

search, he, Frank Trevena and our hero found the body at next low water. Poor Frank tried his utmost to suppress his emotion, but at the sight of Jimmy's tears his own eyes overflowed.

"We were like brothers, Mr. Arderne," he said, "ever since we were boys going to school. He was always brave, frank, and generous, and to think of his dying like this almost at his own door! It seems too hard, too hard to bear!"

"Mr. Trevena," said Jimmy, "I lost my lugger last night,—a heavy loss for a poor louseter like me,—and the strange gentleman, Mr. Varcoc, is going to give me as fine a boat as can be built in Cornwall, but I declare to God that I would give up boat, nets, and everything to bring Cap'n Tom back again."

"We cannot do that, friends," said Gilbert as he covered poor Scantlebury's face with his coat, "and even if we could we would scarcely be doing well to do so. It is always well with a man when the day's work is over, and rest must always be sweet when a man has done that work well."

"The sea is a cruel thing to live by, that's sure," observed Jimmy, "and it sarved Cap'n Tom purty bad, seeing as how he loved it so. But, Lord bless us, doan't we all love it just as he did, an' for oal I know 'twill sarve me the same way.

Blast that stubborn Frenchman! I only wish we'd let un drown as he wanted to. We've lost a better man through he."

O: La Cigale scarcely two pieces held together. They made a rude litter of the wreckage and sorrowfully picked their way over the rocks with their burden. Sympathetic hands in plenty stood ready to relieve them at the foot of the stairs leading from the beach to the western pier, where the French skipper, forcing his way through the throng, uncovered the face of the dead and passionately kissed it.

"There, there, that'll do, Johnnie," cried Jimmy Pearce, gently pushing the Frenchman aside, "after all you'm a good soul in your way, and I'm not sorry we saved you. Doan't 'ee cry and heat your breast so, man, we must all die waun day, and if so be in the way of duty why all the better. Make way there, boys, the Cap'n's made his last voyage."

His last voyage upon earth. If, in all ages some have haply deemed, there be in other existences other oceans to traverse, depend upon it, reader, that the sailor who has done his duty manfully on this life's sea will find plainer sailing when once again the living breath of the universe shall fill his expanded sail. Yet I hold with Gilbert Arderne that rest is sweet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOR a young man so recently married Randall Arderne was terribly bored. It was the afternoon of the great storm, somewhere about the time when the guests were assembling in Mrs. Varcoc's museum-parlor down in Cornwall, and Randall, cigar in mouth, was pacing restlessly up and down the "cabin," as he called his favorite room. Hobbs, the groom, had not yet returned from the village with the post-bag, and his master, all outdoor occupation precluded by the weather, was eagerly expecting the arrival of the London papers. Up to the present not a drop of

rain had fallen in this part of the country, but the sky had been overcast all day and the increasing murkiness plainly indicated an early outbreak. The clerk of the weather, indeed, had predicted local thunderstorms and heavy rain for the east coast this afternoon, with strong south-westerly breezes for the west of England and the Channel. In the absence of the papers, Randall, of course, did not know this, but he had a sailor's eye for the weather, and was accustomed to give watchful heed to the barometer in his window. He was studying this for the