remained silent.

Apparently Mr. Bragg believed all the

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members of the company had shown a willingness to have him settle the matter, for he continued :

" Because Miss Doris has already shown herself an able hand at the wheel, and because she cannot be expected to perform the rough work which must be done, she shall act as pilot, save at such times as it may be necessary to hire an experienced sailor. Philip is to be the engineer ; Sam will stand ready to do whatever comes to his hand, and Professor Andy Barclay is hereby commissioned as captain during such time as the ' Princess ' remains in Southern waters. When this winter has come to an end, and you young people have returned home, a new set of officers may be chosen, if it so please you."

Mr. Bragg arose from the table as if considering the matter settled finally, and the officers of the wrecking company looked at each other in surprise. Two of them were well pleased that Mr. Barclay should be captain of the " Princess," and the third, remembering that he had shown himself exceedingly disagreeable the evening previous, did not deem it advisable to make any protest.

“Now we can get to work!” Doris cried in a tone of relief. “I am eager to have at least one cruise in the ‘Princess’ before our vacation comes to an end.”

“There should be no question as to such a possibility,” Mr. Bragg said, cheerily. “If you can’t make repairs in less than two days I shall lose the good opinion already formed as to your ability.”

Much to the surprise of his comrades Sam gave no sign of being displeased because he had not been given command of the yacht, but worked during this day more industriously than he ever had before.

As a matter of course, Mr. Barclay directed the repairs to the hull and engine and before he had well begun the task all the gentlemen were on the shore ready to assist him in any way possible.

It was not a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth in this instance. With the tutor to direct the workmen each performed a portion of the labor, and before night came the shattered planks had been taken out and replaced by new ones. The seams were yet to be caulked and the wood painted, but, as the

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professor explained, that should be a simple task, and it was not necessary for the paint to be thoroughly dried before the little craft was gotten under way.

"We can't put the cabin to rights until the furniture and other fittings have been well dried out," Mr. Barclay said to his crew that afternoon; "but it may be done later, and, if you agree, I propose that we set off on the first cruise to-morrow."

"Where are we to go?" Doris asked in delight.

"The material that has been hired must be taken back to the owners, and I see no reason why we shouldn't do the work."

"We never can put all those casks on board," Phil cried in dismay, and the tutor replied with a smile:

"I was counting on making the greater portion of the materials into a raft, and letting the 'Princess' play the part of tugboat."

"But if we wait to do all that work, it won't be possible to start before noon at the earliest, and we couldn't get back until late in the night," Doris cried.

"You will find that the 'Princess' is a dif-

ferent boat from the one we have hired of Captain Curtis. She will make the voyage in good time, even though the tow is a heavy one, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, your parents will accept an invitation to accompany us, if it be given."

Even Sam appeared pleased with such a suggestion, and Doris was so eager to know what her mother might think of the proposed excursion that she hurried away to the house, leaving her brother officers surveying the collection of timbers and casks, to get some idea as to how it could best be made into a raft.

It seemed to the boys as if she had no more than set off before she returned, crying gleefully while yet a long distance away :

"It is all agreed upon ! The entire company will go, and if we don't get the raft there until late in the afternoon, we are to spend the night at the hotel !"

Sam had evidently forgotten his disappointment at not being given command of the yacht, and he and Phil insisted on being allowed to work until it was no longer light enough to see what they were doing. Much to the surprise of all, Mr. Barclay fully agreed

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with this, and again Doris went to Mr. Bragg's home, this time to announce that they would not present themselves for dinner until night had fully come.

When they did cease work for the day, matters were so far advanced that there seemed little doubt but that the "Princess" could be got under way by the next noon, and it was agreed, with not even a shadow of a protest from Sam, that the wrecking company should be at work as soon as another day had dawned.

"I suppose Captain Ezra is waiting for us to tow the 'Princess' up to his boat-house, so that he can put in the new timbers," Doris said gleefully as they made their way in the darkness through the thicket of palmetto palms. "I wish he could see her now."

"He won't be kept waiting a great while," Sam added. "Of course, we will take his crippled motor boat back as soon as possible, and she must be towed by the 'Princess.' I suppose we'll be forced to keep his tender until we can buy one."

"There must have been a tender for the 'Princess' when she was wrecked," Phil ex-

claimed suddenly. "I wonder what became of her?"

No one could answer this question, and no member of the company cared to make inquiry of Mr. Bragg lest he should come to fancy they believed he ought to fully equip the yacht he had so generously given them.

The members of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, did not loiter after dinner had been eaten that night. Every one, even including Mr. Barclay, was thoroughly tired, and with the knowledge that as soon as day dawned the work must be resumed, all were eager to go to bed.

It was Doris who aroused her brother officers next morning, and she also it was who made arrangements with the servants for a pot of hot coffee to be brought to the shore as soon as it could be prepared.

As on the day previous, Sam was a willing worker, and never for a moment did he shirk whatever was appointed for him to do, although the labor was heavy and exceedingly wearisome. Making the timbers and casks into a raft necessitated working waist-deep in the water, and while this was being done

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Doris busied herself with the cabin fixtures, which had been spread out on the shore to dry.

Instead of spending the time to go to the house for breakfast, that meal was served in the tent, and the forenoon was no more than half spent when the task of making up the raft had come to an end.

It looked, as it lay at anchor in deep water, like an exceedingly heavy and unwieldy drag for the "Princess," but Mr. Barclay announced that, unless the wind sprang up, it would not be a long nor difficult task for the yacht.

"The casks are buoyant, and the timbers and other materials of no more weight than is needed to hold them steady," the tutor said to the boys while they were changing their bathing suits for dry clothing, using the tent as a dressing-room. "The 'Princess' is a fast boat, so I have been told, and can well understand from her build, and I am expecting she will tow that raft at a rate of five or six miles an hour."

There was no time to be spent in discussing matters, if they would get the "Princess" under way at the hour agreed upon, and im-

mediately they had made a change of clothing, all were busily engaged with this task or that.

Mr. Barclay took it upon himself to overhaul the motor until it was in good running order once more. Phil set about painting the new timbers in the hull and making ready such hawsers and other ropes as would be necessary during his first voyage, while Sam and Doris, using Captain Ezra's crippled power boat for the last time, as they hoped, freighted from the shore to the yacht such cabin furnishings as were in condition to be used.

Mr. Bragg gave evidence that he did not intend there should be any delay in the time of sailing, for he came to the shore very soon after breakfast and worked industriously at this task or that, calling upon one of his servants to assist until, so far as could be seen from the shore, everything was in readiness for the departure.

"There's nothing to be done," Phil said with a sigh of relief, as he threw himself upon the hot sand so tired that it would have seemed like the greatest favor could he have been permitted to spend the remainder of the day there. "When Mr. Barclay comes ashore

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with the tender we'll clean that up a bit so the ladies won't get their dresses soiled and to-morrow we'd best give the boat a coat of paint, for I suppose we'll have to use her while we stay South."

"We won't make any plans just now as to repairing Captain Ezra's boat," Mr. Bragg said in an odd tone and, raising his voice, he shouted, "Ahoy on the yacht!"

Mr. Barclay immediately showed himself at the engine-room door as he replied to the hail, and that he had been working industriously could be told by the oil and grime upon his hands and face.

"Are you going to finish your portion of the work in schedule time?" Mr. Bragg cried.

"It is nearly done already. I have been cleaning the motor, for you can well understand that it hasn't been improved by remaining under water so long."

"Better come to the house for luncheon now, and do the fancy work after we get under way. I have said that we would leave here at half-past one, and I'm hoping there won't be any delay."

“So far as the motor is concerned, we can start this moment; but there is no good reason why I should spend time washing up in order to be at the luncheon table. Better leave me here, so that I can be on hand when the guests arrive.”

It did not seem to Doris just fair to deprive Mr. Barclay of a noonday meal after he had been working so hard; but Mr. Bragg appeared to think it the proper procedure, and all set off through the palmetto palms as if in great haste, leaving the tutor to continue his labors.

“You have been very good to us, Mr. Bragg,” Doris said, as she walked demurely by the gentleman’s side, “and I hope you won’t regret having given us that beautiful yacht.”

“I shan’t if you young people can run her in a friendly manner, without any disputing,” the gentleman said, with a meaning glance to Sam. “Of course, I expect an invitation to make one of the party whenever you go out cruising.”

“I am afraid we shan’t be able to make any real voyages,” Doris replied with a sigh.

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"After having had such a long vacation we will have to do a lot of work over our books."

"There is no reason why cruising should interfere with study. The 'Princess' is a large craft for a crew of only four, and I fail to understand why you can't spend the necessary time over your books even while exploring the gulf."

This was a possibility the young people had not thought of, and now that it was brought to mind the possession of the "Princess" seemed to have a yet greater value.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRIAL TRIP

THE officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, did not appear to have any great desire for food on this day, and it is safe to say they would have been better pleased with a luncheon of sandwiches and oranges than spend so much time at table when the "Princess" was at her moorings, ready for the trial trip, after having been beneath the surface so long.

