Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of spring, And brave are the summer flowers; And chill are the autumn winds, that bring The winter's lingering hours. And the world goes round and round, And the sun sinks into the sea; And whether I'm on or under the ground, The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill; The brook trolls on in the shade; But the friends I have lost lie cold and still Where their stricken forms were laid. And the world goes round and round, And the sun slides into the sea; And whether I'm on or under the ground, The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon! O breath, why art thou so sweet ! O friends, how can ye forget so soon The loved ones who lie at your feet ! But the world goes round and round, And the sun drops into the sea, And whether I'm on or under the ground, The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright; The eye of woman is kind ; It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light, But the dying and dead are blind. And the world goes round and round, And the sun falls into the sea, And whether I'm on or under the ground, The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease On the future's distant shore, And the rose of love and the lily of peace Shall bloom there forevermore, Let the world go round and round, And the sun sink into the sea! For whether I'm on or under the ground, Oh, what will it matter to me? -J. G. Holland in "Scribner" for May.

## RELATIONS;

## A Story of To-day.

"Cap'en," whispered Stephen hoarsely, "what the blazes does this mean?" "It means," replied Captain Ramsay, "that there are more ways than one for a

"About this raft business, Steve?" "All true, cap. Every word true." "You are such an almighty liar, as a

general rule-" "Ask anybody in this port of Boscastle, where I was born, whether I had e'er a brother or a sister. A gell can't be a man's niece when that man is a only child. Like-

wise a orphan." "She might be your daughter." "I've not got no daughters. Picked her

off of a raft, I did-just as I told herwropped in four bandanners, with fiveand-twenty dead niggers around in the China seas."

"Then, what thunder made you bring up the child?"

"I put it this way, cap'en. I said to myself: 'Here's a child of respectable people, 'cos she's got a nurse all to herself; and the bandanners was the very best. They'll think she's drowned. Wait a bit. might be?" When she's four years old, or risin' five, a age when children are pretty, I'll advertise for her parents, and I will take the reward."

This, the captain assured him, was a prudent and far-seeing design. But why had he not carried it out?

"Because," Stephen explained, "I forgot the child. When I was away to North Carolina, in the piloting line, I forgot her altogether; and there she was eating her head off, and my money meltin' away without my knowledge. Such wickedness as no one ever dreamed of, with the workus not far off; which was meant by heaven, and built by religious people, for Pick-me-ups, and such as are widowless and in affliction, and dependent on there uncles."

This seemed like a faint reminiscence of the Litany, but the allusion was lost on Captain Ramsay who had not yet "found religion."

"Then why did you call her your niece when you came home?"

couldn't let on about the raft, bless you. Why, she might ha' claimed the reward herself.'

The reward was a fixed idea with him just as the marriage settlement had become, Well, the little maid was very soon aboard, only the former was the growth of years. "As it is," he murmured, "I've done wrong in tellin' her. But the temptation was great to take down her pride. There, perhaps she won't think of it, and I can advertise and get the reward all the same."

"Steve," said the captain, clapping him on the shoulder, "you've got a head after all. The reward is not unlikely to come off. But we must move carefully."

" We?" "Yes, we. I shall be entitled to all the reward if there is any. But I'm not going from heaven, my darling." to play it low on an old shipmate, and you shall have a fourth of whatever comes."

cap'en?" -Ah! you shouldn't let out little secrets. love. That was always your great fault."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE COMMODORE.

"If that is what you mean" said Stephen blankly, "hang me if I know how you are goin' to do it. First, you tells the girl you are very sorry and you wish you hadn't spoke. Next, you sends your love to her spark. After tellin' her, straight, that you don't want her no more, and you're sorrry you spoke, you tell me—hang me if know what you mean."

