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my symptoms. "You've got the fever It was lingly different, "it's upon us! Mate, so I stood there with my head crushed of expression ten times over I am sure this means hell and destruction." then I'll send the captain to see you."

There's no saying how this may with the cat-like agility of a sailor, more desperate. Have you ever seen so full of wonder that more than once days passed ere I could make a sur- this would lead to a quickstep, a reel, after lying in his throat by saying he way. been level, then rebound, then spring, domed me to silence. fear could keep off anger." world is full of promise of bliss-to do ignation is possible, but it is not in

human nature to be grateful for cruel-The disease had not yet elbow and speaking in a voice that now we're reeling in the grip of a tortrembled and onivered I and only soul many times I went over "Reel Thula on your face again. And when you that, we're waterlogged and the in- on me. come to die pray vou have a better that, we're waterlogged and the in- on me.

pressibly beautiful and noise, came fernal crew threatening to take to the I thought it would really have been rolling toward me, I was ready to cry beyond expression. I stood for awhile Ayont the Fire," and "Dainty Davie," at the head of the steir inhaling the and "The Marguin of Huntley's Fare He went without a sign of compassion or contrition, indeed, with a smirk come back again." of disdain, and I, falling back with a feeling of being forsaken by God and man, lost heart, and a scalding torpandemonium and speculate what rent soaked the coarse blankets. And would come of it all. Presently Mr. in that moment of dire punishment, Watson returned, his face whiter than as if present evils were not enough, there smote upon my conscience the

"The brig's done for." he shouted. lightning-like stroke of an accusing "The first blow killed her. It's termemory. The thwarted plans of my father, the unheeded sorrow of my mother, were as arrows of fire in my acting payment, and the payment was ed; I'll not desert you." He bolted up the companionway, and I had a feeling. I say, of being for- the hatches closed with a hang. saken, but in the graciousness of Pro-I passed an eternity hearkening in vidence I had a friend even now. Not the darkness. long after the mate left me. Mr. Wat- made birid keep up my heart, for that many a But we were dving hard. man had fever on shipboard and lived But I could see that out of his human- the movements of the brig were steadity he was dissembling his real er. Then I wondered why they were thoughts, and so I determined if pos- keeping me closed down there like a sible to get at them. "You have seen cases of this sort ed ere there was any evidence that" a chance to pull through.'

plain, and tell me if you think I have were thrown open, and I looked wit He seemed unwilling to answer the Watson. "If you don't answer." I said. know it's because you're afraid to tell the rattle of ropes me the worst. You know the old proverb. while there's life there's hope." "Just so," I said, "and that in cases was I rose, er, it means a great deal." gour," he rejoined, shifting about un-But then you are young and have a and tearing, I tried to open the port. There was a pang in the thought that dry, and not so much as might be sup- return to Bombay, hand him over his "Thank you," I said. "I wanted as only a lost man can. The next in- was at hand. your candid opinion."

the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, there is hardly an evil but brings, its anodyne with it. alone on the sinking brig. Mr. Watson left me abruptly. presently he came back, carrying a book in his hand. It happened to be CHAPTER VII. Sunday evening, and I fancied he was going to employ his leisure in reading ALONE: ALONE ON A WIDE a story to me. But it was a Bible. WIDE SEA." not a story-book, that the good soul By the glare of streaming fires held in his hand. "I have been a good many years could watch the boats driving delirimy bed, "but I haven't quite forgotten that sharpened by the terror of And, sitting down on the edge of my was distinct, nothing individual. There ricane might blow anew, and that the had greatly troubled me in the earlier was not very steady, and he coughed and low a whirling chaos of foam and spray, with gleams of ghastly green tremity. a good deal more than seemed at al' in the breaking mountains and of hel- But no fresh hurricane came, only air, having by this time opened every and shattering crests.

