\_\_\_BY\_\_\_ W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"Here's Miss Hayes; tell per. shrieked Mrs. Wills, on catching sight

"We're prisoners," said the grasshopper, who was very pale, pulling in our tragic situation. It was monshis hands out of his breeches' pockets and folding his arms.

"The ship's seized by them we resewed from drowning; and we're locked mp and can't get out," shouted the little German Jew Bergheim.

"Do they mean to out our throats? How did they get possession of the small arms?" yelled the Colonel, in a massion of alarm and wrath. "How the devil came the captain and ship's officers to be so neglectful as to allow the ruffians to arm themselves with those very weapons with which we and the crew could have subdued them in a iiffy?\*\*

We are frightening Miss Haves." exclaimed Monsignor. The news is very sudden and let us remember that the captain is her step father. " "What is it? What has happened?

do not understand you, "I cried. was not only bewildered by the monts. I was likewise fresh from sleep. was a little thick, and this thing was a matter no girl's brain could instantly 90mpass.

"Step this way and repeat the story to the lady, steward," cried Mr. Jack-

The man came from the sideboard toking a mpletely crushed, and putting bis hand upon the table, depressed his face, yet lifted his eyes to mine, so that his appearance was as if he were receiving sentence to be shot.

"What is this that has happened steward?" said I. "Where is Captain Simolair?"

The passengers fell silent as death, saving that just when the steward was about to speak, the parson and his lady friend lifted Mrs. Macbride off the sofa, and staggered with her into their cabin; I caught the noise of a fall when they had entered the berth, but nobody took any notice.

"The twelve men we resoned the other night," began the steward, "turn out to be a gang of pirates"—he sank his voice at the word "pirates" and glanced uneasily around and up at the skylight. "They ain't no shipwrecked men at all. They've waylaid us off some vessel that's been a-watching of us. That's what I say.'

"But what's happened?" I asked "Why, in the middle watch they got hold of the arms' chest, and armed themselves to the teeth wit a pistols and cutlasses, clapped the hatches over those who were under deak, forced the watch on deck into the forecastle, along with the boatswain and carpenter; then a gang of them lays aft, and forces the captain, who was on deck, and Mr. Gordon, who had charge, into the bo'sun's berth. This done three of them seeks me and the second mate, and drives us with levelled pietols right forrards, where they thrusts as into the berth along with the captain and mate. There's a fellow bristling with arms stationd at the foresenttles there's another a-bristling just the same at the door where the captain and others hes looked up, and a third's up there," said he pointing to the compartion, 'and he threatens to blow the blistered brains of of the bloody head of the first person who attempts to look out."

Mrs. Wills squealed and fell back upon a sofa; her husband sank beside

"Beg him not to use such horrifying language," exclaimed a stout, sternlooking lady with ourls gummed on her forehead she had two children with her, both of whom were trying, but

quietly. ""It's drawing on for breakfast time," oried the grasshopper, "are we

to be fed?" Who has taken command of the shin?" said I. who had been too astounded to speak until the moment. \*A thin feller, likewise armed—got little bit of a mustache; it was him fetched me out and sent me along down here to tell the ladies and gents there's nothing to be afraid of, and that they'à be well treated if they gave no trouble. Lieft him walking the quarter-deck when the cove guarding the companion opened the doors to let me through."

"How many sailors go to this ship's graw?" bawled the grasshopper. Eighteen, sir," said the steward. Eighteen! howled the other, 'not to mention us men aft, every one of whom, so I take it, is willing to tight in defense of his life, liberty and property! Why, we're an army com-

pared to the twelve scoundrels who have seized the ship." And then you have the 'tween deck passengers," said Mr. Jackson. "Why; of course," roared the grass-

hopper, rounding upon the steward as if he were the chief culprit in the affair, and responsible for the whole business comet contract

We'te all under hatches, sir, them, and us, and the sailors," answered the steward. and when a man's under hatches he may as well be under ground 17 styles

What frearms can we muster manngat us" said the grashopper. "There's revolver."

orange of the state of the stat

sive. Cut off as we are down nere, the captain and officers imprisoned in a cabin, the sailors locked up in the forecastle, and the rest of the people shut down in another part, the ship is helplessly in the rasonis' hands. I counsel calmness and patience. Resistance must lead to bloodshed, which the fe...ws who have seized the ship may desire as little as we do."

