

# Redeemed His Promise.

PART I.

"Franz, how about the Lyskamm tomorrow? The weather looks settled."  
"The weather is good, Herr, but—"  
"But what, Franz?"  
"I do not like the Lyskamm."  
"And why don't you like the Lyskamm, Franz?"  
"Herr, there is a fearful cornice there this year."

"We'll take our chance of that. We can't tell what it's like till we try, and if we find it too bad we can always turn back. When must we start?"  
"It will be time if we leave here at two."  
"Good! Then you'll call us about one. Guten Abend, Franz."

"Guten Abend, Herr; schlafen Sie wohl." The above conversation took place one exquisite August evening outside the old Riffl Hotel. Table d'hôte was over, and the usual assemblage of climbers, guides, and others was there, watching the declining light of a most glorious sunset fading slowly away from the mighty precipices of the Matterhorn, and from the other summit of that, to my mind, the grandest range in all the Alps.

The season up to that time had not been a good one, and but little climbing had been done; but, with the prospect of fine weather, of which that morning had given unmistakable promise, every one took heart, and the number of expeditions that were at once planned for the following day was something astonishing.

Every available guide was "booked," and the courteous lady who at that time presided over the Riffl was at her wits' end to know where to accommodate all who asked that night for sleeping space. I myself was not a novice at climbing, having already spent several seasons in the Alps, and for some years I had been a member of the Alpine Club. I had been up most of the great peaks around Zermatt, but I had not yet ascended the Lyskamm, (14,888 feet), and it was for the purpose of doing the Lyskamm that I had come up to the Riffl.

I was accompanied by a fellow-member of the Alpine Club named Burns, an admirable climber and a charming companion, and I had my guide Franz, who had been with me on most of my previous expeditions, and in whose steadiness and skill I had reason to have the greatest confidence. Franz was a man of forty or so, tall, and of splendid physique, with a good honest weatherbeaten countenance, to which a long mustache gave a somewhat military appearance.

In intelligence he was greatly superior to the ordinary run of guides, for he could talk well upon other subjects besides the one topic of mountains. Burns and I, being in some favor with the authorities at the Riffl, were fortunate in getting a room to ourselves; but a score or so of travelers, for whom no other space could be found, had to repose as best they could on the floor of the *salon*, and lucky were they who could secure a mattress, for even mattresses gave out at last.

We turned in early; but as I can never sleep on the eve of an expedition, I was not sorry when Franz's knock, soon after one o'clock, warned us that it was time to be up. This getting up is, I think, the most disagreeable part of an expedition.

I have a particular objection to dressing in a bad light, feeling all the while only half awake, and—but low be it spoken—more than half disposed to envy those who are not leaving their beds at such an unearthly hour.

I dislike, too, the early breakfast—a melancholy meal, to be got over as expeditiously as possible; and on this point every one seems to be agreed, for at the Riffl, at all events, I have observed that it is usually dispatched in solemn silence. The very look of the sleepy servant who brings in the coffee exercises a depressing influence, as well it may.

Then there is that getting into boots (for I am not one of those inconsiderate individuals who puts his boots on upstairs and comes pounding down, to the detriment of sleep in those who do not happen to be getting up so early,) and boots, to begin with, feel hard, if not absolutely uncomfortable.

But, after all, what are these minor disagreeables beside the extraordinary amount of pleasure that is to be got out of climbing? They perhaps make it all the pleasanter if we did but know it.

We were rather earlier than the majority, but there were two or three sleepy-looking individuals in the breakfast-room, evidently novices bound for Monte Rosa, giving one the idea by their appearance that they were already beginning to think climbing a mistake rather than otherwise.

It was close upon two o'clock—the hour Franz had named—when we got off, and we were soon on our way toward the Gornier Glacier. The date was August 13, 187—. Our party had received an addition in the shape of a porter whom Franz had engaged over night—a big, good-natured-looking fellow, and a very useful man to have on a rope, as we found subsequently.