Even Mr. Bragg seemed impatient to begin the voyage, but since he was the host it would have been decidedly rude to hurry his guests, and it appeared to the young people as if their elders had never been so hungry or so slow.

In order to make the time seemingly pass more quickly Doris repeated the remark made by Mr. Bragg relative to being able to attend to their studies while cruising in the "Princess," and to the delight and surprise of the company's officers no one made any protest.

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In fact, Mr. Newcome evidently gave his approval of the plan, when he said :

"I am confident the professor will make certain you spend the required number of hours at your tasks, even though it should be necessary to anchor the yacht in the open gulf."

Then Mr. Bragg announced that he had much the same as asked for an invitation to accompany the young people when they went on a cruise, and after a certain amount of small talk, such as is generally indulged in at such times, the company were ready to set off for the shore.

Sam ran ahead to warn Mr. Barclay of their coming, shouting as he arrived at the beach opposite where the "Princess" was lying :

"They'll be here in a minute, and you'd better be ready to take 'em aboard !"

"You and Phil must attend to that task, for I can't come ashore without a tender, and, besides, there is no reason why I should do so while you lads have nothing else to look after."

"Shall we use Captain Ezra's power boat ?"

“It will take too long to bring her in from moorings. The work can be done in very much less time with the tender. Don't try to bring off too many at once. Better take the ladies first, and then two of the gentlemen, making three trips in order to avoid the possibility of an accident.”

“I'll look after that part of it myself, and then there'll be no chance of trouble,” Sam replied, in his aged-uncle tone, and he made ready the small boat just as his father and Mr. Bragg appeared, walking a long distance in advance of the others.

“I'll put you aboard at once, unless you're to wait for the ladies,” Sam cried, evidently determined to show what a thorough sailor he was, and the gentlemen accepted the invitation immediately by getting into the stern-sheets of the small craft, thereby raising her bow very high and rendering easy the task of pushing off from the shore.

As a matter of fact, Sam acquitted himself very creditably. He leaped in when the little craft was afloat, and then bent to the oars that Mr. Bragg might see what a mistake had been made in believing he was not competent to

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handle any small boat that had ever been built.

Unfortunately, however, Master Sam was so intent on displaying his skill with the oars that he entirely forgot it was also necessary he should do something in the way of steering, and a loud shout from his father first apprised him of the fact that the "Princess" was close aboard.

The warning came too late, however. Before Sam had time to turn his head in order to see what had caused the outcry, Captain Ezra's tender struck the hull of the "Princess" with such force that the oarsman was thrown headlong from the thwart, and the little boat, recoiling from the blow, went astern so quickly that considerable water was taken in over the rail, drenching the passengers thoroughly.

Mr. Bragg, attempting to pick up the oars that had fallen outboard when Sam was thrown from the thwart, forced the tender over on her side until she took in half a cargo of water, causing Mr. Norris to cry out in fear lest they should be upset completely.

As a matter of course, Sam, being in the bottom of the boat, was thoroughly drenched.



“HELLO, ON THE SHORE!”

and, what was worse, the oars went sailing off on their own account, leaving the tender and her crew at the mercy of the current.

“It is fortunate for us that you are not to have anything to do with the management of the yacht!” Mr. Norris said in a tone of irritation, which was not lessened when Sam asked petulantly :

“Why didn’t you tell me we were so near the ‘Princess’? How could I be expected to see her while I was rowing?”

“I believe, Sam, that you can only learn by bitter experience, for you seem unable to profit by the advice or example of others,” and Mr. Norris gave all his attention to wringing the water out of his sodden garments, while Mr. Bragg asked grimly :

“What’s to become of us now? The current sets down around the sand spit, and we are likely to have our cruise alone. Hello on the shore!” he cried to Phil and Doris. “Can you get into that motor boat and come after us?”

“I might swim out to her; we haven’t got another small boat here, and she’s anchored quite a distance from the shore,” Phil replied,

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and before he could say anything more, a loud splash was heard from the direction of the yacht.

"Professor Andy has jumped overboard!" Sam cried, and his father muttered:

"It is fortunate that there's one person in your wrecking company who has common sense!"

The tutor came toward the tender with long, steady strokes, and Sam crept into the bow, believing it would be necessary to help him on board, but the swimmer cried sharply:

"Pass me the end of the painter, and then sit down."

Sam began to believe that every one was against him, and but for the necessity of immediate action he might have indulged in a severe attack of the sulks. As it was, however, he obeyed the command, and then crouched on the thwart looking out of the corner of his eye at Doris and Phil, who were so nearly convulsed with mirth that they had thrown themselves flat on the sand, where both vainly tried to suppress screams of laughter.

Mr. Barclay had taken the end of the painter in his teeth, and was towing the boat in pursuit of the oars. Understanding what he would do Mr. Bragg was awaiting the opportunity to seize the floating sticks, while Sam began to bail the water from the boat with his cap.

No less than ten minutes were spent in recovering the oars, and then Mr. Bragg used them to pull the tender ashore, leaving the tutor to clamber on board the "Princess" again as best he might.

"What's the use of going back?" Sam asked in surprise. "I'm to leave you aboard the yacht, and go after the remainder of the company."

"Do you fancy we can go on a cruise with our clothing soaked?" his father said sternly. "You come with us to the house."

When the bow of the tender grated on the sand Sam stepped ashore in what he intended should be a dignified manner, walking toward the thicket of palmetto palms without turning his head, but he could not shut his ears to Mr. Newcome's facetious remarks regarding those who "went to sea in a bowl with a wise

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man of Gotham as pilot," and he realized that because of his carelessness the cruise would be delayed a full hour.

When next Sam showed himself on the beach, looking remarkably ill-natured, the "Princess" had been backed down and made fast to the unwieldy raft, while Phil was waiting at the water's edge with the tender.

"Where are your father and Mr. Bragg?" Phil asked. "If they don't get a move on we won't be ready to start till sunset."

"Now you try to jump on me, will you?" Sam cried, and his cousin replied in a soothing tone:

"I'm not jumping on you, Sam. Of course I want to see the 'Princess' under way, and wish the gentlemen would move a bit more lively."

"It's just the same as blaming me for what happened," Sam said sulkily. "I supposed they would have sense enough to steer——"

"There's no rudder in the tender. We took it up to the tent last night."

"I forgot about that; but it makes no difference, for they should have looked after

things. And look here, I heard you and Doris laughing when I was having so much trouble!"

"Of course you heard us. If I had been in the scrape and you ashore, you'd fairly howled, for it was funny," and again Phil gave way to mirth.

Quite naturally this angered Sam, and he was about to make a hasty speech when his father and Mr. Bragg appeared from among the palmetto palms.

"Jump in so that I may set you aboard before they get here," Phil said hurriedly. "We won't take the chances of loading the boat too deeply."

But to this Sam would not agree, perhaps only because his cousin had suggested it, and when Captain Ezra's skiff was pushed off from the shore with the passengers aboard, she was loaded so deeply that the tiniest waves must have overlapped her rail.

When all was in readiness for the start, Doris, feeling not a little nervous because of the responsibility thus placed upon her, went into the small pilot-house where were bells and speaking tubes connected with the motor

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room, Mr. Bragg watching her as she gave the signal to go ahead.

Mr. Barclay had insisted that Phil take full charge of the machinery, declaring that it was necessary for him to do so at this time if he intended to act as engineer, and he himself went on deck to aid Sam in weighing anchor.

The amateur engineer did his portion of the work properly, and when the "Princess" moved off at a rapid rate of speed, as compared with Captain Ezra's craft, the tutor went to the window of the pilot-house.

"I do wish you would come in here," Doris said nervously, as she saw him. "I am terribly afraid of making some mistake."

Mr. Bragg shook his head in token that the tutor should not do as she desired, and Mr. Barclay said lightly :

"There's no danger of your steering us into trouble, Miss Doris, and if you are to be our pilot from this on, it is quite time you had full control of the wheel."

Then the tutor went aft, where were the gentlemen and ladies, and Sam, who was still firmly convinced he had been abused, lounged amidships, as if afraid some one might speak to him.

The dainty little "Princess" towed the clumsy raft without losing very much of her speed, and before she had been out of the Inlet ten minutes both the engineer and the pilot had gathered so much of confidence in their own abilities to perform the tasks assigned them, as to be able to enjoy the cruise.

As Mr. Barclay had predicted, the yacht towed the raft at a rate of not less than six miles an hour, and Sam had not yet recovered from his attack of ill-nature when the company had arrived at their destination.

The collection of casks and timbers was cast off, to be picked up later by the tender and towed inshore, and then the "Princess" was run alongside the landing-stage by Phil and Doris, without advice or assistance from any one.

"You are a famous pilot, and handle the yacht like an old salt," Mr. Bragg said to Doris. "Now we are going ashore, where I have a surprise for the officers of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, which has been arranged by Mr. Norris and Mr. Newcome."

