

a flask of wine, on the table in front of him. The others sat about him, and a fountain splashed behind them in the shadow.

"A very little of this will make me well," he said. "In fact, it is already a trifle difficult to believe that I could scarcely lift myself in my berth a few days ago. I think it was the sight of Gomera that cured me. You see, I was a little doubtful about Austin finding the Canaries, and when they came to tell me they could see the Peak, Wall-eye, who was watching me, ran out."

"What was he watching you for?" asked Muriel.

"To see I didn't get up. I had my chance then, and I crawled out of my berth. I believe I fell over several things before I got out on deck, and then I knew we were all right at last. There was the Peak—high up in the sky in front of us, with Gomera a blue smudge low down at its feet. We ran in under the lee, and, because they were played out, and Tom had trouble with his engines, stayed there three days."

He stopped a moment, with a little laugh. "I think Austin was 'most astonished as I was to find he'd brought her home. He'd been running four or five days on dead reckoning, and wasn't much more than a hundred miles out."

"I wonder where he is," said Brown

Jefferson looked a trifle perplexed, and it was evident that others of the party had asked themselves the same question, for there was a moment's silence until Muriel spoke.

"If he doesn't come soon I shall feel very vexed with him; but we want to hear how you got the steamer off," she said.

Jefferson commenced his tale diffidently, but, because Austin had worked in the sombre background—more ef-