

Clive Forrester's Gold

though the vessels were now quite close, and the engines had been stopped, 'This is the Dolphin, with gold from the Yukon. We're without our captain, who deserted at Skagway.'

'*Liar! Who are you?*' roared a voice from the cruiser, and I could see a portly figure, in the attire of a merchant captain, step up to the naval officer in command, and gesticulate wildly, while quite a small commotion was caused on the vessel.

As for me, I put down the trumpet, and fairly roared with laughter at the success of my little joke. 'Poor old Watson! He'll never forgive me, I fear,' I said, as soon as I could control my voice.

The next minute the British captain seemed to have yielded to the civilian's entreaties, and, waiving red-tape and naval etiquette, allowed him to stand forward and put a question himself.

'Who may you be, sir, I ask?' he shouted wrathfully.

'I'm Louis Jocelyn, son of Sir Robert Jocelyn, owner of this ship!' I replied in my natural voice, standing conspicuously forward on the Dolphin's bridge, but still pretending to be ignorant of my questioner's identity.

The effect was wonderful. Captain Watson—for he it was—stood for a moment com-