"But see here," said Mr. Jackson. "I want to get to New York. "I've star engagements to fulfil, and I am due"-and he namer a date.

"Don't make a trouble of such slush as play-acting in the face of this." and the grasshopper, with insolent arra bility.

Mr. Jackson turned and played a furious scowl upon him: there was nothing comical whatever meant in that

I seated myself whilst this sort of talk went on. Yet even in that moment I seemed to find something humor as trous, but it was a ridiculous thing too, that a number of ladies and gentiemen and children, first-class passengers. should be looked up in a gay saloon, and sentinelled by a seaman armed to the teeth. Those were still early years in this century, yet I don't think the pirate as we read of him, the scoundrel of the July Roger and the bloody flag, was still afloat. Now and again, perhaps, a corsair was to be heard of down among the West India Islands, but v ..... this side of Paul Jones' capers, would look for the piccaroon in the North Atlantic? The seizure of the Mohook was no piracy after the mil note no le

was clearly the result of some deep-laid plot to which confederates belonging to the ship herelf would be essential. and whilst I thus thought, my heart grew as lead, and herror trod upon the heels of dark specieson

Colonel Wills at this moment with a olenched fist fell to haranguing us. He told us that he was an American goldier, that he loved blood-letting as little as anyone, but that in spite of Monsignor's mild advice it was not to be endured that they should all sit down and wait for their throats to be cut.

"Who's to tell me," he shouted, "that the villains, after plundering the ship, won't set her afire, and go away in the boats, leaving us battened down to be reasted alive?"

'Such talk is unreasonbale, t'olonel, in the presence of ladies," said Mou-SICILOT.

A child began to cry hitterly, yet the Colonel proceeded, despite the noise. He bawled. "There's no unreasonable. ness in facts. If we've fallen into the hands of pirates, I'm prepared for the worst. Are we to sit here, I say, whilst they gut the ship of booty, and then scuttle her? There's that sky. light," be velled, jumping up from his wife's side. "With fire-arms---

At that instant the companion doors were opened, and the Colonel full back by his wife's sirie, mante as a rak as though lightning-withered.

The stewardess carne down the ladder, and against the sky past her in the square of the companion I caught sight of the gure of a man who, as the woman descended, closed the doors. Till now there had been something dreamlike in these wild terrifying moments, but the sight of that sentinel, and the rapid closing of the companion doors, put a significance into the whole thing that had the terror of death itself in it. I turned cold and felt sick. Monsignor's eye was upon me. He withdrew, but in a few mo-

ments returned with a little brandy. As the stewardess approached us every voice, saving mine and the priest's, was lifted high, hoarse, shrill in question. She was dressed in a bonnet and shawl, and looked as though having missed the ship she had just stepped on board after a long chase in an open boat.

"You're wanted on deck, steward." said she, paying no heed to the passenger's questions.

"What am I wanted for?" said the steward, turning if possible paler than

ho was. "I think it's to see about the saloun breakfast," she answered, and then, pulling off her bonnet, she cried, What an awful business, to be sure! They ro mad with terror in the 'tween decks, where the beasts have kept me looked up since four o'clock."

The steward carried the figure of a man going to his doom as he walked to the companion steps and mounted them. He knocked upon the closed doors, but got no reply. He knocked again, and a voice delivered by a hurricane lung thundered: ...

"My orders are to shoot down any man who tries to break through, so keen back. "

The steward fell half-way down the flight of steps; I caught at that instant the dull light of a ship's musket barrel; in the grip of the sentry. Suddenly another man came into the companion, and the same boarse voice I remembered as having answered Captain Sinclair's hail bawled down: "Was that

the steward knocking?" "Ay, sir," answered the terrified

"Then come up and bear a hand. No need to keep the passengers waiting breakfast. \*\*

The steward passed out, but the doors were left open, and a minute later after a short rumble of talk one of the two fellows came below.

CHAPIER V.

UNDER HATCHES. The man that came into the salcon was the thin, wiry soldierly rogue with the yellow mustache. He stepped to ing the musket end down with a thud the head of the table, close under the skylight, and on looking at him agaiu I was as convinced that he was the man I had seen at my step father's as that my eyes were those I had viewed him with. He had made some change of apparel; wore a cloth cap, a monkey lacket trousers stuffed into sea-boots. which gave him a theutrical, awaggermay ing took a outlass was strapped to his water, and the bast of a placel, showed offerious.

under either pocket flap. He graspeu no weapon, but then at the head of the saloon staircase stood the seaman with the musket; we could see him clearly; he held the musket by the barrel, the butt end resting on the deck, and loonged in a posture that hinted at a plenty of savage alertness when a call should come.

