

"When was this done?" asked the doctor, looking at the wound.

"More than a week ago," replied Wicks, thinking singly of his log.

"Hey?" cried the doctor, and he raised his head and looked the captain in the eyes.

"I don't remember exactly," faltered Wicks.

And at this remarkable falsehood, the suspicions of the doctor were at once quadrupled.

"By the way, which of you is called Wicks?" he asked easily.

"What's that?" snapped the captain, falling white as paper.

"Wicks," repeated the doctor; "which of you is he? That's surely a plain question."

Wicks stared upon his questioner in silence.

"Which is Brown, then?" pursued the doctor.

"What are you talking of? what do you mean by this?" cried Wicks, snatching his half-bandaged hand away, so that the blood sprinkled in the surgeon's face.

He did not trouble to remove it; looking straight at his victim, he pursued his questions. "Why must Brown go the same way?" he asked.

"Wicks fell trembling on a locker. "Carthew told you," he cried.

"No," replied the doctor, "he has not. But he and you between you have set me thinking, and I think there's something wrong."

"Give me some grog," said Wicks. "I'd rather tell than have you find out. I'm damned if it's half as bad as what anyone would think."

And with the help of a couple of strong grogs, the tragedy of the *Flying Scud* was told for the first time.

It was a fortunate series of accidents that brought the story to the doctor. He understood and pitied the position of these wretched men, and came wholeheartedly to their assistance. He and Wicks and Carthew (so soon as he was recovered) held a hundred councils and prepared a policy for San Francisco. It was he who certified "Goddedaal" unfit to be moved, and smuggled Carthew ashore under cloud of night; it was he who