

no worse; a seafarer of such a low type that to call him a sailor was a sort of blasphemy, and his only worthy characteristic a certain animal-like ability to endure cold and hunger and thirst without these privations having much effect upon him. He stood huddled with, and undistinguishable from, his shipmates, all of whom were prepared to endure, but certainly to shirk doing whatever could by any means be avoided, when like a suddenly erected hill there arose upon the port side an enormous mass of black water which curved inboard silently, fatefully, until it broke in a terrible overwhelming flood. There was silence, such pitiful ejaculations as might have been heard under other conditions being dumbled by elemental uproar, until after a few year-long seconds the *Megalon*, still staunch, heaved her sorely battered hull clear of the sea. Then it was discovered that the human portion of her equipment still existed, clinging bat-like, lizard-like to various portions of her, some of them slightly damaged, but all—no! “Where’s Dick?” queried a voice.

“Oh, he’s all right!” sneered the mate; “in his bunk most likely, if he ain’t stowed away somewhere dodgin’ Pompey as usual. Still, better make sure after a sea like that. Dick! Dick Mort!!”