

**PERRY DAVIS**  
**Painkiller**  
The Home Remedy

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**CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA**

APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT**

**Happiness At Last, Loyalty Recompensed.**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Presently little Maude ran from among the women and came to his side, and stole her hand into his. "I'm not afraid!" she said. "Least, I am afraid, but I won't cry, Lord Gaunt."

He put his hand upon her head. "That's right, Maude, dear," he said. "There's not much use in crying, is there? And it's very likely that we shall all be laughing again presently."

The vessel still rocked in the same curious way, and the peculiar motion told Gaunt what had happened.

The "Pevensey Castle" had drifted on to a rock or a sand bank, and was swaying to and fro on a pivot as the seas struck her.

Ages seemed to pass while he stood there, holding the crowd by the power of his eye and voice; but presently he heard the captain's step on the stairs, and he opened the door and admitted him. The captain took in the situation at a glance.

"Thank you, my lord," he said, calmly and quietly, as if he were thanking Gaunt for passing the salt. Then he looked round. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "We've struck on a sand bank. He held up his hand as a cry of terror arose. "There's no need to be alarmed. There's no harm to a single soul to come to harm. I always think it best to tell the truth, and the whole truth; and here it is. We're off the coast of Mogador, and not very far from the harbor. The boats are ready, and I'll have you all put ashore as comfortably as possible; that is if you obey orders. Now, you will please come on deck a dozen at a time; a dozen and no more. Lord Gaunt will be kind enough to point out each lot and see that the order is carried out. May I trouble you so far, my lord?"

Gaunt nodded. "Very good," said the captain, calmly. "Then I can return to my place on deck."

He put a revolver in Gaunt's hand and went up again.

The crowd watched Gaunt with eager eyes, and almost seemed to cease breathing as he pointed out the first dozen—nine women and three men.

"The men will take charge of the ladies," he said, "and help them into the boat."

If any of the men had felt inclined to disobey him, his complete self-possession, and perhaps the sight of the revolver in his hand, would have restrained them. The first dozen were marshaled out of the cabin to the deck. The others, waiting anxiously, could hear the mate giving orders and the sailors' "Ay, ay, sir," as the boat was launched.

The captain called out: "Next lot!" and a second dozen were dispatched. And so it went on until ten remained. Gaunt had intended sending little Maude and her mother in one of the earlier batches, but the child had clung to him and begged to remain.

"Let mamma and me go with you," she said. "I know we shall be quite safe then."

As the turn of the last lot came, Gaunt picked up the child with his left arm, leaving his right free for the revolver, and led the way up on deck. The fog was still thick, but the ship was brilliantly lit by the electric light, and Gaunt looked round upon

a scene of admirable order. All the boats had gone save two, and they were ready to be launched at the word of command.

The captain and his officers stood as calmly, and spoke as quietly, as if nothing whatever was the matter; and the crew were carrying out their orders with cheerful alacrity. The last boat but one went off with its living freight; it consisted of a number of the crew as well as some of the passengers. Each boat, as it left the rocking ship, sent up a cheer which was returned by those remaining on deck.

"Now, my lord," said the captain, as the last boat was launched. Gaunt helped the women into their places. He put Maude's mother in, and she held out her arms for the child.

"Good-bye, little one!" he said; and he kissed her.

She wound her arms round his neck and looked up at him imploringly. "Oh, no! 'good-bye!'" she said. "You're coming—you're coming? I won't go without you!"

"Presently, presently!" said Gaunt. He kissed her again, loosened her hold, gently, and, as gently, placed her in her mother's arms.

There was only one place in the boat remaining. Gaunt looked up the gangway. Besides himself, there were only two men left on deck. One was the captain, and the other, to Gaunt's surprise, was Jackson. The young fellow was very pale, and his lips were apart, as if he were breathing hard.

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain, "one of you get in, please. The quicker you are away, the better."

Gaunt stood aside and motioned to him.

"You go, captain," he said. "Thank you, my lord," said the captain, quietly. "I stand by the ship."

Gaunt went up the steps quickly, and laid his hand upon Jackson's shoulder.

"Or with you!" he said. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, as quietly as before. "I am going to stay with the captain."

"The d—d ship will go to pieces before the morning," panted Jackson. "It's certain death to stick by her!"