He called to Phil when he passed the door

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of the engine room, and to Sam while going over the rail, adding to Mr. Barclay :

"You are to come also, professor. The older members of the party are to go directly to the hotel and wait there for us."

Sam was the only one who did not obey the summons, and when Phil called over his shoulder for him to make haste, he replied :

"Oh, I guess I'll stay where I am."

Mr. Bragg was not inclined to spend any time in persuading the sulky lad, for he appeared to be in a hurry, and set off along the shore at his swiftest gait until arriving at a boat-house, alongside the landing-stage of which lay a small motor boat about fourteen feet in length, glittering with varnish and brass fittings like some dainty toy.

"How will she do as a tender for the 'Princess'?" Mr. Bragg asked, as he halted opposite her.

"What a little beauty!" Doris cried with a long indrawing of the breath, which was almost a sigh, and Phil asked :

"Is she for sale, sir?"

"Not now. Your father and uncle bought her on the day when it seemed positive you

would succeed in raising the 'Princess,' and she has just been put in trim. I am told she is a handy little craft. Suppose you try her, while I go to the hotel and look after the old people?"

"We have yet to pick up that raft, and tow it ashore, so perhaps it would be as well to give her a trial in that way," Mr. Barclay suggested.

"The very thing. Join us at the hotel when you have satisfied your curiosity regarding her," and Mr. Bragg hurried away.

Five minutes later the toy-like boat was under way, steering toward the "Princess," and while she was yet twenty yards distant, Sam shouted peremptorily:

"Where did you pick up that boat?"

"She is our own. Father and uncle bought her some time ago. Isn't she a perfect beauty?" Doris cried.

"Where are you going?"

"To tow the raft inshore," Professor Andy replied, and by that time the little craft had run past the "Princess."

It was not a difficult task to tow the collection of casks and timbers along the shore un-

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til it grounded, and then Professor Andy insisted that they run over to the yacht, where the motor boat could be left while he made known to the people of whom the wrecking material had been hired that the property was at their disposal.

Doris and Phil would have been only too well pleased to spend an hour or more aboard the tiny motor boat; but it seemed necessary to make some show of gratitude for what had been done in their behalf, therefore they followed the tutor, leaving Sam bending over the "Princess'" rail gazing at the beautiful tender.

"She belongs as much to me as to them," he muttered, "and I can run a small boat like that as well as Phil. I guess I'll show 'em I'm no regular muddle-head."

Then, assuring himself that his cousins and the professor were no longer where they could have the landing-stage in view, he dropped over the rail into the dainty craft.

CHAPTER XX

SAM IN TROUBLE

UNFORTUNATELY, as has already been seen, Sam was not willing to exert himself very much in the pursuit of knowledge. When Mr. Barclay had explained how the motor of Captain Ezra's launch should be handled, he listened carelessly without seeking to make himself familiar with the methods, and the result was that he had only the vaguest idea of what had been said.

Phil had resolutely set about studying the machinery to the end that he might be able to act as engineer of the "Princess," and Sam had watched him listlessly until he knew in a general way how to start the motor; but beyond that he was quite as ignorant as before the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, came into existence.

Sam's chief fault was that he believed he knew how this or that thing should be done quite as well as if he had studied the matter

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thoroughly, and, therefore, there was no doubt in his mind, when he dropped from the rail of the "Princess" to the launch, but that he could handle the dainty little craft as well as, if not better than, Phil or the tutor.

Casting off the hawser hurriedly lest some one should come before he could get under way, Sam started the motor, which was not a difficult task, and only by greatest good fortune did he escape disaster while yet alongside the landing-stage, for the launch darted off swiftly, striking the hull of the "Princess" such a blow as must have crushed the bow of the smaller craft had it not been delivered at an angle, thus admitting of its glancing off with no more damage than that of scraping considerable paint from both vessels.

The helm of the tender had been shoved hard up when she was run alongside the "Princess," and after rubbing the larger craft, she naturally swung inshore, on a course that threatened to land her high and dry on the sand.

Sam succeeded in grasping the wheel quickly enough to prevent the catastrophe; but, in his nervousness, he pushed it hard down, with the

result that the little boat described a half circle, running around the landing-stage and heading for the shore on the opposite side.

Again Sam gave a vigorous tug at the wheel, and, because the motor was opened at full speed, the dainty boat swung sharply around, grazing the end of the floating stage with sufficient force to heel her over until the water came in considerable volume over the port rail, causing the venturesome Sam to believe that he was in danger of being drowned.

This fear was so great that he "lost his head" completely. His one desire was to stop the motor until he could gain a clear idea of what should be done, and he turned the wheel until the tiny boat seemed to be headed away from the shore, when he made frantic efforts to accomplish his purpose.

Because of ignorance, everything he did only seemed to make matters worse, for the speed of the boat was increased, and the slant of the helm sent her in a wide circle, sufficiently far from the shore to avoid any danger of going aground, but yet around and around like a horse in a circus ring.

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Within five minutes after Sam had begun to "show that he was not a regular muddle-head," a considerable number of people had gathered on the landing-stage curious to learn why the boy was sending his dainty little boat at such a swift pace over so limited a course, and it was soon understood that he had lost all control over her.

The lad was, by this time, not only bewildered, but frightened, believing that before many minutes passed he would be wrecked, as, indeed, was possible in case a sailing craft suddenly put in toward the landing. He sat clutching either rail as he stared straight before him, incapable now of making any move toward aiding himself.

He heard people shouting from the shore, and dimly understood that they were advising him to do this or that, but he could not have followed the instructions even though he heard distinctly the words, because of having given way to unreasoning terror. It seemed as if the little craft was moving with increasing speed, and he wondered whether an explosion might not speedily put an end to his circus-like performance.

It was when Sam had made three or four complete circuits of the course enforced by the slant of the rudder, that Mr. Barclay, Phil and Doris, attracted by the shouting throng of spectators, appeared on the scene.

“What can he be doing?” Doris cried. “Why does he keep circling around? Why doesn’t he stop her?”

“In the first place, he hasn’t taken the trouble to learn anything about motors, and, having once started the screw, doesn’t know how to stop it,” the tutor replied, in what was very like an angry tone. “She is running at full speed, and since he hasn’t any idea that the bearings need oil it is possible some of them may get heated, which will put an end to the ridiculous exhibition.”

The throng of spectators was momentarily increasing. The idle ones at the hotel heard the shouting, and it was only natural, having nothing else to do, that they should gather where it was possible to see the foolish lad.

As a matter of course, Mr. Bragg, as well as the other members of the company that had arrived in the “Princess,” were among those who hastened to learn what was happening,

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and they came aboard the yacht just as Mr. Barclay replied in a tone of irritation to Doris' questions.

"How does it happen that he was allowed to go out alone?" Mr. Norris asked sharply, and Phil replied:

"He stayed aboard the 'Princess' while we went up to the hotel, and must have done so in order to get hold of the tender. Why doesn't he stop her?"

Nearly everybody on the shore was asking the same question, as the little craft sailed swiftly around, throwing the spray high over her bow, and yet the unhappy Sam remained seated aft, clutching the rail with both hands as he kept his eyes fixed upon the dizzying course.

"Wouldn't it be possible for us to run out in the 'Princess' and pass him a line?" Mr. Bragg asked of Mr. Barclay, and the latter replied:

"We should be running the risk of wrecking the tender, for Sam is no longer capable of minding the helm."

"Better that than have him continue making a spectacle of himself," Mr. Bragg said

sharply. "We can't stand here idle while he is giving such a show of idiocy and terror."

"If you say the word, sir, I'll make the attempt, but it will be adding to the exhibition, and the 'Princess' may not come out unharmed."

"Anything is preferable to inaction," Mr. Newcome cried angrily, and Mr. Barclay replied, after remaining silent while one might have counted ten :

"If one of you gentlemen will take the helm I'll do my best to get hold of the tender as we dash past her. I question if the 'Princess' can safely be sailed in such a small circle, therefore it's a matter of coming alongside when the inshore turn is made. Then we can follow for a distance of half the circumference of the ring he is making and I should be able to get aboard. Even if I fail it will only result in a wetting; but the yacht must be sent straight ahead, lest Sam's craft, in completing another circle, should strike her with sufficient force to work damage to one or the other."

"Don't stop to explain what you propose to do," Mr. Norris said nervously. "Get

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about it without loss of time, and we'll obey any command you may give."

"Make ready to start the motor, Phil," the tutor whispered to the lad. "When we move out to catch Sam send her ahead at full speed, but stand by to stop her at a moment's notice, for we must do some fine work if we succeed in rescuing your cousin from the result of his own folly."

"I wish he'd fall overboard, for then we could pick him up without much trouble; but I'm afraid he'll start in on some other crazy notion about the time Professor Andy gets ready to do something," Phil said to himself, as he obeyed orders by going to the motor.

