

## THE WILDERNESS CASTAWAYS

the last case of provisions had been lowered into the hold, the last lighter-load of coal stowed into the bunkers, steam was up, and the staunch little Newfoundland steamer *North Star*, riding at anchor in Sydney harbor, had been ready to sail for three hours, and for three hours Captain Bluntt had been impatiently awaiting orders to get under way.

Two clean-cut, smooth-shaven, alert young men of thirty or thereabouts were standing at the port rail aft. Their sun-tanned faces marked them as men accustomed to out-of-door life, and their sinewy, muscular frames and keen but good-humored eyes proclaimed health and genial dispositions. They were intently, and with visible impatience, watching a wharf from which a boat was putting off. As the little craft shot out into the open one of them raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes, studied it for a moment, and announced:

"There he is at last! Here, take a look through the glass, Ainsworth," and he passed the binoculars to his friend.

"Yes, that's he," said Ainsworth, after a moment's observation, "and, Remington, he's