

keen, bright eyes saw the tossing water.

On his left, about a mile ahead, he could see the gray smoke of a fire, now mounting as straight as Abel's sacrifice, now floating like a trailing veil, now scattered like a snow flurry. It appeared to come from some habitation among a group of granite rocks, evidently at the end of the table-land.

"A sail! A sail!" he sang, and sped onward with increased might.

Within a quarter-of-a-mile from the rocks, he thought he discerned a hut. The lash of the water was music to his mind, and, mingled with the smacking waves, he fancied he heard the sound of men.

He was so excited, as he neared the hut, that he did not notice a tall, hard-faced man, dressed in rough corduroy, who stepped quickly behind a huge boulder. If the Wayfarer could have seen this watcher's face, as the dark eyes peered wickedly, he would have seen a rock smiling. But his entire thoughts were centered on the hut.

Rude is not the right adjective for this queer building; "hut" is an euphemism. It had the symmetry of an idiot's architecture, and a savage would have disdained it as a home. The Wayfarer studied it with a puzzled, comical air, wondering what strange sort of creature would live in such a place. It was built of pieces of wood of all shapes and sizes, mud, stones and barrel staves. Soil was the mortar cementing this motley material, and weeds and grasses covered it like a moulting beard. One end was rounded like a horse's rump; the other rose to twice the height, giving one side the appearance of a giant's chair. On the roof were many jagged rocks, as big as a strong man might hurl. The door was the most consistent part. This was of knotted oak.

If the Wayfarer had lived in a later age, he would, probably, have instantly recognized in this crazy *tout ensemble* the art of *camouflage*; but

gladness left no room in his brain for speculation, and he glowed as he saw a huge key in the door.

"I am apparently expected," he said in his delight.

He was.

He knocked confidently at the door with his ashplant, and immediately a deep voice cried:

"Come in!"

He pushed open the heavy door, and strode in with the air of a proprietor. He not only strode in, but he strode down; for, no sooner had his foot entered than he felt himself falling through a gap, and he hit with a thud on a hard floor. He heard a swift movement on the floor above, daylight was shut out from him by a massive trap-door which dropped above his head, and the same deep voice cried down to him:

"Now, yer swine, we've got yer at last!"

Many and strange were the dark places in which the Wayfarer had been, but this was the darkest of them all. The blackness smothered him. He groped warily; it was like feeling a way through soot. The air was vile, but, to the prisoner, there was an odour in it that thrilled his pulses. He rubbed a sore knee, and sniffed ecstatically. In many a lurching cabin had he smelled such fumes. Somewhere about him there was rum, and rum in plenty. So powerful were the fumes that they almost satisfied his thirst.

"By all the sunken sailors!" he laughed, "what a jest! Providence, you are a humourist". He pinched his nose. "But, friend nose, though I have an infinite regard for you, you are taking an unfair advantage of your brother mouth. Deny yourself like a true Christian, till I get my breath, or your greediness will make you drunk."

He closed his nostrils, and breathed deeply of the heavy air.

"Tis not the same. For once the sense of smell imparts the more enjoyment."