half-conscious state, feeling no fear The din was as the crack of doom. wed by a sharp cry that made me untroubled by the multitude of only dimly pitying the reader, whose Sea and thunder crashed together as emotion was so keen. When he had if the universe were splitting and start in alarm, though why I should the previous night. Nor on this sec-It was a trouble to speak, so I held blood and red, and dripping a crimit by way of answer. He returned the pressure, looking down upon my monstrous snakes as they rushed. hand and caressing it for a moment, trampling, upon the helpless and stagthen, holding it softly but firmly be- gering brig. They seemed alive and tween his rough palms, he went on his mad with a passion to destroy. Leaptract his attention. He stared hard with steam hammers, then catch her glad of their company. for a minute or so, then cast a shamefaced, side-long glance at me. "Damme, if I've played the parson for years before," he laughed, furtively drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, then, as if fearing an answer, he hurried away.

to put her forever out of sight.

barbed cylinders revolved inside. My situation was the more cruel that had strength enough to feel, none to act. Had I been myself, I wilderness in pursuit of the desert- returned and found me in no worse ing it good manners evidently to take able for its weather forecasts, but ers. My fate would have been soon plight than I had been in at sunset on their departure with as little fuss as whether it had been written for some the devouring maw of the sea. But with my mental, and when the sun there would have been an instant's di- was fully up, the sun I had not "That's to try to break it," he said. version in battling and a speedy end pected to see again, I leaped from my "Good God," he cried, in the same to suffering. As it was, even the solace bed to welcome it, almost forgetting gradually got so familiar that toward from the green bag—which was guard. You breath, but in a tone that was start- of making an effort was denied me, my fever. Had I Shakespeare's gift gradually got so familiar that toward from the green bag—which was guard the close of our strange companion, ed as if it were gold—and I would blow into the porthole and the jagged edges I could not half tell how sweet, how Instantaneously there was a great of the broken glass like saws in my transcendently glorious it was after crash, as if a sudden blow had rent flesh, battered, buffeted, choked by that night in the tomb to feel the hardly even getting out of my way far-off dawn of memory; then, being s our timbers, and the brig flew up at the the pitching ship and the breaching warmth and mystic potency of the re- when I moved about the cabin. Had little sentimental, a wail of lament, bows like a fisherman's punt when a seas, yet frantically straining to hold turning light.

and Mr. Watson swept the floor with Every fibre in my body shook with pressed, so inexplicable do despair and and perform tricks. As it was, they like measure of a coronach, but every his back like a kind of incontinent a mortal weakness and terror. My dismal thoughts become to us in mo-knew my evening whistle and would moment quickening in time till the exbesom. When in the rebound the fingers were getting cramped and palments of supreme exaltation. My come with questioning eyes and looks citement and ecstacy of it carried stern went up in turn, I fell back to sied; my breath was gone to a gasp, heart welled into my eyes in thankful- of expectancy to have their meals. clean out of myself and away from sible, more cruel than the captain's my place breathless and helpless, and yet ever as my strength waned the ness as I drank in the full deep Meanwhile the Bird of Paradise con- all thought of forsaken seas and derethe supercargo, scrambling to his feet desire to shout for succour became the draught of happiness, and yet I was tinued miraculously to float. Many lict ships. By a natural transition made desperately for the companion- a spent animal panting with open I doubted whether the whole thing vey and ascertain the actual damage strathspey or Highland fling. Then for an instant the vessel seem- Even so I panted then with distended agination. It was as if Plato's fan- weather she might still be able to lands in the glee of a harvest home of ed to lie still, but the next she was but voiceless lips. I would have given tastic dream were realized, and after stand, but after the first day it was a gathering on the green of a summer' reeling and dancing like an eggshell a million worlds, had I owned them, ages of immurement in a subterranean obvious that if the crew had not been evening, cheering and urging the dancin a boiling caldron. Now she would for the return of my voice just for cell a man were brought forth to be- cowardly in leaving her they had at ers, whose whirling tails and gleaming rear from the bows, now from the an instant to make one last appeal hold the rising sun for the first time, least been precipitate. But as I grew knees showed the energy of their restern, then tumble on her beam ends, for help that would rise above the Yet the illustration is incomplete, for accustomed to the loneliness-my hope sponse. I could hear the resounding careening till mast and keel must have voice of the storm. But my weakness while Plato's supposititious character keeping strong-I was not sorry they "hoochs" and sharp thumb crackings shaking herself like a thing demented In a sudden darkness the shock of awe I was filled with gladness. with pain, and all the while she cried a tremendous broadside hurled me back creature of Plato's dream would have spy the brig and return. and grouned in every timber with a with a bellvful of salt water. I scrain- veiled his face in terror before the sun's that I might never look on one of them feet in the fury of the fun. Or again terrorizing, human-like sense of the bled up, sputtering, to be hit and majesty. I thrust mine forward in again, Mr. Watson only excepted— it might be a plumed and kilted con pangs of dissolution. I clung to my knocked down again. The second eager and rapturous welcome. bunk with all my feeble might, unable time I rose with greater difficulty, and I had risen from the dead. to discern anything clearly, yet con- clutching dizzly at the porthole, look- was the joyous exuberance of life my strength increased hourly. For or "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu." scious in spite of darkness and terror ed over the weltering flame-lit waste, again. I lived, and that was enough, some time the fever troubled me in the "The Campbells Are Coming," or "E After awhile Mr. Watson came back, den in the scudding mist of spray. In resurrection morn.