"I did not think you would. Listen now, while I give the sailing orders. You get them in your head tight, and you go on obeying them orders and no others, and

then you shall see. He then proceeded in brief but intelligible understand. As his captain proceeded, I did. Had I known earlier, I should not For a simpler plan of diabolical villainy I've taught them how to do it.' was never before unfolded. It was al. It was irritating to observe the scowl Ramsay spent his time with Avis. most too simple. Stephen slapped his leg | with which the Poet, who was present, sat as the plan unfolded itself, till the echoes on his side of the settle and listened to this have received a telegram." He handed were awakened among the rocks and re- conversation. sounded from cliff to cliff like a volley of who aim at straightforward clearness some respects justifiable.

rather than elegance of language. "I always said it," he cried, when the fessed, "it was not till afterwards that I orders had been fully laid down. "I found out that he had been simply confess. "Except the coasters which put in here. always said it!" He looked at the captain | ing himself a murderer."

for devilment and craft! Who'd ha' morrow?" thought of that, now?"

better than turning the gal out-o'-doors, few preparations to make." and driving her into the arms of her chap? guess Steve, you don't quite know my sort | when?" of stuff yet."

"Better!-Ah!" Stephen drew a long day." breath. "And now, considering the high honor to which Avis is goin' to be raised, captain. He opened it, read it, threw the a friend indeed in this rough but gentle "Let us make the painter fast first," he I'm only sorry I told her anything at all paper into the fire, and stroked his chin spoken sailor. And while the Poet watched said. about the raft. She'll only be frettin', thoughtfully. when it's all over, that she isn't a Cobbledick after all, just to give her a position more equal to her future rank."

"You think the scheme worth trying,

then?" "It will reel off, cap'en, like a heavin' of gone." the log. No vi'lence; no quarlin'; no cryin' and forcin'; and the end of the story Jack took leave of his fiancee. most beautiful. I always did like a story afterwards, and had ten sweet children week, my Avis. I go to make my darling a from the rocks, the sea being nearly calm side. There was our boat drifting away nine of 'em twins."

The pilot spent the rest of the day in a kind of exaltation; he felt light of heart; his soul was merry within him. And when Jack Davenant, whom Avis had without delay informed of this new revelation respecting the raft, came for more information, he was received with a hilarity and joyousness which made him suspect strong waters. For once he was wrong. Stephen was perfectly sober and unfeignedly glad

and happy. "You are always welcome, Mr. Davenant," he exclaimed. "Come in and sit down. Never mind the marriage settlements. The Cobbledicks, sir (Avis' mother having been a Knobling, also a most respectable family), can afford to be generous."

"How about the raft story, then?" "Oh! yes." He was not in the least man to get what he wants. If it suits me disconcerted. "The raft, Mr. Davenant to sing small and pretty-hymn book is the is the truth. But I've always been accustomed to consider that dear gell as my Stephen shook his head; this was beyond niece, so that the family, as it were, growed. I shall be sorry to lose the Knoblings, too, for they're a good stock to know and to talk about."

"Then she is not your niece at all?" "Not at all, which brings my generous conduct out in a more beautiful light."

"Well, I am glad of that anyhow. Now tell me the story of the raft over again. "We picked up the raft in the Gulf of Mexico about two days' run to the west of Cuba, whither we were bound." Jack remarked that this statement contradicted the previous one as to the position of the raft. "No one was aboard that raft except the dead ayah and the child." Here again was another alteration. "We took the child aboard without waiting to search for proofs of who she might be, and we sailed away."

Another, but trifling variation in the story. "Ah! what was your cargo? Could it not wait while you had the common curiosity to find out, if possible, who the child

"My cargoes, in those days, young gentleman, was the kind that spile a good deal by keepin', particularly if there's any part of it gone off a bit, so to say, when it comes aboard. Some o' mine, that trip, had already begun to spile."

"Oranges, fruit, lemons!" "No, sir, not fruit. A kind of cargo it was which certain piratical cruisers pretendin' to be British were fond of scoopin' up for theirselves. Lord! the losses I've seen in that kind of cargo; a whole shipload I've seen tossed overboard before now to save the skipper and his ship, And the sharks as busy as snappin'-turtles round that ship."

"Do you mean-" Jack stopped because he was atraid, in a sense, to say the

"I mean niggers. Three hundred niggers I had aboard that ship, spiling fast for want of breathin' room, fresh air, fresh water, and fresh provisions. Three hundred and sixty-five, as many as the days in the year, I landed on the hospitable shore of Cuba. But the number that spiled on the way you would hardly believe, sir. and a comfortable negress had her in a jiffy, and there we were.'

"Old Stephen, dear Avis," said Jack, presently recounting his interview, "is not, suppose, your uncle, though I confess to doubts about the raft story. When a man cannot give the details twice in the same afternoon without varying them in every particular, I should say that the story would not be taken as evidence."

"I must be some one's daughter, Jack." "You probably came straight down

I always set down on paper as few of the raptures of lovers as is consistent with "What on airth ha' you got to do with it, conveying a clear impression that there were raptures. It will be seen from this "Only this; that I'm going to be the specimen what nonsense Jack was capable lady's husband, and as such, you see Steve of talking, and how very much he was in

> Be sure that Avis told her lover of the surprising and extraordinary behavior of Captain Ramsay, who had shown a chivalrous courtesy worthy of the chivalrous South. She also told, and it was ascribed to the vivid imagination of the old mah, how Stephen had painted this true-bred gentleman in the blackest colors. Jack, for his part, made severe animadversions on the blindness of the people who practice the trade of poet. "He called him a tiger,"

said Jack indignantly. That evening he sought an opportunity of speaking to Captain Ramsay in the other one-Olive?" usual place of resort.

"I have to thank you, sir," he said, "for all. your great courtesy and forbearance in the matter of a certain young lady."

"bay no more Mr. Davenant," said the terms to dictate those orders. The pilot captain. "A man must be a mean skunk nodded his head as they fell one by one to force himself on a young lady when she's he was away. As for his kit, which was from his superior officer's lips. They were already promised. I beg your pardon, sir, not extensive, he packed it in a watereasy to learn and to execute, but harder to most sincerely, for intruding to the extent however, the good old man's face lit up have done so. Shake hands, sir, and take for him. In fact, it was more full of fate with surprise, admiration, and delight. a whiskey cocktail made in Baltimore style, than he at all anticipated.

From sentiments, the captain passed to "The Maryland went out of dock this musketry. The gestures he naturally the narration of deeds. These had no morning. She will lie to off Boscastle Port me off any suspicion. But, indeed, I had accompanied with a pasan of congratulation | bearing, it is true, on the ennobling nature | about noon to-morrow. If the weather is and joy, consisting entirely of those inter. of love, but they brought out his character | bad she will put in at Falmouth."

"And really," Jack subsequently con- and me and go aboard her."

"Never a man in all the world his equal | went on, "that you are going to London to-

"Yes, for a few days only. I have, "Not you, Steve, certainly. Is this said Jack, with an expressive blush, "a for a trial cruise first." The lies dropped I was pleased to be of a little service, and "Nat'rally. And you come back -

"On Saturday. To be married on Mon-

dick and I, have very important business his hand. to look after about then. It would be a

it is all like a dream to me. I came here signal. of gloom and despair; then came another Just" below the Poet's feet was the mouth adrift on purpose. I was a prisoner on dream-of you, my lover; and I have lost of the little harbor; there came out, sailing board the ship.

watch and his chain. "Keep them," he way connected with the American; then The man's face had changed; the thoughtsaid, "for me. Wear the watch and chain. the Poet saw that the sailors on board the fully sad expression was gone. watch and chain."

let you go. A week; a whole week. And alongside the steamer; Stephen hauled in "Oh! villain!" It was not to the captain, what may happen, meantime?"

are surrounded by friends. The Poet to climib the steep and narrow ladder, and looked at the captain, as if for help. stays here to keep watch over you. Cap. sprang up himself. Arrived on deck, the He spoke up, roughly and readily. tain Ramsay will suffer no wrong or harm | girl walked for'ard, looking about her with | to be done you. Courage, dear."

hard to let you go, even for a week. I am earth, then, did old Stephen mean? Here, first go off. What you've got to think is, not afraid of Stephen, nor of anything that | indeed, his behavior became inexplicable. | that you done it for the best. Why, at ed her that there was nothing in the world untied the painter, stepped out upon the bosom with grateful joy."

the girl would have to remember for many mer, without more delay, suddenly and a weary day.

nant left Boscastle, driving to Launceston ship glided over the smooth water, Avis to catch the train. He begged the Poet, rushing to the side and the captain clutch- never heard a woman let on out at sea bebefore he went away, to keep Avis under | ing at her arm. He sprang to his feet and fore." his special charge, while he was away; shouted and waved his arms. Avis saw there was then nothing to fear; Captain him, and he saw her struggling, while the captain went on: Ramsay was entirely to be trusted

confessed antecedents. Yet what harm but a line of smoke; then that vanished; the crew, and you too. I would by-" could they do? It seemed on the first day of Jack's

absence as if Captain Ramsay, in his zeal however, he got her to walk with him on | "that he was a tiger!" the cliffs, and of course they talked of Jack all the time.

