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*New Nonsense Novels*

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"The ship struck a rock, and blew out her four funnels——"

"Ours did too," I nodded.

"The bowsprit was broken, and the steward's pantry was carried away. The captain gave orders to leave the ship——"

"It is enough, Croyden," I said, "I see it all now. You were left behind when the boats cleared, by what accident you don't know——"

"I don't," said Croyden.

"As best you could, you constructed a raft, and with such haste as you might you placed on it such few things——"

"Exactly," he said, "—a chronometer, a sextant——"

"I know," I continued, "two quadrants, a bucket of water, and a lightning rod. I presume you picked up Clara floating in the sea."

"I did," Croyden said, "she was unconscious when I got her, but by rubbing——"

"Croyden," I said, raising the shovel again, "cut that out."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's all right. But you needn't go on. I