ingly for news, for in the tumult I got strangely light, the din fell to a held undisputed sway. Death had lower part of the ship.

I could say nothing, I could do noth- across my throat. Either would have phers-who ask with sapient ing, only lie and listen to the raging ended my tortures quickly, whereas I



hail the quickly ranishing boats. had now to be looking into the face go down, all would be instantly over. I closed my burning eyes, feeling struck into my vitals, and weak as I that ro light would ever more fall on and groping my way them till that light rose that shall world than a morsel of food. Then, slept. But that pang, too, must pass son, but I gnawed with so much

No one heard-at least, though the waves were still leaping. So much was I restored indeed that and swirl as if sucked by the lips of me to no conclusion brief pain as of one choking, a sudden my courage remained good. giddiness fading swiftly into unconbillows would rise and overwhelm us stages of the disease, was now clear. at once, so faithless is man in ex- albeit occasionally rather light.

lish lividness in the swirling chasms after a great while there was a loud port I could get at.

stroking back my hair. "It's got the tempest breaking in at times like the tear nor better to hope than of death, During my peregrinations in the day golden glint of boyhood in it yet," he stiteful screams of congregated de- is a question I cannot arswer. Start, I had found an oil lamp, which, after murmured, and then, lower and very mons exulting in the work of destruct however, I did, with a frightened look careful trimming and lighting, I swung long foamless swell without so much huskily, "Would you like me to pray?" tion. The waves, in certain aspects into the blackness of darkness about from a rope in the centre of the cabin, as a suggestion of the reeling agonies me to see what uncanny thing this On the approach of darkness I light- she had just passed through. out my hand, caught his, and pressed on froth, reared and curled like might be that was disturbing my part- ed it, then lay and waited for the rats. On deck I had my improvised awning ing hour. I could of course see noth- feeling certain they would repeat their of sails and tangled rigging under ing, but presently I understood from visit. Nor was I disappointed. the splashing and squealing that the After awhile I heard a suppressed was not cooking or eating or watching rats were prowling around, and were squeak, then a furtive scraping, and the flying fish. Company would have greatly disgusted at finding the cabin half a minute later a whiskered gen- been grateful, but I had my life, and peep-hole windows when I awoke. Affloor under water. As for me, I was tleman peered cautiously in to see how that was more than company. And as I lay listening to their in- heart, and the two standing just out- complain, and as for society, if it was scried the tiniest black speck-it might terchange of se timents, which to my side the door cocked their heads very wanting, there was none to thwart be a floating hat—between me and the ear seemed to express disappointment, wisely and surveyed the apartment, my humours, thought of the marvellous instinct. Then they retired as if for consulta- A chief part of my pleasure was in excitement. is attributed to rats in regard to sink- the centre of the floor, but catching Roy" was there, and truly it would found myself saying, with quickened

The ship was going down, and they

a prouder head and a better reputation.

Smothered and pelted and tossed, only the tenseness of grip which the fear of death gives to nerve and muscle could have held me in my place.