"Me and my mates," said the man. speaking in a steady, hoars " vice, and looking about him flercely, e e to the suggestion of a squint under h wrinkles of his soowling frown, "mave got possession of this ship, and we mean to keep het. No harm's intended to you here."

'But is that so?'' oried Mrs. Wills. He surveyed her figure, and answered, meolently, "Ay, or I shouldn't have said it. '

"Pray let us hear what is to be done with us?" exclaimed Monsignor. "There'll be no chauge," continued the man, talking in his throat ag though he supposed that hourseness

lent a fresh terror to his aspect.

"You'll fare the same as you've been doing. You'll be allowed to take the air in small companies." "Are our lives in peril?" cried the grasshopper, leaning forward and breaking into the question with spasmodic vehemence. The sound of his

voice and the posture of his elbow was

like a leap into the air. "That'll be your business, master, not ourn!" answered the fellow. "Keep you quiet, that's all. "

"But," exclaimed Monsignor, "howdo you intend to dispose of us?'

"You'll be put ashore," was his re-

"But where, sir, but where?" shouted Mr. Jackson, staring with greedy fearful eagerness at the tigure of the fellow. 'I booked to New York. My many important engagements to fill. and their forfeiture must signify so serious a loss, that sconer - in short, if you will name any reasonable sum. -the comedian began ... stammer.

"I don't think it'll be New York with yer this voyage," interrupted the man. "But keep quiet. That's all you've got to do. You'l' come to no burt any of you, only you must give no trouble.

Thus speaking he cast another angry look around, and his eye light ing upon me, his face, I thought, relaxed for an instant, but the villain was quick with his wits and was coolly mounting the steps before I could The steward had to work alone, the have sworn he saw me.

We sat or stood staring at one another. Then said Colonel Wills:

"What in flames is meant? Did any man ever meet the like of so all fired a fiend? They mean to alter the ship's course, anyhow.'

fall Monsignor went to the head of the table where my step father sat at meals, and looked at a tell-tale compass secured to a beam immediately everhead. He looked and looked again. His face fell. Anow tinge of paleness entered his tranquil handsome features. and he said in a low but clear voice.

"The course is already changed." "Where are they steering us to?"

cried a lady. "The ship's course is now," claimed the priest, upturning his eyes to the tell-tale once more "almost directly south."

This announcement was followed by a prolonged silence of consternation. "Is there no remedy" blubbered the

hard-faced woman with the children. "Won't they transfer us to another ship What can they intend by sailing us south?" and the poor thing's red eyes rolled about in their sockets, glaring and wild with fright.

'Can't you comfort us?'' oried Mrs. Wills to the stewardess. "You've been to sea for years and years. Have you never had any experience of this sort before?"

"God forbid!" answered Mrs. Yorrock. "Who indeed ever heard of the like happening in an American liner? "The captain may break out with the mates, and recover the ship," said sc mebody, at which everybody looked

I had nothing to say. What did it matter that the commander was my step-father? I sat silent and sick with fear and black suspicion. My memory preserves but little of the hurry, rage. confusion of talk that followed. The stewardess said it was a printical plot arranged in London before the ship sailed; she knew it by this tokenthere were no outlasses in the vessel's

arms chest. 'Did they bring them in the longboat?" shouted the Colonel. "If so their intention was plain, and'il convict the captain and the mates," he snarled through his nose, "as confeder

"Hush, I beg of you, Colonel!" oried Monsignor, tossing his bands towards

the skylight and looking at me. "Parcels of small arms may have been secretly shipped at the docks," exclaimed the stewardess. "But it's shocking, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure, even to mention Captain Sinclair, the most respected of commanders, and Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Turn-

bull, as confederates Thus ran the talk: it mouldered quickly, however, by cause of most of the passengers being but half-dressed.

and going to their berths. At nine o'clock by the salcon dial, the companion doors were opened, and the steward descended. The fellow on deck sentinelling the batch let us see that he was on guard, by crossing and recrossing the space of blue weather that shone in the doorway, and bring. when he halted. The steward was alone. The stewardess asked if his understrappers were to be allowed to help him: he answered surlily, "No. they was looked up along with the

crew." He and the stowardess prepared table for breakfast. There were but three or feur of us in the saloon at this time, and we worried the man with

"Who's looking after the shin?" says the grasshopper.

