

The captain scrambled to his feet, and stood gasping and staring. "Mr. Herrick, don't startle a man like that!" he said. "I don't seem some-ways rightly myself since . . ." he broke off. "What did you say anyway? Oh, the *Farallone*," and he looked languidly out.

"Yes," said Herrick. "There she burns! and you may guess from that what the news is."

"The *Trinity Hall*, I guess," said the captain.

"The same," said Herrick; "sighted half-an-hour ago, and coming up hand over fist."

"Well, it don't amount to a hill of beans," said the captain, with a sigh.

"Oh, come, that's rank ingratitude!" cries Herrick.

"Well," replied the captain meditatively, "you mayn't just see the way that I view it in, but I'd most rather stay here upon this island. I found peace here, peace in believing. Yes, I guess this island is about good enough for John Davis."

"I never heard such nonsense!" cried Herrick. "What! with all turning out in your favour the way it does, the *Farallone* wiped out, the crew disposed of, a sure thing for your wife and family, and you, yourself, Attwater's spoiled darling and pet penitent!"

"Now, Mr. Herrick, don't say that," said the