The morning was splendid, and the stars shone down upon us from a cloudless sky, but still Franz seemed dissatisfied, and complained more than once of its feeling close. The atmosphere was certainly heavy, but as we neared the glacier there came toward us a breath of cold air deliciously refreshing and inspiring.

It was still dark when we reached the ice, but before we had crossed the glacier the day had commenced to break, and behind the giant mass of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm there came over the heavens that pale unearthly hue which is seen at times when snow and sky intermingle. It was a superlatively fine morning, and save for a few saffron-colored clouds floating above the Weissthor the sky was perfectly clear.

We made rapid progress, for we were what is known as a "fast" party, and while it was still early we reached the foot of the terrible arete, which rises straight up from the glacier till it culminates in the summit of the Lyskamm.

To my mind this arete constitutes one of the most difficult bits of climbing in the Alps. It is not difficult, but it is long, and almost its whole length dangerous. Its dangerousness from the cornice, which in an immense mass hangs over on to the Italian side of the mountain. The actual ridge is so sharp, and on either side of the face of the cliff falls away so steeply to the glacier, that the greatest care is necessary in order to keep on the ridge itself without trespassing upon the cornice, which, being formed of frozen snow only, is liable to crumble away at the slightest touch. So deceptive is a cornice of this description that even good guides are at a loss to distinguish sometimes between what is safe and what is not, while to a novice what may appear to be one broad smooth surface of snow may be safe to tread upon only to the width of a few inches.

It is this difficulty of telling where the firm ground ends and where the cornice begins that constitutes the danger of the Lyskamm arete. More than once it has led to mistakes on the part of the guides, and it was such that caused one of the most awful tragedies that ever occurred to mountaineers—the fatal accident to Messrs. Lewis and Paterson's party in 1878. The Lyskamm by this route is emphatically not an ascent to be recommended.

Franz was ever celebrated for his caution, and on this day he exercised even more than his ordinary care. Not a step did he take without first testing the snow in front with the point of his ice-axe, so as to make sure of what was ahead, and he never moved forward until quite convinced that it was safe to do so.

Thus our progress was slow, and it was not till nearly eleven o'clock that we topped the final ridge and stood together upon the summit of the Lyskamm.

The view, exquisitely bright and clear as the sky was that day, was a marvelously beautiful one, but it is not within my province to describe it here, and, indeed, were I to make the attempt, I should fail to convey an idea of the impression it made upon me at the time. Besides, it was not for long that we were permitted to enjoy it, for Franz was all eagerness to be down the arete before it got much later.

We were soon on the rope again. Franz led, then I came, then Burns, and the porter—an admirable man for the purpose, on account of his weight and strength—brought up the rear. It was in this order that we commenced the descent.

All went well at first. Each man was careful to use the rope as the rope ought to be used—that is, by keeping it taut between himself and his man in front. Franz moved downward carefully, and at each step sounded the snow with his axe as he had done on the way up. The position, in fact, was one which needed care.

Upon our left the face of the mountain fell sharply away to the glacier below, a distance of over 3,000 feet, and we dared not leave the edge of the arete to pass on to it; far upon this face there lay a quantity of fresh snow in a loose and dangerous condition. On our right lay the dreaded cornice.

Suddenly Franz halted. Something seemed to trouble him, for more than once he struck his axe into the snow in front of and beside him without moving forward. He called to me to pay out the full length of rope between myself and him, which I did, and again he advanced a few steps. Then he stopped, and, turning round to me, in slow tones said, "Herr, be very careful how you tread here; take care only to put your feet in the steps I make, for—and this he added very impressively—"we are in great danger here."

He had hardly spoken—in fact the words were still in his mouth—when I heard a loud crack. It was a sound such as I have never heard before or since, and I can only describe it as being like the grate of a heavy wagon upon frozen snow. Then, without further warning, the side of the mountain seemed to break away, and with it Franz disappeared.

