

Those natives who saw it rushed, shrieking madly, up the hills.

On and on it came with appalling swiftness and more and more noise, twenty feet high, and then, sliding over the shore, carried all before it. Only those who were on high enough ground were saved to tell the awful tale.

Rudd listened in horror. A tidal wave. That was the end of the Front for him. At any moment one might come; and then . . .

Mrs. Sergison noticed his white panic-stricken face and called on her husband to stop; but the mischief was done. Rudd could never forget it.

It was in vain that it was explained to him that such upheavals were caused by earthquakes or volcanoes under the sea, and that there were no earthquakes or volcanoes in our parts; he clung to his fear. Not only did he refuse to descend the hill to the sea, but he refused to look at the sea from the heights lest the great advancing green wall of water might at that moment come into view, with its roaring, foaming crest, advancing, advancing, to drown every one down there on that perilous shore.

Anything almost was better than such a death as that.

He thought of all the performers who would be submerged for ever; but most of all poor Don Patos. The niggers might get away, the big negro certainly would; but how could the Don escape with only one leg?