

PRISONERS OF THE SEA

"*L'Espérance !*" echoed Madame de Langres. "Are we all dreaming? Surely this seems to be too wonderful a thing to belong to the waking world."

"Look, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Winters, catching at the arm of the young Huguenot. "Do you see that?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to the end of a heavy cable which was hanging from the bow. "It's her hawser, sir, and it wasn't cut many hours since!"