

In about half an hour Solomon summoned them below, where he laid before them a breakfast that cast into the shade Tom's most elaborate meal on the island. With appetites that seemed to have been growing during the whole period of Tom's absence, the joyous company sat down to that repast, while Solomon moved around, his eyes glistening, his face shining, his teeth grinning, and his lips moving, as, after his fashion, he whispered little Solomonian pleasantries to his own affectionate heart. At this repast the boys began a fresh series of questions, and drew from Tom a full, complete, and exhaustive history of his island life, more particularly with regard to his experience in house-building, and housekeeping; and with each one, without exception, it was a matter of sincere regret that it had not been his lot to be Tom's companion in the boat and on the island.

After breakfast they came up on deck. The wind had at length changed, as Captain Corbet had prophesied in the morning, and the sky overhead was clear. Down the bay still might be seen the fog banks, but near at hand all was bright. Behind them Ile Haute was already at a respectful distance, and Cape Chignecto was near.

"My Christian friends," said Captain Corbet, solemnly, — "my Christian friends, an dear boys: Agin we resoom the thread of our eventfool vyge, that was brok of a suddent in so onparld a manner. Agin we gullide o'er the foamin biller like a