

when the sight of an approaching vessel would have been the assurance of escape from something worse than this, of course; but their situation now, though not perilous, was monotonous, and wearisome, and doleful, and altogether miserable; and so they naturally hailed this new appearance with shouts of joy.

But how to get to her was now the question.

How? Easily enough. Had not the landlord already suggested a way? Had he not promised to furnish them with a boat, with which they might board any passing vessel? Boats there were, in plenty, along the shore, and any one of these would suffice for their purpose. There was no time to lose. The schooner was coming quickly on, borne by wind and tide; they must make haste.

And they did make haste.

Hurrying back to the inn, they acquainted the landlord with the new state of affairs. That worthy, though loath to lose his lodgers, was still honest and sympathetic enough to use all energy towards furthering their desires, and proposed at once to take to the boat. As for the boys, they all felt perfectly sure that this schooner would take them; and so they insisted on paying their bills and taking a final leave of the inn.

The boat was launched without any trouble, and soon was passing over the waters, impelled by oars in the hands of Bruce, Arthur, Bart, and Tom. The schooner came on, nearer and nearer, and finally came within hail.