

over Sydney now; they'll be tellin' it in N' York before they've done with it. We'll have to change our names and sink the *Heart* to clear ourselves. Well, I'm goin' off fishin'. Gadgett said there was good fishin' from the rocks on the other side of the island. I can't stick here doin' nuthin'. The deck's burnin' my feet."

He rowed ashore with lines and fish that the Chinese had caught for bait. It was five o'clock in the evening, and the *Bertha Mason*, her cargo stowed, was preparing to leave when he returned.

Blood was down below when Harman came tumbling down the companionway. He was flushed, and looked as though he had been drinking, though his legs were steady enough, and there was no smell of alcohol.

"Blood!" shouted Harman. "We're made! Where's your pocketbook? Gimme it! Come on, haste yourself; come with me and try to look like a fool. Gimme the pocket-book, I tell you, and don't ask no questions; I'm fit to burst, and there's no time. They're