For one second I felt paralyzed. The next, scarcely knowing what I did, but with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me, I sprang to the left over the precipice on the opposite side to that on which poor Franz had disappeared. The rope ran out to its full length, and then I found myself powerless to move, anchored tightly to the edge of the arete, and with a strain upon my chest from the pressure of the rope which was well-nigh intolerable. Burns and the porter had seen what was coming, and had thrown themselves flat, so that when the jerk caused by my leap had come they were well prepared to meet it.

For a few seconds, though, it was a deadlock. Then I heard a faint voice, which seemed to come from Franz, calling for help. Somehow or other, but how I hardly know to this day, Burns so managed to slacken the rope that I was enabled to scramble up on to the arete again, and then the three of us set to work to haul up Franz. It was not an easy matter, but presently an aahen face appeared over the edge, and with some help from himself we succeeded in raising Franz to a position beside us.

He was badly shaken, and the horror of the situation, as well it might, had clearly affected his nerves. Until rescued his life literally hung upon a thread; for he had remained suspended over an awful precipice many thousand feet in height, with nothing but the rope around his waist between him and certain destruction. His face was very white, and a small wound on his forehead, from which the blood was slowly trickling, gave him a ghastly appearance; but there was a strange look in his eyes as he grasped my hands, and exclaimed with all the energy of deep gratitude—

"Herr you have saved my life. Think not that I shall forget. Mark this. You will one day be in difficulty, in danger; but fear not, Franz will be there, and he will have come to save your life."

He was greatly excited, and it was to this fact that I felt inclined to attribute his words; but yet there was a strange earnestness in the manner he spoke which impressed me deeply in spite of myself, and with an inward presentiment (I can call it nothing else) that some day or other they would inevitably come true.

From what we learned subsequently it appeared that, in spite of Franz's precautions, our upward track had in one place passed over a portion of the cornice. Franz had become aware of this, but in trying to avoid the danger in the descent had brought

about the very thing he feared, the touch of his axe having started the great cornice, forty feet or so of which doubled up and bounded down the mountain side, carrying Franz along with it. As a matter of fact it was a very narrow escape, for all of us, for had any other member of the party gone through the snow as well as Franz, the others could not have held, and must have been dragged down too. I shuddered involuntarily as I gazed into the abyss into which we should have fallen, and thought that there would not have been left much of us by the time we reached the bottom!

No further incident occurred during the descent, but, from having to go slowly on Franz's account, it was not till late in the evening that we got back to the Riffl.

Two days later I said good-bye to Franz, who seemed to be getting well over his accident, and made my way back to England, leaving Burns to carry on a career of conquest which the admirable weather up to the close of the season gave him every facility for doing.

When I took leave of Franz that time at the Riffl I did not think that I should nevermore set eyes on him. Did I say nevermore? Yes, nevermore, at least in this life.

It was in December of that same year that I heard of Franz's death. He fell a victim to his passion for chamois hunting. It appeared that he had been out one day after a heavy fall of snow, and had perished in an avalanche, his body being swept away no one knew whither. Nothing but his hat and the shattered remains of his rifle, indeed, were ever found of him again, and it was only by their recovery that it was guessed what his fate had been.

To lose Franz was like losing an old friend. Sadly I thought over his many admirable qualities so seldom combined in one of his class. His truth and honesty, his cheerfulness and good nature, his skill, his courage in moments of danger, and then I called to mind that last expedition which we took together, (pity that it should have been the last!) and how near the end had been that day. To what purpose had his life been spared but these few months longer? And as I thought, of a sudden those words of his came back to me with a force positively startling.

"You will one day be in difficulty, in danger, but fear not, Franz will be there, and he will have come to save your life." Poor fellow! It was scarce worth while to think about it. Unless the grave gave up its dead, Franz could never now redeem his promise.

## PART II.

It had been snowing heavily all the morning. Matters were beginning to look serious. Midday among the glaciers in the most awful weather, and not one member of the party in the least conscious of our bearings, was a prospect, to say the least, not very reassuring! A dense mist hanging over us, heavy snow in the sky, heavier snow underfoot, a wilderness of white on all sides and no prospect of any improvement. Such was our position on Aug. 13, 188—.