'The beast in the mustache, sir." "Are any of the ship's company helping?" enquired Monsignor.

'Nary man. Only the shipwrecked crew's on deck, barring me and the cook "There are twelve men," said Mon-

signor, "and four goard the hatches, and one is at the wheel, whilst one is in charge; that leaves but six to turn the yards and work the sails of this big ship," and he sbrugged his shoulders. 'Is the door of the berth the captain and the mates are in guarded?" I

asked. "Yes, miss,"

"What will the captain do?" cried the grasshopper. "I allow by the looks of nim that he's not the man to allow his ship and her cargo, and a crowd of people more or less important, to be walked off with and made away with by the dozen scabs we picked off the

"Once men are under batches they are powerless," said Monsignor. "I have read of a ship that was siezed by two Malays; they ran amuck, the crew rushed below, the Malays battened them down, and held undisputed possession for a week. Nothing saved the ship but her appearance aloft, an inquisitive man-of-war approached, and the Malays sprang overboard."

"Steward, open that skylight," said the Colonel. "It's growing durned rammish down here."

"They'll shoot me if I show my head there," answered the steward. Mousignor, spreading a large yellow handkerchief upon the table, got on to it, and no one of the frames up by its rack, calmly screwing it afterwards. No notice was paid to this on deck, though he said that the wiry man who wish is simply to get there. I have stood at the weather mizzen rigging watched him.

"What have they pirated this ship for? What's in her, anyhow asked the Colonel.

upon his shoulder, answered "Ninety-eight thousand pounds in gold, air.

The grasshopper and the Colonel whistled low and long together, and the Colonel, springing up, began to walk, whilst be shouted, "By thunder! If I havon't always thought that than gunpowder."

The breakfast was long in serving. · low guarding the companion would, not let the stewardess through. Never did a more forlorn company sit down ! a meal at sea. Conversation was: "strained, perhaps fortunately, by the ary fellow giving us an occasional view of his figure as he slowly walk-The actor lifted up his fist and let it . . . past the open skylight, keeping a kout. It was soon whispered round

> ands in her, and every face darkened at the intelligence; the capture was a the starboard side were open, and we and tell how it was to go with us, I omed devils wers, and every soul! aboard segured under the bacthes.

i never could have imagined so dejected a countenance as Mr. Jackson's, l scarcely the tremencous character of the thing that had wrought it saved med from bursting into a laugh at him His dark eves were rooted to the table cloth; heated but little. Monsignor Luard spoke soothingly to the

ladies and tried to comfort them "I am pleased," he said, "to hear of the money. I do not agree with i Colonel Wills and the other gentlemen ! that it deepens if a significance of our peril. My conv. .on is that the robbers will bring the ship to a stand off some coast with which they are acquainted, where, after carrying the money ashore they will abandon us. It will prove a true romance of the sea, which might be of great professional use to Mr. Jackson, for what could form a more thrilling subject for a nautical drama than this experienne?''

The comedian spat an oath at the

I could not guess what sort of a wind blew. I saw fine weather in the mot tled azure through the akylight. Through that glass, too, the mizzen mast was visible; the yards were braced square, and the marble white cloths sank and swelled languidly with the regular curtseying of the ship on the long heave of brine that followed her, All remained wonderfully quiet on deck for a long while. From time to time one or another of the gentlemen, finding heart, would spring upon the table and cautiously apply his eye to the skylight glass, and report softly what he saw, but what he saw was never more than this—a fellow armed with a musket leaning against the companion, a second at the wheel, and from time to

time a third walking a lookout. The sight of the steward was a Godsend when they let him down to get us some lunch. But Master Milk-liver had never any news to tell us. I think that steward, whose real name I'd publish if I remembered it, was the great est coward that ever shipped to serve a table. It was degrading to hear him thank the armed ruffian above for opening the door and letting him down. All that he could tell us was that the cantain and mates were still locked up, and the crew under hatches. Some of the steerage passengers had been allowed on deck to cook a mid-day meal for ail

the companion. I have said there were sixteen cabin passengers, including children, and at four o'clock that afternoon the whole of ! were secured outside. " ns were assembled in the saloon, seldom speaking, and staring idly; for all there was nothing else to base our talk

On a sudden we heard the voices of devils to send a boatful of men adrift. men chorusing the familiar sea chant with night coming onof 'Cheerly, Men!" This was accom-

panied by a grinding and scraping or feet on deck. One or two got upon the table, but the commotion was forward, and it was impossible to see that way. The stewardess, coming out of Mrs. Macbride's cabin cocked her head for a moment or two, and lifted her eye-

'What do you think it is?'' asked

She listened again and then answered: "I believe they are hoisting out the

big boat they came in. " "They may have got the money and mean to leave the ship," said the Colonel.

