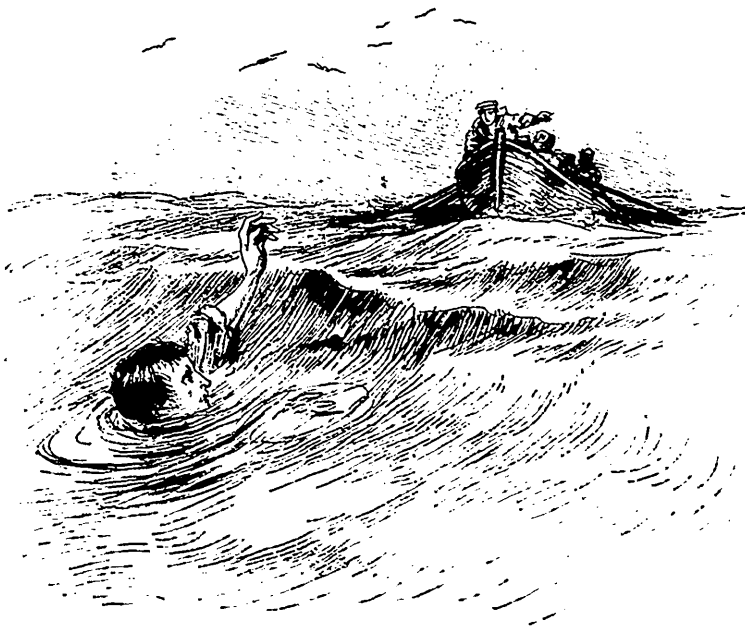


upon, sir, except the look in Cookson's eyes, and how I knew he had tried to set Ju against me; and it wasn't enough to accuse him on," replied Martin.

That evening Cookson was subjected to a severe examination from the captain and lieutenant, but nothing could be elicited from him. A reward was offered for the discovery of the boy, or of any definite tidings of him; for it was felt that nothing more could be done in the way of searching for him from the ship, and the *Niobe* would sail on the following day.

was manned and pushed off. As they pulled ahead they could see that the boy was getting fainter and fainter in his movements. "He's down!" exclaimed one. "Pull, boys," and the speaker stood up ready to dive; but before he could do so the body appeared again on the surface and was hauled into the boat, which put back to the ship.

Ju—for it was indeed he—seemed for an instant to recover consciousness: he looked about him, but with a vacant eye, seemed to wish to speak,



"PULL, BOYS!"

One bell had just been struck the next morning when one of the watch looking towards the shore saw standing on the beach a boy's figure apparently clad in the man o' war's uniform. He brought his glass to bear on him; there could be no doubt about it. The boy was undressing, and he watched him plunge into the water. He noted how faint and weak were the strokes he took, and immediately pointed the boy out to the officer of the watch. "I'm thinking it may be the boy Dove, sir."

In the twinkling of an eye a boat

and then relapsed again, and in this senseless condition was carried below.

Martin would fain have accompanied him and remained by his side, but he was sent back, and spent a miserable time until, meeting the doctor, he begged for news of his friend.

"Don't look so miserable, my boy," said the doctor kindly. "He won't die, I hope, though the lad is seriously ill. Where can he have been all this time?"

"What is the matter with him now, sir?"

"There is a nasty blow on his head,