

# THE SALVAGE OF A SAILOR

## CHAPTER I

### SEA WARFARE

"ALL hands on deck! a-a-all ha-a-a-nds! For God's sake hurry up, or she'll run under stern foremost! Hurry up, you starboard watch!"

Indeed, there was a need for hurry. She, a four-masted sailing ship, the *Megalon*, laden down to her Plimsoll with salt from Liverpool for Calcutta, had been caught aback in one of the worst places in the world, off the "pitch" of the Cape of Good Hope, and the watch on deck, Heaven help them, had about as much value in this emergency as a man trying to push a wagon up a hill. So it was no wonder that the mate tore his lungs in a yell of "All hands!" and beat frantically upon the forecastle door with a belaying pin as a man might locked within a room in a burning house.

Where he stood was the realm of chaos and Old Night. Utter blackness, surging waters, and an elemental roar pervading space; the voice of wind and sea when there is nought to hinder