

The "Water-Witch"

too, but he did not make a success of it. Fact is, he got killed for his trouble. It makes me quite ill to think of the amount of blood and tears you have on your conscience."

A shiver went through H. P. Blizzard's bowed frame. He swallowed hard and glanced at his son with haggard eyes.

"Who is the woman?" he asked.

"Mr. Wentworth's daughter," replied John.

"Do you mean to try to hold us prisoners aboard this wreck?" asked the father.

"We mean to do just that," replied the son.

The other laughed derisively.

"Why, you young fool, I'll have an armed tug up here inside ten days," he cried. "Then what will become of your precious friends?—or of you, for that matter?"

John smiled. "The coastal steamers don't come within sight of this harbour," he said. Then he turned to the bridge and produced a revolver. "Captain Murphy," he shouted, "come here."

The captain came, accompanied by Sol Mitch.

"Murphy, who is the owner of this yacht?" queried John.

"Why, sir—for that matter—you are the owner," replied the captain, disjointedly. "But