"What! carry off ninety-eight thousand pounds in an open boat?" cried the grasshopper, with a sarcastic surer. 'How much d'ye think ninety eight thousand pounds weighs? Not to mention twelve stont men to sink her yet, along with all the provisions and water they need; for aren't we in the middle of the Atlantic, hey?'

"What can they mean to do?" cried Mrs. Wills in a thrilling voice.

We had not long to wait to discover. Lond shouts of "Slacken away! Ease off handsomely! and the like reached as and shortly afterwards we heard the splash of a large body lowered quickly and water-borne "with a run. Had the side of the ship been depressed we might have caught sight of the boat through an open porthole; but the Mohock floated upright under square wings, and you could see nothing but the horizon and the sky above it through the windows.

Whatever was happening, however, was being carried on with great activity; men sprang about, cries sharp as with temper and argency reached as through the open skylight, under which some of the gentlemen stood, straining their care with all their might to gather from the noise the least import of what was intended Mr. Macbride had terrified us by suggesting in a trembling voice that the boat was meant for us saloon passen-The steward, turning his pale face gers, who were to be sent adrift as a sort of beginning Occasionally this poor man would whine most dolefully. "Oh!" he cried out once, breaking into a long silence and addressing himself to Monsignor, "how is our little excursion-the trip that my wife and I have been looking forward to for months and months-saving up and oney was a more dangerous cargo praying for-how is it to end' She lies in her bed motionless, and almost dead with headache. Surely there must be some error-if representatives of the twelve men were invited into this saloon in a kindly, gentlemanly way, and the facts of our situation submitted them with moderation-appealingly----

"Ask the santry to let you pass and see what you can do for us," the grassnopper growled out.

The clergyman in fact had been silenced by finding no response to his twaddling lamentations in the looks of

knew by a fountain like noise of rip ned to the seth as the tweive deter | ling waters that a large boat was wing alongside. We stood or moved about, hearsoning with passionate agerness, if ever any one spoke he was shenced by grimaces or gestures. All this while I was wondering what part Captain Sinclair was going to play in this audacious drama of the sea. I was surprised also that saving Colonel Wills' remark, no reference was made by any of the people to what surely suggested itself as a deep-laid conspiracy. But then, of course, I had reason to be shockingly suspicious, and to carry conjecture beyond anything the most imministive could dericture. It was stouly the presence of the wiry man en board: I had noticed the anxious, secret look-out the captain had keptfor what, if not for the boat whose twelve men had been brought aboard as shipwrecked people? Again, I thought I saw plenty to raise suspicion in that strange freak of the barometer. Nor could I forget the queer wary, steadfast look I caught that sullen, straight-

> headed old seaman Gordon directing at my stepfather. "Hark!" suddenly cries Monsignor, lifting his hand in a priestly way.

> 'What is happening?'' It was a sound of trudging in the waist, accompanied by a continuous growl of voices of men, raging but relpless; occasionally a clear sentence would leap out of that brute-like olamour.

"Over you go. By God! You'll not be spared more than another if you hang back!"

It was strange that he did not hear more, seeing that the cabin windows were open and the weather quiet, and no noises in the ship saving an occasional light musketry of canvas when the swell launched her, along with the ticking of doors on hooks and creaking of bulkheads.

Mr. Jackson got upon the table, and peering aft through the skylight, reported that the companion door was un-'Depend upon it." said Monsignor.

