

SOMETHING HAPPENED

Mr. Packlepoose and Zeno only laughed, and *The Petrel* had to stop to pick up her customs official, by which the Circus-ship gained several minutes. Meanwhile the skies grew darker, the wind rose and Erie quickly lashed herself into an angry mood. The men on *The Petrel* were evidently angry, too, and now determined to run down the Circus-ship, if they had to chase her clear to the south shores of the lake.

A couple of hours passed before *The Petrel* regained her position and by this time the storm began to rage so furiously that she lost sight of her prey. The heavens were almost as black as night, the wind shrieked in wild glee, and *The Petrel* bobbed about like a toy boat. Nevertheless she held to her course, her captain hoping that the Circus-ship might be driven back into Canadian waters and that, when the weather lifted, *The Petrel* might be between the American shore and the American boat.

Thunder raged and lightning flashed. A