

and listening to the eternal song of the surf on the reef.

Then they came back to the beach and hailed the schooner for a boat, which presently put off and took them on board.

Once on deck, Mr. Harman made a dive below into the cabin, and Blood, following him, found him in the act of uncorking a bottle of whisky.

"I'm fair let down," said Harman, mixing his drink. "It's not Rafferty, nor the dog's trick he's played us, nor the sight of this blasted place that's enough to give a dromedary the collywobbles. It's that chap with the yalla eyes. I heard him laffin' to himself when he went into the house, laffin' at us. I've never been laffed at like that, but it's not so much that as the chap. He's onnatural."

"I want to get back to Frisco and scrag Rafferty," said Blood, taking hold of the bottle. "That's all *I* want."

"You'll have to scrag the whole of Frisco, then," said Harman, "for the place is rockin' with laughter now, from the China docks to