The tutor did not waste many moments in making preparations. He threw off his coat and boots, unmoored the "Princess," and backed her away from the landing-stage until she was headed toward the circle of white water that had been churned up by the runaway tender, after which he said to Phil, when Mr. Bragg had taken the wheel:

"Start slowly; but be ready to give her all the power!" Then to Mr. Bragg he cried:

“Head straight for the lower side of the circle. Now, Phil, all the speed she’s got!”

The “Princess” darted ahead like an arrow, while Sam was on the shoreward turn, and so nicely had Mr. Barclay calculated the distance, that the yacht’s bow was overlapping the tender’s stern as the latter circled seaward once more.

“Run as close as you can,” the tutor cried as he leaped on the starboard rail forward. “It won’t do any great harm if you strike her while we’re both going in the same direction.”

To Doris, who stood near the professor, it seemed as if the words had but just been uttered, when the tutor leaped over, and with a scream of fear, she ran to the rail, believing the little craft would certainly be swamped if he struck her.

Mr. Barclay had no idea, however, of trying to jump into the tender, for he knew only too well that by such a course he would swamp the small boat. His purpose was to leap so close aboard that it would be possible to catch the rail, and in this he succeeded, although several seconds elapsed before Doris could assure herself of the fact, owing to the

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volume of water that was thrown up in the form of spray as he struck the surface.

The "Princess" dashed on in a direct line, thus clearing the probable course of the tender when she came around again, and Doris had no more than made certain the tutor had a hold on the tender's rail, when Mr. Bragg shouted to Phil:

"Better stop her, lad, and we'll wait here till we see whether our services may be needed."

Now Doris had the launch in full view, and could see that the tutor was simply holding to the stern, allowing himself to be towed along while he tried to arouse Sam to activity.

The little craft had made a full circle before he apparently understood that any such effort was useless, and then he began to haul himself inboard over the stern at great risk of filling her with water, for his weight sunk her level with the surface.

It was possible to hear Sam scream shrilly in fear when the stern was flooded, and then it seemed to Doris as if Mr. Barclay literally leaped over the rail.

Within half a minute the way of the

tender was checked, for the tutor had shut off the power, and as the little craft rose and fell on the waves of her own making, Mr. Barclay shouted to Mr. Bragg :

“ Shall we run back to the landing-stage, sir ? ”

It was Mr. Norris who replied to this question, and he spoke hurriedly, as if nervous :

“ The sooner we get away from here the better. There is no good reason why we should make a yet greater spectacle of ourselves ! ”

As if believing this to be a command, the tutor started the motor once more, this time in a leisurely manner, and when the tender was run alongside the “ Princess,” Master Sam had not yet recovered from his fright. He continued to clutch either rail, as when the little boat was foolishly racing in a circle, and was seemingly ignorant of the fact that all danger had been averted.

“ Better go aboard,” Mr. Barclay said as he caught the line which Doris passed him, and made the tender fast ; but the boy who had been bent on showing that he was not a “ muddle-head ” remained motionless.

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"Come here, Sam!" Mr. Norris said sternly, and this command so far aroused the lad that he clambered inboard immediately, but stood amidships, near the engine-room door, as if undecided which way to turn.

"Go forward, and remain there until you are ready to make an explanation of your conduct," his father commanded, and Sam, now for the first time since the rescue appearing to understand that he was in deepest disgrace, obeyed promptly, Doris following in the hope of being able to say something which would give him relief of mind; but he turned on her angrily:

"Don't you dare to do any crowing, Doris Newcome!" he cried. "Just because you're willing to tag at the professor's heels, playing the goody, you think you can rough into me when I make the littlest kind of mistake."

"A boy doesn't make a little mistake when, without knowing how to handle a power boat, he starts her at full speed, taking all the chances of drowning himself or wrecking the craft," Mr. Bragg said sharply as he came out of the pilot house, and motioned for Doris to enter, adding in a low

tone : " I am willing to give up the helm to the rightful pilot."

" But I really should be better pleased if you remained there, sir," the girl said quickly, eager to give Sam some little of comfort, even though he had spoken so unkindly.

" I am only a guest aboard this yacht, and should not have taken the wheel, but that it was necessary the professor's commands be obeyed on the instant," and Mr. Bragg went aft, where the older members of the company had gathered.

By this time the tutor had made the tender fast astern with such a length of hawser that no harm could come to her from the propeller, and he came forward, saying to Doris :

" I think the gentlemen and ladies would be better pleased if we got away from here as soon as possible. Take the helm, and I will give Phil the word to send her ahead."

CHAPTER XXI

RULES AND REGULATIONS

ALTHOUGH neither Doris nor Phil had done anything unbecoming a member of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, both felt as if, to a certain degree, they were in disgrace because of what had happened, and the latter portion of this trial trip was begun mournfully.

Phil started the motor in accordance with the command given by Mr. Barclay, but he gave no heed to the progress of the "Princess." He looked only at the smoothly running machinery, lest some mishap might occur, and would have been right well pleased had they been able to arrive at their destination within five minutes after setting out, although a few hours previous it had been his belief that he would never tire of cruising in the dainty little craft.

In the pilot house Doris stood gripping the wheel, with her eyes fixed on the course

ahead, never moving save when it became necessary to brush away the tears of disappointment because the day's pleasuring had come to such a disagreeable ending, and taking good care not to look at the lad who crouched in the extreme bow, as if believing all on board were his personal enemies.

Aft were gathered the guests, each striving to appear cheerful and take full part in the conversation, yet it could readily be seen that Sam's behavior had cast a gloom over all.

It is doubtful if any one, save Doris and Sam, had a definite idea of the progress made, until the "Princess" came off the sand-bar which marked the entrance to the Inlet, and if a stranger had seen them he would have believed every person felt a sense of relief because the voyage had come to an end.

When Mr. Barclay went forward to let go the anchor Sam sulkily moved aside that he might get at the hawser, but made no effort to aid, although such work really fell to his share of running the yacht, and the tutor asked quite sharply :

"Why don't you lay hold with me, Sam?"

"Because I'm not certain that I shall run

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with this crowd any longer," was the peevish reply. "All hands are down on me, and no matter what I try to do everybody jumps on me."

"Would it have pleased you better if we had remained ashore until you swamped the tender?"

"If the people hadn't made such a row I'd have handled her well enough. Besides, she belongs to me, as much as to Doris or Phil, and I had the right to get into her."

"But not to start the motor when you knew nothing about running it," and Mr. Barclay spoke so sternly that one might almost have believed he was angry. "It is not the truth that you could have handled the tender, for when I jumped overboard you were absolutely paralyzed with fear."

"Well, suppose I was? Why didn't you wait to find out what I intended to do?"

The tutor made no reply to this foolish question. He waved his hand as signal for Phil to stop the motor, and when the anchor was let go Sam crept back to his old station in the bow, much as if he did not intend to leave the yacht when the others went ashore.

It was Mr. Barclay who took charge of the

tender to set the guests ashore, and as he brought her alongside Mr. Bragg said as he looked at his watch :

“ We have returned so much sooner than was expected that there is no good reason why you should not take Captain Curtis’ power boat back to him before dinner. With such a craft of your own, it is not well to keep a second one on hire when she isn’t needed.”

“ Do you care to go with us ? ” the tutor asked, and the gentleman replied quickly :

“ I have had yachting enough for one day. You young people can get back for dinner, if you start at once, and this evening we will decide upon some regulations for the better governing of the crew.”

When Mr. Norris came to the gangway in order to board the tender, he said to Sam, who yet remained forward, giving no apparent heed to what was going on :

“ You are to come with me, Samuel.”

“ But I’d rather stay here, sir. I’d like to sleep on board the yacht to-night.”

“ You are to come with me,” and Sam understood by his father’s tone that it would not be well to make any protest.

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By going from the "Princess" to the shore twice, Mr. Barclay had landed the guests and Sam, and when the latter disappeared, walking sulkily by his father's side, Doris said in a sympathetic tone :

"I'm awfully sorry for Sam. He has spoiled his afternoon of pleasure, and I'm afraid won't enjoy himself very well after he gets back to Mr. Bragg's."

"And he doesn't deserve to," Phil said emphatically, speaking for the first time since the homeward run was begun. "If he hadn't been so foolish we'd had a regular jolly day, and needn't have come back until after dark."

"Samuel has been guilty of thoughtlessness, even if we do not call it by a harsher term," Mr. Barclay said in his schoolmaster tone, "and now he must pay the price. Let this afternoon's work cause you to keep well in mind that there is a price fixed to everything we do in this world. If it is of good, then we receive the price, whatever it may be, either of satisfaction or joy ; if it is wrong, then we must pay, and in many cases heavily. Therefore he is wise who first counts the cost

before setting out on any course. Now, if you would like to run up to Captain Curtis' boat-house we will take his craft in tow," and Mr. Barclay was once more a yachtsman.