For five years subsequent to our adventure on the Lyskamm I had not been to the Alps. Increase of work and the dislike of having to get a strange guide in Franz's place had kept me away; but with the old love of the mountains still strong within me, I had gravitated once more to my old campaigning ground. I had engaged no regular guide for the season, for my days for vigorous climbing were over, and I now felt that I must relegate myself to only passes, with perhaps an occasional peak.

I was doing that delightful series of easy expeditions known as the "Tour of Monte Rosa." I had crossed the Weissthor with some friends to Macugnaga, and from there alone with one guide (not quite a wise proceeding, perhaps) I had made my way over the Colle delle Loccie to the little mountain inn in the Colle d'Olen, with the intention of returning again to Zermatt by the Lysjoch. I had thought it possible that I might be able to pick up a man at the Colle d'Olen to make a third on the rope, but on arriving there, to my disgust, I found that no one was available.

I scarcely knew what to do for the best. To attempt to cross the Lysjoch alone with one man was an act of folly I had not the least intention of committing. Of other alternatives one was to send down the guide I had with me to the valley to bring up a companion, (which meant loss of time and expense,) or else to wait where I was, on the chance of some other party bound for Zermatt turning up, to whom I might ask leave to attach myself.

I was sitting sunning myself in front of the inn, and thinking over matters, when a cheery voice hailed me, and who should appear toiling up the stony path leading from the valley but my old friend Burns, whom I had not the smallest idea that I should meet on this side of the Alps.

Burns was now a leading light of the legal profession; he was even spoken of mysteriously as a future Judge, but anything more unjudicial than his manner in the Alps it was impossible to imagine, and to me he was ever the same admirable companion and friend that he had ever been.

He had left a party of friends at the Italian lakes, and had come "to do a walk," as he termed it, in the mountains, and he had brought with him temporarily a young Italian guide named Antoine, and a porter, and he, too, I found to my great satisfaction, was bound for Zermatt by way of the Lysjoch.

We decided, as a matter of course, to join forces. Burns's porter was paid off, and sent home; Antoine and my guide Josef were retained, and the following morning we had started on our expedition.

The weather had become doubtful soon after we had left the inn; but we kept on notwithstanding until well on the glacier, and then, when too late, we had begun to wish that we had had the moral courage to turn back before. For the guides had lost their bearings. They were neither of them first rate, and now that difficulties began to thicken they proceeded to lose their heads. In fact, to such a pass did matters come that Burns and myself had to assume all responsibility.

The storm was raging furiously now, not a landmark was visible, and the blinding snow obliterated everything. To add to our troubles, we found ourselves without a compass, the only member of the party possessed of one being Burns, and his he had broken only the day before! We could not tell even the direction in which we ought to be going.

I have heard of persons lost in the desert wandering for miles in a circle, so that they

came back at last to the very point from which they started. To those who have not experienced it it is impossible to convey the feeling of utter hopelessness in such a case. It was indeed so should feel it on that day; for after many an hour's weary trudge knee-deep in the soft snow we found that our labors had been in vain, and we only returned again to the tracks we had made before. Still, aimlessly as we might walk, it was necessary to keep moving, for to stand still, and for any length of time, meant to perish in that awful cold.

We were white from head to foot with the snow which had frozen upon us, and had the occasion been less serious, we could have laughed at the strange appearance we presented. Burns had assumed the lead. It had been decided that he should go first on the rope and myself last, Antoine and Josef between us; but, as for knowing where we were, it did not matter much who acted as leader.

On we went, and still on, till the monotony became well nigh unendurable. No change, always the same white waste about us, snow here, there, everywhere, and falling all around more heavily than ever. What was to become of us if it continued? We could not go on walking indefinitely. Hour after hour went wearily by.

