

CHAPTER XXX

JACINTA CAPITULATES

THE *Carsegarry* was not a fast vessel. Like most of the ocean tramp species, she had been built to carry the largest possible cargo on a very moderate consumption of coal, and speed was a secondary consideration. She had also been in the warmer seas for some time, with the result that every plate beneath her water-line was foul, and as she fell in with strong northwest breezes, she was an unusually long while on the way to Liverpool. Austin was thus not astonished to find a letter from Jefferson, written four or five days after he left Las Palmas, waiting him at Farquhar's brokers, which made it evident that his comrade had got to work again.

He smiled a trifle grimly as he read it, for he fancied that its optimistic tone had cost Jefferson—who alluded to his apprehensions about his arm very briefly—an effort, for the fact that he was asked to cable as soon as he had seen a doctor appeared significant. The rest of the letter concerned financial affairs.

"We have had a rough preliminary survey, and the result is distinctly encouraging," he read. "After making a few temporary repairs I expect to bring her on to Liverpool, and there is every reason to believe we can dispose of her for a good round sum. I could have got £10,000, ex-cargo, as she lies here. Palm oil, it also appears, is scarce and dear, at up to £30 the ton, from which it seems to me that