

awoke one day, "I dreamt," said he, "that there was a ship!" That night, sleeping or waking, he raved of a ship that had come to take them away. The third morning after, he opened his eyes, and looked into his comrade's face with ominous recovery of intelligence. "Has it come?" he asked, eagerly. "The ship?"

"No, you dreamed it, Giffen," returned Fenton, with a tender passion unalloyed by self-pity.

"My luck," said Giffen. He gasped, and made a mechanical effort to rise. He gave a sort of cry, and fixed a stare of wild demand on Fenton, who caught him in his arms.

Fenton covered up the dead face with a branch of palm, and walked giddily out into the sun. It was rising, a red, rayless ball, and against this disk the figure of a ship seemed printed. He passed his hand over his eyes, and when he took it away the spectre remained. He thought he saw a boat lying at the lagoon beach, and her crew advancing up the sand toward him, men with friendly, home-like faces. They wavered and glided in the vision his watch-worn eyes reported to his reeling brain.

Then one of them called out to the wild figure with matted hair, and long beard, and haggard eyes, that had stopped as if with the impulse to turn and fly, "Hallo!"

A shudder went through Fenton as he stayed himself, and faced the men again. He could not speak, but the men waited. At last, "For God's sake," he gasped, "are you something in a dream?"

"No," replied the leader, with slow gentleness, as if giving the idea consideration. "We're a boat's crew from the whale-ship *Martha Brigham*, of New Bedford, come ashore to see what that smoke means. Who are you?"

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