serious conversation with Stephen. The absence, they began slowly to perceive that Maryland, he told him, had already left a great crime had been committed. Liverpool; she would arrive off Boscastle A ll that night—the nights in June are port; about noon the next day. Therefore light—the Poet wandered about the rocks me ashore. it behooved Stephen to make such arrange- on the chance that Avis might yet somements as might be necessary for immediate how be brought back. He had betrayed and seventy-five pounds in Bank of England in the place. He ought-And what by the tears of a woman. Yet they all notes, half his pay as pilot from Nassau to would Jack say-poor Jack, who had lost knew what their captain had done. Wilmington and back, with a written his bride? With what face would the Poet agreement for the other half on the com- meet him and greet him with the dreadful single man aboard this ship who will help pletion of the round trip; and then they laid their heads together and whispered, though no one was within ear-shot, for a good half-hour. When two men whisper together it is generally safe to consider that they mean mischief to some person or persons. When these two men are old slavers, filibusters, blockade-runners, and the like, it is quite safe to consider that they mean mischief.

"Then, I think," said the captain at last, "that we have made all square and right. There can't be any difficulty. The wheather looks as if it will be fine. Mate, this little job shall be pulled off in a way to do us credit. As for me, I shall give all the credit to you. Stephen, I shall say, devised the plan. Stephen carried it through.

Stephen did it alı." The old man grinned with pleasure and pride. Then he thought of some disagreeable side of the business, and he became serious and even troubled.

"She'll take on awful, she will," he said " Let her take on. That won't matter." treat her kind-"

"And marry her in the first port, and settle down afterwards where's there no chance of nasty inquiries-"

"And keep her out of the way of that "Ay! She shall never hear of Olive at

Stephen had business that afternoon which took him to Camelford. His business was to arrange for the collection of his rents and the safety of his money while proof bag, and stowed it in the locker of his boat. A busy and eventful day it was

While he was thus occupied Captain "I come to tell you," he began, "that I

to her.

or you might have run down with Stephen | the last of me?" "I have never seen a ship, "Avis said.

"Poor child!" said the captain, with feelwith the most profound admiration. "Steve Cobbledick tells me," the captain ing. "She has never seen a ship!" thoughtful face lighting up with a smile.

"And Stephen, does he sail with you to-

morrow?" "No; he joins us later on; we are going | board my own ship?" of Stephen's. "He comes aboard her later | boat was lying ready for the trip. on; three weeks or a month."

Just then a telegram was brought to the fidence in him, so that she thought she had what an ocean steamer was like. with a disquiet which he could not explain. He gave me his hand up the steps, Ste-"You come back on Saturday. Good. the captain and Avis sat all the afternoon phen remaining behind.

pity if you were to come after we were Thursday, the Poet was sitting on the moving. In the morning, with fond farewells, and made notes, he became aware of a stop her quick, for me to get out." steamer standing in, apparently for Bos-"It is only for a week," he said, while castle. whither no steamers ever came. and still the screw went on.

awake and find that you, too, are a dream?" lines; beside her sat Captain Ramsay. It his lips. It was a cruel glitter, and a hard He took off his ring, a simple seal, his was obvious that the steamer was in some smile. "Yet," she said-"Yet I cannot bear to a friendly thing to do. The little boat ran are our passenger." sail, while the captain made the painter but to Stephen, that I spoke. "What should happen, dearest? You fast to the ladder. Then he assisted Avis He made no reply. He hung his head, ladder, and climbed up; as for the boat, Alas! that kiss was the last of Jack that | she drifted slowly astern. Then the steaswiftly forged ahead; the boat was in a It was on Tuesday, then, that Jack Dave- moment far away. The Poet saw, as the rip; we don't mind.' Ramsay and Stephen held her back, as all was out of sight.

for his "brother," was also mounting guard | the villain Stephen; it was no accident; she ness. for the protection of the girl against un- was treacherously and foully deceived; the known dangers. For he followed her about | thing was deliberately done; he had seen and left the Poet few opportunities of talking with his own eyes the old pilot untie the to her alone. Now he so thoroughly dis- painter and set his boat adrift; she was in liked the American that he could not bear | the power of as black a villain as ever even his presence. On the second day, walked. "I always said," cried the Poet, in a week. Make up your mind to forget

reason why Avis was left to the Poet by that night, when the little club met and go well, and they find me a good sort." Captain Ramsay was that he was having a realized the vacancy caused by Stephen's

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE WRECK OF THE MARYLAND.

