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A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Tearing of The Decks.

(Continued)

"Get that grating along," said Leigh to the steward, and when it was brought they lifted the wounded man on to it.

"Now, we'll carry him to the donkey-house. He won't do much harm there." They did it, resting on the way a score of times; and when they had bestowed the ringleader on a mattress hastily flung down on the cemented floor, they passed out, shut the iron door with a clang, and locked it securely.

"What next, sar?"

"We'll let those fellows down the forepeak sleep on it for a while. Give me a hand to tie up some of these bruises on myself now."

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and courage—to do all that was needful yet.

Hour after hour he stood there at the wheel, steering and thinking, wondering over the gladness that had destroyed his gloom. He was victor—not only over a rabble crew, but also over a girl's stormy heart! It was good to live; and to feel the proud answer of the speeding ship beneath his hand, good to feel the kiss and flutter of the dying wind behind him, good to watch the stripped spars, the swelling topsails, the vast sweep of the flung-forward foresail. Yes, it was a glad, good world, a sailor's world, and his bruises lost their poignancy in the fresh rush of new emotions that thrilled him through and through.

"It's too bad," laughed Aileen, coming on deck, as bright and joyous as if nothing had happened out of the common within the last mad twenty-four hours. "You're worn out, and I've been sleeping like a cat. Oh! She had peered within the chart-room and caught sight of the two figures there. She remembered the sadness that had gone before, the gladness, and her face grew white and stained of a sudden.

"If you're able, take the wheel," said Leigh, recognising her mood, and realising the need for mental occupation. "I've got lots to do still." She came docilely, and as her hands closed over his on the spokes he felt against his shoulder the beating of her heart.

"My girl!" he cried passionately, and his arms went about her. "My girl—I love you!" She surrendered her lips to him in sweet abandon—she was wholly his. But the shock-head of the steward intruded from the companionway, and they broke apart, flushed and breathing hard.

Leigh divided below and gave a hurried account of the events of the night to marvelling Captain Curzon. He said nothing of his love for Aileen—the mention of that would come in due course. At present Curzon had more than enough to occupy his mind.

"You've done well, Leigh," he said when the story was told, in short sail orly sentences, without any undue verbiage or flamboyancy. It was a straightforward tale of an actual happening, without polish or digression—Leigh told all he knew, and guessed at what had happened whilst he was unconscious. When he had finished Curzon extended a white, blue-veined hand.

"You've done more than save the ship, Leigh," he said huskily. "My girl has told me what you did. I haven't the words to—tell you all it means to me—but—"

"I know, sir," said Leigh, with a laugh below his sternness. And somehow Curzon understood.

"Write it up in the log," he said. "The authorities ashore will need to know about it all." Leigh went into Steadman's empty room, with a swelling at the throat as he gazed about upon the well-remembered articles of clothing, the old quadrant-case, the hundred and one accumulations of raffle and odds and wrote down the thing as it had occurred, as he had told the skipper; and, when this was done, he bore the book to Curzon's cabin and had him sign the statement. Up on deck next, and Aileen's signature was added, then the steward's mark, after which Leigh signed it himself, that all might be in order.

When he came on deck again he carried a bundle of soft-cloth in his arms, and Aileen watched him shut the chart-room door. It was a pitiful task he had set himself, but Steadman and Bray must be decently covered for their burial. The busy needs

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flew in and out, the shrouding canvas covered the inmate forms; when he rose to his feet with a vast yawn only two long bundles lay on the cushions of the settee. Then he called the steward, and went below for a prayer-book.

Aileen watched the simple burial with smarting eyes and panting breast. She hung over the wheel-spokes, her gaze fixed on the two long bundles lying side by side on the grating at the rail, the "Jack" covering both, the steward standing at the head, ready to tilt the platform at a motion from Leigh. With uncovered head Leigh recited the pathetic service, the grating was lifted, the two white bundles flashed down into the sun-kissed green of the sea, and Aileen burst into deep-chested sobbing, her tears watering the heavy teak-wood under her hand.

"It was better to give them a decent burial when we could," said Leigh. "We cannot tell what we have before us. Now, go and rest again." But she would not. The spasm of grief passed—she had only tender thoughts of those who had gone. Something of her life had vanished with them, but youth is a little selfish maybe, and the glad other knowledge that was hers steeled her to endurance.

"You rest, dear," she whispered, and kissed him softly.

Leigh wrapped himself in a piece of canvas—it was cut and uneven, portions of it had shrouded the dead—and flung himself heavily down beside the skylight within touch of Aileen's foot. Hardly had his head fallen on his extended arm than he sank into the deep slumber of sheer exhaustion, and it was full night when he awoke, dazed and hungry. He upbraided himself for slothfulness but Aileen smilingly bade him be grateful for the rest. The steward announced a meal; they took it on deck, wrapped up in this new life on which they were entering, after much sore striving. But presently calmness came, and they reviewed the situation as it stood.

"We'll steer northward a bit," said Leigh, "and try to pick up a steamer. They'll tow us into port—we're a bit of salvage worth having."

"Salvage! Can't we bring her in ourselves?" asked the girl, and her eyes sparkled in the gloom. "Wouldn't it be grand to bring her in without asking assistance? Salvage means a lot of money to be paid out by the owners, and we're servants after all, bound to give them a loyal service."

"We couldn't do it," protested Leigh. "There are only we two and the steward, and he's no good. No, sweet-heart, it can't be done." But Aileen was stubbornness itself by

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this. She pouted mutinously, her face was aglow. She urged and entreated, until Leigh said:

"Well, I can't risk another mutiny now. We'll do our best." And he altered the course a little to the north. "But," said he, returning, "we've got a great work before us, dear. Fortunately the wind is fairly steady down here, and the ship is under short canvas. We won't shake any more out—we could never get it in again. But we'll do our best, dear heart, we'll do our best."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Stubbs Final Effort.

William Stubbs, mutineer and scoundrel, looked blankly about him in the unsavoury donkey-house. He was lying on an unseafaring mattress; he had recently been fed and had his wounds tended by Leigh. Now he was alone, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"It's swinging at the end of a rope if they get me to port," he thought viciously. "As well dead here as here. But"—his eyes lit up with devilish cunning—"what's the good of dying alone! Why not send them down along with me—that cursed Leigh will get the girl if I don't. I'll never get loose—they'll see to that. It wouldn't take long, and we'd all go up together. First up and then down! As if I didn't know why they kept the main ventilators closed, and wouldn't allow smoking on deck. She's got powder down the main, and if a man could only get to it—there'd be a fine revenge. It's death whichever way I look—those chaps will tell I killed the mate to save themselves."

He could not remove his eyes from an object in the corner of the donkey-house. The Zoroaster had not been built for such an invention, and the two rooms at the after end of the house—once occupied by the apprentices—had been sacrificed to make a dwelling-place for the winch and boiler. A ventilator-shaft had once run clean through one of these rooms, but it had been found necessary to

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cut it off to make room for the winch, its shortened shaft stood up about a foot above the cemented deck—it was securely stoppered with a plug and canvas.

"That'll lead to the 'tween-decks," he thought dully, cursing the pain in his slowly-healing face. It was a fortnight since the mutiny, and beyond a daily tendance of his hurts and a daily dole of condensed milk and water, nothing had happened to relieve the awful monotony of it all.

(To be continued)

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