

closer to him. "Dear, noble wife, she thought I was dead."

There was a long silence.

The sick man partly sat up. "Carl, kiss me," he said, faintly. "Do not tell her you have seen me, it will only grieve her. My poor wife, take care of her, Carl."

He fell heavily backwards.

"Father, father!" the boy sobbed, twining his arms around the prostrate form.

The captain's eyes were glazing, his face was drawn and white, and a shudder shook his massive frame—then he lay still. Captain Price was dead.