The guides began to lose heart, and cried to each other about their wives and children. I, too, began to feel not quite myself. But Burns, firmly as ever, kept plodding forward, forward, forward. I caught myself thinking (as they say drowning men will do) of incidents in my past life, of things which I had failed to do, of things which I had done but which it would have been better had I left undone; and then I thought of a host of minor matters which at such a time seemed positively trivial. Then my thoughts ran on other Alpine expeditions, and of that last one which we had made five years ago.

Strange! The scene of it was close beside us now; for, though shut out from sight by impenetrable mist, we knew that the mighty form of the Lyskamm was towering somewhere above us, lost to sight among the clouds. Even the day—August 13—was the same. It seemed as if by a strange irony of fate that that scene of our escape might witness the closing scene in the lives of all of us.

Then Franz's words came back to me and, I caught myself saying aloud; "Franz! Franz! Oh, for one hour of your guidance, and all would be well! Oh, that you could come back to earth to redeem your promise!" And as I yet spoke there was wafted toward us across the glacier a voice clear and distinct even amid the whirl and uproar of the storm, a voice that said, "Herr, I come!"

We had altered our course. Almost insensibly I felt it, but I was equally certain that it was so. I looked ahead. Burns was still leading but no! somehow the order had been changed. I thought that I did not see aright, for I could not remember any alteration being made in our positions on the rope, and yet it was quite certain that it was not Burns who now went first.

I began to count. There was Josef, then Antoine, then Burns, and there—but no, it could not be—there was yet another! I refused to believe it. Twice again I counted, twice with the same result. And then came over me a feeling of dread, for I felt that he who was leading us was not of this life.

I looked and the form seemed familiar—tall and broad-shouldered, and with a decision in its movements that I had never seen but in one guide. And yet, firmly though it trod, the figure seemed to glide over the snow rather than walk. Our pace increased. We seemed almost to be flying across the glacier. Soon we began to mount, the slope grew steeper, then steeper still. We crossed what was clearly a ridge and then began to descend. Onward over the snow we went, till suddenly the clouds lifted, and there beneath us lay the familiar form of the great Gornier Glacier, all rosy with the light of a fiery sunset. We were saved.

We raced down to a patch of rocks on this side of the Gornier. Here the guides threw down their sacks and gave vent to their joy in shouts which woke the echoes of Monte Rosa as they had never been awakened before, while I turned to thank our unknown companion. But he was nowhere to be seen; our party now consisted but of four.

"Well, old fellow, what are you looking so glum about? I'm a better leader than some of us," (and he looked savagely at Antoine and Josef); "in fact, I'm thinking I'll come out as a guide when all else fails. You'll take me, of course?"

It was Burns who spoke. Clearly he had not seen what I had. I said nothing, but I knew my eyes had not deceived me. I felt that those words of Franz's had come home that day; for had he not redeemed his promise?

## The Elephant Afloat.

The happy life and untimely death of the elephant Jumbo have made us feel a little better acquainted with these great beasts. Jumbo had twice escaped the perils of the sea, only to fall a victim of a railroad engine. A Calcutta paper thus describes how elephants got to sea:

The hoisting into the air, and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship, is not only an unusual sight to most men, but also a strange experience to most elephants.

They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes with threefold tackels, and lowered into the steamers' hold like bales of cotton. When in the hold, they were bulked in pens built of strong teak-timber planks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking loose.

The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent; and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest. Tears trickled down their faces, and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sanded for them to stand upon. We are told that one timid female elephant actually fainted, and was brought to with a fan and many gallons of water.

At sea it appears that the animals got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently at a preconcerted signal—setting to work rocking the ship from side to side, by giving themselves, simultaneously, a swinging motion as they stood amidst the slaps, the vessel rolling heavily as if in a seaway.

In days gone by it was customary for the servants of the nobility, particularly the gentleman-saber, to attend bareheaded. On grand occasions cochmen also drove bareheaded.

