

At this moment a black cloud, fringed with red, concealed the sun.

"The cape at the north-east, monseigneur, the cape at the north-east!" exclaimed Philip, without attempting to disguise his emotion.

John de Ganay gave such a push to the rudder fixed behind him, that he broke the plank which held it. At the same instant a dull roaring noise was heard in the distance.

The sailor betook himself to his oars.

Two successive squalls whistled in the air.

"My God," said Guyonne, supporting herself against the viscount who put his arms about her by that instinct with which we all struggle against danger, even when the struggle is fruitless.

"Is it necessary to assist you, Philip?" said the equerry.

Malificieux did not hear him, a new squall having precipitated against the skiff mountains of water.

"Cling fast to the seat!" exclaimed Francœur.

Fortunately the waves passed by their side.

Disengaged from its veil, the sun cast a parting glance at the angry sea.

"A ship! I see a ship!" exclaimed Guyonne.

In point of fact, a vessel was in sight.

"Ah, we are saved! she is steering towards the Isle of Sable," said the viscount, who had already forgotten the danger to which he was exposed.

Philip remained silent; all his efforts were necessary to maintain the equilibrium of the skiff.