As often as I had vent I shrieked in competition with the storm—shrieked to the fear of the searce of the searce of the searce of the saved thrilled through my the fifst, the third less than the searce of the s might keep afloat till we should be say the whole company did not numdiscovered. A drowning man clutches ber more than a score, though to judge however, unaccountably achieved fame. at straws, and hope, as the poet says, by the chatter there might have been I had also a publication called "The springs eternal in the human breast, several hundreds. The banquet last. Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Well for us that it is so. The thought that I might be rescued sure the host enjoyed it quite as much familiar to the present generation than kept with me through the long hours of as the guests. Having finished the its Bible. There was likewise an al stant, and headlong into the surging darkness, and when the morning light feast, they slipped quietly away, judg- manac, which I thought might be valu

into the sea or drawn a sharp blade There are those-miserable philoso- t

almost as gently as a mother rocks the cradle of her firstborn. I know not whether it was the pecu liarity of my disease or whether the newborn hope gave such fresh vitality to my system as enabled it to throw the fever off, or whether it was owing gan to improve rapidly.

the first delirium of joy had passe and relapse, but I strove to keep my courage, and the feeling of conva lescence soon returned. My improvement may be judged from the fact that ere long I began' to think there are worse things in the herent cupidity of human nature that "deeper than maging on hands and knees, I discovwere boats alongside, and the officers aid ever plummet sound," coffined in ered a box of biscuits, for happily I drifting into some port. and crew, who looked like demons in the black hulk of the engulfed brig, had ample provisions on board, the profit be honourapiv mine the livid light, were struggling and and no mortal should ever look on my crew at their departure having been it to go to Mr. Matheson? With the grave among the green and slimy more afraid of drowning than of get- should be his, for he owned both ship frenzy of leath, twisting and tugging things that strew the Indian ocean, ting hungry. My fare was rather and cargo. I decided to sell the goods, my no one could mark the place where I posed to suit the taste of a sick per- money report the conduct of

> I wondered why she held so long crippled brig looked, and perhaps hoist affoat. But doubtless she was going a signal of distress. But that proving steadily, if slowly, down. She would an enterprise still beyond my strength sink gradually for awhile, then in the I had another mouthful of fresh air crucial moment, when the flood should and returned to bed. Lying there have gained a proper hold, she would tried to judge of the ship's condition descend headlong with a dizzy gurgle by her movements, but these guided the maelstrom. I could anticipate the might have arrived at without taking

continued to enjoy the boon of fresh udden splash by my berth side, fol- When night fell, I was lonely, but rending, the wicked treble of the be alarmed who had nothing worse to ond night was I doomed to darkness.

ed for fully half an hour, and I am Club," which, I understand, is more ist who could that night have escaped ened. My physical strength increased Next night they returned with in merely a humorous effort, its predic-

creased confidence and good will, and tions never had the least bearing on ndeed every night so long as we re- the weather in the Indian ocean. mained on the brig they came to cheer. Then, when books palled, forth wol heavy weight is swung on behind. I on and to hail the quickly vanishing In the first great burst of joy I won- am confident I could not only have tulidh" (I return no more), again a dered why I should ever have been de- taught them to love me, but to gambol pibroch, opening with the wierd, dirge-

mouth for a little aid in its extremity? were not a vision, a trick of the im- she had sustained or what stress of All the while I was back in the Highwould have been overwhelmed with had gone; indeed as time ran and I was of the men, as well as the panting The still safe my fear was that they might joyful, half-frightened soughs of the and he, I knew, must have perished- pany marching with springy step to

