

which they pass. To those who study these vague murmurings, each tree, agitated by the breeze, is like an instrument which emits distinctly the sounds peculiar to it. Now, in her hours of meditation and solitude, Mrs. Keppel had accustomed herself to distinguish these voices of the forest; so, after a long silence, in which she appeared to be employed in controlling her feelings, she suddenly exclaimed, "There is a grove of cocoa-nut trees at a short distance from us, and in that direction."

The three men raised their heads at the same time. "Cocoa-nut trees!" cried Arthur, eagerly; "if this be true we are saved."

"I am sure of it," said the invalid, whose finger was pointed with increased confidence to the north. "I have heard for five years the sound of those trees from the window of my sick chamber, and my ear has learned to distinguish them: the grove cannot be further distant than fifty paces."

Uncertain as this indication was, the three companions made an effort in the direction indicated. They had at first some trouble in making their way through a jungle of parasitical plants, which bordered the kind of prairie in which they found themselves enclosed; but they at last succeeded in finding an outlet, and perceived, on a slight elevation, the grove announced by the invalid.

Ridler at first uttered a cry of joy, which was soon changed into an exclamation of disappointment; the cocoa-nut trees were so lofty that the fruit was beyond the reach of the castaways.

"A fine discovery; truly! this unfortunate fruit only serves to augment our hunger and thirst," cried he.

"How so?" inquired William.

"How so?" repeated George; "be-

cause of their great height we can only reach them with our eyes."

"Not so," interrupted the mountebank, with some degree of pride; "Will Trot has ascended greater heights than that for a penny, and we shall not lose our breakfast because the cloth is laid on the top of those poplars."

As he spoke, Trot, who had recovered all his good humor and a part of his agility, took off his girdle, with which he supported himself in the Indian fashion, and began to climb one of the cocoa-nut trees, from which he soon gathered some fine fruit.

After having satisfied themselves with the refreshing milk contained within them, the three castaways returned to the invalid, who, in her turn, satisfied her thirst; and Ridler himself assisted to support her into the grove which her indications had enabled them to discover.

In gathering the cocoa-nuts, William Trot had been able to survey the whole of the island. By his direction, they turned towards the right, and came to a spring, the course of which they followed to the foot of the rock under which it disappeared, and then fell into the sea. The spot, well provided with cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, could not have been better chosen. It was, at the same time, sheltered from tempests, and in sight of the sea, on which their eyes were always fixed, in order to make signals to ships, if a fortunate accident should bring any near them. Ridler immediately made a hut with bamboos and palm leaves, in which they found an asylum before night closed. They then descended to the shore to see whether they could find some shell fish, and returned with a green turtle, which they had surprised among the rocks. William Trot had also succeeded in lighting a fire, by which they were able to cook this valuable