

eye dwelt upon the last waning shred of her gleaming disc till all had disappeared, and the darkness was complete.

But no! The moon had disappeared; yet her path remained a trailing glory over the waters still! The darkness should have been complete; yet whence came that gleam that swept out over the crests of the billows? Yes. Evidently that light swept *outwards* not *inwards*. It came, not from the point where the vanished moon had sunk beneath the horizon; it came from some hidden source underneath his feet. What new mystery was here?

"Aha! *Mordieu!* I have it!" cried Delaval aloud, and triumphing in some sudden inspiration, he instantly commenced the descent. Somewhere down the face of that scarp'd rock he was sure of finding the secret of that strange gleam.

Awfully perilous he felt the undertaking to be. Still, he was resolved to go through with it. First came the incline; then the incline became a steep; the steep became a wall; the wall hollowed inwards into a vaulted dome. Descent seemed impossible. To attempt it was madness. Yet he never hesitated.

Carefully he crawled backwards and downwards, feeling his way at every step. The incline was passed; it had changed into the steep.

With his poniard in one hand, and his stout pocket-knife in the other, he began to let himself down, bit by bit, never loosening the one till he had firmly bedded the other in some crevice within his reach.

Thus little by little, and inches at a time, did he ease himself down over the steep, and down the wall-like face of the precipice, until at last he arrived at a spot where his feet could find no further hold. What now? He had come to the hollow.

All at once it flashed across him how, from the other side of the Bay, he had once noted, at about his present distance from the summit, a cavity; that cavity, which is named in the parlance of the country, "The Dog's Eye."

How to manage his descent from the beetling eyebrow into the hollow of the eye?

Clinging tightly to his firmly fixed jack-knife with the one hand, with the other he unloosed his waist-belt. Then thrusting his poniard through the clasp, he struck it into a crack of the rock as far down as he could reach. Cautiously drawing himself upwards