'they're doing something that requires all their strength." "I've a good mind to force my way

on deck," exclaimed Colonel Wills. This is a ship and I'm no rat." "You'll do nothing of the sort." half shricked his wife. "They'd think no more of shooting you than if you were

a rat. " Colonel Wills appeared to take the same view; he remained noticulese; avidently he had no intention to atof them; the main hatch under which tempt anything rash. He got out of the the rest lay was guarded, just as was, thing gallantly by exclaiming, with a seowl at the steps in a grombling voice, "I'd step out and take my chance, by thunder, if I didn't know those doors

Thus some time passed, when all of a sudden a starboad cabin window was had been said; it was only now and whitened by the passing of a large sail again that somebody would break out; close by, and I heard Mr. Gordon's but speculation was exhausted, and burricane voice roar out from the surface of the sea "You'll be lagged for it, every man of you. You're dogs and

This was subdued into a dim. indis-

tinguishable rearing till the white same of the boat slided abreast of the next open window, and then we heard the cellows in her shouting at the people on deck; 'twas a mere gibberish of curses, caths, insults, and the boot slipped aft, and I heard nothing save an occasional insolent, mhuman roar of langhter shove.

A thought came into my head and I went to the captain's cabin; I was free of it and I had used it when the captain himself was present, lying down writing. It was a large airy cabin. with a big stern window after the old pattern. The hour was about five; the sun a good bit above the sea, and the ship's stern faced north the splemdor of the afternoon was on the left in the water; the atmosphere trembled with the rich lights of the ocean, and hung in a blue glimmering transparency across the cabin window, making the distance a little misty with its radiance.

Yet I instantly saw on going to the window the white, needle-like height of a couple of ships, apparently standing to the westward, just under the bronzed round of a large, faint, soller heap of yellow cloud, riding clear of the sea-edge. The next thing my sight caught was the boat that had left ut. She was the boat the twelve men had been taken out of, a large fin craft, sitting buoyantly, though crowded, and in that instant of watching I saw them trim the large luggail, and with an inverted Union Jack flying from the masthead, slanting away with spitting stem and foaming rudder for the ships in the distance.

I snatched up a binocular glass, and I looked whilst the boat was clearer framed in the square of the window The enses instantly gave me the faces of our old ship's company. I could scarcely credit my sight: Mr. Gorden sat in the stern sheets of the boat, steering her. Next him was Mr Turnbull. I also saw the boatswain of the snip, a man named Vigors, with many a face that had grown familiar. There looked above twenty. My pulse went quickly whilst I searched that crowd for my stepfather, and when I are nothing of him I thought to myself. "Does not his remaining on board prove my suspicions? What will those poor fellows cut there think of him? Was it ever before told of a shipmaster that he turned his whole ship's company adrift in an open boat with the darkness coming on, themselves guiltless of any wrong?"

The breeze that blew languidly for us floating before it, was a fresh air for the little craft, and she seethed through the brine nimbly, marking the swiftness of her flight upon the sea by the arrow straight ribband of foam she seemed to trail: there could be no doubt of her coming up with, or at all events of her being seen by one or the other of the ships whose spires were red in the air. I watched through the glass till the boat had passed out of the compass of the window, and then yeentered the saloon.

The steward was preparing the table for dinner, which had been delayed two hours beyond the usual time, but nobody appeared to have noticed this. He was answering questions when I passed out of my stepfather's cabin. and I stood still to hear him, being almost as private and withdrawn there as in a berth.

"The whole of the crew, do you sny?" exclaimed Mr. Bergheim. "Barring me and the cook," was the answer.

"Then we are completely in the power of the fellows who have seised the ship!" said Mr. Macbride.

"Bin so all alorg," said the steward, proceeding in his business of dressing the table with agitated gestures, and frequent upheavals of his pale face at the skylight "But it's like murdering men to send

them adrift in an open bost in this wide ocean, "said Monsignor Luard. "There's two ships in sight," said the steward, 'and the boat's got a distress color a-flying. They've get wittles and sperrits and there's two hours of daylight left. I don't fear, gentlemen, of their not being seen and

taken aboard." "They'll report this piracy-but what then?" says Colonel Wills, sticking out his legs. "If the ship that picks them up is westward's bound it may take them a month or six weeks to arrive at an American port. Then, or some time afterwards, I reckon a British cruiser will be sent in search. But where'll she look for us, and where'll we be by that time?"

Mrs. Macbride, who sat close against her husband, clapped her handkerchief to her milkwhite face and rocked her-

"The only grain of comfort in this dreadful business," exclaimed the hard faced lady; "is that Captain Simclair is still on board." "What's he going to do for us, all

alone as he is?" answered Mr. Jackson scowling at her. If he couldn't help us with his army of men in the ship, of what use can he be single-handed?" I stepped forward at this point and exclaimed, "Has any news of my sten-

father reached the cabin?" The steward answered, "They've kept him aboard, miss, but he's still looked up."



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