

from the foremast. I don't know how many I saw go. It was like a theatric effect, unreal, unconvincing incredible. The end fitted it."

Darrow's eye roved. It fell upon a quaintly modelled ship, hanging above the door.

"What's that?" he cried.

"Fool thing some Malay gave me," grunted Trendon. "Pretended to be grateful because I cut his foot off. No good. Go on with the story."

"No good? You don't care what happens to it?"

"Meant to heave it overboard before now," growled the other.

Someone handed it down to Darrow.

"If I had something to hold enough water," muttered he, "I'd like to float it. I'd like to see for myself how it worked out. I'd like to see that devil-work in action."

He spoke feverishly.

"Boy, fill the portable rubber tub in Mr. Forsythe's cabin and bring it here," ordered the captain.

"That will do," said Darrow, recovering himself.

He floated the model in the tub.

"Now, I don't know how this will come out," he said. "Nor do I know why the *Laughing Lass* met her fate under Ives and McGuire, and not before. Perhaps the chest lay open longer . . . long enough, anyway. We'll try it."

From his pocket he took a curious small phial.

"Is that what Dr. Schermerhorn gave you?" asked Slade.

"Yes," said Darrow. He set it carefully inside the