

breath came short, my extremities were chilled by the water. My head was dizzy, and seemed on fire in spite of the wet. Again and again was I drenched by the waves, One, larger than the rest, broke right over my hands, and freed the lid. My grasp relaxed, and I was hurled like a bullet to the bottom of the foaming sea.

At first I was comparatively easy: the heavy gold held me still, but I had to free myself or drown. The moment I did so, my body was at the mercy of the waves, I shot to the surface and madly tried to swim. Useless. They were punishing me for my presumption, and hurled me about with glee as they washed the precious contents from the chest. Suddenly all was black. My struggles were over, my danger and my fortune alike forgotten.

Early the following morning I came to myself, stretched upon a flat rock, stiff and bruised, my head matted with coagulated blood, the placid waters rippling on the beach yards and yards below me. I was carried home by an early seaweed gatherer, and for two weeks remained in bed, my attendants attributing my story to delirious fancies. No one would believe me. Their jeers, laughs and silly humors chafed me exceedingly and precluded my recovery. I could think of nothing but my find; and long before I should have left my bed I was on the beach hunting for my golden-lined creel. But nowhere could I find it. Every vestige of the chest, too, had been washed away—only a nearly square hole in the cliff indicating where it had been. For weeks I have searched and delved in the sand, but all to no purpose save the amusement of the islanders. Incredible though it is, my treasure is gone; Kidd's spirit knows how to protect it.

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