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The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

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"The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS. —CHAPTER VI.

RELEASE AND RETRIBUTION.

GREAT was the bustle and excitement at the wreckers' quarters on Sable Island. The day was peculiarly favorable to embarking, such a day as might not happen once in a month.

The ocean slept in a glassy calm, the tireless billows rolled tamely up the beach instead of bursting upon it with their wonted fury, the still air felt soft and warm. But the very beauty of the day was a portent of approaching change, for it was what the sea-faring folk call a "weather-breeder," because such halcyon days are always followed by gloom and storm.

None knew this better than the wreckers, learned as they were in the lore of wind and cloud and sea, and they made all haste to transfer themselves, and the booty they had accumulated during their winter's sojourn, to the schooner ere evening should come, and with it the inevitable storm.

In a state bordering close upon frenzy, Eric watched the work going on. No one seemed to notice him, save that several times he caught Evil-Eye regarding him with a look of exultant triumph that was simply fiendish, and made the poor boy shiver as though smitten with ague.

Ben, who had his own interests to care for, cheered him a bit by laying his hand kindly upon his shoulder as he passed, and saying, in an encouraging tone:

"Don't be down-hearted, lad. I'll stand by ye."

But the work of removal was almost complete, and still his fate was uncertain. No hint had he as to whether he would be taken or left behind, only another boat-load of stuff remained, and in the boat that came for this were Ben and Evil-Eye and the captain of the schooner. Eric stood near the landing-place with Prince at his side, and he knew that his future hung upon what might be decided during the next few minutes.

The boat was laden, the crew stood ready to launch her into the breakers, and now came the critical moment. How far the matter had been discussed already Eric did not know. He saw Ben draw the Captain aside, and engage him in earnest conversation, while Evil-Eye hung about as though he burned to put in a word. His heart ceased to beat as he watched the Captain's face. Evidently he was not unmoved by Ben's arguments, whatever they were. His countenance betrayed that he was wavering—that his opposition was weakening.

With rising hope Eric noticed this. So too did Evil-Eye, but with different feelings. He thought



IN THE DEEP SHADOW HE CREPT WITH THE QUIETNESS OF A CAT.