

these dangerous shoaling seas, we dropped anchor. Within half-an-hour it was dark.

"Great Cæsar! Look there!" suddenly cried the American. "I guess things are getting lively on board that boat."

We looked and beheld a truly weird and terrible sight. The cutter was on fire, and great sheets of flame were rolling up from her decks, causing the hull and white sails to stand out with spectral effect. She burned so quickly and fiercely that in a few minutes the sea was lit up all around for miles, and the glare was reflected in the heavens, flickering ominously like the play of lightning in a tropical thunderstorm. It was an awe-inspiring scene.

"Mr. Jiggers," I cried; "there's that wretched man Grimes aboard. Don't you think we should try and get him off."

"And save him for the scaffold? Well, if you wish it we might try; but I'm afraid we'll arrive much too late. Look, there he is!"

Clearly silhouetted against the shaft of flame we could see the figure of a man standing close by the taffrail of the cutter. As we looked the flames seemed to envelop him in their fiery folds. There was a loud ex-