

## CHAPTER XIII.

## Gandy is Rescued from the Honey Pots.

**W**ILL was but a few seconds in getting the necessary rope out of the cuddy. Then, taking an oar with him, he followed Reube as fast as he could run, casting wary eyes at the oily patches which were dotted around his path.

The wretch in the honey pots had evidently no thought that his enemies would attempt his rescue. When he saw them approaching he thought they came to mock him or to gloat over his last agony, and he nerved himself to control the terror which had unmanned him. Then he saw the boat hook, the oar, the rope, and he knew that these meant help if help were possible. A wild hope, mixed with wonder, lit up his deep-set eyes. Could it be that Reube Dare would try to save him after all that he had done? To let him perish would be just, and so easy and so safe. To help him would be per-