Phil went after the motor boat, which was lying at anchor a short distance away, and he used the little tender which Sam had come so near swamping.

"She's a daisy!" he cried enthusiastically as he passed to the tutor the painter of Captain Ezra's craft. "It seems almost that she'd run herself if you gave her the chance."

"You young people are very fortunate in having such a tender for the 'Princess,'" Mr. Barclay replied gravely as once more, and within five minutes after Phil came on board again, the journey to Bayview was begun.

Now it was that Doris and Phil had an opportunity to watch the dainty vessel which they had raised from the bottom of the sea, because the tutor insisted on looking after the motor to the end that the engineer might remain on deck. In the belief of those in the pilot house there had never been such a nearly perfect yacht built as the "Princess," and but for the disagreeable events of the afternoon

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they would have given way to their delight because of having earned her.

As it was, however, they could not banish thoughts of what had happened, and thus had Sam not only to pay the price of his misdoings, but in a certain degree others were forced to make payment also.

Captain Ezra was on the landing-stage when the "Princess" came opposite, swung around and ran in with properly regulated speed until she lay gently rocking to and fro directly in front of the boat-house.

"Hello! Whose boat is that?" Captain Ezra cried, as he recognized Doris. "How does it happen that folks will let a girl like you run such a craft?"

"This is the yacht we raised and then repaired," Doris cried gleefully, for the expression of amazement on the old man's face was in the highest degree comical.

"Do you mean to tell me that's Mr. Bragg's boat?"

"It was until he gave her to us," Phil replied. "Say, Captain Ezra, doesn't it look as if we could do a job of wrecking and ship-carpentering?"

“Wa'al, I've allers heard tell that paint an' putty would cover a bad job in good shape; but I never allowed it could be done so slick,” the old man replied after a long pause, during which he gazed critically at the bow of the “Princess.” “It's too bad you didn't get somebody what knew how to put in them timbers; they look mighty ragged, even with so thick a coatin' of paint.”

“You think the work on that side of the bow has been done in a bungling manner?” Doris asked laughingly, as she came out of the pilot house to look over the starboard rail.

“I don't think anythin' about it, miss. I know it looks rough; a blind man might see that much.”

“The side you are looking at, Captain Curtis, is just as it was left by those who built her,” Doris cried with a hearty laugh. “It was the port bow that had been stove, and when we back out I'll turn her so you may see it.”

Captain Ezra rubbed his chin reflectively, realizing that he had made a mistake, and then said slowly, as if lost in surprise:

“It does beat all how sloppy some of them swell yacht-builders can do their work!”

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Then it was that Professor Andy interrupted the conversation, which was affording Doris and Phil so much amusement, by swinging inshore the power boat the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, had hired, as he said:

"You may send your bill, Captain Curtis, either to Mr. Newcome or Mr. Norris, for we shall not need this craft any longer."

"Got a new one, I see," and Captain Ezra craned his head to look astern of the "Princess." "That's not sich a terrible bad lookin' boat; but she's all for show, an' won't stand any hard knocks. Now if I'd known you wanted a tender with power, I'd made a trade for one of mine."

"It is too late now," Mr. Barclay said as he motioned for Phil to send the "Princess" astern, and Captain Ezra gazed critically and disapprovingly at the port bow when the "Princess" was swung around on the homeward course.

"Better run up some day, an' let me fix up that job a bit, so's it won't look so sloppy," the old man cried as the yacht glided ahead at full speed, and no one thought it worth while to make any reply.

The "Princess" was at her moorings in the Inlet a full half hour before the time set for dinner, and after she had been snugged down for the night and her crew were going ashore in the dainty little tender, Doris said with a sigh :

"It won't be very pleasant at Mr. Bragg's this evening, I'm afraid. Sam is in disgrace, and every one will be as stiff as when we were coming home."

"I'm hoping Sam will have sense enough to stay in his room till the trouble blows over," Phil replied, and Mr. Barclay gave his pupil an unpleasant surprise by adding in his schoolmaster tone :

"It will be well if you retire early, for in the morning we shall resume our studies, and after such a long holiday I am expecting that you will be willing to do considerable extra work."

Neither Doris nor Phil had very much to say during the walk from the shore to the house, and on entering the dwelling the first person they saw was Master Sam sitting stiffly in a chair, his eyes swollen as if from weeping, and wearing a general appearance of sorrow, if not repentance.

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Phil would have passed his cousin in silence, not knowing if the lad was in the humor for conversation, but Sam stopped him by saying :

"Mr. Bragg has been drawing up a lot of rules and regulations for us while we are on board the 'Princess,' and one would think that he still intended to own her."

"What are the rules?" Doris asked curiously.

"I can't remember them all, but one is that none of us who own the yacht must meddle with anything belonging to her without the express permission of Captain Andy. We're not to go on board unless he says so, and once there mustn't walk forward or aft till he gives the order. The next thing will be that we'll have to ask him when we want to wink."

"I think that is as it should be," Doris said decidedly, and Phil whispered :

"Have you got out of the scrape all right?"

"I'm out of it, and that's about all. The wonder is that I ain't worn down to a shadow. You'd think I'd been doing something terrible, just because I started that power boat."

“Well, to tell the truth, Sam, you did make a mix-up, and it isn’t any wonder that all hands were angry. I had an idea that we shouldn’t see you to-night.”

“Neither would you if the old folks hadn’t been arranging for a cruise to Cedar Keys, and I’ve got to be on my good behavior, else I’m likely to be left at home.”

“Cedar Keys! And we’ll see the sponge fishers!” Doris exclaimed in delight.

“It’ll be a great cruise, for they count on being gone four or five days, and I’m trying my best to make up for what happened this afternoon, so I shan’t be left behind,” Sam said as he tried, with fairly good success, to assume an expression of repentance.

“He isn’t a bit sorry for what he did,” Doris whispered to Phil, as the two went to their rooms in order to make ready for dinner. “If it hadn’t been that a cruise to Cedar Keys was decided upon, he’d be off somewhere by himself sulking.”

“If he does go, and in case Mr. Bragg has made many rules for the running of the ‘Princess,’ it’s a safe guess that he’ll break one of them every hour, else a mighty big

change has come over him," Phil said mournfully. "Of course, I shouldn't want him left behind while the rest of us go off pleasuring; but I'm afraid we shall be in hot water on his account a good portion of the time."

"We'll see what the rules are," Doris added hopefully. "If Professor Andy is in charge of the 'Princess,' with us to obey his commands, I'm thinking he'll keep Sam straight, or make matters very uncomfortable. I wonder if we are to go on with our studies, now that this cruise has been decided upon?"

"Most likely that is one of the rules, and if so it will be tough on us, for the others will be running the yacht, and that is the best part of cruising, according to my ideas."

CHAPTER XXII

CRUISING

WHAT surprised the young people on this evening, after the trial trip of the "Princess" had come to a disagreeable end, was the fact that at dinner table no one spoke of setting off on a cruise to Cedar Keys.

Sam was present throughout the meal, doing his best to play the part of a repentant lad in order that his parents might not consider it necessary he be left at home as punishment, and never a word was spoken regarding the unpleasant events of the afternoon.

It was as if the "Princess" had never been raised from the bottom of the Inlet, so far as the conversation of the elder members of the party was concerned, and Doris whispered to her brother as the two arose from the table :

"Sam has made a mistake. No one here is even thinking of going to Cedar Keys, else something would have been said about it."

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When, however, Phil laughed at his cousin for having imagined anything of the kind, Sam stoutly declared that the cruise had been decided upon, and would be begun on the following morning. He claimed to have heard Mr. Bragg promise that the yacht should be provisioned soon after sunrise, and proposed that Mr. Barclay be called upon for an explanation.

"But the professor was at Captain Ezra's boat-house when you say the plans were made, and can't know more about it than do we," Phil replied, and Sam added:

"You'll find out that he has been told the whole story by this time, and if you get Doris at him, she'll make him tell what he knows."

Therefore it was that, ten minutes later, just as the tutor was leaving the house in a manner that told he was eager to escape observation, Doris met him in the garden as if by accident, and asked plainly whether he had heard anything about a proposed cruise to Cedar Keys.

"I hardly know whether I am warranted in answering that question," the professor re-

plied smilingly. "Your parents have decided, because of what occurred this afternoon, that you young people are not to be allowed to manage the yacht as you please, until after it has been shown that there is no danger that anything of such a nature as we witnessed a few hours ago can again occur ——"

"But Phil and I had no part in that!" Doris cried in astonishment. "Surely we are not to be punished for what Sam does!"

"He is a member of the company, and, therefore, you two, as his partners, must be held in a certain measure responsible for his mischief."

"And because he is to be disciplined I must be kept in ignorance of what is to be done with the 'Princess'?" Doris asked indignantly.

"As I have said, his misdeeds affect you in a certain degree, and because of them a number of rules have been drawn up by your parents and Mr. Bragg. I haven't had time to copy all of them as yet, but here are two, one of which seems to prevent me from answering the question you asked."

Mr. Barclay drew from his pocket two

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cards, on the first of which was written in bold letters :

"The captain of the 'Princess' is forbidden to make any announcement of his sailing orders to the owners of the yacht."

The second card bore the following inscription :

"The owners of the 'Princess' must obey, without questioning, any command given by the captain, under penalty of being forbidden to board the yacht."

"It is just the same as taking the boat from us!" Doris cried indignantly. "Phil and I have obeyed orders, and will continue to do so; but because Sam acts foolishly, we mustn't know what is to be done with our own property! How many rules like that have they made?"

"There are a number regarding the conduct of the owners while on board the yacht, and they became necessary since Sam persists in acting foolishly. You are forced to pay a certain portion of the price of his misdeeds because of being his partners."

Doris wheeled about suddenly, and walked into the house with a great show of dignity.

She believed it was unjust to punish her for Sam's wrong-doing, and just for the moment determined not to lay any further claim to the "Princess."

As a matter of course Phil and Sam were eager to learn the result of the interview with the tutor, and they, like Doris, felt that an injustice was being done them. Sam did not hesitate to speak very sharply, seeming to forget that he was directly responsible for the new rules, and declared that he would go at once to Mr. Bragg in order to protest against this infringement upon his rights.

"Just for a minute I believed I'd never go on board the 'Princess' again," Doris said to her brother after Sam had walked away determined on having a "settlement" with Mr. Bragg. "When you come to think of what was done this afternoon, though, you can't blame our parents for taking charge of the yacht as they have done. You and I have no need to feel so very badly, because we know that this has not been brought about through any fault of ours."

Sam did not return to report the result of his interview with Mr. Bragg, nor did his

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cousins see him again that evening; but he surprised them both next morning by showing himself in the garden before any other of the household was astir.

"What's the matter?" Phil asked from his chamber window, and Sam replied:

"That cruise to Cedar Keys is coming off to-day, just as I told you. The servants carried provisions down to the yacht last night, and Mr. Barclay slept on board."

"But what has that to do with your being up so early?"

"I want to make certain they don't leave me behind, and you and Doris better move lively if you count on going."

"I don't intend to bully them into taking me," Phil replied curtly. "I'll go down-stairs at the same time I usually do, and if it's a case of leaving us behind, there won't be any kick coming from me."

"Then you're willing they should take the 'Princess' away from us, after we have worked so hard to earn her?"

"No one has any intention of doing that. We went on a cruise yesterday, and you shamed all hands, therefore it's a case of our

taking punishment, or paying the price as Professor Andy puts it, without whining.”

Then Phil disappeared from the window, and Sam walked rapidly away, looking rather uncomfortable.

When all, with the exception of Mr. Barclay, were gathered at the breakfast table, Mr. Bragg said to Doris, as if it was a matter concerning which he had already spoken :

“ We shall start on a long cruise as soon after breakfast as possible, and expect that you will serve us at the helm as well as you did yesterday.”

“ Am I the only one of the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, who will be allowed to go ? ”

“ We count on having all that famous company with us.”

“ But we who raised the ‘ Princess ’ are not allowed to run her ! ” Sam cried hotly, and Mr. Bragg replied gravely :

“ It has been decided that full control of the yacht will not be given over to you young people until all three have shown that you can be trusted. Those who have done their duty must, because of the partnership, suffer

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for the sins of the one who went wrong. It now remains to be seen if you who own the 'Princess' can handle her according to the restrictions laid down when you first took possession, coupled with the rules which have been made because of what took place yesterday."

Sam was silenced; the elders of the company apparently gave no heed to what was being said, and Doris and Phil, having come to an end of the meal, went to their rooms that they might make ready for the cruise.

Therefore it was that Sam saw neither of his partners until they came down to the shore, where Mr. Barclay was waiting with the tender to set the company on board the "Princess," and from that moment until the yacht was well out in the gulf there was no opportunity for conversation between the members of the wrecking company.

Acting as captain, the tutor had sent Phil into the motor room, and Doris to the wheel-house, while Sam had been ordered to remain amidships, where he could be ready for whatever service might be required.

During an hour the crew of the "Princess" remained at stations, while the elders of the

company appeared to be enjoying themselves hugely on the quarter-deck, and then Sam, watching until Mr. Barclay had gone into the motor room, went up to the pilot-house window, looking decidedly out of temper, as he said surlily :

“ I’m getting tired of this foolishness. If we own the ‘ Princess,’ we’ve got the right to run her without having to fall down whenever the professor winks his eye, and if Mr. Bragg counts on backing out of the bargain, then I’m ready to be set ashore, because I didn’t go into the wrecking business simply to become the tutor’s servant.”

“ Now don’t make trouble, Sam,” Doris said imploringly. “ All this has come about because of what you did yesterday, and if you turn sulky again, Phil and I shall have to take a full share of your punishment, as we are doing this very minute.”

“ It isn’t on my account ; but simply because Professor Andy wants to show off as captain,” Sam cried so loudly that those who were aft might have heard him. “ I’ll teach Mr. Bragg that he and the tutor can’t ride rough-shod over me ! ”

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At that moment Mr. Barclay came on deck, and, seeing Sam at the window of the pilot-house, asked sharply :

"Did Miss Doris request you to wait on her, Samuel?"

"I came here because it pleased me better than loafing amidships," Sam replied defiantly.

"And now you will take your proper station because of the order which was given."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," and now Sam lost all control of his temper. "I didn't come aboard this yacht to be ordered here or there like a servant. If there is any work to be done, I'll be on hand; but you've got no right to say that I shall stay in any one place."

"According to the rules which were drawn up last night ——"

"I don't want to hear anything about your rules!" Sam cried in a rage. "I didn't have any hand in making them, and, therefore, can't be bound by anything you and Mr. Bragg cooked up."

"You must at least listen while I tell you that full authority has been given me to take command of this yacht, and if any of the crew

refuse to obey an order given while we are under way, I am to compel obedience by force. I should be better pleased if we could get along in a friendly manner ——”

“ Well, we can't, not if you claim the right to make me stay amidships like a hired man ! ”

“ Samuel, you will go into the forepeak, considering yourself under arrest, and there remain until such time as you are ready to obey orders,” Mr. Barclay said firmly, but without any show of ill-temper, and Doris whispered to the angry lad :

“ Please do as he tells you, Sam, or you'll spoil all our sport. We can have a right good time if —— ”

“ I shall stay where I please ! ” Sam cried furiously, “ and there are not enough half-baked tutors in the state of Florida to make me go into the forepeak ! The idea of putting me under arrest ! What does he think he is — a policeman ? ”

Sam had hardly ceased speaking when Mr. Barclay suddenly seized him by the coat collar from behind, and, as if he had been of no more weight than a feather, carried him forward.

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The angry boy struggled and kicked: but he was as helpless as a baby in the tutor's grasp, and found himself dropping into the forepeak even while believing it would be possible to save himself from such an indignity.

Then, heeding not his threats, Mr. Barclay fastened over the small hatchway a stout grating, which Doris had never before seen on board, thus making him a close prisoner.

This the tutor did as if it were the ordinary procedure on board a pleasure yacht, and while all those aft, including Sam's parents, must have heard the outcries, not one gave token that anything of an unusual nature was taking place, although even after the grating was secured in place, the screams of the prisoner might have been heard a full quarter of a mile away.

"I am going into the motor room so that Philip may have a breath of fresh air on deck," Mr. Barclay said to Doris, who stood at the wheel apparently very uncomfortable in mind. "You will signal for me if you see any one approaching the forward hatch."

Five minutes later Phil came on deck looking nearly as much disturbed as did Doris,

and, standing at the wheel-house window, he asked in a whisper:

“What kind of a row has been going on here?”

“Sam wouldn’t do as the professor told him and now he’s down there fastened in,” Doris replied as she pointed with trembling finger at the grating on the forehatch. “I can’t imagine why aunt or uncle didn’t interfere, for he screamed as if being killed.”

“Where did that grating come from? I don’t remember having seen it before.”

“Professor Andy must have made it last night,” Doris replied tremulously. “You can see that it is new and he seemed to know just exactly what to do with Sam. Phil, I’m beginning to believe that this cruise was planned for the sole purpose of giving Sam a lesson. It wasn’t spoken of until after he had disgraced himself in the tender and at the same time all the new rules were made.”

“You believe it is up to Professor Andy to show Sam what is likely to happen if he keeps on having ugly fits?”

“It must be, else some of the people would have come forward when he was screaming so

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loudly. Isn't it dreadful to think that we have been allowed to come on this cruise simply for the purpose of being disciplined?"

"I'm not so certain about that, Doris," Phil replied thoughtfully. "We know that the professor is a mighty decent fellow when he's treated half-way square, and I'm thinking that you and I won't have any trouble, even though we are out for discipline. But if Sam doesn't come to his senses in short order it'll be a long while before he forgets this cruise. I wonder if I hadn't better speak with him?"

