

lying covered up in it, probably as a watchman, but no doubt sound asleep at the time.

Starting back, Clum struck with his paddle, giving the savage so hard a blow that he fell into the water. But he rose and shouted again. Rummy sprang to that side, and struck at the Indian in the water. The raft canted violently, and both came near being thrown off. The Indian swam out of their reach.

"Quick with your knife!" cried Rummy. "Cut that rope!"

Clum contrived to do so, and they pulled on, but the boat kept bumping rocks for some distance. Immediately, too, they heard shouts and other noises on the crags near by; also the splash of stones thrown after them, at a venture, for it was impossible to see anything, even one's hand before his eyes, in the rain and darkness.

Thus they floated on for some distance, both standing near the forward end of the raft, guiding it.

At length Clum said, "Let's look to Pleem," whom, for the time being, they had almost forgotten, in the excitement of the passage through the strait. They felt their way back to the hinder end of the raft, where Frost had been placed. To their dismay, they did not find him there!

"He isn't here!" muttered Clum, in low tones.

"He's fell off!" echoed Rummy. "Clum, he slid off when the raft canted so, 'way back there!"

Clum uttered a cry of distress and horror, and seizing his paddle, began to turn the raft round.

"It's no use, Clum," said Rummy. "He's sunk and drowned long ago. We couldn't find him. He never swum a stroke."

"O Rummy, this is awful!" cried Clum, bursting into tears. "Poor Pleem! Poor Pleem!"

Toward morning the rain abated, though it still continued thick, cloudy, foggy, and dark as Erebus. They paddled steadily on, and after a time heard the roar of billows ahead.

"Hark!" Rummy said. "It's either 'old briny' or another lake. Oh, how I hope it is the sea!"

"I'm afraid it aint the sea," said Clum, "for the water here is fresh; I've just tasted it."

The lake, so far as they could see in such thick weather, extended off to southeast, and they were able to beat out upon it. They were so hungry as to chew the breast meat of a raw duck they had caught, and meantime sailed on, going they had now little idea whitherward.

The wind fell after a time, and left them tossing about. But soon the fog lifted; it brightened and a northerly breeze filled their sail. As the sky cleared, they saw an island ahead; then the west shore, with mountains rising in the distance, and ere long the eastern shore, still more distant, with much loftier mountains.

After fully two hours' sailing, they came near what they first took to be the foot of the lake; but on nearer approach they found that a great bay opened south-westerly, round the head of a rocky promontory, while on the east shore there was low, fertile land, studded with fine clumps of timber.

Here they landed to search for berries and anything else eatable, being nearly famished. After ranging about for some time, they came upon a wild cherry-tree and a thicket of wild gooseberries, off both of which they gathered a full supply, but took the utmost care about the cherry-stones; for Rummy firmly believed that these were the more or less direct cause of the fit which led to Frost's death.

They pushed off, made sail again, and bore away down the bay, heading southwest. The wind continued strong from the north, and in an hour they had run down to the foot of the bay.

"We'll leave the raft here and climb to the hill yonder," said Rummy. "Seems as if we must see 'old briny' from there, for, of course, the sea must be somewhere that way."

They were already within a few hundred yards of the shore, and just passed the point of a little projecting knoll with trees on it, when a loud outcry broke upon their ears.

"Good heavens, Rummy, only look at the In-

dians, and the canoes, too!" cried Clum, aghast.

Just round this little wooded point, was a whole encampment of natives. The savages had seen the raft, perhaps had been watching it for a long time. Even as the boys stared, in their first surprise, not less than ten large canoes were putting off, with a score or two of warriors, swinging their bolas and shouting exultingly.

"Bout ship!" Clum cried. "Let's beat out o' here."

Rummy gave a sharp look around. "No use," said he "ain't room. Can't get out. Wind's too strong."

"Then what'll we do?" cried Clum, trembling.

"Got to fight," said Rummy, picking up the gun-barrel. "I'll be our last battle, Clum," he added, his voice faltering a little. "They're too many for us this time. But those rascals shan't capture me without working for it!" he exclaimed, with a sudden flash of rising temper.

They let the catamaran bowl ahead before the wind, to go at full speed among the canoes and ashore, and like two plucky lads of the old time that they were, made ready as good a defence as they could. In a moment more they were close down upon the canoes.

A tremendous shout rose, and whiz, whiz, came three or four bolas—when an Indian in one of the nearest canoes suddenly called out and waved his hand to them.

#### FRIENDS AND SAFETY.

"Como! Como! How-do! how-do!" he exclaimed. "Homblanco! Hite man!" All the others, too, stopped short and stared at the raft.

"Why, Rummy, that's Pablo, one o' them Picunchees that went with us!" cried Clum. "Don't you see! Don't you know him?"

In a minute the Picunchees were about them; they recognized not only Pablo, but a dozen others of this friendly tribe.

