

JUST THEN

cries of the poor animals locked in their cages, with the smell of fire in their nostrils, were too much for him. In the few days he had been with them, many of them had become like pets in his eyes. "I can't leave them without giving them a chance for their lives!" he exclaimed.

Jumping out of the boat, he ran back into the burning ship. The sailors shouted to him, but as he paid no attention, they thought he was crazy.

Mr. Packlepoose began at the cage nearest the fire and slipped the bolt of every door. Then he went around again and slipped each door open just a little. He did this so it would give each animal a few moments to work the door open and he would have a start to escape. He ran to the forward davits where he had left the boat, but it was gone. The panic-stricken sailors had pulled away and left him on a burning boat filled with wild animals which he, himself, had just released. Dusk was coming on.