He had been drinking heavily, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring, and the sweat stood in huge drops on his forehead; but he was quite sober, and fully realized the peril and the chance of escape.

"And the more reason you should go," said Gaunt, quickly, but in a low voice.

Jackson still hesitated, and Gaunt, knowing the danger of delay, gripped him by the arm, drew him down the gangway, and almost forced him into the boat.

"My God!" murmured Jackson, brokenly, and he let his head fall into his hands as he sunk into the seat.

The boat got clear, and as she moved away, the last cheer arose, and Gaunt and the captain responded to it and waved their caps. She was lost to sight in a minute, and the captain and Gaunt, after straining their eyes and looking at each other. The captain held out his hand.

"You're a brave man, my lord!" he said, and for the first time there was a slight tremor in his voice. Gaunt smiled as he shook the hand. "One might finish up in a worse way than this, captain," he said. "I suppose there's not much chance for us?"

Zoo; the day they had met by the stream; the many times they had been together at the Hall; the night of the ball, when he had held her in his arms; and lastly, the night of their parting, when he had told her of his love and she had whispered her confession of her love for him.

He could hear her voice, like weird music, infinitely sweet and infinitely sad, coming through the roar of the waves, the grating and grinding of the doomed ship; he could feel her kisses warm upon his lips; feel her arms about his neck, her heart beating against his.

Memory is a strange thing. At that moment there came back to Gaunt's mind some verses which he had read years ago, and which he had not thought of since:

"There is no hope," the curlew moans; "She is not thine; she ne'er can be! No hope!" the murmuring sea "In tones; No hope!" the wind sighs mockingly.

"Oh, love! though miles may stretch between Us twain, I see thy face, thy form; Thou dwellest within my heart, my quest; And on my lips thy kiss is warm."

"Oh, love, my love! for some short space Think of me, in this lonely spot, Haunted by your dear voice and face; And oh, my love! forget me not!"

Forget me not! What right had he to wish that she should remember him? His very love for her had fallen like a blight upon her young life. No! Rather let him wish that she should forget him. And, surely, she would do so. She was young; her life still stretched before her. Her love for him would gradually wane and die; some other man would come and stir her heart with love again. But let him be whom he may, though he were a thousand times worthier of her than Gaunt was, he would not love her with a more passionate and devoted love than that which had burned like a pure flame in Gaunt's heart.

He pictured her, the wife of another man, with a keener anguish than any fear of the approaching death could have aroused; but yet with no bitterness, for, as he thought of her, his lips moved in fervent prayer for her happiness.

"God bless you, my dearest, my dearest!" he murmured. "May my mad love never cast its shadow over your future happiness!"

The captain came up to him. "She is sailing fast!" he said. "She will go over presently."

Gaunt nodded. "All right," he said. The captain took out his pipe. "Have you any tobacco?" he asked. Gaunt handed him his pouch, then filled his own pipe.

They stood side by side, smoking in silence. Suddenly a big wave, which seemed mountains high, struck the side, the vessel heeled over, and Gaunt was thrown on his back. When he looked up, half blinded by the spray, he could not see the captain. The brave man had gone.

Another wave smote the vessel, and Gaunt felt himself swept against the deck-house so violently that he was half stunned by the contact. A spar from the rigging lay across his chest, and instinctively he clasped it. He lay thus, for it was impossible to stand, for some minutes; and then came another wave, and, still grasping the spar, he was swept overboard.

How long he retained consciousness after he had been dashed into the sea can not be told. To swim was impossible; the ground swell was too violent. Mechanically he still clung to the spar. The tide was setting out to sea, and as he floated, he saw that the fog was gradually lifting, and as he was borne on the top of a wave, he looked round for the vessel. She had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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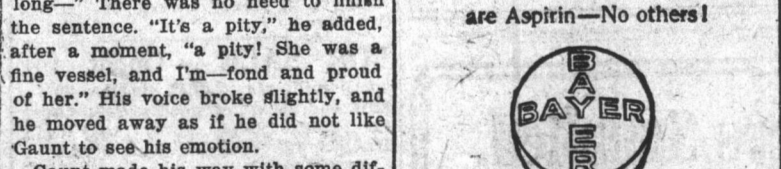
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