## FARM.

### Horse Talk by an Old Breeder.

There are a great many troubles with horses which could be cured without difficulty, if they were looked after in time. For instance, a man out in Colorado writes that his colt has two scabs or sores on its ears and they are growing bigger all the time. No doubt this is the beginning of mange, or they may be caused by rubbing the skin off, and then the flies or other insects would keep them irritated.

The simple and sure remedy for all such skin diseases, and especially for all scabs, carbolic acid, or its equivalent found in sheep dips, particularly Lawford's. For mange the solution should be quite strong, and it should be well rubbed in so as to penetrate to the very bottom and reach all of the vermin at work.

There is nothing better to cure flesh wounds and sores than lard with some salt mixed in it. The lard is healing and the salt is cleansing. When there is "prone" flesh," as farmers call granulation, then kerosene oil should be mixed with the lard, or carbolic acid, both of which contain the same principle, creosote, and it is this which has the antiseptic effect, that is, the effect to counteract putrescence or decay. All sores and wounds should be treated in this way as soon as discovered to prevent pus forming by blood-poisoning. Sores should be washed with castile soap or the discharge well put the hair off and the irritation extended. Putting on salted grease will keep the skin healthy and the hair will generally come in natural, but if not it will come in white and disfigure the animal. When a horse has three spots of white hair on his breast or back it is a sure sign that he has had bad usage. He has been galled and neglected, and it does not speak well of his owner.

Warts and all such excrescences may usually be gotten rid of by tying a small cord around them and so cutting off the circulation into them. This is the best way and the surest. When the bunch drops off the wound may be greased over, or if necessary touched with some sort of caustic. It is better to let warts or any kind of tumors slough off than to cut them after being tied. There is danger of the cord slipping off and bleeding taking place, whereas if the knife is withheld there is no such danger.

The teeth of horses often cause them a great deal of trouble, and I have no doubt that the extra teeth called the "wolf teeth" do sometimes affect the nerves of the eye and lead to blindness or dimness of sight. It is the notion of some horsemen that slaying in horses is generally caused by defective eye-sight. In some cases slaying horses have been cured of the habit by removing the wolf teeth. It is worth looking after, for a dog tooth is always dangerous. Driving with blinkers will sometimes keep a horse from slaying especially if he shys from such looks. Some horses always do this, and they are the worst. When they see an object ahead which frightens them the driver has some warning, but a side shyer takes one unawares unless, knowing its habit, one is always prepared, and this is seldom the case. Blinds or blinkers will do such a horse good. The horse frightened from some object ahead will do as well and very likely better to have his eyes free.

A man should study his horse's peculiarities and be prepared to meet them. Careless driving never is a safe way, for the oldest and slickest horse will sometimes get scared.

### How Can We Make The Farm Pay?

To the thoughtful farmer this is the question of the hour, and one of vital importance. The past year has been one of exceedingly low prices for all farm products, and it has been only by the most careful management that farmers have held their own, much less realizing any profits from their labors. The new year will be much like the old, in this respect. Wise and observing farmers, instead of being unduly discouraged, will profit by past experiences, and be the better prepared to win success where mistakes and failures have occurred. One way to make the farm pay is to have something to turn into money every day in the year, as nearly as possible. The farmer who grows special crops receives large sums of money when his crop hits well and he happens to find a good market for the same. His receipts necessarily come in periodically. But to the general farmer there must be a steady income to meet the constant demand made upon him. The farmer who makes it a point to sell more than he buys every time he goes to town, will at the end of the year find that he has accumulated quite a nice little sum of money. Too many men think it beneath their dignity to grow or sell anything but the leading farm products. They would not be caught taking any sort of garden truck or poultry products to market, even if they were convinced that there was money in it. To make the farm pay, the farmer must not only plough and sow, reap and mow intelligently, but must market his surplus at the right time. Some farmers seem to have a knack of hitting the market when it reaches the highest point, while a neighbor may have the same crops and just as good, but by selling too soon or holding too long, will not realize more than half as much money from the same area under cultivation.

