

tackles to lift the
shocks. Their eagerness to get away
from the ship was well illustrated by
these early preparations.

All that day they feasted sumptuously
on roast pork and whatever took their
fancy among the cuddy stores, but
enough to eat throughout there
was a constant supply held to hand
all out in a day and they had a
mind to broach the casks.

Toward evening we sighted no less
than five ships, two standing to the
south and the others steering north.
The appearance of these vessels fully
persuaded Stevens that we were near
the coast, he telling me he had no
doubt they were from the West Indies
which he supposed were not more than
four hundred miles distant.

I did not undress him.
I saw Miss Robertson for a few
minutes that evening to repeat my
question to her not to show herself on
deck.

The men were again at their games
in the fore-cabin, splashing as they
call it at sea, and though not drunk,
they were making a tremendous noise.
One of them had got a conceiving and
was playing it, sailor-fashion, on the
top of the capstan, and some were
dancing, two having dressed them-
selves up as women in canvas gowns
and blankets round them to resemble
skirts.

Few of this sort would have been
innocent enough had there been any
recognised discipline to overlook it,
but from decent earth to heisterman-
ous disorder is an easy step to sail-
ors, and in the present temper of the
crew the least provocation might con-
vert the ship into a theatre for exhibi-
tions of horse-play which, begun in
vanity, might end in criminal ex-
cesses.

During my brief conversation with
Miss Robertson, I asked her an odd
question:—Could she steer a ship?

She answered, "Yes."
"You say 'yes' because you will try
if you are wanted to do so," I said.

"I say 'yes' because I really under-
stand how to use the wheel," she re-
plied, seriously.

"Where did you learn?"
"During our voyage to the Cape of
Good Hope. I used to watch the man
steering, and observe him move the
wheel so as to keep the compass-card
steady. I told Captain Jenkinson I
should like to learn to steer, and he
would often let me hold the wheel,
and, for fun, give me orders."

"Which way would you pull the
spokes if I told you to put the helm to
starboard?"

"To the left," she answered, prompt-
ly.

"And if I said 'hard over'?"
"If the wind was blowing on the
left-hand side, I would push the
wheel to the right until I could push
it no farther. You can't puzzle me,
indeed. I know all the steering
terms. Really I can steer."

I quite believed her, though I
should never have dreamed of her
proficiency in this matter, and told
her that if we succeeded in getting
away from the boats, she would be of
the utmost importance to us, because
then there would be three men to work
the ship, whereas two only would be
at liberty if one had to take the
wheel.

And now I come to Friday.
We were keeping no regular
watches. Stevens, ever distrustful of
me, was markedly so, now that our
voyage was nearly ended. He was
incessantly up and down, looking at
the compass, computing the ship's
speed by staring at the passing water,
and often engaged, sometimes on the
fore-cabin, in conversation with Fish,
Cornish, Johnson, and others.

He made no inquiries after Mr. or
Miss Robertson; he appeared to have
forgotten their existence. I also no-
ticed that he checked me as often as he
could, leaving the deck when I appear-
ed, and mounting the ladder the
farthest from where I stood when he
came aft from the main-deck.

The dawn had broken with a prom-
ise of a beautiful day; though the
glass, which had been dropping very
slowly all through the night, stood
low at eight o'clock that morning. The
sun, even at that early hour, was in-
tensely hot, and here and there the
pink in the seams of the deck ad-
hered to the soles of one's boots, while
the smell of the paint-work rose hot
in the nostrils.

There was a long swell, the undula-
tions moderate though wide apart,
coming from the westward; the clouds
were very high, and the sky a dazzling
blue, and the wind about north, very
soft and refreshing.

The men were quiet, and continued
so throughout the day. Many of them,
as well as the carpenter, incessantly
gazed around the horizon, evidently
feeling the approach of a storm, and
some would look at the compass, and
then go away again.

We were under all plain sail, and
the ship, as near as I could tell, was
making about five knots an hour,
though the log gave us seven, and I
logged it seven on the slate in case of
any arguments arising.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THIS WEEK

AT

G. A. Weese's Bazaar, KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

P.S.—Through a misprint our advertisement of Rosewood Frame Mirrors last week was made to read 18x20, instead of 18x30.

Look out for special attractions next week in the shape of a bankrupt stock of general goods.