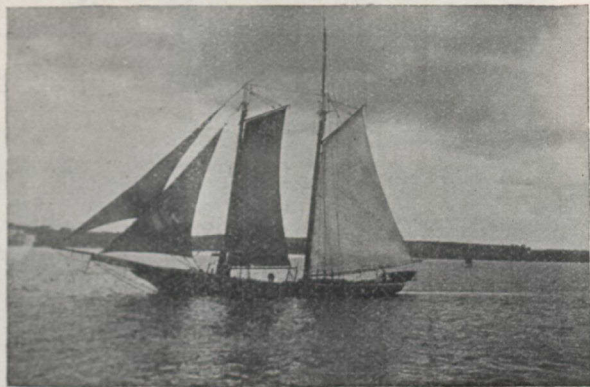


schooners had hauled off from her companion and had anchored considerably nearer the shore.

As we sat round the camp fire that evening comment was freely made as to what was detaining these vessels. It was



laughingly suggested "perhaps they are smugglers," but no one, seriously entertained the thought.

At midnight it was as dark as "Erebus," and the camp lay in apparent peaceful slumber undisturbed by thoughts of lawlessness; the gentle breeze off shore being only just sufficient to cool the air. In one tent, however, there were three young ladies wide awake, aged respectively—I may tell their ages in the strictest confidence—sixteen, eighteen, and twenty; nameless however they must ever remain, as I obtained all my information only after making the most solemn promise of secrecy.

"I believe they are smugglers" said the youngest girl, just loud enough for her two companions to hear. "Listen," again said the girl, "what is that?"

"Oars," said both the other ladies in an excited whisper. They all listened for a moment and the measured sound of muffled oars was faintly but distinctly audible.

The three girls rose from their cots and stood in the door of the tent. Each had hastily wrapped herself in a light white