The young sailors had now but one question to ask of the Picunchees, and that was about the brig. With every sign they could invent they sought to learn if it was still in the bight. Seeing their earnestness, the Indians laughed. To tease them, probably, several shook their heads, and pointed far away.

"She's gone!" groaned Clum.

"She's sailed and left us!" echoed Rummy; and then tears came into the eyes of both.

"We shall never see home again," said Clum. "We shall die and lay our bones here in this heathen country, as that poor Ackley did. We might's well go and live in his old hut the rest of our days."

Rummy said not a word but stood there the image of sorrow. Then the roguish Indians burst out in a loud horse-laugh—at sight of their woebegone faces. Pablo heard it and came up to ask what it was about. They told him in great glee. Then he turned to the boys, and nodding very fast and joyously, and by signs, gave them to understand that the brig was still on the coast.

They knew not now what to believe, but getting Pablo to point out the course to them, set off to learn for themselves. The distance over the hills to the coast was six or seven miles; but there was a native trail, and so anxious were the poor fellows, that they ran nearly all the way, till, reaching a little headland overlooking the bay, they saw, to their infinite joy, the old *Xerxes*, still riding at anchor there.

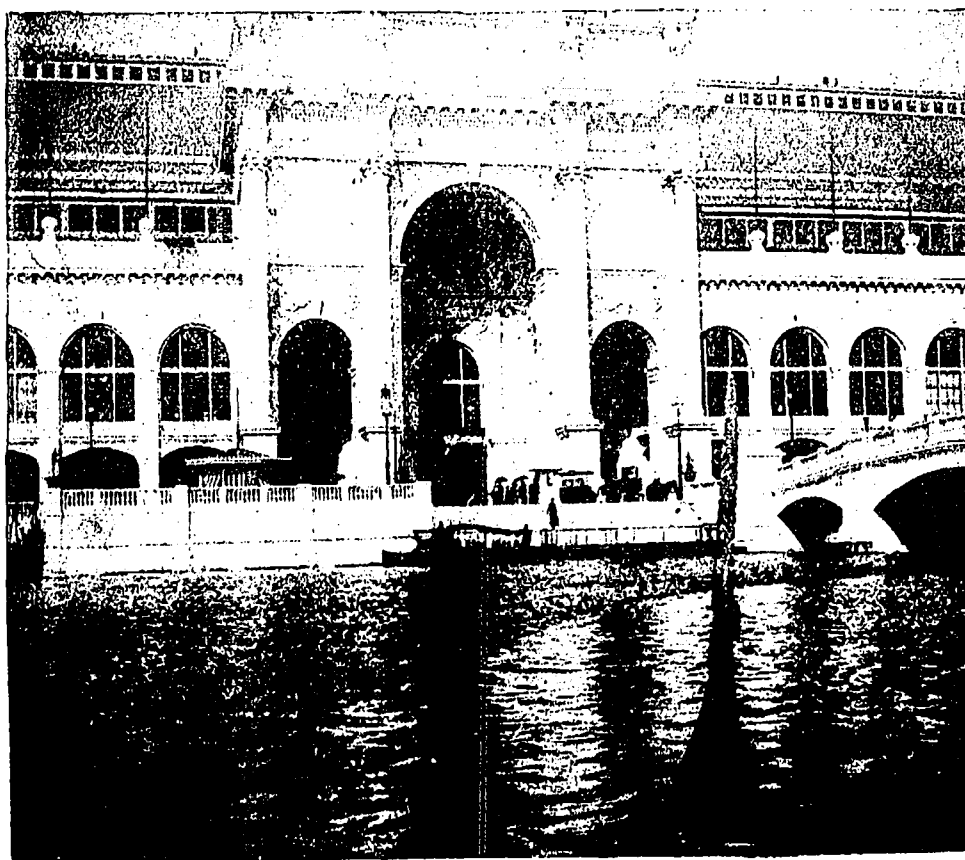
In half an hour more they were aboard, and were greeted by their shipmates as men from the grave.

That night Capt. Dustin made the following entry in his log-book—*March 17*. "This day Columbus Lovewell and Arumah Brown, two of ye sailors who were reported to be killed while ashore, by ye Patagonians, came aboard in sorry condition. Costello did not tell ye truth. None of ye party were killed at ye time he told us. Hence I have ordered him to be seized and flogged with ye cat. Of ye four missing men three, to wit, Valorous Hobbs, the mate, Ebenezer Hartley and Lyman Stowell, the supercargo, were killed in an affray with ye savages, two days afterwards, and ye fourth, Pleem Frost, was drowned four days later. So, at least, say ye two sailors. I give myself great reproach for their untimely demise."

Thus ended the first trip by Americans to the *Manzanillos grandes*, or the great natural apple orchards of Patagonia.

(THE END.)

THE "hock" in fowls is the part at the first joint above the toes, or, in other words, the place on the leg where the feathering stops. If the feathers project at this point and are large and stiff, the bird is said to be "vulture hocked," as vultures have similar appendages.



EAST CENTRAL ENTRANCE OF THE MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING.