

The night fell rapidly. The Atlantic howled like a wild beast, and mingled its formidable voice with the whistling of the wind.

One dared not open his mouth, or move a limb in the boat.

Suddenly as the skiff mounted on the top of a wave, a dark mass appeared before it.

"Help, help!" cried John de Ganay, recognizing the ship which he had distinguished two hours previously.

Guyonne rose her head, and uttered a cry of horror.

A ray of the moon had shown her the sardonic face of the pilot Alexis Chedotel, standing at the wing-transoms on the starboard side of the ship.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning there was great joy at the Isle of Sable. A bark of a hundred tons balanced herself coquettishly half a mile from the shore.

Chedotel commanded her.

Five years previously after he had disposed forty individuals on the Isle of Sable, pretending that storms drove him to the coast of Europe, the pilot had brought back William de la Roche to France. The latter had hardly set his foot on shore, than he found himself enveloped in a multitude of difficulties, in the midst of which the Duke de Merceur, who commanded in Brittany, retained him a prisoner for some time. It was not until the end of five years that he was able to relate to the king what had happened to him during his voyage. The monarch, touched with the fate of the unfortunates, abandoned on the Isle of