"Don't, Phil! Don't do anything of the kind, for I have orders to signal to the motor room if any one goes near the hatchway. I'm afraid we're going to have a dreadful time before we get to Cedar Keys."

CHAPTER XXIII

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE

DORIS' suggestion that the cruise had been planned for the sole purpose of disciplining Sam, and that Mr. Barclay had been given full power to assign such a lesson as he deemed necessary, caused Phil to look about him.

"I guess there's no question but that this is a case of discipline all right, and Sam is bound to get the worst of it unless he takes a quick turn," Phil said to Doris after his survey of the surroundings, and his sister replied in a whisper :

"I'm afraid it will be a good while before he does anything of the kind. You know how long it takes him to come around from a fit of the sulks and it will be more difficult for him to recover his temper while being much the same as shut up in jail."

"Well, to tell the truth, Doris, I can't feel very sorry for him, because he has behaved like a duffer since we came to Florida, and it's

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time he was made to understand that he isn't the only thing in this world."

"Don't speak like that, Phil, please don't, while Sam must be suffering so severely!" Doris cried imploringly. "I'll admit that he has tried the patience of us all, and his attacks of the sulks are something of which he should be ashamed; but only think of his being treated like a real criminal!"

"What harm does it do to put the matter plainly, even though he is our cousin and a right good fellow when he has his temper under control? If Professor Andy has orders to discipline Sam, we can't do anything to prevent it."

"But mightn't it be possible for you to give him some good advice? It is certain his father and mother don't intend to interfere, and no one knows how long he'll stay in that dreadful place rather than admit he is in the wrong."

"You say the professor gave orders to call him if any one attempted to go near the fore-hatch, and it isn't likely I can stand here and yell to Sam anything to which he would heed," and Phil turned away as if believing

such a conversation profitless, while he may also have fancied that such a severe lesson would be of greatest benefit to his cousin.

Doris, however, was not disposed to shut out from her mind Sam's sufferings. Regardless of the fact that he had brought it all upon himself, her sympathies were aroused, and it did not seem possible she could remain at the helm giving no apparent heed, while he was in such sore trouble, therefore she said pleadingly :

"You might ask permission of Professor Andy to have a talk with Sam."

"And then what?" Phil asked impatiently. "You surely don't have any idea that he will listen to what I say?"

"Perhaps he won't at first; but if you tell him what you believe, and also, in a kindly way, make him understand how really disagreeable he is when those fits are upon him, he must come to understand that neither he nor any other person has a right to behave in such a manner."

"All that sounds well while you are talking, Doris; but I've got a fairly good idea of how Sam would rave."

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"You needn't put it in a brutal way; and even though he won't listen at first, I am certain you can do him a world of good. With him shut up in that horrible place, this cruise will be a perfect misery; but we can have the jolliest kind of a time if he behaves himself. Please go and speak with the professor about it, Phil, for my sake, if not for his."

It had never been possible for Phil to resist his sister's pleading, and although an attempt to reform Sam was by no means pleasing, he went into the motor room at once, there repeating to the tutor much of what Doris had said.

"I am not certain but that you can do the poor fellow considerable good," Professor Andy said in a kindly tone. "It isn't probable he will listen patiently at first; but he can't fail to think over what you say, and must in time come to understand that all this is for his future good."

"Is it possible to make him any promise?" Phil asked. "I mean would he be set free if he agreed to behave himself?"

"Yes, when he voluntarily asks permission

to go aft and there promises solemnly to do all he may in the future to curb his temper," was the grave reply. "He has given way to anger so many times that it will be difficult at first to restrain himself: but it can be done, and it is absolutely for his own good."

Phil went forward, doubtful as to whether he might not excite, rather than soothe, his cousin by making a plain statement of facts, and on gaining the window of the pilot-house said in a whisper to Doris:

"I'm going to try my luck; but am afraid it will only result in making a bad matter worse."

"Be kind to the poor fellow, for he has had so many of these fits that I am beginning to believe they are much the same as a real disease."

"I only wish they were so much so that we could give him a dose of medicine, instead of treating the illness with talk," Phil replied with a mirthless smile as he continued on to the forehatch.

The prisoner must have heard his footsteps on the deck, for before Phil could look down through the grating, Sam shouted the direst

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threats unless he was released immediately, evidently believing it was Mr. Barclay who had come forward.

"Don't make such a row, Sam, or the people aft will hear you," Phil said as he bent over the grating until it was possible to see his cousin directly beneath, clutching the heavy oaken bars as if believing it would be possible to wrench them apart.

"I want them to hear me!" Sam screamed. "It's time somebody took that miserable tutor in hand, and showed him he couldn't jump on people like this!"

"Now see here, Sam, you know that your father and mother heard all the row, when Professor Andy put you in here, for your yells came to me in the motor room almost as plainly as if I had been on deck. Can't you understand that they have given the tutor his instructions, else he wouldn't have dared to shut you in here?"

Then Phil told of the new grating which must have been made the evening previous, and repeated what he and Doris had come to believe relative to the reason for the cruise, to all of which Sam listened with a greater or

less degree of patience, and when his cousin ceased speaking he literally roared :

“ If anybody thinks that putting me into a hole like this will do any good, it is a big mistake ! The time has come when that tutor must be made to keep his place, and until he apologizes for having treated me in such a manner, I’ll make things hot on board this yacht ! ”

“ You won’t have a chance to get much of a heat on, for it’s certain you’ll be kept here till you are ready to promise that there shall be no more exhibitions of temper,” Phil said, speaking in the most friendly tone, but evidently failing of convincing his cousin as to the truth of the statement, for Sam interrupted him by screaming :

“ I might have known that you and Doris would take sides with Andy Barclay ! It just pleases you to shut me in here as if I was a murderer ! ”

“ If it hadn’t been that Doris coaxed me to have a talk with you, I wouldn’t have dared to come here,” and now Phil spoke sharply. “ Neither she nor I want matters to go in this way, for it is spoiling all the fun of the cruise. There were a good many things she wanted

me to say to you in the hope that you'd come around and act as a decent fellow should ; but I reckon it'll be better if I hold my tongue."

" You might as well be as disagreeable as possible, for it'll please you better than to be friendly. You're strutting around thinking that you are way above me just because a miserable tutor has been given permission to treat me like a brute ! "

As a matter of course, Doris could hear all the conversation from her station at the wheel, and when Phil turned away as if to abandon the effort to bring Sam to reason, she cried softly :

" Don't give up so soon, Phil ! Repeat to him what we said to each other, and make him understand that there can be no change in the situation until he does what is required. "

" But he won't listen to me, and I'm only making matters worse by trying to say anything, " Phil replied impatiently, and Sam screamed :

" Go ahead and say what you two have cooked up in order to crowd me when I'm down ! I'll listen ; but we'll have a settlement after I get out of this place and don't you forget it ! "

There was little encouragement for Phil to

continue his efforts to aid the angry boy ; but Doris was watching him with a world of entreaty in her eyes, and he set about the task with no little irritation because it should have become necessary.

Phil first repeated what Mr. Barclay had said, and then believing the time for plain speaking had come, told Sam what effect his fits of ill-temper had upon those around him, picturing the difference between what happened after the Newcome Wrecking Company, Limited, came into existence, and that which might have been the case if he had controlled himself at least to the extent of not giving way to unreasoning anger.

Warming to the subject, because by Sam's silence he believed the lad was listening in something approaching a friendly mood, Phil strove most earnestly to point out how much more of enjoyment and content of mind might be had by not giving way to temper, and was flattering himself that he had succeeded in his purpose, when Sam interrupted by asking hoarsely :

“ Ain't you about through with that sermon ? ”

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"It isn't a sermon, Sam. I have been trying to show you that it is necessary for you to——"

"Don't strain yourself. I've heard enough, and a good deal too much. I did think the tutor was considerable of a cad when it came to preaching: but he isn't in it with you. I reckon you feel better because of roughing into me when I can't help myself; but while I'm squaring matters with Andy Barclay, I'll give you a whirl, and then perhaps you won't run away with the idea that you're pretty much of an angel!"

It would have been strange indeed if Phil had not been provoked by such words, and he also felt no little shame because his cousin apparently believed he enjoyed the opportunity of speaking thus plainly.

He leaped back from the grating as if some one had struck him full in the face, and his cheeks were crimson when he turned toward Doris, who, understanding much of what was in his mind, said soothingly:

"He doesn't really know what he's saying, and you couldn't feel badly because he turned in such a manner. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your duty."

“That doesn’t count when a fellow has made a cad of himself, and as a matter of fact, I believe Sam had good reason for calling me one. I’ll go back to the motor room where I belong, and when you find me mixing into a case of discipline again, you may set it down that I have lost my head entirely.”