I have now to tell a story of the most wicked treachery and deceit that was ever practiced upon any girl. There never, surely, could have been a greater villain than Captain Ramsay, or a more ready accomplice than Stephen Cobbledick.

They lulled me, between them, into so great a confidence that I believed the man Ramsay to be my firm and most trustworthy friend. He said Jack and he were sworn brothers. All this time the plot was laid, and the plan resolved upon, although it was not until the last moment, and then only by a pretence at a sudden thought that I was enticed on board his ship.

It was on the Thursday-Jack having been gone two days-and early in the forenoon, that the man Ramsay came, walking slowly, to the cottage where I was writing a letter to Jack. He had stuck one of his big cigars between his lips, and in his hand, I remember, was a wild rose, which gave "You're goin' to behave honorable, and him somehow the look of a man of peace. But he had put off his black clothes, and wore a smart seaman like dress, with a gold band round his peaked cap.

"The craft is off the mouth of the port, Miss Avis," he said, sadly and gently. hope you will run down and give me a farewell wave of your handkerchief from the point, when I am on board. Where is Ste-

phen ?" "Here I am cap'en," said the old man, coming out of the kitchen. Now there was nothing, not the least sign, to show that he, too, was on the point of sailing. He was dressed as usual. He had made, so far as could see, no preparations. To be sure, I was not suspecting any. "Is the gig sent

ashore?" "No, Stephen. You shall take me off yourself in your own boat." I thought that friendly of him.

"I will, cap'en; I will," replied Stephen, cheerily. "It's the last thing I can do before I jine next month." He said those words, I suppose, to put

"Then, Miss Avis"—the captain held out

jections which are not found in grammars, in vivid lights as a practicer of a code "The weather," he said, "promises fine. his hand—"I will say farewell here. You yet are generally sought after by persons which, though not English, yet seemed in It is a pity that she does not go to Falmouth, will promise to stand on the point and see

"Why should she go to the point at all?" Stephen suggested. "Why can't she come off in the boat, as usual?" "Why not?" asked the captain, his kind, desire to be hanged!"

"A happy thought, old friend? Will you do me so much honor as to steer me on

out of this mariner's mouth as easily as out | we all walked away to the quay, where the

When we reached the ship, Captain Ram-With such discussion the crafty captain say asked me if, as I was there, I would strengthened and increased the girl's con- like just to run up the companion and see

Do not be later, because we, Steve Cobble- together. When he left her he held out I began to look about me curiously, when suddenly I heard the engines begin to work, Now about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of and felt the screw revolve. The ship was

> rocks facing the sea. While he pondered | "Oh, captain," I said laughing, "you must "Ay, ay," he replied, but said no more,

to end well. So they lived happy ever she clung to him and wept. "Only for a She hove to, however, a few hundred yards "Captain!" I cried. Then I ran to the and the day being fair, and presently her far astern, and beside me stood Stephen, "I cannot bear to let you go, Jack. Oh! whistle sounded sharp and clear. It was a himself, a water-proof bag in his hand, looking so guiltily ashamed that I guessed in a dream of hope. It changed to a dream Then a very singular thing happened. at once the truth. The boat had been sent

> my name and the people whom I thought slowly in the light breeze, Stephen Cobble- If Stephen looked ashamed, not so with to have found. Now you are going away. dick's boat. He himself sat midships, the captain. He drew himself straight. How do I know that I shall not to-morrow handy for the sail: Avis held the rudder- with a glitter in his eye, and a smile upon

Hang the ring upon the chain, and when steamer were running about, and presently "This little plan, Miss Avis," he said you look at them, think I am no ghost or a companion was lowered. It must be quietly, "was arranged between me and phantom of a troubled brain, because no Captain Ramsay's ship. Then he was Stephen. We were anxious that it should ghost who ever walked was able to carry a going away; that was a good thing; Avis come off without any hitch, which was the and Stephen were taking him off; that was reason why you were not in the secret. You

