

## 18 THE SALVAGE OF A SAILOR

sky, dived below to find that his steward, good fellow, had a scalding cup of coffee awaiting him as if he had timed his descent to a minute.

"Thanks, steward; what about Mort?"

"Well, he ain't dead, sir, an' that's about all I can say. I made him as comfortable as I could without handlin' him too much, for it seemed to me as if all his bones was broken. But he didn't seem to take no notice o' what I did."

The captain took three strides into the cabin where Mort lay, and choking down a certain feeling of nausea began to feel the wretched body. "Steward!" he cried presently, "bring a bit of paper and a pencil. Have you got it? All right, then. Enter: five ribs broken, two right, three left; right leg broken in two places; both arms broken, and many bad bruises. That's all."

"Now I want all the thin boards you've got, and all the bandages out of the medicine chest, besides one of my sheets. I think that will do for the present."

And then began a scene of surgery to stagger any surgeon: the handling of such a number of comprehensive injuries in a dimly lighted cabin and under the most awkward conditions imaginable, while as for the septic surroundings, the