
ached the attentive
right, I am coming."

oop of the *Lightning*
ready in the evening
made a steely glitter

Lingard with folded
approached him and

night is coming on.
e Shoals, Sir? "

ou may fill the main
relapsed into silence
rn board where the
ward the setting sun.
again.

head, Sir," he said in

n with a deep tremor
er of an uprooted tree.
hen you lost sight of

wered Carter. " Will
e night, Sir? "
e spoke, but his voice