### The Ice Crop.

Do not neglect to lay in a store of ice sufficient to give an abundant supply of this cheap and indispensable luxury next summer. The ice crop represents almost nothing but labor, and labor is usually abundant and cheap in winter. The rudest old building or shed will keep ice just as well as a costly stone or brick building if the ice is well covered, top and sides, with saw-dust. Nor does it require a very large pile of ice to carry an ordinary family through the summer. See that the farmers' clubs and summer meetings get a good send-off and for the winter campaign. Winter is now for the season for harvesting ideas. Let the harvest be a good one this winter.

German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight and some of these photographs show the head of compressed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents riflemen from suspended by a long thread. The air blown the shell out of the way of the bullet. We believe that Major Peters, of the Artillery School, Quebec, was the first to photograph a projectile. If so he, and not the Germans, deserves the credit.

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when Gerald reached  
Riffl, as it was called,  
ed in the arms of Ca  
while, he rubbed the  
exclaimed:  
"Sacre, mon ami!  
tal—what you say—  
Jackson. I do not lik  
"What box?" said  
"Dis box," replied  
Gerald a feeble blow  
"Oh! I understand  
dear Marie?"  
"She sleep like one  
—what you call him?  
"Where is he? I w  
will have him!" roared  
Dolan at this moment,  
fing noise at the hatch  
"Dolan!" said Gera  
"Sacre!" said Capta  
"He shall yet come  
yet fire on the schoone  
"He comes!" said G  
other struggle with th  
direct me. Is he, inde  
father?"  
"Hold, Captain Dol  
in the voice of Ben B  
believe it!"  
"You—don't—believ  
Ben Bowline, what is i  
lieve?"  
"That Gerald wrot  
moral!"  
"In-deed!"  
"Oh, that's all very  
lan, but Martin and I  
"Martin and you are  
cals and I will speak  
time. I suppose, thou  
ted to go into my own  
"Well, as to that—"  
"Oh, much obliged  
much obliged!"  
The rapid sound of  
ascending footsteps cam  
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The latter seized upon  
ing open the sliding-do  
where Marie slept, he d  
him and abruptly clos  
It was at that mom  
reached the cabin.  
All was darkness.  
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which, after all, is ev  
open air, and gleaming  
the sea—the darkness  
Riffl was something ver  
profound to Captain Do  
on the threshold as a  
the brink of a well,  
He had been very n  
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with such an accession  
rage about his heart an  
capable of any act of  
sion.  
The crew of the Ri  
well knew, raise a fir  
first idea was to ma  
weight of his vengeance  
"Hilloa!" he said;  
There was no reply.  
"Gerald, I say!"  
No answer.  
"Skulking, eh? Oh,  
and to that—oh, very  
quiet, hilloa! Captain  
boy!"  
All was still.  
"So you won't speak  
you are both agreed on  
we won't find a way to  
Ha, ha! who knows?  
well enough that you a  
may as well speak—ch  
All the sound in the  
echo of his own words.  
"Oh, very well, very  
elves, only don't think  
it. Don't make a ru  
—I am armed!"  
The idea that such  
over the craven heart  
created a couple of st  
dear of the door.  
"Hoy! a light here  
one, but it is out.  
One of the crew brou  
and lit it on the sto  
"There you are, sir,  
"The Spray, where i  
"Oh, she's—why, th  
The report of a gun  
suddenly answered the  
that the shot flew  
"Keep on," said Dol  
and let her just se  
"Ay, ay, sir."  
This shall be the la  
went into the cabin  
down on the table  
of it. No more w  
"A good round un  
—that will do;  
"Hoy, Ha, ha!  
—the admiral, when  
are you?"  
Dolan glared aroun  
the empty state of  
the table and he said:  
"I did not know  
—was I?"  
"I am shaken me—  
—a Ah, that is il  
—and found the  
—and himself wit  
—decidedly b  
—of my intellect  
—will do, that