

shrill, fierce cry, he darted out straight across the flats toward the head of the cove.

"He'll get away after all," remarked Reube.

"Get away; indeed!" muttered Will. "It's in the very thick of the honey pots he'll be in less than half a minute, or I'm much mistaken. There!"

As he spoke, Gandy was seen to throw himself violently backward. It was just in time. As he tore himself by a mighty wrench from the engulfing slime he struggled to his feet, swerved to one side, and ran on,

Reube drew a long breath of relief; and Will said, dispassionately:

"That was well done. It was sharp."

Just then the *Dido* ran up on the sand, and stopped with a shock that would have pitched Will overboard if he had not grasped the mast.

"Now we've done it, Reube!" he exclaimed. "We're aground hard and fast, just when there's no longer any need of