"You did it for the best, Steve. No kind a curiosity and interest. She was invited o' use to be skeered because the girl's riled. "I am foolish," she said. "Yet it is so to see the ship, that was plain. What on She's nat'rally riled; anybody would be, can tell you. Yet, Jack, I am afraid." For, with so much deliberation as to show this very moment, come to listen, you'll hear He kissed her again and again; he assur- premeditation and intention, he carefully your conscience singing hymns in your

> "All for your own good, Avis," said Stephen, with an effort. "That is so. Meantime, Miss Avis, if you feel like letting on, why, let yourself

"Not a bit," said Stephen hoarsely. "I

I suppose I was still silent, for presently

"I told you that I was in love with you. The Poet mounted guard with zeal. He if she would spring overboard in a mad I am a man, and not a maid; so that, was suspicious of the old man, whose sud- attempt to escape. Then he saw her free when I set my fancy on a thing, that thing den change of front was inexplicable; he herself from her captors and sink, despar- I must have. I set my fancy on you, and was suspicious of the gentleness assumed ing, on the deck. But the ship went on her no other. I am powerful in love with you. by the American; such suavity was unna- course; the figures became more difficult to I am so much in love that, rather'n lose you. tural in a person of his calling and his self- | see; soon there was but a black hull; then I'd sink this craft with all her cargo, and

He strengthened the assurance with so Avis was gone! She was enticed on great an oath that it ought alone to have board the ship by the crafty American and sunk the ship by the violence of its wicked-

"Let's have no sinkin' of crafts," said Stephen uneasily. "Avis will come round bime by. Give her rope."

"As for your lover," the captain went on, "he counts for nothing, You'll forget him him at once, for you've got to marry me. He hastened down the rocks and told the That's settled. I stand no sulks from any sailors and people about the port what he | gal. They've got to look cheerful, and to This was on Wednesday morning. The had seen. And in the Wellington Arms do what they're told to do. Then things

He spoke as if he had a dozen wives. Now, I know not what I answered, because, indeed, my mind was confused. I think I prayed them, of their mercy, to set

When I was worn out with appealing to conscience as hard as the nether mill-stone, departure. Ramsay gave him, in fulfilment his charge, he said to himself. He ought I fell to tears and weeping. There was not of the agreement, the sum of three hundred never to have left her while that man was one among the crew who could be moved

"There is not," said the captain, "one you. Therefore you had better spare your cries. And now, if you please, as there's the ship to navigate and the work to be done, p'raps you'll let me show you your

cabin. He led the way, and I followed without a

I sat down without a word. Oh! Jack! Jack! Who would tell you? "The captain means kind," said Stephen hoarsely. "Come, Avis, be comfortable. A run across the herrin' pond, and a husband on the other side of it. Such a husband, too! Why, it's honor and glory, not

oryin' and takin' on!" "Let her be," said the captain. "She is riled. Give her time. Just now, Miss Avis, you think it is mean. Why, all's fair in love. And after a few days, when you've picked up a bit, we shall be friends again. I am only sorry there's never a stewardess on board.'

Here one of the cabin doors open and a woman stepped out. "There is a stewardess, Captain Ram-

At sight of her, the captain stepped back with an oath. "Olive! By all the powers!"

"Oh! Lord!" cried Stephen, starting. Here's his wife!" "What do you—how did you," stammered the captain. It was not pretty to look

upon his face, on which was expressed a vehement desire to break the sixth commandment. She was a tall and handsome woman of five-and-twenty or so, with a profusion of

black hair and black eyes. She was plainly dressed; on her finger I noticed a wedding-"I am a stowaway," she said. "You did

not expect me here. Yet I told you at Liverpool that I would never leave you. And I never will !" "She never will," murmured Stephen, in

a kind of admiring stupor. "She looks as if she never would.' "I will murder you! Do you hear?" The captain snatched at his waistcoat, as if to draw the revolver which he generally carried there. "I will murder you! You

shall be thrown overboard! I say, I will kill you!' "Do not be afraid, child," she said to me, apparently paying no attention to his angry gestures. "He will not murder me. He would, if he dared, but even the sailors of this ship, rough as they are; would not screen him if he did. And he does not

[To be continued.]