f the swish of water rushing through There were no boats. Either the rea I saw the east kindling with a divine evening, but hope and a good consti- Bonnets Over the Border." had swallowed them, or they were hid- illumination that was as the light of a tution, with a few grains of quinine the wild exultation of the thing up Higher and high-per day, gradually overcame it, and would get to strut about the deck with His face was very white and his man- either case they were lost to me. A er the blaze of glory rose, till the flood within a week I was able to make my as proud a stomach as if I were playner excited. I looked at him beseech- sudden sickness seized me, my head of life had mounted to the zenith and way with comparative case about the ing clansmen into the heart of their could not hope to make myself heard. far off murmur, and slipping my feeble vanished. The world was born anew, It might have been the fifth or sixth Nor was the strutting always enough He did not keep me long in suspense, hold I sank splashing into the water fresh, lusty, jubilant as on that pri- day from the time I was deserted when for, oblivious of physical weakness, "Smashed by the stern!" he shout- on the floor. A period of uncon- mal morning when the Omnipotent I managed to crawl up the companion- often caught myself skipping about it ed, at the vitch of his voice, bending sciousness must have followed, for I said. "Let there be light." When the way, and surely never shall I forget the mazes of a country dance, or leapover me as he held on by the side of remember no more until, half crawling, great orb showed the edge of its flam- the strange, ecstatic feeling that came ing in the Highland sling, or prancin my berth. "The spout hit us, carry- half swimming, and in utter darkness, ing disc, a golden shaft shot straight over me on stepping again into the in the delirium of the sword dance, th

The fury of the pit's let loose conviction of a doom that was not to benediction, a promise of life. Then, knows, to find one's self-the only soul many times I went over "Reel Thula on us. Wind and fire and water, all be averted, no words could tell the as the sun rose slowly, monarch of the on board a derelict ship in the midst chan," and the "Reel of Tulloch," and contending against us. And, worse than awful sense of desolation that fell up- world, and the waves of light, inex- of the ocean, but even with desolation "Chillie Challum," pressibly beautiful and holy, came it was returning life, and I was glad Road to Linton," and "The Auld Wife hoats. Captain's keeping them at it an act of humanity on the part of my out in worship. O God, how sweet is at the head of the stair inhaling the and "The Marquis of Huntley's Farewith the pistol. Keep you still; I'll late companions to have thrown me life after death-paradise after pit! balm, then I turned my attention to well," and "Sleepy Maggy," and such

Toss any craft that ever encountered and and the piper. them into danger, and I dare say they survived a hurricane in the tropics. The exercise usually continued till will find an answer to their silly ques- The jib boom was gone, the broken had to give up from want of breath foremast lay over the side entangled and did me more good than all the With my new-found strength I tried in a mass of shrouds and rigging that physic doctors could have poured into Joy succeeded joy-they yield- were hanging in ribbons, showing that heartens me like the drone of the pipe Then I the blast had caught us unexpectedly humming in my ear, though I fear this thrust out my head well up to the and found us unprepared, and the deck will be reckoned a rude taste by the relong, deep was strewn with wreckage. I could fined young gentlemen who know as meat to the not discover, however, that the hull much about the pianos, which are starving and drink to the parched had suffered very seriously. There were things of mystery to me. Again and again I sucked in the de- sprung planks and boards indeed, the Duncan often declared I had notions licious cordial, feeling its grateful ef- bulwarks were smashed, as well as of music and could make the pipe fects in the uttermost fibres of my part of the after deck, but as these utter emotion and sentiment in a way frame. When I had inhaled till I was injuries were above the water line they that sometimes stirred him, though might not mean much. The most ser- owned I was no hand at the warblers ious damage was to the steering gear. The true piper will stake his life on his which was completely wrecked. The warblers or grace notes. Anybody can brig lay neavily to one side like a ves- play a common tune by sticking simply sel funning close hauled, and she was to the air, but a man must be a born going so slowly that there was scarce piper to introduce variations with skill a ripple at her cutwater. My exam- It is in the management of these that ination increased my hope. So long art lies. as the weather held fair I was safe. My survey finished, I sat down on the to criticise my deficiencies did not

far as I could see, any living thing to ions fairly abhorred them. No soon break the eternal silence. The brig was all alone, "a speck on sky-shut drones for a bit of piping than they wonder if any man ever before sailed then I have learned that nothing jars so utterly alone since Robinson Crusoe I got very soon I began to think how

