

her. As he stood looking at the face of the poor wretch who had twice betrayed him to despair, and who, at last, in this supreme moment, had fallen helpless across the only avenue of escape that remained to him, he trembled with a strong temptation. He turned away and went down to the lagoon beach where the boat swung at anchor, and the sail, on which he had worked late the night before, lay on the sand ready to be stepped. The boat lightly pulled at its moorings on the falling tide, and he felt the strain as if it had been anchored in his heart. He drew it to the shore; he stepped the mast and ran up the sail, which filled and tugged in the morning breeze. He dropped it again and went back to Giffen.

As the days passed, he waded with the sick man, and brought him the water he craved and the food he loathed; there was nothing else to be done. One night, Giffen roused himself from the torpor into which he had remained sunken for the most part, and asked: "Did you ever hear that people were not afraid to die when they came to it?"

"I've heard that—yes," said Fenton.

"I just happened to think of it; because this is the first time since I can remember, that I wasn't afraid. I was awfully afraid to stay with you on that rock when the captain's boat went away; but I ain't sorry for it now. No, sir, you've behaved to me like a white man from the start; and now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I'm all right here—or I *will* be pretty soon, I reckon—and I don't want you to lose any more time. The boat's ready, and now's your last chance. Don't you mind me; I'd only bring you bad luck, anyway. If you land, or a ship picks you up, you can come back and see how I'm getting along."

What had been Fenton's temptation became the burden of the sick man's delirium, and he frantically urged him to go while there was still time. He seemed to wear this notion out through mere iteration, and at last, when he