Doris would have made another attempt at soothing him, but he gave her no opportunity, and when he entered the motor room Mr. Barclay could come very near guessing what had taken place, as was shown when he said in a sorrowful tone :

“It isn’t to be expected that Samuel will get in the way of understanding himself so soon after having been handled roughly. We must have patience with the lad, and I venture to predict that within the next twenty-four hours he will view the situation in a different light.”

“And in the meanwhile he is spoiling all the fun of the cruise !”

“Yes, that is the price we must pay for his ill-temper. I am free to admit that we shan’t be a very jolly party until he has come to his senses.”

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"How long must he stay in the forepeak?"

"Until he has done as I have said."

"I'm thinking that he'll be there when we get back to Mr. Bragg's, for he's boiling now, and won't cool off very soon."

"In that case, he will forfeit all right to come on board the 'Princess' while we remain in Southern waters."

A few seconds later Doris answered a shrill whistle through the speaking tube, to hear her brother repeat what Mr. Barclay had said.

"But it's breaking my heart to have him shut up in that dreadful place," Doris said with a sob.

"That's the worst of the whole business; all the rest of us must be made to feel uncomfortable, while I really believe he's enjoying himself planning how to get even with the tutor," and Phil would have said more in an angry tone, but that Doris interrupted him by saying softly:

"Mr. Bragg is coming forward, and I'll get him to take the wheel so that I can talk with Sam."

CHAPTER XXIV

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

As Doris had told her brother, Mr. Bragg came forward while she was using the speaking tube, and stopped at the window of the pilot-house as if to have a chat; but she was too deeply concerned with Sam's sufferings to listen. As soon as he paused she asked for permission to speak to Sam. Mr. Bragg shook his head.

"It is not for me to say what you may or may not do, my child. Mr. Barclay has the matter in charge, and Samuel's parents have agreed not to interfere no matter what may happen. You must ask his permission, if you wish to coax your cousin into behaving himself, but my advice is to let him alone until he has been made to know that he can't do as he pleases in the way of making other people uncomfortable."

"I wasn't intending to ask the professor's

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permission ; but thought if you'd take the wheel for a few moments, I'd run forward."

"That I'll willingly do, even while disapproving of your purpose," Mr. Bragg replied promptly, entering the pilot-house as he spoke, and in another moment Doris was bending over the grating which covered the forehatch, whispering softly :

"Sam ! Sam, let me speak to you a moment, please."

"Talk all you want to, for I can't help myself ; but I needn't listen unless I choose," was the surly reply as Master Sam remained hidden from view in the gloom of his small prison.

"It spoils all our good time to have you shut in ——"

"I'm not the one who is doing it," Sam said angrily. "Go to that miserable tutor, if that's all you're after."

"But, Sam, dear," Doris said in a pleading tone, "he has been told what to do and it has been agreed by uncle and aunt that they will not interfere. Why not tell him you won't have any more of these spells, and come on deck where you belong?"

“I wouldn’t beg of him any more than I’d cut my ear off!” the prisoner cried in a rage. “He shall come down on his knees to me, else I’ll stay here till I die!”

“Of course, you’ll be let out when we get home; but it will be with the understanding that you can’t come on board the ‘Princess’ again while we stay in Florida——”

“He won’t dare try to do anything of the kind! I own as much of this yacht as either you or Phil, and I’ll go on board her when I please!”

“Of course you couldn’t if your father forbade it, and that is what will be done.”

“We’ll see whether it will or not! Father is sure to come around after a while, for he always does, and then I’ll show Andy Barclay what’s what!”

By this time Doris came to understand that it was useless for her to make any further effort toward persuading Sam he was only making serious trouble for himself, and without another word she went back to the pilot-house, Mr. Bragg saying as she entered:

“Of course, I couldn’t help hearing what he said, and it shall be my business to repeat

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it to Mr. Norris. Because Samuel's father has always given in to him, the lad believes it is only necessary to remain stubborn a certain length of time in order to carry his point, and therefore it is that he makes no effort to control his temper."

Then Mr. Bragg, giving the wheel up to Doris, went aft at once, while she could have cried with vexation, because instead of working the prisoner any good, the brief conversation would have the effect of making his parents more convinced that a severe lesson was absolutely necessary.

Half an hour later Professor Andy, who had remained well aft as if to give Phil and Doris an opportunity to plead with Sam, came forward, and, pointing to a landing on the port bow, announced :

"The gentlemen have decided that we are to lie inside that float for the night, and you may give the yacht a sharp turn to starboard when we are opposite it."

"Are there any houses near by?" Doris asked, failing to see other signs of a dwelling than the landing-stage.

"A friend of your uncle's has taken a cot-

tage there for the remainder of the season. It stands well back from the shore, and is hidden by the trees, I am told."

"Are we to make a visit there?" Doris asked a moment later.

"I believe that is the plan. At all events, the company will go ashore immediately the yacht is moored."

While one might have counted ten Doris remained silent, looking sad and perplexed, and then she whispered:

"What about Sam?"

"He will remain where he is until having voluntarily given the required pledge," the tutor replied gravely.

The "Princess" was nearly opposite the landing before Doris spoke again, and then came the question in a tremulous voice:

"Are you to stay on board?"

"Certainly; some one must care for the yacht."

"Will—will—you try not to be too hard on poor Sam? He must be suffering very much, and the thought of it makes me wretched."

"It is not my desire to be hard on any

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one, Doris; but my duty in this matter has been defined by the lad's parents, and because of my position as tutor I can do no less than carry out the instructions to the letter. Whenever Sam is ready to apologize publicly to the entire company, promising faithfully to make every effort to keep his temper in check, he will be restored to all the privileges enjoyed by you and Phil."

Both Doris and Phil would have preferred to remain on board; but the word had been given that all, save the prisoner and the tutor, could go on shore, and they could do no less than obey.

Not until the tender had put off from the "Princess" for the third time was anything heard from Sam, and then came an angry summons to be set free; but no one gave any apparent heed, save that the prisoner's mother seemed on the point of bursting into tears, while his father's face was very grave, all of which gave token of the price which the ill-tempered lad was forcing others to pay for his misconduct.

It was a hearty welcome they received on arriving at the dwelling occupied by Mr.

Norris' friend; but Doris and Phil could not look forward with any pleasure to the visit, because of having constantly in mind their cousin in his narrow prison. Under other circumstances, this stopping by the way to meet friends would have been a jolly interruption to the cruise, whereas now they sat listlessly on the veranda thinking only of the unhappy lad on board the "Princess," and thus they paid their portion of the price Sam imposed upon them.

Then it was, at the very moment when Doris had come to believe she could not continue the cruise, that no less a person than Sam Norris suddenly appeared before her. The lad's face was pale and his lips trembled as he asked, before either Doris or Phil could speak:

"Where are father and mother?"

"Inside; they haven't got up from the dinner table yet," Phil replied, and his voice was no less tremulous than that of his cousin. "How did—I mean—where is Professor Andy?"

"Aboard the yacht. He let me out of the forepeak after you folks had gone ashore, and

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we had a long talk. He made me ashamed of myself, and acted in a right friendly fashion. I've made up my mind to do as he says, and the sooner the better."

"Why didn't you wait till we were all on board, instead of coming here among people whom you don't know very well?" Doris asked, with a little catch of the breath which was much like a sob.

"Because I wanted to have it over as soon as possible. The professor has made me understand that I have acted like a cad ever since we came to Florida, and a long time before that, according to my ideas, and I'm going to see if I can't be decent."

"Oh, Sam!" Doris cried as she grasped both his hands. "How glad I am to hear you say that! But wait till I call uncle out, so you can speak to him privately, for we mustn't let the people here know that we have been in any trouble."

When Mr. Norris made his appearance, he led the lad a short distance from the house, where the two could talk over matters privately, and a long interview it proved to be.

The other members of the company were

ready to take leave of their host in order to return to the yacht, when father and son appeared, walking arm in arm, like two chums, and a great wave of happiness swept over Mrs. Norris' face as she saw them.

"Sam and I will go on in advance," Mr. Norris said, after he had spoken with the master of the house, and then the two disappeared amid the shrubbery, not to be seen again until the remainder of the yachting party came aboard the "Princess."

There is not space here to tell of the cruising in the Gulf of Mexico which was indulged in by the young owners of the "Princess" during the winter, or the particulars of the visit to Cedar Keys, but the cousins enjoyed every moment, and Sam succeeded in his efforts to be gentlemanly and companionable.

Of course he had a hard battle with himself, as all fellows must who have given way for a long time to any one fault; but his better nature conquered in the end, and that end came before the "Princess" sailed for Philadelphia.

As proof of this it is only necessary to quote a remark made by Doris to a girl friend

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of hers who wondered how she could have had a pleasant time on board a small yacht when Sam was there as a kill-joy.

"He can't be called a kill-joy any longer," she said emphatically. "There isn't a nicer boy than Sam among all my list of acquaintances, for now he holds his temper in check better than any one I know, and father says it has all been brought about by the wreck of the 'Princess.'"

THE END

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