my face against the glass. I shrieked in the great lull, the lasting quiet that ish that when the first biscuit was perience had not yet taught me the done I took up another; it, too, was folly of speculation. Providence had stant the glass was in shivers, and I I lay very still, for there was no finished. Then I took a drink of wa- decreed that ship and cargo were to was imploring those without not to longer any motive to move. The ter, bathed my hands and head, and be disposed of in a manner that I lit- we were making, or, more correctly. CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

the utter solitude of an unfrequented should they discover us, would make ocean, days, however, not of depression short work of both me and the brig and despair, but of tranquil joy and But, as I have said, I was powerless gratitude, soothing alike to mind and to alter the course, and so had to drif body after the shocks and perils of the on, trusting to Providence for safety. motion, and my own sensations in the them into account—namely, that since tempest. A little while before I could on our larboard quarter, which, for embrace of death. There would be she had floated through the storm have dreaded nothing more than this the first time since I had been left a momentary, involuntary effort to she might continue to float in the calm desolation; it would have seemed hope- alone, pushed the Bird of Paradise to hold back, a gasping for breath, a and that I might still be saved. So less and maddening. But deliver a something of a pace. man from the grave, and the desert That day I passed in a sort of dream, will be to him as a fruitful and umsciousness, and then absolute peace. I suffering somewhat from thirst, which brageous garden. Now indeed, except wished that the ordeal were not so I frequently slaked, but otherwise al- for the loneliness, my situation was one long delayed. I wished that the hur- most free from pain. My head, which that neight have provoked the envy of men who hunt happiness or struggle After the thunderstorm the air was cooler, and when there chanced to be breeze its pervasive and delicious balm was like a foretaste of heaven. rors which had weighed upon me all sky for my sole delight, and the glisten-"If the creatures could only speak tastic humour, I called on him to en- stores were practically untouched, so exercise of sweeping the ocean to see

like the crew of the Bird of Paradise, companied by numerous friends, and of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. I fear the gal- should say it was a a company of rats appeared, and with- vancing, now retiring, and all the time of morality, but his daring Highland would be an impossible piece of all right out ceremony or hesitation leaped into keeping up a running commentary of spirit was captivating, and if he lifted surdity." cattle when he should have been say-I threw a shower of crumbled bis-ing his prayers he did well when his ampanions were doubt- cuit, with which I had provided my- back was to the wall. ' Others also of

self, on the floor, and they made off Sir Walter's books I read, among them Advertise in the Champion.

ness whatever in my presence, but ate Now it was an old air my mother of

Here grew with my growing strength, and the strains of "The Highland Laddi

like tunes, trying not always success wisdom She was as ragged and battered as fully to keep time between the dancer

But since there was none on the bris The the least spoil the pleasure in my own There was not a music. There was but one drawback would they hear me screwing up the rushed off squealing to hide in the darkest recesses of the ship. on the sensitive ear of a rat so muc as the music of the bagpines; he wi go through fire and water to escape i Indeed, in the Highlands when rats ge troublesome it is a common practi to call in a piper to frighten them of and the device never fails. The Bird of Paradise lay dead as log without guidance from helm o impulse from sail, but she kept affoat and that was a reason for thankful the course save vaguely by the stars and as the heavenly bodies had neve contemplation my reckoning was wild

accidents or good fortune of being picked up, I should sooner or later touch somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf. This pleased me little, for I knew the entire region to be infested by bands of pirates, who "I'll take it as a good omen," I said to myself. "If she keeps at that, shall soon arrive-somewhere." I sat on deck that night longer than usual, partly to keep a sharp lookou! partly to enjoy the bracing breeze. could not be called a clear night, bu there was a strange light on the sea half aerial, half phosphorescent, that would have made a sail visible at onsiderable distance had one chance to come that way, which it didn't. About eleven o'clock I went below thing which I did as regularly as said my prayers—turned into bed.

and, having fed my family of rats-a lay long awake, however, with a pre monition that something was going happen. It could not be called a pair ful feeling, rather a vague sense o some impending change that prove important. However, I fe asleep after a time without ance of any sort. The sun was already level with my

horizon. My heart thumped in sudde

ocean, the crew took to the boats, even space of some minutes, they were ac- waif holding his sides at the humours where in the track of civilization

Cratinued