
Broken Barriers

see all the rest of your adventures plainly enough.

"Well, I'm done with it all anyway," said Croyden gloomily. "You can do what you like. As for me, I've got a decent suit back there at our camp, and I've got it dried and pressed and I'm going to put it on."

He rose wearily, Edith standing beside him.

"What's more, Borus," he said, "I'll tell you something. This island is not uninhabited at all."

"Not uninhabited!" exclaimed Clara and Edith together. I saw each of them give a rapid look at her goat skin suit.

"Nonsense, Croyden," I said, "this island is one of the West Indian keys. On such a key as this the pirates used to land. Here they careened their ships——"

"Did what to them?" asked Croyden.

"Careened them all over from one end to the other," I said. "Here they got water and buried treasure; but beyond that the island was, and remained, only the home of the wild gull and the sea mews——"